Race and Riot Grrrl: A Retrospective
What IS RIOT GRRL?

BECAUSE we will never meet the hierarchical DOY standards of talented, or cool, or smart. They are created to keep us out, and if we ever meet them they will change, or we will become tokens.

BECAUSE I need laughter and I need girl love. We need to build lines of communication so we can be more open and accessible to each other.

BECAUSE we are divided by our labels and philosophies, and we need to accept and support each other as girls; acknowledging our different approaches to life, and accepting all of them as valid.

BECAUSE in every form of media I see us/myself slapped, decapitated, laughed at, objectified, raped, trivialized, pushed, ignored, stereotyped, kicked, scorned, molested, silenced, invalidated, knifed, shot, choked, and killed.

BECAUSE I see the connectedness of all forms of oppression and I believe we need to fight them with this awareness.

BECAUSE a safe space needs to be created for girls where we can open our eyes and reach out to each other without being threatened by this sexist society and our day to day bullshit.

BECAUSE we need to acknowledge that our blood is being split; that right now a girl is being raped or battered and it might be me or you or your mom or the girl you sat next to on the bus last Tuesday, and she might be dead by the time you finish reading this. I am not making this up.

BECAUSE I can't smile when my girlfriends are dying inside. We are dying inside and we never even touch each other; we are supposed to hate each other.

BECAUSE I am still fucked up, I am still dealing with internalized racism, sexism, classism, homophobia, etc., and I don't want to do it alone. BECAUSE we need to talk to each other. Communication/inclusion is key. We will never know if we don't break the code of silence.

BECAUSE we girls want to create mediums that speak to US. We are tired of boy band after boy band, boy zine after boy zine, boy punk after boy punk.

BECAUSE I am tired of these things happening to me; I'm not a fuck tov. I'm not a punching bag, I'm not a joke.

BECAUSE every time we pick up a pen, or an instrument, or get anything done, we are creating the revolution. WE ARE the revolution.

HELP ME

start a Fuckin' riot

riot girl

is...
What is Riot Grrrl?

- Riot Grrrl is an international underground feminist movement (mainly youth oriented) that initially emerged from the West Coast American alternative and punk music scenes.

- It began in Olympia, Washington and was most active between 1989 and 1997.

- The movement produced bands like Heavens to Betsy, Bratmobile and Bikini Kill. Bikini Kill’s lead singer, Kathleen Hanna, is typically thought of as being the founder and voice of the movement though she would later claim she only played a small part.

- Riot Grrrl was heavily influenced by the Queercore scene (another offshoot of punk whose lyrics explored themes of prejudice against the LGBT community). Riot Grrrl was characterized by its similarly aggressive style and overtly political/controversial lyrics.

- Riot Grrrls were performers as well as activists and publishers. They held regular meetings and national conferences similar to the feminist discussion and support groups of the 1960s and 1970s that allowed women to meet and discuss music as well as their experiences of sexism, body image and identity.

- The movement also used zines (or small D.I.Y. magazines) as its primary method of communication. Thousands of young women began to produce personal and political zines with explicitly feminist themes, which allowed Riot Grrrl to spread its message without the use of mainstream media.
The Punk Singer (2013, Sini Anderson)
Influential Riot Grrrl Bands

7 Year Bitch
Babes in Toyland
Bikini Kill
Bratmobile
Heavens to Betsy
Huggy Bear
L7
Sleater-Kinney
Bikini Kill - Rebel Girl
"With riot grrrl now becoming the subject of so much retrospection, I argue that how the critiques of women of color are narrated is important to how we remember feminisms and how we produce feminist futures. If riot grrrl fell apart because of a race riot, how is this to be remembered – as catastrophic melee, as course correction, as brief interruption? And how then are we to face the future – with certain progress having been achieved, or with violence (including erasure, deferral, or annexation) not having ended?"

-Mimi Thi Nguyen
“From watching The Punk Singer, I realized why I had never been that psyched on the Riot Grrrl scene. It wasn't for me. It was for white women.”

“I also remembered being more fearful of being assaulted because I was black than because I was a young woman. I would have almost begged to be seen as a woman back then, but my ethnicity trumped my gender.”

“I distinctly remember the white women within the punk scene were capable of being just as exclusionary and bigoted as the men were, and among the white women I knew who identified as feminists, there was a strong sense that there was little to no concern as to how ethnicity made my experiences as a woman different than theirs. There was no knowledge, and more importantly no interest to know...well outside of Rebecca Walker, who was the right age, of the right class and most importantly, not 'too angry' to alienate them or challenge their naïve idealized notions about how the world works. If my ideas differed from them, guess who was wrong and who was right?”

–Laina Dawes
‘For instance, women of color wondered out loud for whom writing ‘SLUT’ across their stomachs operated as reclamations of sexual agency against feminine passivity, where racisms had already inscribed such terms onto some bodies, and poor or criminal-class women argued that feminists ‘slumming’ in the sex industry (through stripping, for the most part) as a confrontational act implied that other women in this or other tiers of the industry were otherwise conceding to patriarchy.’

–Mimi Thi Nguyen
Afro-Punk (2003, James Spooner)
“The recent retrospective turn to tell the story of riot grrrl brings to the fore an anxiety about history, which is an anxiety about duration, which is an anxiety about the relation between past and future, which is an anxiety about lessons we might have – or should have – learned and those we did not.”  

- Mimi Thi Nguyen

- Though the women involved in Riot Grrrl in the 1990s were more open to coalition than the women that made up the white women’s club movements of the 1890s, they did not have “concrete ideas about how to address race within their fairly small community” – unwittingly continuing on a long tradition of ignoring WOC.  

- Christa D’Angelica

- Many academics believed that the 70’s feminist language of “sisterhood” and “women’s issues” had “concealed an assumption of whiteness, class privilege, and so forth as default traits.”  

- Sara Marcus

- Their anti-racism workshops (formed to address this lack of intersectionality pointed out by feminist academics) failed miserably because of a lack of education on the part of white riot grrrls about race.

- They largely attributed geography and cultural “whiteness” of the PNW community as well as the fact that punk was a “majority white subculture” and used this as “an excuse to forgo attempts at formulating an inclusive activism”  

- Christa D’Angelica
“Despite my adoration of riot grrrl, it became clear that the movement lacked black women because it lacked issues concerning black women and failed to intersect blackness with riot grrrl ideologies. I began to venture off in search of black people within the punk rock subculture.”

-e-feminist

“The question also remains – where’s the work we made? With California being missing in the timeline, you just erase so many people. Where are the Los Angeles riot grrrls, or the punk women of color in the Bay Area who did so much art and activism related to riot grrrl or queercore, of which these movements benefited from? How come all the women of color making impactful zines and bands are left out?”

-Iraya Robles
List of 1990s POC Zines

- Behind These Fragile Walls
- Boredom Sucks
- Borelando
- Broken Thought Cage
- Chica Loca
- Chinese, Japanese, Indian Chief
- Consider Yourself Kissed
- Cyanide
- Eracism
- Evolution of a Race Riot
- Exedra
- Funeral
- Hey Mexican
- Hey White Girl
- Hijinx Zine
- Hollyhock
- Housewife Turned Assassin!
- Juryrig
- Kreme Koolers
- Mamasita
- Marks in Time: The Very Early Go-Gos's
- Messy Flowers/Lolita

- Mestiza
- Mija
- My Broken Halo
- Oppression Song
- Photobooth Toolbox
- Please Don't Hit Below The Belt!
- Pure Tuna Fish
- Race Riot
- Race Riot Project Directory
- Scarbaby
- Screaming Goddess
- Secret Agent Girl
- Slant
- Suburbia & Tennis and Violins
- Tennis and Violins
- The Bakery
- Totally Fucked Up
- Wild Honey Pie
- You Might As Well Live
- Superette
- ywap!

YOU ARE RACIST WHITE PUNK BOY
The anti-racism workshop at the 1997 Bay Area Girls Convention (discussed in Bianca Ortiz’s zine, Mamasita) explained that the Mexican girls at the event “found themselves in the kitchen cooking for the other participants during the vegan workshop”:

“They were busy with the revolution while we fried tortillas until the grease from the pans stuck to the grease on our faces, while our backs stiffened up and the hours passed, while we were so confused and disturbed with what was happening that the only thing we could do was laugh and try not to think about it.”

“I am sick of being the example, the teacher, the scapegoat, the leader, the half Mexican girl in the group of ‘allies’ who either attempt to praise me or destroy me, or both at once.”

—Bianca Ortiz
"The thing that's really complicated when I look back on riot grrrl and race, was, one, we had a convention in D.C. and I worked with a woman of color to come up with a syllabus for a workshop about racism. There were women of color there, and there were white women there, and it ended up being a lot of white women talking about how they felt discriminated against. It was really awful. I was really disappointed at the level of education about oppression that people had. I worked at a domestic-violence shelter and they talked a lot about race and class and intersectionality, and so I really got this education working there, and I know it's stupid to assume that other people were educating themselves, at least reading bell hooks. And these girls hadn't. I watched a lot of women of color walk out. I remember that woman [I collaborated with on the workshop] being like, 'Oh, fuck.' And I was like, 'At least we tried this, and it was a failure, and there needs to be other things to try.'

"But at the same time, when people say riot grrrl was all white, that's not true. In places like New York and California, that definitely was not the case. I don't want to erase the women of color who were very much a part of shaping the identity of riot grrrl, and who questioned riot grrrl as a very white movement, and in that way shaped it, because clearly they cared enough to critique it. Was the face of riot grrrl white? Yes. Were a lot of the drawings in the zines white? Yes. Did I do them? Yes. Do I regret some lyrics like, "Eat meat / Hate blacks / It's all the same thing"? Yes. Because that's not a smart way of talking about intersectionality, and I regret it. I'm willing to publicly say that because I think it's important to be like, you can change, you can get smarter, you can get better...I wanna admit that I'm not perfect, that I've made mistakes. We put ourselves out to be criticized, and I hope that people criticized things that I said, because it's all about the exchange. Again, it's not about being perfect, it's about opening the conversation."

-Kathleen Hanna
The Future of Riot Grrrl

- Many women (like Heavens to Betsy and Sleater-Kinney lead singer Corin Tucker) used their lyrics to voice what they felt should be the future of Riot Grrrl – by challenging its lack of diversity directly through the art that originally made it so accessible. Corin Tucker’s song “White Girl” addresses her own privilege and disgust with the Riot Grrrl movement but envisions a solution: one that suggests change will only occur once criticism could be directed inward at the movement’s inherent lack of inclusion.

- Women of color began producing more zines than ever in the years after the Riot Grrrl movement died down, creating distinctly personal and political works to share with each other for a small price on sites like Etsy.

- Punk and alternative music has slowly become more diverse, including people of color in bands like NightTrain, The New Bloods, Acapulco Lips, The Younger Lovers, Le Sang Song, La Luz, Theesatisfaction and Hello Cuca that keep the Riot Grrrl spirit alive.
Heavens to Betsy - White Girl

We should have talked about this a long time ago,
But I didn’t have to think about it,
And that’s what this song is about.
White girl.
I want to change the world,
But I won’t change anything,
Unless I change my racist self.
It’s a privilege, it’s a background.
It’s everything that I own,
It’s thinking I’m the hero of this pretty white song,
It’s thinking I’m the hero of this pretty white world.
White girl.
I want to change the world,
But I won’t change anything
Unless I change my racist self.
Samantha Abreu and Diana Le created a zine of their own called *Girls Aloud* near the 25th anniversary of Riot Grrrl (a movement characterized by musicians and writers promoting female empowerment and self-acceptance) not only to keep its positive messages and inherently D.I.Y. spirit alive for a new generation of women, but to create a space of dialogue about and for women of color that initially felt ignored by a movement that should have otherwise accepted them. Though there are zines out there made by and for women of color, the intent of *Girls Aloud* is to address all women—particularly those who feel “in-between” — and can’t easily be defined by their ethnicity, race, gender or sexuality alone. Beginning with a deliberate revision of Kathleen Hanna’s original Riot Grrrl manifesto (that appeared in Bikini Kill Zine 2 in 1991) *Girls Aloud* sets out to re-imagine a more modern, intersectional identity for Riot Grrrl by including a mix of personal essays, comics, collages and reviews in order to address artists and subjects that both Samantha and Diana felt were as misunderstood, subversive and under-appreciated as they are! Their hope is that this zine will inspire others to make zines or use whatever means of expression are at their grasp to make their own voices heard.
Why bring back Riot GRRRL?
BECAUSE NOTHING HAS CHANGED!

BECAUSE girls STILL crave records, books, films and fanzines that document and historicize their trials and accomplishments for future generations now more than ever before.

BECAUSE girls STILL crave control over their bodies - what we do and who we do it with is OUR business.

BECAUSE girls NEED to take over the means of production in order to maintain their voice and have a chance at fair representation when every form of media considers us to be second rate, not funny enough, too old, too skinny, too fat.

BECAUSE girls of color in particular NEED the opportunity to be heard and recognized - no matter how difficult the conversation that

BECAUSE we are all races and sexual orientations and we don't need ANYONE to label us or tell us how we should identify.

BECAUSE we are still judged by how we dress, who we know and how we carry ourselves when what really matters is how we choose to treat others.

BECAUSE our mothers and sisters and friends and loved ones have been commodified, exploited, marginalized and sexualized for far too long.

BECAUSE girls need to grow up knowing that "fighting like a girl" and "throwing like a girl" aren't insults.

BECAUSE boys should be a part of the solution, not a part of the problem.

BECAUSE we ALL need to work TOGETHER at forming community and coalition in order to confront the divisions thrust upon us by a patriarchy that intends to keep us divided.

so NO we won't smile when you ask
and NO we're not your conquest
FUCK the cat-calling
FUCK the cat fights
FUCK unrealistic magazines
FUCK reality TV

They can try to keep us down but they can't keep us QUIET.

To Jason, Who Thinks I'm Not a Woman of Color.

I don't belong anywhere. That's not to say I'm not good enough for anyone - I know my friends and family love me. I've got a place in their hearts and their lives and their homes. I still get regular invites to brunches and bars and Sunday barbecues. I have a low-paying job like everyone else, but I can't complain; I get to meet a lot of people. I'm welcome to come in every weekend to work the cash register (provided I actually show up on time). When customers ask me where I'm from, as they often will, I tell them I'm from Miami in the hopes they'll know something about my culture - my Cuban-American heritage. It would be nice to know someone who does so I don't have to feel like the only person who's anything like me in a sea of white faces. It would be nice to meet someone who knows at least a little bit of Spanish and a good place to get some authentic Cuban cuisine. They never do know. Instead, they ask me why the hell I'd ever move to Seattle. Don't I miss the beautiful beaches? The warm weather? "It's so great there," I say.

Of course, I'm lying. If anything, it was as uncomfortable there as it is here... only a little more humid. In Miami, I'm always a white girl, even with my dark hair and dark eyes and exotic last name. I come from a long line of women who fit that same description - but I will always look different than they do. You'd probably guess it's my pale skin, and that's part of it, but
really, it's my voice that gives it all away. It's a bazaar between me and my relatives, the way I can't speak the language. Any words I say in Spanish come out weird—weak and slow—because I feel like they're not really mine to say. I can understand them though, when they say I sound like a "Cuban." The biggest insult in my culture is to be from some other culture, I guess. The biggest insult is to be a stranger.

Some facts about me: I dig complicated art. I try not to flinch at anything. I have an undying appreciation for garage rock and post punk and experimental music and ye-ye. I love comedy and horror equally and believe they can be interchangeable. I am obsessed with fashion but I almost only dress in black and white. I'm 19 but I don't look 29. I hope to find people that will accept me no matter how I identify myself - I hope to find people that will appreciate the things that make me different. My name is Samantha. I am a woman of many colors. I don't belong anywhere. 

I've been moving around a lot since I was a kid. But when I was 11 and my mom and my younger sister moved in with a white guy that had impregnated her and hated me and my sister, that was the first time that I'd ever moved socioeconomic classes. We moved from the poor neighborhood of South Park in Seattle to the suburbs of Renton, WA. We went from being working class to middle class. From middle school on I was the only Asian American in my group of friends who were mostly white. I found solace from my teenangsterness in music and my friends. But I didn't always feel fully comfortable. As I grew up, I recognized that I could only relate to my friends and the music we listened to so much because they weren't talking about issues that affected me as a woman of color. There's a lot of mainstream media I still enjoy despite its problems and that's okay as long as a story critical! And because media about and made by women of color are not in the mainstream and doesn't receive the encouragement, support, distribution, or attention that it needs, we need to seek it out! With this zine and in my everyday life I strive to support female (WOC included, DUH!) content creators.

I've been on three months of Accutane so far. And in general, I've been extremely happy about how clear my skin is. But recently I've started feeling a little guilty. I recognize that I have for years now benefited from some beauty privilege, fitting into a pocket of society's narrow definition of conventional beauty as a thin, light-skinned Asian woman with long dark hair. I wasn't sure how comfortable I was with that. But I knew that my acne was one thing that grounded me and placed me outside the gates of ultimate — conventional beauty—.

I wanted to challenge beauty standards, so last December I decided to chop my long hair to just above my shoulders. I decided I didn't want to be pretty. Or at least, not the pretty the media tells me to be.

Around this same time I had gone off of hormonal birth control pills and was using a non-hormonal IUD. The acne I had suffered from since middle school got WAY worse. I felt really insecure and sometimes I'd look at myself in the mirror and almost cry (let's be real--I probably did at least once). Eventually, in a fit of frustration and exhaustion, I told myself that I would own my acne because that was so punk rock.
This punker acne attitude didn’t last and I was really upset with the way that I looked. So I decided to go on Accutane, something I had always casually considered but was too lazy to start the long process. I know compared to others, my acne isn’t horrible or disfiguring. But it was something that I was unhappy with and had been dealing with since I was about 11. At this point, I was 21 (basically a GROWN WOMAN—sarcasm obviously) and sick of dealing with acne.

In the three months that I was on Accutane I had a slew of side effects. Some normal and just inconvenient and others even more inconvenient and a little worrisome. Things like dry skin, dry lips, dry eyes, dry everything, nose bleeds, pain in my knees, bloating, constipation, abnormal menstruation, etc. But at the end of the three months, my skin was completely clear! And for the first time, I felt comfortable in my skin and that was an incredible feeling.

Then I started seeing blog posts, YouTube videos, and loree and Tati’s #iconicream selfies where people were accepting their acne and breakouts in a very honest and cheeky way. Right away, I felt inspired: “Yeah, acne! Woohoo!” But then I got a slightly sinking feeling as I realized, oh yeah, my face is clear, I can’t really participate in that anymore. I started feeling guilty. Like I had sold out my ideals, put my body through hell, for what? Clear skin? I started wondering, “Am I silly? Am I vain?” Why was it so important for me to want to be beautiful or attractive?

I sort of mourned the loss of my acne. I probably sound like a fucking brat for saying that, but whatever. I mourned the loss of an identity that I had felt was so much a part of me for many years—that of the ugly duckling/welldo/underdog. And I had felt connected (even if just in my mind) to a group of people who also identified this way. And I wondered if I had betrayed them. Had I become the Kate Sanders to Lizzy and Miranda? It also felt like a shedding and letting go of adolescence. And maybe I wasn’t ready for that quite yet.

It may seems silly and trivial, but these are the questions I’ve been grappling with. Despite me getting all weird and reflect-y, I am really happy with the way I look now. And I think that’s okay. I also think it’s okay for me to admit that I want to be pretty. It doesn’t make me a bad person, and it definitely doesn’t make me any less of a feminist. But I think it’s good for me to question and think about these things so I don’t take it for granted and acknowledge my privilege.

I think the best way for me to challenge beauty standards is to set and live up to my own.
Childbirth

Childbirth is a supergroup of sorts featuring members of Tacocat, Chastity Belt, and Pony Time. Its debut album, it's a girl, is 17 minutes of unpolished, raw energy recorded in five hours for $100. Songs include "I Only Fucked You as a Joke" and "How Do Girls Even Do It?" Childbirth makes crude, cute. Get "ovaries" it.

Photo: Childbirth performing with an episode of Pretty Little Liars projected behind them.

La Luz

La Luz is an all-female group playing cool and groovy doo wop/surf rock. It's a unique and perfect combination of genre hybridization, musicality, and image. The four girls are ultra-cool and attractive, reminiscent of the Donnas, proving that femininity is powerful and rocks.

you are a person

although, stylistically, carl anderson's mondo weirdo is situated within the cinema of transgression movement of the 1980's, mondo weirdo is the only one of all anderson's films efforts (I was a teenage zuddadig and killing mom, among others) that attempts to take itself the way mondo films did, as a "real account" of an obviously fictionalized case for shock value. mondo weirdo: a trip to paranoia paradise is exactly what it sounds like it should be - it's a bizarre, transgressive fairytale about erotophobia and vampirism, an homage to german expressionism and a twin sister to the works of richard kurtnick and nick zedd. the film is centered around a young woman named odile (supposedly played by jess franco's daughter - jessica franco manera) whose overt discomfort with her own sexuality causes her to violently hallucinate. it's an interesting subject matter, but unfortunately, the film concerns itself with odile's inner thoughts and rich fantasy life only stand to make the "documentary" point of view all the more frustrating; we're always an outsider to odile's struggle with her feelings and anderson makes it clear he believes the girl's mind is nothing more than a funhouse you couldn't pay him to visit (particularly in the scene with the split screen effects). although the film has its troublesome spots, it's a strangely entertaining exploitation film that relies on messy symbolism and hardcore pornography to relate its subject matter - what more could you ask for? mondo weirdo definitely succeeds in setting itself apart by playing on those long held and deep set fears that breed sexual taboos. whether they're presented as ideas or situations, we're afraid that even acknowledging our desires means that we could lose our sense of identity. anderson's moral in this story? not submitting to our desires could literally drive us insane.

some highlights:
- dr. rosenberg's terrible german accent!
- model d'oo's industrial/new wave-style score (it's amazing an
  model would have completely suited a modern day grand guignol show)
- male castration!
 unlike most exploitation films with misleading titles, go second time virgin certainly delivers. within the first minute, a young girl (poppo) is screaming in agony, she’s carried against her will up to the rooftop of an apartment building by four teenagers who begin to take turns on top of her while another boy (tsukio) looks on from a short distance, seemingly empathetic but not quite. she says there lifelessly is either unable or unwilling to help. she lays there lifelessly for a moment while she is the able to feel anything, poppo quietly recalls an earlier instance in her life in which she was raped: in a striking color scene set to witty waters’ haunting “black is the color of my true love’s hair” she runs down a beach to two men who eventually wrestle her into the wet sand as the ocean waves crash and make her cries, during both scenes we mostly see close-ups of her tortured face rather than lingering for too long on any of the obscene carnality taking place just above her. these severely de-eroticized rapes set the film apart from other pink films by presenting things from her perspective. despite the film’s unapologetic style (everything i’ve described so far has happened within the first ten minutes of the film), it hardly glorifies rape. wakamatsu is slightly more concerned with style over substance, even his choice of music – sobering, avant-garde american jazz – provides little more than a claustrophobic sense of surrealism, which is more than likely the aim, anyway. but it’s what jazz represents in its free wakamatsu isn’t completely unconcerned with the feelings of his characters-the film seems to be about obtaining a sense of agency over the self after trauma, as both poppo and tsukio reject their perpetual victimization at the hands of the sex-crazed perverts that terrorize them throughout the film and find real freedom by making the ultimate choice-suicide.

 lizzie border’s (no relation, i’m sure) born in flames is an incredibly futuristic film in more ways than one, though it takes place in 1983 (the year the film was made) it’s set ten years after “the social-democratic war of liberation” suggesting that even in the most ideal political setting, racism, sexism and marginalization will always exist and that women need to confront their treatment through direct and decisive action. as the women in the film continue to experience oppression in their everyday lives, one woman becomes fed up with status quo (adelaide, a black queer construction worker) and forms a radical group dubbed the ‘women’s army’ that immediately catches the attention of the fbi. though the actions of the ‘women’s army’ are characterized by the performance activism more commonly associated with non-violent groups (one powerful scene involves the interruption of a gang rape by the women’s army – armed with nothing other than their bicycles and whistles) the media continues to portray them as terrorists, creating conditions that bring the tensions in the film between the women’s army, the media and the government to a high boil (they blow up the world trade center). though the film itself is a low-quality affair (the shoddy cinematography and sound work against it a great deal) it’s still a rare gem worth looking up. the film preserves some amazing visions for the future of women’s activism with is its comfortable depictions of women mobilizing and organizing together—not to mention how rare it is to see women of color occupy positions of power on film—something that we still have trouble depicting 30 years later.
Tigerlily, Bird, and Emiko Cooley are Bleachbear, arguably the coolest teen girls in Seattle right now. Thoughtful, intelligent, and talented, it’s hard to believe they’re between 14 and 16. But a dead giveaway is their endearing enthusiasm (the band’s Facebook page lists an interest in “camping, hiking, music festivals, great vintage finds, social causes, basketball, chocolate, and mint chocolate chip ice cream!”). Then there’s the music: a style of dreamy pop/grunge/folk rock—as heard on Bleachbear’s superb debut, Lost Parade—and catchy melodies juxtaposed against Tigerlily’s tear-stained lyrics. Such adolescent angst has a body count—the hearts of hundreds of fans.

Bleachbear will hit you with its heartwarming earnestness. The girls recorded Lost Parade, their debut, amid homework, extracurricular activities, and the drama that sometimes comes with being a teen girl. Within its eight songs, singer/songwriter Tigerlily turns the poignancy of being 15 into something productive, progressing along a narrative arc that tackles everything from unrequited love to... lost love (it’s all that matters, anyway). The upbeat “Down by the Forest” depicts two young lovers running away together a la Moonrise Kingdom. The album closes with the somber “Stop Holding On,” a track that captures the sad and beautiful pain of falling out of love. What Lost Parade succeeds at best is creating a mood—one that takes the listener back to a time of butterflies, first kisses, and note-passing. With this debut, these precocious teen girls display a command not only of their middle and high school AP courses (a fact confirmed by family member Paul Rich, who produced the record), but of a distinctive musicality as well.
Where My Girls At?

1. Let Me Blow Ya Mind - Eve
2. So Good - Destiny's Child
3. Girl Talk - TLC
4. I'm Really Hot - Missy Elliot
5. No More (Baby, I'ma Do Right) - BW
7. The Boys - Nicki Minaj ft. Cassie

Heartfelt thank you to Alyssa Emiko for the beautiful cover art and to Evan Melsmith for the hilariously poignant comics! 🖤
Meet The Authors!

Diana Le is a recent University of Washington graduate with a degree in something. She gets paid to write about music, but prefers to write about her feelings for free on her blog. Her dream is to write for Bitch Magazine.

Samantha Abreu is currently majoring in English and Cinema Studies at the University of Washington. When she’s not spending her time picking up clothes off the floor at her retail job, she’s watching films or writing about them on her blog. Her dream is to write for The A.V. Club.

Artwork!

Cover by Alyssa Emiko Hori
Comics by Erin McSmith
Collages by Samantha Abreu

For more information on any music or films mentioned in the zine, or for your own free copy of Girls Aloud, please e-mail skirt@uw.edu


