BIKINI KILL
A COLOR AND ACTIVITY BOOK
I will never be a rockstar. I will never be rich. I can't take back my tenth birthday or the love I felt for you. There are no words for hands that're running all up with a liar's veins, voice, words moist, so moist I believed. I believed that my best friend wouldn't lie to me. I will never be what the world wants me to be or have sex right. I will never open my door cuz I know that in the eyes of the law it means I just spread open my legs and closed my eyes and said "C'mon in."

And I will never explain this to anyone I like cuz it'll get used against me. the fact that I am not dead makes me an open target for murder. I swallowed your pride, I swallowed my heart, I swallowed your cum, I guess that's all a part of it.

There's no justice and I'm really mad that people keep acting like there is. I don't want to be a girl eatin up by your world, how can I watch girls eatin up by your world. How come I get hit and no one sees it. Now come. bloodied I am explaining to the man who hit me, what he has done. Why am I taking care of him, why oh how do I still love him. If you took away this lipstick would I still have a mouth underneath? Is it true I'm only crying because I'm afraid to go to sleep?

I will never be rich not cuz rich doesn't matter but because I am crazy because I am full of hate. Crazy means you don't give a damn what anyone thinks. When I was little my parents sent me to charm school and ballet. I don't remember which recital it was, fat stomached eight year old that I was getting photographed in a bikini and crown. Now I'm crazy, fulfilling the American dream and being hated for it, they are just jealous. I don't care.

I am in protest against the whole world. My body says it, slug into my clothes. I won't stop talking. I'm a girl who you have no control over. There is not a gag big enough to handle this mouth. I'm gonna tell everyone what you did to me.

And sometimes I'll tell it dramatic and sometimes I'll blurt it out. And the hand you laid on my bare ass will be invisible as it spills right out of me. I will still bear the brunt of it, your smell. They will tell me I am inappropriate with their eyes.

I'm not writing to please you, I'm not giving you a clean little hole to stick your dick in, a nice smooth arrangement. Pick me up, open me, put me down. So sorry I'm no Hemmingway, I'm writing for survival, my kind is being killed off, in fact I'm not even sure that I exist. These words on this page mean something if only that I was here and my fingers made this mess. I don't know luxury, what it is to be carefree. That was your fantasy, remember?
BIKINI KILL

anthem

justin likes surf music
justin likes surf music
justin likes surf music
justin likes surf music
it killed my friends
it killed my friends
it killed my friend, it's happening again
REPEAT

in the trailer when Chris is gone
turn on the radio to here his favorite song
turn on the radio to here his favorite song

hardcore generation
hardcore generation
hardcore generation
hardcore generation
teenage boy generation
teenage boy generation
not my generation
not my generation

it doesn't speak to me
no not at all
I don't see anything
there's something wrong
I can't understand
you're favorite song

you will never hear surf music again

writing and words
by Tobi Vail

This is a picture of Tobi. She is Bikini Kill's drummer. She also sings and plays guitar.
So okay, I want to write about anthem...one time when I was sitting in the smithfield giant henry boys vern and justin came up to me and asked if I wanted to go play drums with them in their practice space and so, thinking that maybe the cute one (chris jordan, naturally) would stop by, I agreed. After a while of practicing at an incredible volume and trying to figure out which songs were Black Flag covers and which songs were Giant Henry songs I started to feel classic dork girl symptoms coming over me. I mean, think about it...what if they were playing a Black Flag song and I was playing drums that were totally else?! Then I would be a complete jerk...and I kept psyching myself out over this and then when we finally switched instruments I was relieved and decided to sing into the microphone. The words that came into my head= anthem.

But one thing that I want to make clear is that the names have been changed to protect the innocent. Which means only just that the words are more about what happened to me as a teenage punk rocker in love hanging out with my boyfriend's crowd and it's a true story and it all has to do with....YOKO. um...so if you have ever gone out with anybody in a band then you have been most likely been made to feel unimportant or excluded at least once or twice. I know when I was in highschool I spent way too much time trying to figure out how to fit in to the guy scene instead of realizing that my band and my songs and my whole thing was just as cool, just as interesting, just as valid, just as important as theirs. And maybe it did just so happen to be that way and maybe that's just the way it was and maybe nobody was trying to make me feel left out but all of that doesn't really count because, in effect, I was paralyzed. And the more I think about it the more it tells me about how underground music can be really just as oppressive, and in a lot of the same ways even, as anything else. I mean if you look at the fact that most bands are mostly or all guys and then look at how if you are a girl who is hanging out with a band you have less say then they do because everything is totally based on what their band is doing then you start to see how the whole thing is sort of structured to make girls feel dumb. From band practice schedules to various band projects to shows to tours to recording to everything revolves around the band...boys. And I think most girls know what it feels like to sit around in your boyfriend's bedroom, talking about records with all of his friends and having a lot of what you say (that is if you even bother to say anything) either dismissed or misunderstood.
and a lot of guys give their girlfriends rock lessons so that they can learn and memorize the important details for future reference. Don't get me wrong, talking about bands is one of my favorite pass times, I just think that lot of times it is done in a way that makes other people feel left out and that all too often its us girls who feel like we don't know anything worthy of mention***REMEMBER***

there's nothing wrong with being a dork unless you don't live other dorks to bond with and all too often us dork girls live in isolation, like donna says: misfits unite!...and well it all comes down to YOKO ONO. You see, part of the revolution(GIRL STYLE NOW) is about rescuing or true heroines from obscurity, or in Yoko's case, from disgrace.

part of what your boyfriend teaches you is that Yoko ONo oke up the Beatles. And as his girlfriend, according this, you could very easily do the same thing to him because he has to be careful that this doesn't happen. In sence, besides being completely unfair to both you and his band and its that whole western duality thing about men and also about forbidden fruit and all that bullshit when you are being made into the opposite of his band are sort of being relegated to the audience and it takes that much longer for it to become a real idea that you could participate instead of just watch. One way this is evident is in the movies. Name one movie about band in which the girlfriend is not made into the evil version. There are two that I can think of off the top my head.(and they always want to know why I hate the movies) besides being the victim of the girlfriend-is-distractionsing. Yoko was so fucking ahead of her time. I mean in lot of ways she is the first punk rock girl singer ever. At she was doing was so completely unheard of and she was to be recognized for what she did, provide a true alternative the corporate bullshit john lennon was faced with in the beatles at that time. Not to mention that the Plastic Band was totally subversive politically, in form and intent. ...those early records are absolutely incredible name another asian woman in rock...I can't think of anyone so let it be known, from now on, that Yoko Ono led the way, in more ways then one for us angry grrrl rickers and maybe in the future girls will learn to question motives behind the need in music for so many standards. For one refuse to be the opposite of any band and encourage others to do the same.
As I was sitting on my boyfriend's bed in high school and having an argument with his friend about jimi hendrix 'you will never hear surf music again' and how hardcore had become just as stupid and tame as surf music was in the '60s and that it was time for something new. I think maybe Bikini Kill is going to write your favorite song.

ANGRY GRRRL ZINE:

Jigsaw fanzine issue #3 is going to be out shortly, available for $1 and two stamps from: Jigsaw PO Box 2345 Olympia, WA 98507

The new episode is all about NEWmodrockers and the Jigsaw underground. Jigsaw fanzine is an ANGRY GRRRL ZINE. This is one of many... Girl Germs is Molly and Allison's fanzine. They are in a band called Bratmobile together with Michelle and Julie sometimes. The first issue came out a few months ago, around X-mas and was full of local scene info and the usual angry grrrl talk about REVOLUTION. My favorite part is Allison's editorial about the Lodge and Molly's thing about girl rappers... it's fun, intelligent and completely on the mark. Send stamps to: Girl Germs PO Box 5060 Eugene, OR 97401.

Word has it that Laura of SISTER NOBODY is putting out a new issue featuring an in-depth article on PATTI SMITH. Also, last I heard, Donna Dresch was on the verge of going to the printers to do the third issue of chainsaw when she got a phone call from Maria of Holy Rollers drum goddess fame begging her to make room for a couple of short stories she had just written. So write and see if they made it in or not. Both Sister Nobody and CHAINSAW are available from: Send stamps and a dollar Durn/Lanka 2336 Milledgeville 128 SFCA 94114

Oh yeah and BIKINI KILL is an angry grrrl zine too and we are gonna do more so stay tuned. Also, Tamra, of Doris fame used to do a zine called Someone Said that was totally inspirational and paved the way for years to come and I just heard that she is singing in a band again... YAY!!! Which makes me SO happy, and they are called THIRTEEN and are going to be playing in Seattle on February 28.

*editors note: this is an old fanzine, these addresses are no longer in use.*
Odds to be in an all-girls band or be a girl in a band.

It's fun.

It's a good way to act out behaviors that are wrongly deemed "inappropriate" - this is a refutation of censorship and body fascism.

This can deny taboos that keep us enslaved. I.E. I'm not talking about sex or rape or being sensitive or corny.

To serve as a role model for other girls.

To show boys other ways of doing things and that we have stuff to say.

To discuss in both literal and artistic ways those issues that are really important to girls.

To make them think about issues that are really important to them.

To make them think about issues that are really important to them.

To make fun of and thus disrupt the powers that be.

It doesn't have to be this intense dramatic self-righteous thing to affect change. It can be fun to talk about scary issues.

MY PUSSY LIFE
In the end Cooper asks lamely, "Would it be easier to believe that a man would rape and murder his own daughter?" Well, yeah. I heard recently that the guy who raped, tortured for three days, then killed a dear friend of mine, was finally being remanded. Six years after that friend's skeleton was found in the Colorado foothills, Laura Palmer is bailed as this year's breakthrough dead girl. "My father killed me," she says, but Cooper still gets the last word. With an end like that, there's really no breakthrough.

—Lisa Kennedy
Kathi Lynn is Bikini Kill's bass/guitar player.

She is also making a film called GA-GA.
Strong White Male

I want to go beyond the weather
or not at all
I dig myself in deeper
you want to know
why I talk this way

strong white male
here's a world for you
most of us are the ones to lose

your talk is in the sun and rain
mine is in the wont and hate
my cup is empty
thanks again


This is Kathi's favorite Mecca Normal song.
Kathi also loves the band Hole from CA.
Away of your demise I stand, encased in the whisper you taught me
IT FEELS BLIND. HOW DOES IT FEEL? IT FEELS BLIND.
IT HAVE YOU TAUGHT ME? NOTHING. LOOK WHAT YOU'VE TAUGHT ME, YOU'VE TAUGHT ME
THING. If you were blind and there was no braille, there are no boundaries
what i can feel, if you could see but were always taught that what you saw
isn't real. HOW DOES THAT FEEL? IT FEELS BLIND. HOW DOES IT FEEL? IT FEELS
KIN" BLIND. YOUR WORLD HASN'T TAUGHT ME NOTHING. LOOK AT YOUR WORLD IT TEACHES
NOTHING. As a woman i was taught to be hungry. Women are well acquainted with
rst. Yeah we could eat just about anything. We'd even eat your hate up like
EAT YOUR HATE LIKE LOVE. WE EAT YOUR HATE LIKE LOVE. WE EAT YOUR HATE LIKE
E, WE EAT YOUR HATE LIKE LOVE. HOW DOES THIS FEEL? IT FEELS BLIND.

Lyrics

Betty's got the back of her dress all ripped out
Mama's got her face muffled
Twist and Shout

Your a liar
Liar liar you got your pants on fire

You profit from the lie
You profit from the lie
You profit from the lie
You profit from the lie

Eat meat
Hate Blacks
Beat your fuckin wife
Its all the same thing

Deny, you live your life in denial
Stand my whole life on trial baby
Deny deny deny deny deny deny

You profit from the lie
You profit from the lie
You profit from the lie
You profit from the lie
You, profit from the lie

All we are saying
is give peace a chance

(repeat 1st verse)
BIKINI KILL LYRICS

wetness corrodes my lungs
i stretch my lovin' arms out to ya
you lift me onto your pylon
i stroke you like you please

DADDY DAD oh DAD

my hard nipples excite you
buy my clothes 2 sizes too small
protect me from those nasty boys
bring me to my knees

DADDY DADDY oh DAD

tie your belt around my legs
no ones gonna fuck my daughter you say
no ones gonna fuck my daughter you say
no ones gonna fuck my daughter you say
except me

ME MEANS DADDY
ME ALWAYS MEANS DADDY

JUST ONCE, HE TALK BACK
ONLY ONCE, HE BE TALKIN REAL

DO IT FROM THE INSIDE
DO IT FROM WITHOUT
HUMILATION
YOU'RE THE KING
WITHOUT A DOUBT

YOU CAN'T KILL ME
CUZ I'M ALREADY DEAD
YOU CAN'T KILL ME
CUZ I'M ALREADY DEAD

JUST ONCE, HE TALK BACK
ONLY ONCE, HE BE TALKIN REAL
REALLY BAD

FUCK DAD OR DIE.
SHARE INFORMATION with someone who is interested. Say you know how to play guitar, ask your girlfriend if she'd like to learn to play so that you could am together. If she wants to, help her learn in a supportive and non-threatening way. (Avoid calling her dumb or expecting her to learn super fast)

ENCOURAGE IN THE FACE OF INSECURITY. No matter how great your accomplishments, recognize that you are not a magically designated "special" person. Yes, you do bring your own individual history to your work and you are super cool - But, acting elitist makes it hard for others to join in on the fun.

TAKE PORNOGRAPHY that includes more than just hetero sex. This can be queer sex or boy + boy sex or hetero sex where more than just dumb conversation and fucking take place. If video is your medium of choice, you could have the actors acknowledge the camera's presence and the fact that they are being watched. Portray women as people who are three dimensional and have desires, are not always the object of desire or fake sex crazed nymphos. Let the audience know the people are real by showing them doing other things together besides fucking. You could also make porn real easy by masterbating in front of a camera on a tripod. Loving oneself is cool.

RECOGNIZE PRIVILEGES given to you as a member of an "ideal" group. If you are any of these categories then you get a certain amount of privilege from one: White... Male... Adult... Christian... Christian... Moneyed... Heterosexual... Meat eating... American... Young. Learn how your behaviors and/or privileges affects people who do not fall into the same categories as you. Listen to people when they talk to you.

To begin with, men is the opposite of women. If you have any intention of being a woman in any respect, then manliness is not for you. Either you are a man or a woman. The choice is yours.
circulate their fliers. Put them inside newspapers, library books, on buses, restaurant tables, telephone poles etc... Some topics could be: AIDS, healthcare for women, low income housing, domestic violence, your feelings on the war, racism, art facism, etc...

**STREET HARASSMENT**

**an open letter to women & girls**

You have every right to walk alone at anyplace and any time of day you want. If a man tries to get you to stop or asks you intrusive questions, you are not responsible to answer him. He is trying to harass you and you are not obliged to "be nice" to someone who is being a jerk and treating you disrespectfully. Men who harass get upset when they have been exposed (If you tell them to leave you alone) men who respect women understand your right to walk without being intruded upon and will respond accordingly when you state your wishes.

The police tell us that most rapes occur between people who "know each other." This is not true in any case more than the woman and the rapist knew shortly before the rape and had a casual conversation in a public place for about ten minutes. If a man you don't know tries to get you to talk to him, he could be attempting to "get to know you.

Many women are made uncomfortable by street harassment and have a hard time dealing with it. It is perfectly natural to feel angry or sad or whatever you feel after you have encountered street harassment. It may help to talk to other women or girls about it. Swap success stories, trade strategies, bring it out into the open and recognize it as a natural and frustrating part of being female. You are not alone.

_Fectionately Yours,
The Girl Sprouts_

Street harassment is not confined to females by males. People of Color, punk rockers and others who don't conform to the ideal appearance that society dictates also suffer from harassment. The authors wish to encourage people to circulate information on these issues.

**MAKE YOUR OWN AMENDMENTS AND ADDITIONS TO THIS LIST.**

Example

You are a heterosexual girl and you hear some girlfriends talking about these guys they don't like by calling them "Faggots." You might use your privilege as a heterosexual to ask them "What's wrong with being a gay boy anyways?" And explain to them that by using the term "Fag" in a derogatory way they are encouraging closet homosexuality and making it hard for gay boys to feel comfortable.
HEY CHRISTIAN BOY!

I pulled a dead girl through the ocean. When I got done I was really tired. It was cold outside and my head hurt. I saw you on the bus. I knew better than to look at you. You told the man next to you that I had a funny walk for a girl, but it was how my hair looked that seemed to upset you most.

I am trying to remember how the lines looked around her mouth. Clamped shut, no entrance. I am memorizing what little I know about how she died so I can tell someone, these stories always seem to be missed by the newspapers. I am trying desperately to remember her name and how real and heavy her body was, but your voice is loud and distracting. It tangles everything up.

You are wearing some kind of camouflage looking thing. You are talking about the war. Words like glory and pride spray at me like a gross breath from the back of the bus.

Her name was Angela. She was from Maine. She was slowly being smuggled to the West coast on Greyhound buses. She went under the name Yvonne so he wouldn't find her. He caught up with her in Montana.

You say you will always fight for your country. You will fight for Mom to keep ironing your clothes, fight for the right to beat a woman to death should she disobeys you, fight to drink yourself silly in any bar you want, to roam the streets at night calling women, pusses, and whores, and men who are smaller or younger than you "fatboys."

She'd felt safer in Montana for a while and had a job at a cleaner's there. Angela was five feet four, hot pale skin and brown stringy hair. There were three women with her, Anne, Margey, and Sue F. They were from the "shelter" and had come to help her move her things out. Since she was moving on a bus most of her stuff was getting donated to the shelter. It made Angela cry when she said she wanted the shelter to have the few things she'd accumulated over the past month and a half. It really was all she'd ever owned by herself and she'd wished she could give them something better.

You say you are fighting so that we can still speak freely. I have never been able to speak freely, that got beaten out of me long ago. There are stories about women who stray from the path of silence.

I guess the way it happened was that he came in and made them kneel on the floor in front of him. Then he shot down the line. Margey-one, Sue-two, Anne-three. Angela didn't get it so easy. She got up the cunt so she had to lay in her own blood with his big face looming over her for at least a couple minutes.

"Take off your clothes Angela."
"Take off your clothes Angela."
"Take off your clothes Angela."
"No."
"No."
"No."

"Put the pussy in her mouth was good." I am nearing my step. I want to tell you your an asshole, but I know better.

Her name was Angela, she had green eyes and stringy brown hair. She was from Maine.
HELLO:

Peggy McIntosh, the Associate Director of the Wellesley College Center for Research on Women, through her work to bring diverse materials and perspectives into the curriculum, noticed the men's unwillingness to acknowledge that there are advantages gained from women's disadvantages. As she began to think more clearly through what specifically these might be, McIntosh realized that she was a participant in perpetuating the same lack of insight around white privilege. She writes, "As a white person, I realized I had been taught about racism, which puts others at a disadvantage, but had never been taught to see its other side, white privilege, which puts me at an advantage." So what she did was to sit down and make a list of the daily effects of white privilege, a list which is not earned, but rather given to her (and all white people) by virtue of being born white. The list is specific more to color privilege than class or ethnicity, but I would like to make it clear that race, class, gender, and sexual practice are all identities affecting each other.

I am a white woman too. An African-American sister gave me this list during the summer. I thought it a really important and timely reminder to enable folks to concretely point to and understand what exactly is white privilege. I have misplaced part of the list, maybe this is a sort of blessing in that you can sit down with friends and try to think of what's missing.

PLEASE XEROX THE LIST AND A LETTER OF YOUR OWN TO GIVE TO FAMILY, FRIENDS, STRANGERS ON THE BUS.
PHOTOCOPYING IS A CHEAP WAY TO SHARE INFORMATION.
FIGHT THE POWER THROUGH STRENGTH, KNOWLEDGE, AND A CLEAR MIND. DON'T FORGET TO QUESTION.
25. If a traffic cop pulls me over or if the IRS audits my tax return, I can be sure I haven’t been singled out because of my race.

26. I can easily buy posters, postcards, picture books, greeting cards, dolls, toys, and children’s magazines featuring people of my race.

27. I can go home from most meetings of the organizations I belong to feeling somewhat tied in, rather than isolated, out-of-place, outnumbered, unheard, feared, or hated.

28. I can be pretty sure that an argument with a colleague of another race is more likely to jeopardize his chances for advancement than to jeopardize mine.

29. I can be pretty sure that if I argue for the promotion of a person of another race, or a program centering on race, this is not likely to cost me heavily within my present setting, even if my colleagues disagree with me.

30. If I declare there is a racial issue at hand, or there isn’t a racial issue at hand, my race will lend me more credibility for either position than a person of color will have.

31. I can choose to ignore developments in minority writing and minority activist programs, or disparage them, or learn from them, but in any case, I can find ways to be more or less protected from negative consequences of any of these choices.

32. My culture gives me little fear about ignoring the opinions of women and men who are not of my race.

33. I am not made acutely aware that my shape, bearing, or body odor will be taken as a reflection of my race.

34. I can worry about racism without being seen as self-interested or self-seeking.

35. I can take a job with an affirmative action employer without having my co-workers on the job suspect that I got it because of my race.

36. I can be pretty sure of finding people who would be willing to talk with me on or advise me about my next steps, professionally.

37. I can think over many options, social, political, imaginative, or professional, without asking whether a person of my race would be accepted or allowed to do what I want to do.

38. I can expect to find in the grocery store staple foods which fit in with my cultural traditions.

39. I can be late to a meeting without having the lateness reflect on my race.

40. I can choose public accommodation without fearing that people of my race cannot get in or will be mistreated.

41. I can be sure that if I need legal or medical help, my race will not work against me.

42. I can arrange my activities so that I will never have to experience feelings of rejection owing to my race.

43. If I have low credibility as a leader in the dominant society I can be sure that my race is not the problem.

44. I can choose blemish cover or bandages in “flaw” color and have them more or less match my skin.

*USE YOUR PRIVILEGE WISELY, tell other members of your group what non-privileged persons have told you.*
I bite my fingernail bloody with love.

In the beginning, there was a sense of Heaven that went like this: I am beautiful and popular and you are a furry bike stud sports guy. We are in love but our parents don’t want us to be together. As white people, this is our only way of life, our warped sense of oppression. I guess the concept has something to do with a brush with death, but you can’t truly appreciate life till one has come close to losing it. All white kids, being denied free sexual access to each other is just a glibulous oppressed state. Real oppression isn’t fun, you can cut off a haircut that you get beat up for having, but you can’t chop off your tits or your skin or where you got born.

I fall down in the hallway from not eating. In my Heaven I am the only girl to ever have an eating disorder. I am a fragile fascist. You, stud, are in control of my emotions and I am a slave grazing at the grass above your balls and I am the ruler of my waistline.

The hallway is full when I faint. I fall into a perfect "C", a lovely half opened mouthed position, my shirt pulled up a little high to show my trim cheering tummy. I would never be so bold, but then again, I am no longer in control. I’m unconscious.

The ambulance drivers are handsome with brown hair as they lift me onto the stretcher.

My second sense of heaven is about being with my best girlfriend and she says she likes me more than a friend and we put on black and lavender fancy underwear and witch movies in bed together. Then we start touching.

My third heaven doesn’t even exist because I know it never will ever happen so even the possibility to like Hell. (Don’t believe any of this)

I am listened to. My Father never called me a cheap slut that he wished a dead dog i was fucking everything. I can say what I want. I can cry and sing in public. Tampons are free. I quit my volunteer job at the rape relief and domestic violence shelter because men have stopped abusing women. I am not afraid of the dark. My mother writes a book about her life and goes on an adventure around the world. AIDS has never existed. I am listened to.

“Good night and happy dreams. And may your prince come riding by and take you off, one of these days.”

After a while, he decided to chuck my bindings and position again, this time he had my arms up high, tying them at the wrists, and fixing down my bare hips.

A man and a woman appereate as a real man and it is just as likely to get at the nose of a male horse as a ticket to the Holley Bollot as any man would be. She won’t break off a date to attend an emergency meeting of her consciousness raising group. Maybe because she doesn’t belong to a consciousness-raising group, would much rather go see Magnum Force than Kramer vs. Kramer, and has never been to Zandy’s Philly.

A man’s woman knows how to do those little things that make a man happy, like keeping the latest issue of McCall’s Illustrated or his bathroom at all times. And when Saturday night rolls around, she is just as pleased as she can be to stay home with her man and watch pro wrestling on the tube. She will do all those things and more because, well because that’s just the kind of guy she is.

After some preening and being a prince, it’s a simple fact that to see that a woman can never be a man no matter what Betty Friedan may try to tell you. Only a man can be a man. On the other hand, if she plays her cards right, a female just may be man enough to be a real woman, which is exactly what any self respecting man is looking for. This latter variety of female is known as manly terminology as a man’s woman

Those who have already read the preceding chapter on friendship may very well find a wrong question being asked in their minds at this point: If, as we have seen, a man mostly likes to be with other men, then what would he be in a woman, no matter what kind she is? True enough, a man likes to be with men. But in a man’s woman, he sees some glimmer of manly qualities, however warped down they may be watered down, they may be watered down. When you call up your girl and say, "I’ll be there three hours later for sure, later because I feel like having sex with you, later because I feel like having sex with you, I’m just trying to kill time out while I’m here. But I promise I’ll be there later." And she says, "That’s a lie. I will count you, that’s the man in her talking.

When she’s got some woman’s problems—she’s pregnant, she got fired from her job because the boss found a set of panties who can type faster, her aged mother just passed away—some woman’s woman doesn’t go running to her man and laying it all on him. A man can’t be bothered with that. He’s got his own problems. Not the Yank, just got an empty wallet, or the carburetor on his Chevy is acting up again. If she’s man enough to be a woman, she should be man enough to laugh things out on her own.

A man’s woman is many things to many men but there’s one thing she definitely is not, and that is a J.J. Claphogh. The woman’s woman who prostrates in our age and flounders her rights as if she had a leg to stand on. To them, that is no more happiness. A man’s woman may be hard to find in a world out of which we have come. But the trouble you take to acquire one will be well worth your while. Just keep your eyes peeled for that special gal who is man enough to be the woman every man ever trysts. You can’t be sorry.
Can You Run

Practice deciding on a self-defense strategy by reading through the following situations and planning what you would do.

1. A man you have seen before approaches you in a public place. He "jokes" with you and puts his arm around you. He is acting "nice" but you don't trust him.

2. You are in a bar with another woman. Two men approach your table and want to join you. You would rather spend the time with your friend privately.

3. You are walking home. You think someone is following a half-block behind.

4. Two high school age boys drive by while you are walking. They honk and yell comments about your body.

5. You are with a school age child in a store parking lot. When you reach your car, you think there might be a man in your back seat.

6. Hitchhiking, you get a ride with one man. After being in the car for awhile, you decide that you don't feel safe.

7. You are in your bathtub. You hear an intruder in your home.

8. A man you know comes to your house, drunk and angry at you.

9. You are asleep in a home with children. You are awakened by a noise and don't know what it was.

For Your Life?
I think women are paranoid.
MECCA NORMAL

it Makes Me Wanna Cry, I am so glad They Exist

The following is a conversation I had w/ Jean Smith who is the singer and word writer for the band MECCA NORMAL. David Lester is the guitarist, I didn't interview him not because he isn't smart or interesting but because I am really interested in women in bands, especially singers so most of my questions were directed to her anyways.
K: What do you feel like when you're on the road or whatever and you see like this cock rock band and the singer's singing these sexist type lyrics?
J: What do I feel? Um, well, a bit cheated out of the full realm of possibilities. I guess you might delve into it in different ways depending on how you felt on that particular night. It always brings to mind the idea that there really aren't enough women doing things and why do people just accept that these are okay things to be doing. I mean a lot of times I can't really hear the lyrics and to a certain extent that stuff is so ingrained culturally that it doesn't seem like a real shock or anything. And you never know what people are going to say about it either. I mean you might talk to somebody later and they'll have some justification for it. Usually I just feel like "Hey we're missing out on a lot of other ideas here."
K: I would imagine that you'd get a lot of comments on the road and stuff, like "They (Mecca Normal) are really political, they're a message band," or whatever and I find that really maddening. When we were on the road (I was in a band called Viva Knave) people would be all like "Oh your political, feminist, you must be a manhater" and I'd be like "Did you go up to that cock rock band and ask them if they were women haters?" It seems like a lot of people only think your political if you're political in this one way but if you stand up on a stage and say something like INCEST IS BEST PUT YOUR SISTER TO THE TEST then no one questions you.
J: Who said that?
K: This guy from this band Baby M, in um, Cleveland I think. He said it in a pause, it was really gross.
J: That's just really juvenile, I mean sometimes it's just stupid, people just trying to be shocking...
K: It didn't even seem like he was trying to be shocking, it just seemed like part of their whole BOY thing.
J: You think that guy was really fucking his sister?
K: No, no, but maybe some boys in the audience might perceive it that way. I mean it's just non-thinking. It's like people who have had incest experiences, like if I was a girl in the audience and my brother had fucked me, how would that make me feel?
J: And you don't think they thought about that?
K: No......okay, next question......I know you write and draw and stuff and I want to know how you decided to start singing in public and stuff.
J: Uh, well, we were going to a lot of shows and it was four guys on stage, doing this thing, this hardcore thing you know, and Dave and I just decided it would probably be more fun to just do our own thing......and he'd been in a band before playing guitar and I hadn't really done anything like writing to perform or singing and it was more fun you know, instead of going out to shows and drinking we'd go to the practice space and make music and then eventually we started doing shows.
and I had this idea that hey how we're gonna be in here and everyone's gonna be our friend and we're all doing the same thing and these guys were gonna go "Wow you're in a band too, great!" And it just wasn't like that at all cause we'd play and people would leave the room and go "What are you doing? You can't do this. You're not a part of this whole thing." And that made me so mad, I mean, these people were suppose to be so political and have all these ideas on stage, "ANTI WARI" and all that, whatever political message it was, anti-government or whatever, and we'd get up there and most of my lyrics are about sexism, the way men deal with women, relationships, the oppression of women...and they couldn't really take it, they were really threatened. I don't think I really realized just how threatening just getting up and saying what I thought, was. Uh, and a lot of my songs back then were a lot more direct, like one of them was called "7:30", which is about the time that I wrote it at and it was getting dark so I wrote, "Shove me where you use me best, Wear this, Be that, Think like the rest, Can't I walk down the goddamn street, Am I gonna hit the fucking concrete, You want it that way, Oh yeah I'm afraid, You want it that way." So, that was I think, you know...

K: (Laughter) A little threatening.

J: Yeah, a little bit threatening, you know to accuse just the general audience of men that was there of my oppression, and I really don't think I had the full idea of what a big deal just saying something like that was.

K: I think it's really telling that in such an "anti-establishment" crowd those ideas are really threatening.

J: Yeah, the thing is it just provoked me more. When people said "You can't do this", I was just like, fuck you I can't, and I decided to put out an album.

K: Wow, that's really great, when frustration propels you, I mean when you take all this negative shit people are giving you and turn it into something that just helps you get on with it.

J: I mean, now, looking back on it, so many good things have happened to us since then. I mean we do get a lot of positive response cause we do just get out there a lot and we're able to meet a lot of people who are supportive, but back then it sure seemed like a void. Like once we got a review off a college radio station in Edmonton that said Dave's guitar playing was sort of mediocre but that he should kill me. He should shoot me and find another singer.

K: Oh my god. That is so scary, that's terrifying.

J: It was pretty weird. Also that same review the guy was saying "Whose this SMARTIN UP records (Mecca Normal's first album was on Smart) They must be friends or have paid someone to put out there record...."

K: Or maybe you were sleeping with them, why didn't he just say that?

J: Yeah, really. Um, basically, SMARTIN UP records was Dave and I, we put out our own records, but it didn't even occur to this guy that we did our own work. It was just a really ridiculous review.

K: That totally sent a chill down my spine just thinking about how if I read a review like that about me I would totally freak out. It's like what Bush said about Roseanne Barr you know, after she sang the American anthem or whatever and she sang it really bad and then slit afterwards and he said that he'd like to "smack her around" for doing that. I mean, this is the president of the united states. Anyways, I got to stick to the questions so I can type this later, yeah, okay so....I see a big part of your work being that you help other girls and women realize that their stories are important and I wanted to know if you think about that --- which kind of ties in to another question about how much you and David talk about feminism and gender issues and things like that, what it means that you...
introduce me to a lot of these concepts that I found really outrageous, so in that way I thought that maybe other men were interested in it to or concerned and it was interesting to find out that Dave's pretty rare in that way. It's unfortunate that more men aren't as concerned, but he is very supportive of feminism and he doesn't get all defensive like most guys seem to when you bring up anything. You run into a lot of people who say (Jean starts doing this goofy man-type voice)

"Yeah, but you gotta look at the statistics in a different way" or "But if you switch this around....."

K: Yeah, that whole reverse sexism shit.
J: It's bullshit, I mean this whole, "If you switch this around" or "If that happened to a man no one would say anything," and "Blah, blah blah...."
K: I know, in the context of a society where four women a day are being killed by their partners and shit, I mean none of that really means anything cuz the whole structure would have to flip around and that's just not gonna happen.
J: Well again, this whole idea of dualism, that you could just flip everything, that there's only two ways of looking at things and that they're interchangeable and they're just not, I mean that's ridiculous. What was the question again?
K: Oh, just about how much you and Dave talk about these issues and how much that affects your music and your presentation. I guess, I'm trying to figure out if you guys sit down and go, "Okay this song is about this", or just what kind of stuff you talk about. Okay like I'll ask you my next question and also I'm asking if that's the kind of question Dave would ask you. Okay?
J: Yeah.
K: Okay, you know that song "One Woman" that's on CALICO KILLS THE CAT?
J: Um Hmm.
K: Well I was looking at that and I was thinking about the "superman theory" or whatever, you know, that idea (he there's one man who can just go out and change the world and I was just thinking, that doesn't that song sort of perpetuate that whole idea of Individualism and one person changing everything, but in this other way, when I first listened to that song it was really empowering. I had this feeling like I could really do something.
J: Well that was a real story, maybe now that it's a song it seems more like a concept than a real thing, but there was this one woman, it was actually an article that Stella (super smart artist friend) gave to me about this woman who worked at someplace making bombs and then she had some change in her ethics and she decided to go in the other direction and she became a lobbyist and she saw that wasn't working so she decided to come take things on her self and she ended up going to Russia, just as a person you know, and she actually ended up meeting these scientists and saying "Well what are you guys doing? We're doing this, and if we could stop doing this part then maybe we could stop doing this...." and she actually became kind of an independent diplomat. Maybe details aren't exact, but that's how I perceived what happened, and she's still around. I guess, probably by doing all that she's really empowered herself and gotten to a position where she really does get a whole lot done, and that idea, that she's just one person, I mean we're just individuals....Sometimes it seems like a lot of people feel like they can't do anything themselves and they just look at a few things, read a few things and think, "Yea, everythings really fucked up, but I can't do anything," whereas I feel like I can, and I do. I think I thought everybody felt the way I do.
I'm willing to take things on, I guess now I know I'm a little different cause I will take things on, like BLACK WEDGE tours or being in this band or putting out records or whatever it is. I've met a lot of people who feel like they've been squelched, like they've been taught too thoroughly that they can't do anything. K: Your xerox art, that you brought with you on the last BLACK WEDGE tour, I thought that was kind of about that. I still have copies of them. The one about high heels you know that you put the Crass lyrics on. J: Oh yeah.

K: I started doing stuff like that because of you. I started this group called Girlsprouts, I'm the only member, but what I do is just, when I get pissed off, I make a flyer about it. Like I just made this one about street harassment, cause I just get sick of guys fucking with me on the street so I made this flyer and I handed it to only women on the street. Cause I was like, okay I sit here in my apartment and be really pissed off and beat the shit out of my pillow or something or I can get my anger out by making this little xerox thing about what I was thinking, so I did. It made me feel a lot better, I mean if just one woman reads it and feels like she knows what I'm talking about, then it's totally worth it. I think the idea that one person can do stuff is really important, I thought that's

**ONE WOMAN**

One woman said,  
"I don't like the way things are going."

One woman said,  
"I think I'll change it all."

One woman she took out her suitcase, she drove to Washington D.C. Then things began to happen - people they listened to what she said.

One woman said,  
"Let's stop the lies about the Russians."

One woman said - just one woman.  
One woman said - just one.

And all the people listening they saw the steel trap spring free.

One woman said - just one woman.  
One woman said - just one.

**SHE IS NOT**

a man might think she's singing while she braids her hair

she is not

she braids her hair while she sings.

Can You Run For Your Life?

they've got you where they want you
J: Yea, but I understand what you mean about it being idealistic though. I mean that one person can change so much, there is that whole myth too, and people go “Well, I'm not that one person, so I shouldn't even try,” and that just keeps them shut up...
K: Or they try some grandiose thing and it doesn't work out and they get discouraged. Cause I mean, that woman probably had to work her butt off to get to the point where she was in a position of power. I mean it's not simple.
J: No, you're right, it's not.
K: So do you and Dave talk about stuff like this?
J: Well yea, you know, we've known each other really well, we've been making music for 6 or 7.In the beginning, it was a lot of anger, like, “Can you believe this is all happening?” It was really healed, “Let's write a song,” and these raucous lyrics would just come out, really angry stuff. You know, as the years go by, the more information I'm taking in and it's hard to maintain the same edge of anxiety. I think on, just over time, you're so familiar with all the problems that go on and on and on, that you think a lot of people do, when they reach 30, you know, just sit back and go, “Well that was my youth and discovering that the world's a bad place and now I need to make a life for myself and get a pension plan,” and all this kind of stuff. I think Dave and I have definitely decided not to do that but writing songs that are maybe more evocative of emotions, writing songs that are not so literal and moving into films and other projects, so you know, as we change, as you get older, I don't think we're losing our intensity. It's just not as literal or as aggressive as it was, but all those ideas are still within us, they're just coming out in different ways.
K: I wrote something down as I was listening to your new stuff yesterday about how your earlier stuff had such a big importance on the words, still does, but your words now are less literal...they're still literal in a way but rely more on imagery, what I'm trying to say is, you don't obscure the meaning with imagery. It actually becomes clearer and more accessible to me. I couldn't explain your songs to anyone, what they're exactly about, but I listen to them and I feel like I know what you mean. I also see the guitar working better and better with your voice. Like you said, I don't see it as you being any less angry as you were before but I see it as coming out in a way that's exploiting the power of music much more effectively. That anger has just become more directed and you're expressing it in this really complex, less simplistic way now.
J: Umm, Hmmm
K: Instead of just “Fuck you I'm pissed off,” you're telling these intricate stories about being a woman and feminism and experiences that are so beyond words.
K: The new stuff you did I feel really strongly about. The earlier stuff you did, there's a lot of feminist theory stuff in there and it made me really happy cause I'd come home from doing my little feminist projects and stuff and then it was set to music, what I was trying to do, and it helped me to build my own environment, my own little society in my apartment where I was listened to and I had music that I understood, and I didn't have to listen to the rolling stones in my fucking apartment if I didn't want to. It was real empowering then. I just feel like I've been progressing, along with your music, and I just feel like the stuff I heard yesterday is so much more complex.
J: What do you think you'd think of it if you hadn't heard the earlier stuff? Would it still give you the images, and would you still know something about the person making the vocals?

K: Yeah. See whenever I hear vocals that I like, and it's usually by women, actually always (except Galaxie 500.) I sit and go, "Okay is this woman on the same..."

J: Yeah.

K: And I'm always wondering, with your stuff, I don't even wonder cuz if those lyrics came out of well, shit, whoever those lyrics came outs is really smart. I mean that "driving your hair" song is so fucking incredible. It reminded me of an old movie. The way you write seems really simple, but it's not. It's loaded, every word is just so loaded with all this stuff and it just seems like you're narrowing it down smaller and smaller. And also leaving the spaces where I can think about it and come back to it.

J: Good, well that's good to hear. We haven't played a lot of this stuff very much at this point and I don't want to feel like, Oh now I'm doing all of these ethereal slow songs and the voice is, I love to sing, I really do and I love to work with Dave, so I'm liking these songs more and more.

K: Well it's like the whole technique thing, what you were talking about before about polarization, dualism. In art it's the same dumb way, there's technique over here and content over here...really just the same old idea of male/female, rational/emotive, or even the idea that male artists are gonna place more importance on technique and female artists will place more on content and the non-recognition that you just can't separate it out. Sometimes I do get afraid that I'll just become a tech head, like concentrate too hard on the quality of the voice, or the quality of the words or the quality of the image or whatever.

J: I can't imagine you ignoring content somehow.

K: I can't either.

*  

from Vancouver

MECCA NORMAL

Psycho-social lyrics, distorted chords for a distorted world. "man thinks woman when he talks to me something not quite right"
In case you don't know, CALAMITY JANE is a 3 piece all girl's act that recently returned from their US tour. Formed in OLY, Wa, the girls now call Portland home (except for Lisa Koenig their super hot and stylin' drummer who still lives in Oly), they also have a new single out on IMP RECORDS formed by Portland zine writer JON of VICIOUS HIPPIES FROM PANDA HELL and guy DWAYNE H. IMP is planning a compilation album that will most likely be mostly girl bands, because, as Dwayne puts it "They are just the bands we like!" Yeah! Other news...Slim Moon, formerly of NITUALLY PODUNK NIGHTMARE and WISH, has started a record label called KILL ROCK STARS Slim has already sent the first material off to the single factory, the content is hush hush at this point, but insiders information has it that Kathleen H. of BIKINI KILL will be a main feature on the record. Speaking of BIKINI KILL, BIKINI KILL BIKINI KILL will be going on a micro mini tour with Slim's new band WITCHY POO. Both bands will play Portland's X-RAY club on Feb. 22 and somewhere in Eugene on Feb. 24th. WATCH OUT! Another hot all girl thing happening is BRATMOBILE featuring Molly and Allison of the fanzine GIRL GERMS, which is, incidently, destined to change the course of history. To get a copy write to Molly and Al at What else? BILL KARR is back, yes, the former ax man from SNAKEPIT now lives in Olympia Billy is not in a band right now as he is debating his philosophical motivations. There's a JIGSAW revolution going down. JIGSAW is Tobi Vail of BIKINI KILL's angry girl rockin' fanzine. It got mentioned in the last issue of SASSY magazine and she's got over 100 letters from cool teenagers all across the land, screaming for her latest JIGSAW. Speaking of SASSY, Olympia's...
own photography genius JON SNYDER was featured in the same issue; his was the photo of the all foxy babe band NATION OF ULYSESS. Inside word has it that the NATION will be touring in MAY.....

Also watch for TREEHOUSE from Olympia. They have a really good bassist, her name is RONNA ERA! ROCK ON.

WE WANT YOU TO WRITE TO

BIKINI KILL
% KILL ROCK STARS
120 .NE STATE #618
Olympia WA 98505

YOU LIKE IT
STOP the J word jealousy from killing girl LOVE

encourage IN
THE face OF
INSECURITY