berkeley women’s music collective

Tryin’ To Survive
We want to dedicate this album to all the women throughout time who have organized and fought for change and especially now to our Lesbian movement and the strength and spirit of revolution that is reshaping our world today.

Producer: Susan Colson
Engineered and Mixed: Sandy Stone for Sow's Ear Productions
Assistant Engineers: The Transisters
Vocal Coach: Vicki Randle
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Photographic Printing: Lisa Green
Costumes and Photo Coaching: Arina Isaacson
Rehearsal Taping: Elaine Jacobs

Special Thanks to:
Diane Tuttle for photographic time and energy and to Susan Colson for doing such a wonderful job and being so great to work with.

D. Lempke Nicole
Debbie: lead vocal, drums
Nancy: barzooki, acoustic guitar
Susann: harmonica, bass
Nancy, Bonnie, Susann: vocals

D. Lempke Seawomen
Nancy: lead vocal, bass
Debbie: percussion, drums
Bonnie: piano
Susann: electric guitar
Susie Laraine: flute
Nancy, Bonnie, Susann: vocals

S. Shanbaum Thorazine
Susann: lead vocal, acoustic guitar
Debbie: drums
Bonnie: piano
Nancy: bass
Colleen: synthesizer
Nancy, Bonnie: vocals

B. Lockhart Takes More Than Time
Bonnie: lead vocal, piano
Debbie: drums
Nancy: bass
Susann: harmonica
S. Shanbaum Tryin' to Survive
Susann: lead vocal, electric guitar
Debbie: drums
Bonnie: piano
Nancy: bass
Jennifer: synthesizer
Vicki: congas
Nancy, Bonnie: vocals

Bonnie Lockhart Debbie Lempke Nancy Vogl Susann Shanbaum

THANKS TO:
Carol Newhouse, Elaine Magree, Jennifer Lago, Mary Faria, Miklane Janiner
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Las traducciones de las letras son disponibles desde Olivia Records.
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back to boston
will you love me like you did today?
and like the covers
let the evening slip away
and let the candle
light the clock stopped on the wall
and say that you will always
love me like you did today
dizzy dreaming in a distant haze
and close my eyes
with a kiss from your sweet lips
it's a cold night coming
it's a cold night come and...
fill my heart with love and
and warm my soul
come to me quiet
like the morning snow
and take me back to boston
that's where I must go
it's a cold night coming
it's a cold night come and...

class mobility
move on up, it's class mobility
don't fall down into disgrace
fake and feign a personality
that can hide
your background's face
go to school, call your uncle dumb
graduate, and hate your aunt
just forget the place you're coming from
hide the pain that says you can't
I remember mama made me wear
last year's dresses
next year's shoes
little rooms, run-down rented homes
daddy's got the lost-job blues
it's a sham, it's a shame, it's a fake
it will break you and make you cry
to live the illusion wealth is yours for choosin'
if you just try
even if it brings you up you're still stuck
with the awful fear
the same luck could bring you back down to
where you were before here
from below there's something haunting you
all your history lost in shame
from above someone is taunting you
"no, you'll never win this game"

california
live oak and dreams and the winds of the seasons
blow cold to the land of the sun
summer light spills over gold rolling hills
oh california
budding young pines lining route one
pacific cliffs wind through the waves
valleys where food grows
green fields and fruit groves
oh california
in california I learned my history
white racist bullshit and bloody lies
now that I'm grown-up
these myths have blown up
my true history opens my eyes
who lived in california?
who worked in california?
Miwok, Mojave, Plate and Pomo
Chinese, Chicana and Japanese
Filipina, Black and Latina
Oklahoma refugees
who built the rails and who split the mountains?
with fire in the desert and blood on the ground
who was the traitor, fat from their labor
rich man, keeping us down
hot desert visions, high holy mountains
and ocean caressing the sand
a garden of life and the earth overtaken
controlled by the white wealthy man
in dreams I see us all colors of people
rise up like a bright blazing sun
and bury the traitor, the robber, the raider
in a land where the people have won.

darling companion
my father was a soldier
my mother was his wife
she left a life on the stage
to do what she thought right
and when she was a baby
they took her by the hand
and said "to be woman, darling
you must love a man"
and so they raised a family
three young boys and finally
a daughter and a sister for them all
and when I was a baby
they took me by the hand
and I learned to be a woman,
I must love a man
and I cry, every time,
I think of how they lied
I can feel the fire raging
and there's no disguise
oh my darling companion
how many girls have died?
without a woman's tender heart
and love along beside
and though I was a tomboy
and played a soldier's life
I knew that I would marry
be a mother and a wife
and my boy would be a hero
for all the girls to see
and I could be the lady
I knew that I should be
but now that I am older
and I can understand
the sweetness of the secrets
they've denied
oh my darling companion
how you can satisfy
can't you hear me cry...

people
people, people, people, people, people everywhere
everybody be somebody, let somebody share
sharing in the labor, in the will to carry on
working with each other brings the revolution
I'm feeling good, 'cause I know what to do
I'm feeling good, real good, 'cause I'm working with you
you know I sat down on a tree stump
and when the birds began to fly
I looked o'er the hill, and down came will
and she began to sing
"you know the cities, they are dying
just like the concrete beneath my feet
I can feel on the pavement
my enslavement
all their dealings piling over me"
nicole
don't you gime no flak go breaking my back
can't you see that i worried you, gone back down to georgia
don't you feel that i missed you, even wanted you and wished you
come up to the northland, oregon the sea sand
i wanna see her, i wanna see nicky again

lordy only knows how the water likes to flow
in the winters in the morning, in the evenings without warning
pickin' up the pieces my pants ain't got no creases
the train shakes my windows, it's dainty when the wind blows
i wanna see her, i wanna see nicky again

cause nicole she sent me letters, they had to be hidden
and nicole came to visit even though we were forbidden
and we always talked in whispers 'cause all the people listening
we didn't know ourselves what it was that we were missing
but i know now, what i didn't know then
that you do know how, but you gotta know when

in the turning of the seasons, it's the healing of my lesions
sinking into mary's couch, tell it's time to find the pouch
smiling here smoking dope, know it's time to cut the rope
i know ain't bound, don't know why i hang around
i wanna see her, i wanna see nicky again

now i know you could do better, got a card i need a letter
have you seen the third nipple, no i never see in triple
that's surely how i felt, watching haystack mountain meld
revolution is essential, but i'm a sentimental
i wanna see her, i wanna see nicky again

outside here the siren lord knows i've been tryin'
so long to swim the moat, but i've only learned to float
and you know i'm always willin' to help you with the fillin'
so i ask if i could stay, and you use the same words in a different way
i wanna see her, i wanna see nicky again

well, i think i'm getting old, 'cause i'm always getting told
that even in my leisure ain't nothing but a crowd pleaser
don't think that i'll end what i finish or what i began
i don't wanna get rich, just got that seven year itch
i wanna see her, i wanna see nicky again

The Transisters
L to R: Mary Cassat, Will Hoenga, Sandy Stone,
Mary McFaul, Brenda Warren, Janice John, Sharon McCorkle

About the Transisters: Transisters is an organization of women in technology
formed with the idea that more women can and will take control of their own
lives. To that end, we train women in electronics and recording, and give
workshops across the country in various aspects of recording and P.A.
We are about to begin constructing a multitrack recording facility.
For more information about our work, or about the workshop in your area,
please write Transisters, 1516 Pacific Garden Mall,
Santa Cruz, California 95060

vicki randle

thorazine
i tried to speak one day
i had plenty to say
i had plenty to say
but i could not make a sound
i was tied to the ground
with a needle carrying thorazine
and i was too high
and i tried
but i couldn't come down, no
when they knocked me down
i said "get off my back now!"
they knocked me to the ground and said
"it'll make you better"
"oh yeah"
"it'll make you better"

oh yeah
thorazine's for the insane, sister
for the insane sister
locks you in your brain
first i asked them where i was going
ohhhhhhh
sign right here, touch my hand
i didn't understand
i tied me up in their ropes of chemicals
tied me in their chemical ropes

ohhhhhhh

i tried to speak one day
i had plenty to say
i had plenty to say
but i could not make a sound
i was tied to the ground
with a needle carrying thorazine

seawoman
waves come in softly
lightly and lofty now lately
i can see clearly now
seawoman rushing to meet me
we won't have anything
if we don't arise
remember the flames
and keep them burning in your eyes
and keep them burning in your eyes
round and around we go
chanting and planting sisters
circles of rhythm flow
covens of women growing sisters

proud angry bitches
we are the witches you come for
lace on the waters
cliffs for our daughters
waves come in loudly
crashing resounding now lately
i can see clearly now
seawoman rushing to meet me

jennifer lego

takes more than time
What are we gonna do 'til the weather's warm enough?
what are we gonna do 'til the climate's fine
wait in around might do for grown hair out
but what we're about takes more than time
takes more than time and patience, changing weather
takes trying long hard, work it out together
takes grow and show strength, rise up making choices
there'll be some crying before this world rejects
waiting in line for our job interviews
i overheard somebody say
"everything comes in time" i had to differ
"cause what we're after don't work that way
takes more than wait and watch and hope and wonder
takes pushing from all sides, especially under
takes saying right out loud what's going on here
there'll be some frightful times before
we put an end to all fear

somebody said to me "when time is ripe we'll rise" "time's rotten now!" is what i say
pain is a heavy bid over my friends' eyes
somewhere someone's lover dies each day
we can't wait for hurricanes, earthquakes or comets
can't wait for what the constellations promise
we've seen this horror show, but it's no mystery
now it's time for us to star in history
can't afford to win a so-called free election
can't afford to win a so-called free election
some women cry at night
some women cry at night
some women cry at night

Tryin' to survive
some women walk through walls
some women learn to crawl
some women try not to be here at all
some women learn to cook
some women learn to call
some women learn to type
we learn to sing, oh yeah and
we're tryin' to survive
Tryin' to survive
Tryin' to survive
Tryin' to survive

who do you think you are, what did they tell you?
who do you think you are, what did they say?
some women chart the stars
some women go to bars
some women organize
stop the lies
some women raising sons
some women Shooting guns
some women cry at night
we learn to fight, oh yeah and
we're tryin' to survive
Tryin' to survive

vaine jacobs