

Punk Rock Feminism

color  
okay

it's 3 R's Mother Fucker

RiOT



grrrl!

H A N N A H

N E U R O T I C A



\* Listen Up! There is not one text that can be referred to as the "bible" or "manifesto" of Riot Grrrl. The spirit or manifesto/manifesta of riot grrrl is encapsulated in every punk lyric a riot grrrl ~~xx xx~~ sang, every fanzine a riot grrrl wrote/photo~~copied~~/shared, ~~every consciousness-raising group / conversation that took place during a~~

every conscience-ness raising conversation that took place at a riot grrrl meeting. ♀♥♀♥♀

People make a lot of dramatic statements in their lives. Some of them are ridiculous and petty some of them you utter & think you really mean them

but then a few years rush by and you look back & notice how fleeting certain things can be.. I feel at this point it is safe to say:

\*\*\*\*\*RIOT GRRRL CHANGED MY LIFE\*\*\*\*\* ♀

♀ Riot grrrl was a feminist/art/punk/revolutionary movement ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~: the gateway to third wave feminsim. *feminism One of the*

Who would I be today if I hadn't ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ been exposed to riot grrrl????????????????????????????? ~~xxxxx~~ i get terrified at that thought & realize that it was such a monumental part of my being that it would have found me/ i would have found it one way or another. the universe is ~~txxxxxxxxx~~ trustworthy in that way.

I will never forget that revolutionary moment of reading BIKINI KILL lyrics on my bedroom floor for the very first time.

MY HEART OPENED.

My lungs became became capable of taking in ~~an~~ deeper quantity of breath. My whole body aglow in powerful feminine energy filling the room with pussy power intensity that could have taken your fucking breath away.

I realized things didn't have to be how they always were. The fear I carried, the shame I swallowed --there were grrrrs talking about these things

There were grrrls telling me through art to be strong and creative, that i was worth being alive even if i wasn't a ~~xxxx~~ size five.

These were women telling me it was okay to speak up about rape and hate crimes against the female body. my body. my mothers body. your body.

My scars were personal, political, they were not to be kept hidden ~~xxx~~ but highlighted in the hope that other girls would share there shit too. Together we could form an organism of breathing new life into a society rampant with ~~xxx~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ the disease of patriarchy.

Riot Grrrl took academic feminism and brought hardcore passy power into the streets of Olympia, WA & beyond. It was about resisting the idea that

Ladies, Women, and Girls were second class citizens whose art & voice didn't matter. It was about saying FUCK YOU to the idea that all women needed to adhere to one bullshit standard of femininity, cater to men and be kissable fuckable holes for ~~xxx~~ some asshole to get his dick wet and cum inside. we resist !!!!!! ♡ ♀ ♡ ♀ ♡ ♀ ♡

Riot Grrrl was about not giving into the crazy phenomenon that has girls going into adolescence and ~~xxx~~ x losing there voice/spirit/confidence.

It was about not being quiet & afraid and admitting

admitting when you were afraid to not be quiet. It was overwhelming support by fellow grrrls in the goal of being LOUD, HEARD, RECOGNIZED by ~~your~~ fellow sisters in the goal of being heard for ~~your~~ for your true struggle/experience/ BUSTING out of boxes labeled "sugar, spice, and everythigg nice."

— Learning to shout from your soul. RG was about saying HELL NO to girl on girl competition aimed at keeping women in a state of ~~xxxxxxx~~ hostility--unable to join together and make real change. It was about resisting the trend of "ROCK IS COCK." It carried the message that women are not groupies, hoover mouths ~~want~~.

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wanting to suck offa rock star and scratch a bitch  
who is ~~competing~~ competing for backstage ~~access~~  
access.

THE GRRRL REVOLUTION was about taking  
women out of the crowd and ~~empowering~~  
empowering them to get on stage. NO  
Experience Necessary. Don't know how to play  
guitar? Just pick one up! don't know how to  
play drum? Just bang on them! Want to share your  
voice? Make a zine. This movement encouraged  
girls to go back to that place within our girlhood  
that was ~~free~~ free of self-consciousness and  
play, get angry, express, speak out. And maybe it  
is just occurring to me now but maybe that is one of  
the reasons why the word "GRRRL" is so powerful?  
Because we are tapping into our pre-pubescent  
spontaneity, reconnecting with that fresh energy that  
wasn't as concerned with fat hips, titty cup ~~size~~

size or what people fucking thought of us.

It was about exploiting America's pink girl values. ~~and~~  
taking baby (lady?) barrettes, lunchboxes,  
playing dressup with the costumes of our youth--when  
things were laid out in front of us....we use the ~~staples~~  
staples of girl ~~fashion~~ fashion --perverse tools  
our society produced /produces to keep us all in  
gender status quo; making girls barbie whores; timid  
and boys gi joe don't-be-a-pussy- DICK RULES mentality  
GIRLS ARE POWERFUL. WE ARE NOT INFERIOR..

We have a lot to say and you better start to listen  
or before you know it you won't have a fucking choice.

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

CHOICE.

## From En Vogue to Bikini Kill:

### My Riot Grrrl Evolution

I tried to kill myself in 7<sup>th</sup> grade. I stopped going to school or I'd leave early sayin' I was sick. One beautiful afternoon I stood over the overpass near my house. I watched the cars fly by below and contemplated a free fall-splat onto one of there hoods. My guts all over the Prospect Expressway. I was 12.

I had a horrible group of gangsta girls who surrounded my life with drama. I wore my hair tight, big hoop earrings, my dark Jewish features always mistaken for Hispanic. My Brooklyn accent was thick and my clothes were ghetto style trendy. I listened to R & B / Rap. My first CD ever was En Vogue. My Walkman played Mariah Carry, Adina Howard. I didn't know who I was.

I noticed these two girls at school one day at the start of 8<sup>th</sup> grade. They always seemed to be on the outskirts of everything. They looked so cool to me and all the hot skater/punk/whatever boys would always wanna chill around them. I can't remember how it happened, probably we just got to talking in class one day -- but Josephine & Daniella were a viable stepping stone in my discovery of music/punk life.

Daniella was born in Hungary. She had long blond hair down to her ass, big perfect round tits, and a tiny waist. When she was a little girl, her mom brought her over to the USA; mother & daughter living all the way uptown in Harlem projects. I remember mother, tiny & blond, always smoking Virginia slims or some other such thin femmemy cigarette.

Josephine was a Hispanic punk who took diet pills and always wanted a cigarette when she saw a hot punk guy walking in our direction. She'd put this hard look on her face and give him a wassup head nod. He'd pass and we would all break out in girly giggles. She was the ring leader- the one who always made us laugh without fail. At lunchtime we'd leave school and sit together in a cluster eating or just playing with our food. Josie would always pretend her ketchup was period blood and we'd laugh and "ewwww" when she'd dramatically linger dipping her fries in the red sugary tomato goo. On lunch breaks we'd sometimes go to McDonalds, watching as the men would come and go in the bathroom stalls- in pairs- blow jobs and ass fucking. We'd stay and watch as one would leave five minutes before the second one. Great lunch break entertainment!

I always remember that first time- when we sat outside near Gramercy Park (right across from the Jr. High) and Josie asked me what kind of cigarettes I smoked. She had told me Newport's so I pretended that was my favorite brand too. We bonded over the same lie. I had never smoked in my life but acceptance was the only thing on my mind. Period. The next day she brought a pack of smokes to school and a group of us girls all passed around a cigarette in the girls bathroom. Most of us pretending to inhale and congratulating each other on how cool we all were.

Josephine wore studded belts and dyed her hair purple/blue/yellow. We hung out in Union Square and Washington Square Park. This was in the early 90's, around the time Larry Clark was hanging out in Washington Square—being an art perve with the skater boys. The boys I went to school with, the boys I hated, the boys I made out with, the boys I wanted to kill, the boys I wanted to like me so hard—always tried to impress them how I inhaled my cigarettes or what punk rock skater getup I could get in the village that week.

I still remember the way David Z. would look when he leaned up against the school building to blow his smoke with one hand while holding up his skateboard in the other. Trying to do some trick, fucking up, and trying again. He was the

baddest of them all. Josephine Fliss told me when they made out he put his hand on her stomach to see how flat it was. I hated him. And yet I would hangout with him—kiss in the dark closet of Daniella's house and have my first pregnancy scare because of his suave bullshit.

During gym us girls would sit in the stairwell and listen to each others Walkmans. Mostly Nirvana and Green Day. I don't have the space to write the story of how Green Day affected my life but lets just say it was also major life changing music for me. It got me into punk. It was the stepping stone. And lets not bullshit either—I was fucking hardcore obsessed with Billie Joe Armstrong. I cried at night listening to his voice/lyrics/fast guitar and pictured being his girlfriend, best friend, bandmate. I was in love.

*I am really moving this story along fast because I don't have enough pages to get into the meat and fat of the story. Please forgive me for glossing over a whole bunch of years and jumping right over to when I was about to graduate high school.*

At this point Green Day was by far my favorite band, Guns N' Roses a close second. I had a HOLE CD that I liked but the concept of GRRRL rockers or anything involved in women being at the forefront was not in my view. I was not there yet. A fucking late bloomer. When I was in my senior year of high school I met a punk rock guy named Vicious who opened me open sexually in many ways. I would go to his house after school and for hours we would lay in the dark on his

bed, surrounded by his graffiti walls. He'd eat my pussy for up to an hour while having me listen to punk bands he wanted me to get into. He knew I loved Green Day and Nirvana but wanted to turn me on to Riot Grrrl. I still get a tingle through out my whole body when I think of those nights in his bedroom. "I want to play this record for you. Lay back and open your legs." He'd play Sleater-Kinney and I'd read all the quotes inked into his walls, study the posters of rocker chicks like Courtney Love, Theo, Kathleen Hanna and Patti Smith- scowling at me from every direction. Ecstasy between my legs and candy for my eyes.

TDK D NORMAL POSITION		IECI/TYPE I	
TDK D		Sleater-Kinney & Other Stuff	
A DATE/TIME NOISE REDUCTION	B DATE/TIME NOISE REDUCTION		
Random Stuff	Sleater-Kinney "Call the Doctor"		
1. The Dox "Nerve Sea Land"	1. Call the Doctor		
2. Tom Petty "Bad Religion"	2. Husker		
3. Casio "Blue"	3. Little Martha		
4. Patsy Cline "Cannonball"	4. Americanos		
5. Groove "Just to Love"	5. See Where You Are		
6. PS Harvey "C Mon Billy"	6. Good Things		
7. Patsy Cline "Middle of the Road"	7. I Can Be Your Boy		
8. Billy "Don't Let Me See"	8. Taking Me Home		
9. Patsy Cline "I'm a Cowboy"	9. I'm a Cowboy		
10. Patsy Cline "Faded Love"	10. My Stuff		
	11. I'm Not Worried		
	12. Heart Attack		

★ ★ ★

I went away to college in Maine. Yeah, no shit. I went from one of the best cities in the world to bumfuck nowhere Maine. The whole town would rattle when you'd close a door and one of the professors thought I was African American. How sad is that? My skin is white! The lack of diversity got to me and two years later I got the fuck out of there.

You would think that from all those hot nights in Vicious' bedroom I would have fallen in love with Riot Grrrl. In fact, that is not how it happened. And reflecting on it now - I am thankful for that. The person that would inevitably push me toward my own RG discovery was a tough bitch named Pixi Stick.

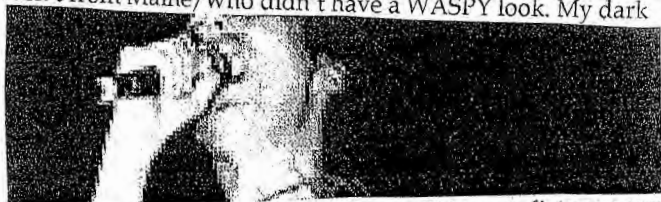


You see V. would make me tons of Riot Grrrl mix tapes but I wouldn't listen to them. I treated them more like a piece of boyfriend memorabilia than an actual thing I was supposed to do something with. I threw it in a shoebox just to say I had it. The songs went un-listened too. And in the confines of his bedroom all that music sounded screechy and sloppy and I couldn't understand the appeal. I got C. Love—I fucking adored her and would get excited when V. would put on a Hole CD for me. However I was very resistant to the other girl bands for some reason. It pains me to admit this but at one point V. took me to see a KRS showcase at Irving Plaza. The lineup was The Gossip, The Butchies, and Sleater-Kinney. I had a rad time but not like a RAD time. It was however one of the first times I started to contemplate the coolness of women and guitars rocking out. I still remember seeing Beth Ditto come out on the stage for the first time. Her fatness took me fucking aback so hardcore. I had never seen a fat girl on stage with a mic shouting. It was like WHAT THE HELL?? Fat girls are aloud to rock out?? Really?? As a fat girl myself I was confused and comforted all at the same time.

[the wheels where in motion]

When I first got to collage (age 18)

I decorated my dorm room walls with Courtney Love photos. I was the only student who wasn't from Maine/who didn't have a WASPY look. My dark



features helped me stand out and soon I became a well-known fixture around campus; Simply because I was all Jew-y looking and from NYC. I guess that made me cool/different/special in that environment. It also fucking sucked because I felt



unable to connect with most of the people I met. I tried very hard though. Since I wrote all about Pixi Stick in TPD #3 I am going to gloss over how I met her and how our friendship fell apart and just focus on the part relevant to RG. Okie





Dokie? If you wanna know more about Pixi then get my old zine.

Long story short: Pixi lived in the dorm room directly below mine in the all girl dorm. She was hardcore into literature, poetry, and punk rock. We were both in the universities dance company and became inseparable. Fuck man, writing this is making me want to call her. Dammit. SO: One day in the beginning of our friendship Pixi came over and saw my Courtney Love posters all over my wall above my desk. She was so excited and asked if I was into these two bands she had just read about: Bikini Kill and Sleater Kinney. She had just got one of each bands albums and was in love. I had remembered them very clearly from Vicious. "I totally know them, But I haven't listened to a lot of it really."

After this conversation I went home one weekend. I frantically dug through my old shoebox and pulled out every single mixed tape V. had ever made for me (there were a lot!). I found the one that was all S-K and angry girl music and put it into the tape deck. I went online and looked up lyrics so I could understand what the fuck these ladies were screaming out.

*I'll be yr mama, yr sister.  
I'll be yr fucking dad,  
I'll be the best little baby  
that you ever had had  
Cuz I got more tongues  
Than just this one  
Yeah yeah yeah yeha yeha yeah!!!*

As I read along (for the first time) as Kathleen belted her anger into the mic I fucking thought I'd died and gone to heaven. I had never heard lyrics like this before. I had never even known girls were out there being daring and unapologetic. I was in awe. I felt safe. I felt like there was hope in finding myself. Hope in finding connections with women. Hope in change. Radical change.

Shortly after this discovery Pixi and I went on a Riot Grrrl binge like nothing else. We would hangout every night and look at the KRS website—listening to samples

of other bands and taking turns buying albums. We got into The Bangs, Cold Cold Hearts, Heavens to Betsy, Excuse 17, Bratmobile, etc. I am so thankful I had this discovery with Pixi and not V. It feels more appropriate that I truly got into this empowering music with another female.



I find it hard to pull the word out of my head that adequately describe the impact Riot Grrrl had on me in those early days of discovery. In my mind music was always so COCK driven. Women were always the groupies or pop stars. I was beginning to learn about a whole underworld of women like me who were not about bullshit competition, being skinny, getting guys to dig you, etc. But rather GRRRLS who were pissed off at this society — who spoke up about RAPE and DOMESTIC VIOLENCE and INCEST and EATING DISORDERS.. women speaking up about our disordered culture. A culture of oppression and women hate so ingrained that people don't even pay attention/ignore it/pretend women are just crazy and should shut the fuck up. This was the world I knew. That all changed the moment I sat on my floor and read over the Bikini KILL lyrics and heard the passion come through my speakers. I was no longer the same human being. I was fucking re-born.

It didn't take long for me to build a vast music collection of rockin' ladies. And then phase 2 started happening. Pixi told me about her Women's Studies 101 class and said I should totally take it. I was skeptical; I thought maybe it might be boring. The idea of "feminism" as part of my daily life was never on the table. The RG music sorta kicked my ass and Pixi convinced me to sign up.

In case you don't know me and your reading this:

Ever since that time I have been a fucking hardcore feminist and have the feminist revolution tattooed into my arm and a female symbol on my hand. It has become part of my breath, my every day motions, my skin, my life philosophies. Riot Grrrl became the catalyst for me becoming a better person both to others and in how I treat myself. Riot Grrrl got me into feminism!



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After my sophomore year in Maine Pixi and I decided to study abroad in England. And backpack through Europe together. When we got back to the states three/four months later I knew I couldn't return to the white-ness, the lack of diversity, the bullshit of U. Maine. I was in the heat/passion/center of my Riot Grrrl lust and transformation. The last thing I wanted was to be confined to a bumfuck town with nothing in the way of ladies to join forces with. At least that is how it felt at the time. While I was in England I was in the computer center one day and reading up on Riot Grrrl bands. I had just done an interview with

BRATMOBILE for my zine and happened across an article on Evergreen State College in Olympia Washington. The college sounded familiar. I realized it was the school my mom had been pushing me to apply to back when I was still in Brooklyn. I didn't get the appeal of going so far away (across the country) so I never really looked very far into it. And now, two years later I was in England finding out that Evergreen was in OLYMPIA and had previous students like Kathleen Hanna, Tobi Vail, Courtney Love, and tons more amazing women. [not to mention Simpson's creator Matt G.!]

It also occurred to me that Kill Rock Stars was in Olympia which made this a major draw. That was it, ladies, I fucking knew what I had to do. I couldn't bring myself to go back to Maine and so at like 3 am in Europe I applied to Evergreen and wrote a letter to SLIM MOON at KRS. I told him I was going to go to Evergreen and would love to intern at KRS. Now, duh I knew probably tons of people fucking wanted that internship so I didn't hold my breath. Until like a day later he fucking

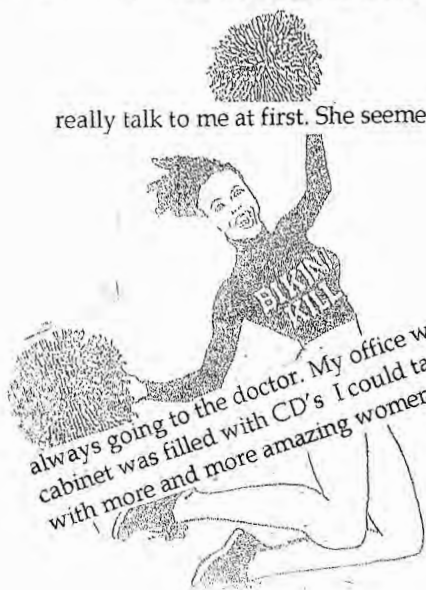
wrote back and said I should come in for an interview!!!!!!!!!!!!!! As soon as I returned to the states I bought a plane ticket and coordinated my Evergreen admissions interview with my SLIM MOON/KRS interview. Nervous? YES! EXCITED? Holy Shit!

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When I first walked up the stairs to KRS I was nervous as fuck. Slim was wearing like sweatpants and a ratty tee shirt. He invited me in. Molly Vail (Tobi Vails' sister and member of The Bangs) was in her office and came out to say hi to me. Slim asked me questions about why I wanted to work there and seemed okay with all my answers. He offered me the internship that day. I got a tour too- he took me down to the basement and intro'd me to THE Tobi Vail and some other punker I never heard of...

The basement was dark and dirty. Tons of 7" in boxes, teeshirts, cd's, stickers, letters from fans on the walls. It was amazing. Tobi was very quiet and didn't

really talk to me at first. She seemed to have health problems too because she was



always going to the doctor. My office was in the kitchen and Slim pointed out the cabinet was filled with CD's I could take freely from. At Evergreen I made friends with more and more amazing women who seemed intrigued by my internship.



This is the point where I'd like to say how awesome it was and how it progressed into this amazing opportunity. The sad thing is it could have. I could have probably made a lasting impression but unfortunately this was the same time I got addicted to drugs and heavily involved with drug people. I started getting way too high to go to work and would just not show up. Slim was so kind to me, an ex-junkie, he asked me to house sit for him and watch his dogs. Said I could live in his place for the weekend. I'd go to work, answer emails from fans, radio stations, burn CD's for Slim. I'd listen to demos with him and laugh at his comments. Tobi Vail opened up to me and started asking me about if anything was actively going on with feminist events, etc on campus. Flat out though, she is VERY quiet. Molly was more verbose and would chat with me most days. Our offices were closer together anyway.

The dude from THE GOSSIP would come in and check his email and other punk band members were always walking through. People started wanting to be my friend cause of my "connections" and as much as that was awesome it also sucked ass. I think maybe I felt like it was all to good for me/to good to be true. Or maybe it wasn't as cool as I wanted it to be. I mean, I loved the days when Tobi would randomly mention how Kathleen called or how I had access to like tons of my idols contact/home address, etc. I loved hearing Molly tell fan stories and about the guy who was obsessed with The Bangs and would always send flowers to KRS. I loved all the cute doggies that hungout at the office. Jackson of Jackson's Jukebox, etc I just wasn't in the right headspace and my shit just got out of control. Such is life I guess, I don't know. Depressing?

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As I sit here writing this I realize how long it has been since that day I sat on my floor and devoured B-K lyrics and fell in love with a new way of living/seeing myself as a woman with many strengths and important things to say. Riot Grrrl was the driving force in my sharing zines with other grrrls, reclaiming my love of Spoken Word, and not giving a shit if I fit the fashion mag mold. I wish that it was really that simple though- that I could say because of RG I don't struggle with my body image, eating disorders, art phobias, etc. because I still very much do. However Riot Grrrl has given me immense strength to face these life challenges with a healthier mindset. To question media, to love my fellow ladies and not compete, to remember when I'm stuck that it's okay if I don't know how to play a certain instrument...I can just pick it up and express myself. I should not be afraid to try. Not be scared to learn. Not be afraid to make my zines and communicate

my thoughts and feelings with others. My thoughts and feelings and expressions are just as valid as anyone else's.

Riot Grrrl was about a change of attitude.

The important thing to remember is that as I just said, things are still very much fucked up in our world. Riot Grrrls needs to make a serious comeback. But better/new/improved Riot Grrrls. Old Riot Grrrls need to help breed new Riot Grrrls. Meaning us ladies need to start making unapologetic art, speaking up for ourselves, getting political, fighting to keep abortion legal, bringing attention to rape and domestic violence in our communities. We need to get back to the roots ...our Riot Grrrl radical roots. Because things have not changed. We still need to fight. And young girls who don't know there is an alternative need to be reached out too. This is OUR responsibility, not someone else's. Don't fucking sit around and wait for another Kathleen Hanna or Bratmobile or Nomy Lamm to come out of the woodwork and say what you are thinking. **YOU NEED TO BE THAT PERSON. WE ALL NEED TO BE THAT GRRRL** or else nothing will change.

Get men involved! Without different genders working together we will fail. I'd like to see it happen. Whose with me?

REVOLUTION GRRRL STYLE NOW!

REVOLUTION GRRRL

STYLE NOW!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

# GIRL HATE

spoken word

♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀

SHE WAS BORN WITH A REAL BODY.  
A NOSE THAT SHE GOT FROM HER MOTHER.  
HER DADS EYEBROWS.

THINGS WERE NOT THE SAME WHEN SHE SAW  
THE BONES ON THAT PORN STAR-

ON THAT ALTERNATIVE PORN STAR-

THAT POP STAR.

THAT MOVIE STAR.

THAT NON-REALITY TV STAR

THE NEWS REPORTER

THE COMMERCIALS

IN HER CLASS

WHAT THE FUCK?

! ! ! !  
o o o o

THINGS WERE NOT ~~THAT~~ SAME WHEN SHE READ  
IN THE GROCERY LINE--

BRITNEY NOW WEIGHS 160

WHOPPING FAT ASS POUNDS

AMERICAN IDOL REMINDED HER THAT

PLUS SIZED MODELS ARE REALLY JUST

AVERAGE GIRLS-SIZE 12- NOT FAT BUT

HEALTHY AND

HEALTHY IS NOT AMERICAN.

SHE WOULD STARVE UNTIL THE TV MADE HER  
DO THE SHIT YOUR PANTS DANCE; SAYS ONE THING,  
POURING GRAVY AND BACON ON FIVE FAT  
MEAT PADDIES THAT MAY AS WELL BE  
A TOY, AN ACCESSORY TO THE CULTURE SHE FACES IN  
THE TEEN MAGAZINES, THE WOMAN MAGAZINES,  
THE SUBWAY BILLBOARD, 5000 A DAY  
REMINDING HER THAT FAT FRIED IN FAT  
SAUCE IS FOR FAT PEOPLE BUT SPEND YOUR MONEY  
BECAUSE MCDONALDS HAS HEALTHY SALADS NOW



AND OLD NAVY CAN ACCOMMODATE  
YOUR BIG ASS. IF YOUR  
ASS IS NOT, LIKE, TO BIG.

YOU + SLIM FAST = THERE FOR THE DAY AFTER  
TO KEEP YOU ON TRACK  
AND THE TOILET IS ALWAYS ACCEPTING OF SOME  
BILE.

TV SAYS ITS EASIER NOW-

TV SAYS WE CAN BE **BLOODBATH BEAUTIES—**

PAY A DOCTOR TO USE KNIVES AND SLICE OPEN  
OUR TITLES LIKE FLESHY GRAPEFRUIT...SIFTING THROUGH  
THE BLOOD VESSEL TISSUE PULP AND ENHANCING WITH  
PLASTIC BAGS FULL OF GEL—STACKED INSIDE OUR  
**FRANKENBREASTS...**

NEEDLE IT BACK TOGETHER.  
LIKE A NEW COUTURE FASHION SHOW.

**SHE WANTS TO HAVE CHILDREN NOW**

**BUT HER**      ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀

**UTERUS IS PLASTIC**

♀ ♀

**HER PERIOD IS BROKEN**

TO MANY TV SHOWS MADE HER HAIR FALL OUT  
AND NOW SHE DOESN'T RECOGNIZE HER FACE,  
BUT THAT IS WHAT IS EXPECTED OF PUSSY CARRIERS  
ALL SHE NEEDS IS A NEW COACH BAG  
TO MATCH THE VACANT LOOK IN HER  
**DEAD PLASTIC DOLL EYES.**

**SHE'S GOOD TO GO TILL NEXT SEASON**

**FUCKIN' BITCH.**

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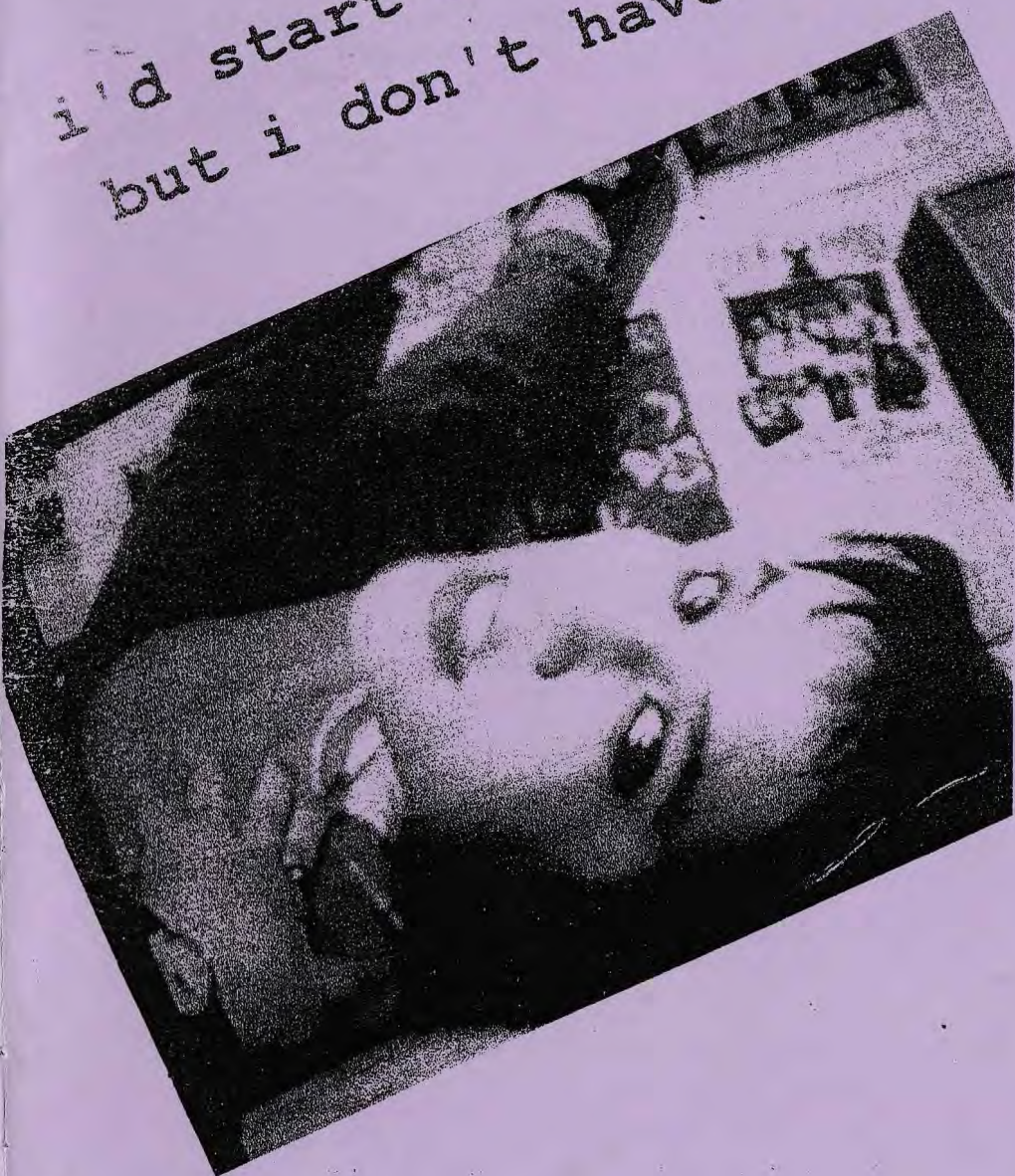
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i'd start a revolution  
but i don't have time.





## "I'd Start A Revolution But I Don't Have Time."

November 2007

Hello. I am Jolie. I cannot begin to tell you how excited i was when Hannah asked me to do this split zine with her! Not only do i admire her & her writing but i have been wanting to do a zine about Riot Grrrl and RG zines. but i kept putting it off cos i knew it would be alotta work! so i am very happy to have Hannah as my partner in crime!

First off, i wanna tell ya that the title,"i'd start a revolution but i don't have time" comes from a Billy Joel song! Billy Joel's album "Glass Houses" was the very first album i ever remember listening to at the age of 2! my mom had the 8 track which i soon claimed as my own! & now i own that album on cd! it was also the title of a spoken word cd that i did in on *Teen Anthem Records* in 1999. Hannah & i were also talking about doing a spoken word cd together--it has yet to happen but that's my fault! hopefully we can still do that someday!!! for now my old spoken word(recorded from 1996-2001...i started doing spoken word when i was 17 & i am 29 now!) is still available!!! i sell cassettes on *Etsy.Com* so if you are interested please get in touch with me!!!

I LOVE MAIL SO FEEL FREE TO WRITE OR EMAIL ME!!!!

THANKS FOR READING!!!!!! XOXOXO Jolie Noggle



Riot  
grrrl

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### MADE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF:

the "Don't Need You:the Herstory of Riot Grrrl" dvd,records form my Kill Rock Stars collection!, Le Tigre,Bikini Kill & Sleater-Kinney videos that Brian sent to me, tapes by Cindy Lou Who, The Slatternlies,My New Boyfriend & The Sarcastic Bitch & a box full old zines from the 90s.

### THANKS TO:

Hannah (for doing this zine with me!), My Husband Jamie,My Mom, Jamie's Mom,My Brothers Joseph & Joaquin,anyone that has ever traded zines with me,anybody that i ever sent a spoken word tape to & everyone that reads this zine!!!!!!

### SPECIAL THANKS TO:

Alison Wolfe, Corin Tucker,Carrie Brownstein, & Kathleen Hanna for the constant inspiration & for making music that CHANGED MY LIFE.

About a year ago i was at Blockbuster with my husband. he pointed at the tv monitor & said, "isn't that one of those girl bands that you like?" i looked up at the tv screen & saw Le Tigre singing "TKO" & i wanted to cry! it's so silly cos i felt sad that Le Tigre was so popular that a few years before this they were on the *Carson Daly Show*....initially i was excited but then i was heartbroken cos the girl bands that i loved so much for years (that no one i knew had ever heard of!) were no longer my little secret! for years i was so protective of this top secret underground club that i was an exclusive member of!!! i was selfish & didn't wanna share-- i wanted Riot Grrrl all to myself! & now everyone knew about it! the weird thing about it was-- i wasn't even into Riot Grrrl music like i had been years ago. i was totally outta the loop & had been for years. & when i first got into Riot Grrrl i didn't really have anyone to share it with & woulda given anything to be around other girls in my small town that i could do zines & music with. but i didn't have that when i was younger. all hat my friends cared about was boys....so i had to start something all by myself. i was on my own.

it all started in the summer of 1994. i turned 16 that summer. i was still mourning the death of Kurt Cobain. (something none of my friends seemed to understand. they didn't even like Nirvana let alone understand why i was so upset when he died.) **Music has always been my life.** Nirvana had been one of my favorite bands for about 3 years ever since i saw the "smells like teen spirit" video on *Headbanger's Ball* in 1991! a few years prior to this i was introduced to punk music by my older brother Joseph. cos he had cool skater friends that listened to the descendents, ramones, black flag, dead kennedys & social distortion. so at the age of 12 i put my Anthrax & Metallica tapes aside & got more into the mix tapes my brother made me with music by The Misfits & Samhain....when i was 15 i started watching "Alternative Nation" hosted by the oh-so-wacky Mtv VJ Kennedy. i knew that all the cool music was labeled "alternative" even tho just 2 years before it was called "indie"! i wasn't allowed to stay up late & watch "120 minutes" on sundays cos i had school the next day! One night Kennedy was interviewing Kim Gordon from Sonic Youth & they played the "Bull in the Heather" video. i couldn't keep my eyes of the cute pigtailed girl bouncing around in the video & i thought she was so cool! i didn't know who she was for a long time until i saw another interview with a very pregnant Kim Gordon & she said "that's Kathllen Hanna from Bikini Kill". i HAD to know more! i had read about Bikini Kill as well as Heavens to Betsy & Bratmobile in *Sassy Magazine*. & i didn't know much about this whole Riot Grrrl movement i kept hearing about...only that i was a few years behind! i recall reading a section in *Sassy* called "zine of the month" or something to that effect but i still wasn't sure what it was all about...



this is me at age 16!

note the baby hair barrettes &

"Hole" written in nail polish on my

pants. SO 1994!!!



my favorite bands at the time were Hole & Babes In Toyland. i had placed a pen pal ad in *Metal Edge Magazine* when i was 15 & as a result aquired quite a few pen pals! (up to 40 or 50 at one point! i just know it was a ridiculous amount & i dunno how the hell i kept that up!!!) i was adicted to MAIL!!! getting my mail was the highlight of my day! i couldn't wait to get home from school everyday & find a stack of cool mail sitting on the kitchen table waiting for me! nothing made me happier! it was the best! mainly becos at the time i was extremely lonely & felt alienated living in a very small town with part time friends.....the handfull of friends that i did have weren't always around & they were certainly not into the same music that i was into. they mostly listened to r&b and country music. which are 2 genres of music that i have never been into. i felt especially isolated that summer cos all of my friends had boyfriends & i was (as always!) SINGLE. so i reached out to the pen pal community! & in return i received a mailbox full of love & cool mail,stickers & mix tapes! the art of the mix tape was also how i was introduced o Roit Grrrl music. thanks to my pen friend Amanda! she always made me the best mixes! which i still have to this day!!!! the first mix she made for me included Bikini Kill,Bratmobile,Heavens To Betsy & Huggy Bear. i couldn't get enough!!! i wanted MORE!!!! she made me another mix with music by Viva Knievel,Racoul,Tourettes & Milk Money--& i was absolutley IN LOVE with this music! soon she sent me a Kill Rock Stars catalog & i couldn't wait to order my own Riot Grrrl Records! i'm not sure what i ordered first. i just know that it made me HAPPY. nothing was cooler than singing along to Bratmobile's "Cool Schmoool" in my bedroom!



in early 1995, Amanda & her friend Meredith sent me their zine "Dustcake Girl" & i was in AWE of the AWESOMENESS of this little xeroxed work or art! i just thought it was the coolest! theses girls were so cool & publishing their writing & i just thought it was the greatest thing in the world! By the end of my sophomore year, my friends & i had yet again drifted apart. i felt abandoned by them again once summer rolled around. plus i was very disappointed that they had no interest in my newfound love for riot grrrl & zines. i was so excited to share this newly discovered phenomnon & they didn't even care. i was so bummed that i had no one to support me in my new venture to do a zine. & i tried to recruit my friends to do zines with me for so many years! i was afraid to do one by myself. i'm not sure why. i really just wanted my friends to be a part of it. cos they were my best friends & they were tough & they meant a lot to me & really just wanted us to unite & create & KICK ASS. but...it never happened. they just weren't into it, even tho i had gotten Jamie Lee to write reveiws ONCE .for a zine called "Lint Baby" that was never published. which is probably a good thing cos it was very embarassing cos i'm sure it woulda been all about how much i loved Tim Armstrong from Rancid!!!

I let Amber borrow Hole & Operation Ivy once & she actually liked them so i was proud of that!!about a year later i made her a mix of Bikini Kill & a few other RG bands but she had no response to that. i think it kinda scared her! i just remember that she had this boyfriend that i didn't like cos he was abusive to her. so i gave her this mix tape thinking maybe she'd get a subliminal message & realize she didn't need that guy. i thought she'd feel the same pride & empowerment i felt when i heard Kathleen scream & yell into a microphone. but i guess she didn't get it. i wanted her to break up with her boyfriend...but she got pregnant by him instead. i had dropped outta high school my junior year & i felt so alone. i was sure that my girl friends at school would soon forget all about me. i felt like i left them all behind when i left high school. cos i never saw them outside of school anymore. they were kinda hard to find. so i befriended this group of boys ...that were actaully my older brothers friends but they were in my grade at school. i felt like i could relate to them better at that time anyway. plus i was pissed at jamie lee cos she had ditched me for a boy one night. a boy that we had both dated. (we all went out with joel....)i was sick of girls ditching me for boys. so i just hung out with boys instead.

during this time i was getting into the Clash, Rancid, Sex Pistols & other guy fronted bands. but i also added Excuse Seventeen & Sleater-Kinney to my GRRRL collection. Corin Tucker's voice gave me chills. Sleater-Kinney always made the kinda music that made me so jealous but i couldn't help but LOVE it! they wrote songs i wish j wrote & i wished so much that i could do what they were doing & create this kinda music. Kill Rock Stars bands never played anywhere near my town. so i never had the chance to see any bands play like i wanted to so badly.

My bedroom walls were plastered with collages i made with inspiring words,riot grrrl slogans & bikini kill lyrics. i was so proud to be a girl...



I had had long hair down to my ass since i was 12 years old. at the age of 17 i was tired of it so i chopped it all off, up to right below my ears & it felt good! i felt FREE! it's weird how something so simple can make you feel so different. my hair was short...it was choppy....it was uneven---but i LOVED it!!!!



Before & After:  
from long & blonde to short & black



i always wanted to be a ROCKSTAR. i'd been fantasizing about being in a band since i was 8 years old! but i didn't play any instruments or know anyone else that did....so it never happened. i spent countless hours lipsyncing to the Third Sex & Bratmobile & dancing in front of my mirror in my bedroom. & since the zine thing never worked out--i decided that i need to try to do something else. i just wanted to do *something...anything!!!* i wanted to be a part of the Riot Grrl scene, i wanted to make a difference,

i wanted to be a part of the revolution.



i was always WRITING. & i also liked to TALK! so i decided to start writing spoken word, which at first were mostly excerpts from my journal. i was only 17. the only spoken word i had ever heard was Henry Rollins. & my pieces were nothing like his.....i had no idea what i was doing. but for some reason it just came naturally to me. i just talked into my tape recorder & it just flowed. then i cut & pasted an insert for it, photocopied it & started trading the tapes for zines. my first tape was called "debutante"--which eventually hated so i was glad only about 12 people got that tape! the next one was entitled "Tiddlywinks" & i think the majority of that was recorded in my grandma's kitchen cos i liked the acoustics in there!

For awhile, everytime i ordered from *Kill Rock Stars* i would get a little ad for Tobi Vail's cassette label *Bumpidee*. so the idea of starting my own cassette label materialized sometime in 1996. i'm not sure exactly when it was but since i was doing all these spoken word tapes--it just made sense for me to just start my own tape label. i called it "Dead Meat". i don't remember why i decided on that name but i think it had a lot to do with the fact that i worked at



McDonald's at the time & i came home smelling like dead meat & onions everyday & i hated it! & since i started doing my tape label & sending out flyers & catalogs- alotta other grrrls doing the same thing started contacting me & i was so excited! a few girls were doing tape compilations so i decided to do one too! i put together a few ads & sent them out to people. the first band to respond was The Others. i can't even begin to explain the excitement i felt when i received this package in the mail! i also got music from The Post Toasties -a girl band from Arizona. the bass player kim who also did a zine called "*Miss Priss*" -she sent me their demo. a girl named Erin (she also did a zine called "*Glamour Queer*") sent a few songs by her band The Volanteens. (erin was in several bands over the years & always had cool music to send for whatever project i was working on at the time! Later she was in The Makeshift Conspiracy & Delta Dart.) i was compiling a spoken word compilation at the same time but didn't get as many contributions for that tape. So my "*Riot*" comp. ended up being music & spoken word. i recorded another spoken word tape in the summer of '96 & that was called "*Saddlesore*". i received alotta positive feedback! so i was absolutely ecstatic that people actually liked what i was doing!

a funny story--i had a crush on this boy all summer. i ran into him one day & told him about my spoken word tape & he told me he'd like to hear it. so i saw him again later that week & he bought one. (i was gonna just give it to him but it was only \$3 & he insisted on buying it cos i was a "starving artist")so he bought my tape not knowing that one of the tracks was about him! i don't think he ever knew--there's no way he woulda known unless someone told him! it's just funny cos i ran into him again at a mall about 6 months later & he told me how much he like the tape & that he was impressed. i just smiled to myself!!!

A few of my spoken word pieces got put on a few compilations. the track that got the most attention was on a compilation on the cassette label *Pass The Buck*. the piece was called "Cringer Turns Into Battlecat." it got good reveiws!

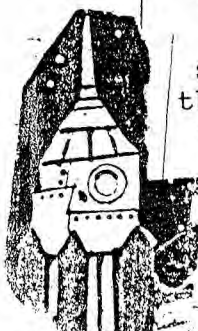
my spoken word was compared to Kathleen Hanna's wordcore 7" in *Riot Grrrl Reveiw* (& in other zines!!!!) but i had never heard that record...so i ordered it. i thought it was so great. soon after that i ordered the Sue P. Fox cassette. i'm not sure when i got the Fakes record--it may have been before that but the "Real Fiction" album definitely had a huge influence on me & my spoekn word. the spoken word on that album is just so intense & filled with emotion. it really made me wanna improve my work & write something powerful like that.

a really important time in my life. cos i was so inspired. & i was like a sponge! every little thing inspired me...i got inspiration from the littlest things!!! i've tried to recapture that feeling so many times since then (to no avail). Riot Grrrl was just such a big part of my life in 96-99 & empowered me to do so much. just listening to strong women making strong music made me stronger. & made me realize i should be proud cos i was a girl & it taught me to not be not ashamed to be who/what i was. i wasn't embarrassed to walk down the street wearing a shirt that said "My Pussy My Choice." that year i got so fed up with boys. & i soon realized i didn't hafta put up with

their shit. i was sick of being fucked over. i was always obsessing over boys & i was tired of it. when a relationship turned sour i'd confine myself to my room & let the music comfort me. & when i started writing spoken word it was about boys. not one boy but several boys that i had dated. but yeah--boys inspired my writing & back then it seemed like my whole world. of course in hindsight i see how unimportant these guys were. but those people gave me material! the shit that these boys put me thru made me angry & that anger made me wanna WRITE & that anger came out on paper & right outta my mouth & into my tape recorder. that's why those pieces are so genuine cos it's real. i felt every sentence & i meant every word. but now i know that those boys had absolutely no impact on my life in the grand scheme of things. but my feelings about them & the fucked up situations i went thru with them had a big impact on my ART. & that's all that matters --that SOMETHING came out of it. & looking back now: i don't remember the bad things about that year. i only see pink lipstick, glitter, cool zines & good music. things were SIMPLE.

things were just so much easier when the most important thing in my life was getting the new Sleater-Kinney record!!!!

at the end of 1996 i recorded a spoken word tape called "Superstar!" & it featured a spoken word piece but a rad girl named Sabrina! she was one of the few people to send something for my spoken word comp. she was also on the "riot" comp....in the fall of '96 is when i started hanging out with Len. a skater boy that played drums & we shared many of the same interests. & he was the only person in my town that EVER showed any interest in RG & zines & whatever i was doing. we became best friends. tho we never started a band together like we wanted to....i remember i had just received a zine called "cuite pie" by a girl named Melon & she sent me a tape of her band Cindy Lou Who & i wanted to start a band like that! our band never happened.



space patrol.  
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the galaxy!!

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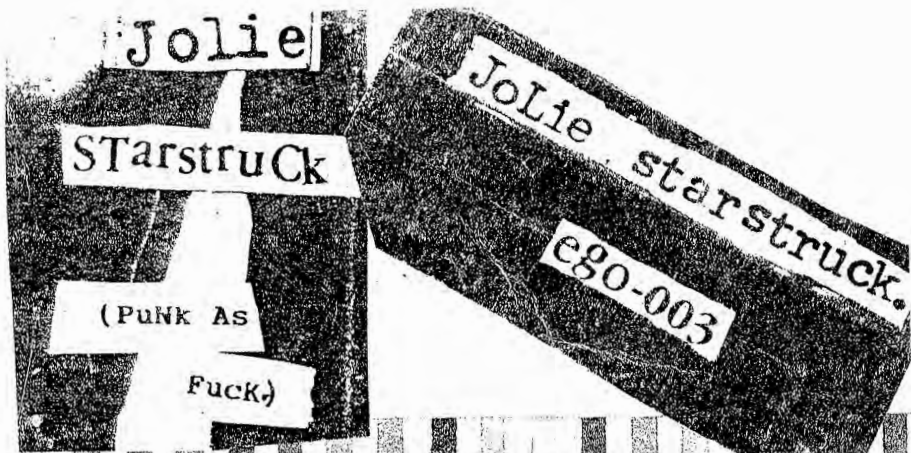
& we attempted to do a zine together. it was

called "Space Patrol"...it was never finished. i wish we would finished it especially since i had the pleasure of interviewing Emily's Sassy Lime for it! i ended up putting that in a zine/catalog. i did the same thing with a Bis interview in early 1997. cos at that point i had never finished a zine--i'd start one & give up on it. i'd just think the whole thing was stupid & no one would like it so i just didn't finish it. so i actually didn't do a zine until i was 19. the first zine i did was called "i hate you (this is goodbye)" & i didn't even distribute it myself. it was only available thru *Pander Distro*. & my first zine that i did on my own was "Veronica Lodge". it took me nearly 3 years to do a zine & that's kinda stupid considering that i wanted to do one so badly for so long. i dunno why i didn't just do it. stop talking about it & just do it already!!! i had this big fear or rejection from the zine community. but when i finally produced a zine all i got was love & support!! so i thank all those girls that wrote me letters full of enthusiasum & encouragement!!!

summer 1997 was the best time in my life. cos it was when i was at my most CREATIVE! this is when "Starstruck (punk as fuck)" was written & recorded. i can only WISH that i could still write like i did that summer. it's ten years later & i never thought i'd be 29 years old & looking back at that time period & calling it my "glory days"!!!! things were just so different back then. i guess cos i was so young & everything was just so exciting for me back then. & this was the only time in my life that i didn't have a boyfriend or someone that i was obsessing over. i did have a small crush on a boy named ryan that worked at a record store in muncie, indiana. 2 stores in muncie were selling my spoken word & i felt like i was on top of the world!!! one store owner told me that i was becoming "quite the local goddess" to a few girls in town. i was so happy! so i didn't need boys... i was so focused on writing & creating art. all i needed was music & zines as opposed to sex & boys!

Before i released my "riot" compilation (it took about a YEAR to get enough material for it!!!) i changed my "Dead Meat" label to "Ego Records". i used to tell people it was becos i always got accused of being self-centered & vain (which is true-i did) but i really came up





with the name cos i wanted it to be 3 letters! so in my catalog i could number things EGO-001 & EGO-002 & so on....& that's the reason i chose "EGO" as the name!!! Sabrina had recorded more spoken word so i told her i'd do a tape on "Ego" for her. soon "Fallen Star" was released followed by a split tape by Lickety Split & Pretty Fury. Pretty Fury was 2 girls that recorded some of the coolest songs in a basement! i couldn't resist doing a tape for them! Lickety Split was an all girl band from California & they had some cool hits as well!!! my favorite being a song called "glamour queen".... around this time it seemed like everyone had a tape label! it was so fun trading tapes for distro with all the other small tape labels!!! i started a distro cos i wanted to include other labels tapes in my catalog! especially since alotta their music was on my compilations anyway! it was just a really awesome time.

another small label that was really great was My Room Records. it started out as a tape label but eventually they started producing their own records & i really looked up to Wendianne & the other kids at My Room cos they really created alotta good music & kicked so much ass. i really miss The Sarcastic Bitch & Goodnite Moon!!!

in early 1998 "Babelicious" was born.this was my (very) personal zine. doing spoken word i was used to spilling my guts & my secrets....but i really poured my heart out in this zine....i did it for about 3 years. over the years i was sending zines & spoken word tapes to Kathleen Hanna c/o Kill Rock Stars. anytime i wrote a letter she would write back & it made me happy that she took the time to do that. but being as popular as she was, i never thought she would really pay attention to what i wrote or anything cos i'm sure she got tons of mail from lotsa people.

there were a few times i really felt like giving up on zines.then i received this letter from Kathleen & whenever i was down i was read it & it always made me feel better!!!

# Dear Jolie,

You make me happy. You wanna know why?  
You make me happy cuz you do yr thing totally  
I mean you do zines, you do distros,  
you do spoken word. You have a fucking  
catalogue! The other kids in Union City  
are probably like "oh here goes Jolie,  
she is so cool" and you don't even  
notice. Man, I wish I was like you  
when I was fucking 13 Jolie - here  
is nothing you can't do. It's yr word.  
I mean I feel like shit sometimes too  
I read babalicious and could totally  
relate) but you have got it going on  
girl and don't let anyone tell you  
any different.

So ~~that~~ I started going back to my  
old car so long a fuckin' go! haha. And  
I was thinking about making the first  
up flier for Bikini Kill - it was our  
first out of town gig in Portland so

ours away from Ohio and just +  
element of those times - Not a  
low energy + sucky or anything  
sense that same kind of others  
look at what you ~~do~~. So I cap  
flier on the fax machine - A/Or  
first ever BK lyric sheet this  
as a dumb memento - I hope  
it seem stupid to you - hum.

you, Julie, love yr creating st  
id putting yr self out there. When  
started Bitini Kill it was my dr  
+ awesome girls like you wa  
the over and now you are!  
It's fucking rad



Kathleen



I noticed things started to slow down in 1999. alotta people i used to trade zines with just stopped zining or moved on to bigger & better things. i'd get letters from cool girls (& boys!) every once in awhile...but they were few & far between & it just wasn't the same anymore. i wasn't on that same high...i recorded a tape called "Primadonna" which i actually forgot about until i was looking thru my spoken word tapes a few days ago! & Leah from Teen Anthem Records asked me to do a cd. that's when "i'd start a revolution but i don't have time" came out. so i did that & she also made magnets with my photo on it & pins that said "i love jolie" as promo! (which i sent to Kathleen!) that year EGO was mostly a distro.

in 2000-i sorta lost my way. everyday was a panic attack & i was tired of feeling that way. i was so proud of the fact that i didn't drink or do drugs ( i was never straightedge but i just wasn't into drinkin' & druggin') music got pushed to the backburner while i went out to sew some wild oats! so..2000 was the summer of boys & booze. (i did a zine about it & that turned out pretty good! so something came outta that fucked up experiencel) i recorded a tape called "princess" but it was kinda lame. i'd get drunk & record & it just wasn't like what i used to do. plus no one seemed interested in my work anymore & i wasn't taken seriously & that only made me wanna drink more. Cadallaca's "out west" ep & Sleater-Kinney's "all hands on the bad one" rekindled my love for Riot Grrrl after a bad break up in 2001. i recorded a spoken word tape called "the story of my life".

by the end of 2001 i stopped doing "Babelicious" one of the reasons i wanted to quit was becos of all these popularity contest type distros. i felt inadequate & like my zine was just not up to par compared to their zines. alotta zinesters made me feel like my zine wasn't even worth reading let alone good enough to be included in their elite distro. i lost interest in the zine community becos of this. everything lost it's charm so i just quit. it was a BOY that made me wanna get back into it. Lo-Fi Bri from St. Louis started writing to me in 2001. i think he just bought a bunch of zines at first & then we started corresponding. he sent me all these old Bratmobile & Sleater-Kinney & H2B & Le tigre Videos that he had collected. it totally renewed my faith in the causel the last issue of "babelicious" was a split wth his last issue of his zine "dumbboy" & that came out in 2002.

i went to st louis in March 2002 to see Le Tigre with Brian. i met kathleen hanna. it was the greatest night in my life. the show was great--i danced i sang along to every song. before they played i spotted kathleen in the crowd so i went over to her & as soon as she saw me she knew who i was! i handed her my zine & i think i might

have snook her hand! & i said "i'm jolie...."she shocked me by exclaiming,"i thought that was you! i looked over & i thought 'that girl looks like jolie!'" i was speechless! becos kathleen seemed just as excited to meet me! she told me that she had my magnet on her fridge & that her & johanna "talk about me all the time like they knew me" & they were always like "oh i wonder what jolie's been doing" & i just stood there in amazement with my mouth hanging open! i had my picture taken with her & later during their set Kathleen dedicated "the the empty" to me. she was like "oh...this song is for Jolie!" i was standing in the front row & she points at me & says,"she's right there!" that totally made my night...it made my LIFE!!!! & it was funny to hear Brian tell the story to him co-workers the next day : "Kathleen Hanna, who is like..The QUEEN of Riot Grrrl, came up to Jolie & hugged her!"



later--it seemed like that moment shoulda meant more to me...but a few months after that i was no longer interested in zines & i stopped listening to Riot Grrrl. with the exception of a few songs on mix tapes that people made for me. the music that once was so important to me & my life--wasn't enough to save me from alcoholism & being used by boys & hating myself. i just hung out with my friends & their band for a few years. & i was fine just standing on the sidelines & cheering them on. My friend jamie's band, The Street Freaks was a huge part of my life for a few years. Jamie was my best friend & is now my husband.

i have changed so much since i was a young ambitious Riot Grrrl!! i'm so different but being a wife hasn't changed my outlook about RG & the importance that it had on my life as a teen. i'm still proud to be a girl & i'm now getting back to my "riot grrrl roots" & this zines is just the first step! i want so much to get back into creating things cos there's just so much more i wanted to accomplish when i was younger that i never got the done. i wanna pick up where i left off....i started writing zines again in 2004. until recently i had all but given up on RG zines. i didn't think they existed anymore. cos it'd been so long since i received one in the mail. then they started popping up all over the place! i think it was just becos i didn't know where to find them. people my age weren't doing zines anymore(atleast the ones i knew back in the day)& i noticed that girl zinesters were getting younger & younger! sure it made me feel old but it also made me happy! cos no matter what there are always gonna be new people . discovering Riot Grrrl like i did when i was 16. i was just like them at one time & it's so cool to see it's still happening.it makes me happy to see young girls writing cool zines & playing kick ass music. as i get older i may not have the time & energy todo all the things i did when i was younger & it's good to see girls out there taking over! cos i am almost 30 so i am more than happy to pass on the torch! maybe they can accomplish more than i ever did! so i am elated to know that the revolution will continue to rage on!!!

I'm so proud to say that i was once part of the RIOT GRRRL REVOLUTION!!!

