

berkeley women's music collective



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We are lesbians who came together to give form to our thoughts, feelings, and visions as women struggling to overthrow our oppression, and to support the struggles of other oppressed people. Because each of us loves music, we have chosen it as the vehicle for our self discovery, and through its discipline we learn to face each other.

Working with a responsible process is as important to us as our music. We try to listen carefully to what each of us is saying with our instrument or voice and support each other musically and emotionally through constructive criticism and encouragement. Our collective process takes alot of time and new skills, and sometimes we feel frustrated and turn against each other. It's through our music that we share these highs and lows, and pit our egos against our sensibilities.

We all wrote these songs and collectively arranged them over the two and a half years we have played together. We decided to record our work to document what we have been doing, and to make our music available to people in lots of places anytime they need or want to hear it. We utilized the resources of our community for engineering, producing, design, layout, typesetting, photography, and playing music. We used whatever equipment we could get our hands on; most of which is half way between what you might have in your home and what is found in expensive studios.

After all the work of arranging and practicing, the most exciting feeling as a band is merging into one energy and one music that you can experience as we have. We hope you like it.



susann shanbaum

debbie lempke

nancy henderson

nancy vogl

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SOME NOTES:

Jake originally helped form the b.w.m.c. in 1973. She is a member of bebe K'roche now, but came back to sit in on the drums throughout the album, also singing on 'no thanks mister' which she helped arrange.

Shortly before recording, Nancy Henderson decided to leave the band and go back to school to become a gym teacher. Bonnie Lockhart is now a member of the collective. She produced (co-ordinated) the recording, and sings backup for two songs on this album.

SPECIAL THANKS TO: *** the people who lent and gave us the money to produce this album *** to diane tuttle *** to nancy r. *** to natalie lando (for being who you are) *** to transbay graphics for use of their equipment *** to suze who feeds us all *** and especially to the bay area women's community for supporting us and encouraging us to play and stay together ***

the bloods

This song grew out of a discussion with a friend about the pros and cons of menstruation; that historically the cons have been exploited by men to make us feel bad about our bodies, and hence, weaker.

debbie - lead vocal
nancy h. - piano, lead vocal
susann - bass, vocals
nancy v. - lead and rhythm guitar, vocals

take the time

This song was written for the first woman with whom I really felt a sense of sisterhood. We shared years of changes, pain, and learning, and a special love I will always remember.

nancy v. - lead vocal, rhythm guitar
susann - bass, vocals, harmonica
nancy h. - piano, vocals

san francisco bank song

susann - lead and rhythm guitar
lead vocal, harmonica
nancy h. - piano, vocals
nancy v. - bass, vocals

fury

I wrote this while I was a repair technician for a large corporation. It was the first time I had a job that paid a lot of money. I thought that money and respectability would make me feel less powerless, but actually, all I gained was more bills and the realization that I could still be raped or arrested just as fast as before. I discovered power and respect in this system is not accessible to me no matter what I do. I realized that other women shared my experience and that together in our outrage we must take the power and turn things around for good.

I hope country women won't take my line about farmland as a lack of support. I used to see moving to the country as a dropping out of the struggle because it wasn't on the same front which I was fighting. I still feel it is important to resist, however I realize now the importance of struggling on every level in every place; learning to take power in every way.

susann - lead vocal, harmonica
nancy h. - piano, vocals
debbie - bass
nancy v. - vocals
bonnie - vocals

"no thanks mister"

nancy h. - lead vocal, piano
susann - bass, vocals
debbie - rhythm guitar
jake - vocals
nancy v. - vocals
nikki sachs - flute

SIDE ONE

1. the bloods (d. lempke) 2:38
2. take the time (n. vogl) 4:29
3. fury (s. shanbaum) 4:49
4. "no thanks mister" (n. henderson) 2:09
5. we're hip (d. lempke, j. lampert) 4:10

SIDE TWO

1. san francisco bank song (s. shanbaum) 3:40
2. janet's song (s. shanbaum) 6:22
3. mercy me (n. vogl) 4:08
4. gay and proud (d. lempke) 3:26

mix down engineer susann shanbaum

mixing and editing jennifer lego

drums jake

flute nikki sachs

front cover design miklane janner

front cover photo karla tonella

back cover photo cathy cade

typesetting nevin mercede
nancy vogl

we're hip

I wrote the words to We're Hip when I was feeling the pull of many forces on women's music. Jake had been offered a high paying job in a commercial 'allgirl' band. There are so many difficult decisions to make in choosing where to put one's energy. What I'm saying in the song is listen to your own inner voice and don't get taken in by the advertising. The last verse was written after the band played at the California Institute for Women (the california women's prison). I was incredibly inspired by the determination for change I felt from the women there. Many were facing indeterminate sentencing; a practice that keeps the prisoner in constant apprehension about her release date.

debbie - lead vocal, rhythm guitar
susann - bass, vocals
nancy v. - saxophone, vocals
nancy h. - piano, vocals

janet's song

Janet was my best friend in high school. This song is a journal of our coming out together. Every line is true. We didn't know any lesbians and couldn't say the word for a year and a half. We just knew that we loved each other so much that it had to be the right thing to do. Luckily it was the 'hippy love' era and everyone was confused enough so that we escaped many of the horrors other lesbians have faced from isolation inside the straight world

susann - lead vocal, lead and rhythm guitar
nancy h. - piano, vocals
nancy v. - bass, vocals
bonnie - vocals

mercy me, i'm lonely tonight
nancy v. - lead vocal, rhythm guitar
susann - bass, vocals, harmonica
debbie - lead guitar, vocals
nancy h. - piano, vocals

When I was growing up around Redondo Beach, I thought politics was something that happened at City Hall, or Sacramento, or Washington. Why wasn't I taught that politics was my own daily interaction with the world around me? Multiplied by thousands, it's all of our own daily frustrations, joys, and interpersonal relationships that shape our perceptions of the world. If we can see that our personal choices taken together can effect political change, we can begin to reclaim the basic necessities for our survival, and control over our lives that the patriarchal society has always defined for us.

gay and proud
debbie - lead vocal
nancy v. - lead and rhythm guitar, vocals
susann - bass, vocals
nancy h. - piano, vocals

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bonnie lockhart
recording production

cathy cade



carol newhouse

joan bobkoff
production



susann shanbaum

carol newhouse
photographer



cathy cade

nikki sachs



lyn dawn

jake
drums



carol newhouse

cathy cade
graphics



cathy cade

nancy vogl
graphics



cathy cade

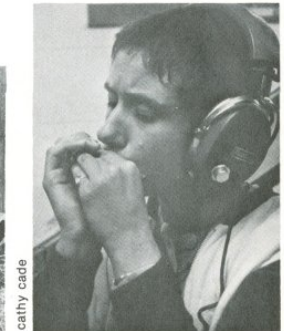


carol newhouse



joan bobkoff

katy downs and leroy
business manager



cathy cade

susann shanbaum
petty chief mix down engineer



joan bobkoff



carol newhouse
carol newhouse
maida seawoman



nevin mercede
typesetting and graphics



miklane janner

jennifer lego
mix down production
tape editing

the bloods
you might think it's ludicrous
but when the moon is full I feel my uterus
and know that the times a comin' a comin' soon
some sisters get down for menstruation
ain't no time for sad desperation
there's a new day comin' when you got the bloods again
because you know your body is a workin' alright
if you had self-help you could watch all night
get your speculum at your neighborhood clinic
learn about your cervix and what's in it
there's a new day comin' when you got the bloods again
if you're feelin' bad and you start to moan
well don't you hide you're not alone
I know a time a comin' comin' soon
when you're livin' together this I've found
that when the bloods come ther come all way round
there's a new day comin' when you got the bloods again
men keep saying that the bloods are bad
cause it means you ain't fertile
that you ain't been had
but I know a time a comin' comin' soon
men stop saying go to sleep with em'
cause lebbins go natural rhythm
there's a new day comin' when you got the bloods again

take the time
take the time to see the dawn in the disappearing grey
and take the time to watch the world slip by
from day to day
won't you take the time to be the rest of what I need
take apart the puzzles the don't seem to fit the whole
and take back all the hurt you've said
without control
and say 'I love you' from the heart
and 'I have loved you' from the start
and 'I'll never let you go'
and take it easy 'n' you take it while you can
like the seasons
listen to the chiming ring in the coming of the spring
and try to hear the words inside
I'm singing
and if I should run around
well I'll never let you down
on a blustery day
I have sat and wondered in my bed and timber room
and smiling as to each time I think of you
at just what it is and why
but I'll love you till I die

lanet's song
one time had a best friend
we always shared our own space
we ran in activities
and we dressed of lace
and we listened to the music
and we felt all the anger inside
we looked very deep inside each other
and saw we were on the same side
oooo oooooo
one time I had a best friend
we both knew all of their lies
we played revolution
and we listened to the music
and we felt all the anger inside
we drove through the streets on motorcycle
oooo oooooo
she came in the morning she made me feel good
sometimes she stayed all night
my momma didn't like that
she stayed all night
she loved all night nobody liked it
her momma said you better come home honey
I'll be so good and give you lots of money
cause I know what's gonna happen to you if you stay all night
she came in the morning she made me feel good
cause I think you and your friends are queer
and you know I don't want to start no great big fight
but I know she stayed all night
she came in the morning she made me feel good
we're hip ©1975 by lanet lampert/ debbie lempe
take the time ©1976 by nancy vogl
lanet's song ©1975 by susann shambaum
bloods ©1975 by debbie lempe
'74 by susann shambaum

we're hip
got your chance for a lot of money
turn your back and they treat you funny
we're hip to the bossman's game
sell your soul get yourself some fame
gonna try to buy the women out
gonna prey on our fears and our doubts
we're hip to the bossman's game
and they say every day of your life
we've got to get away from the things that they say
sometimes you ain't got much to choose from
stay hip to the bossman's game
they keep you caged up to make you tame
and in the prisons I've seen our sisters rising
they ain't been wasting they've been organizing
they're hip to the bossman's game
when they get out they're gonna spark the flame

san francisco bank song
I've got a friend
she works in a bank in san francisco
stockings to mend
get up at six get on the bus go
into content
with keeping all her secrets every day
nobody knew
from lookin' or hearing what she'd say
the she was like you
nobody even guessed she was gay
I've got a friend
yes I do
yes and I finish up your work girl
grab a cup of coffee
run past all the men's eyes
slide past their hands
don't look behind don't look behind
hope no one's gonna follow
at the day's end
she'd come home tired change on the run
meetings to attend
trying to protect what she has won
the spirit to end
sisters trying to make their way alone
saturday came
she'd laugh and learn to fix her car
no she wasn't lame
gathering strength to travel far
yes I've got a friend
I've got a friend

fury
there is peace in my heart
yes I start when start
when there is peace in my heart
when I start
but then the fury
you know I go to work each day
because I'm scared of being sweet away
but when my boss says home in bed
and I have to do all of his work instead
you know that the fury you know the fury
comes over me
I try to learn to do everything
so I'm not stuck under no man's wing
don't want to owe my sweet life to no one
but when some man says move on soon
when he knows I'm a woman
comes over me
someday I'll change my life
I'll change my life with my hands and my friends
I won't get the power from no damn knife
I'll get it from the fury you know the fury
that comes over me

gay and proud
I was born a bastard
you know my mother she couldn't keep me
sent me off to a foster home
where they tried to teach me
or playing with certain toys
got to stay in dresses else they're called tomboys
I can sing it loud now
I can sing it loud now
gay and proud
when I got adopted
you know they sent me to a shrink
couldn't understand why I cut my hair short
why I didn't want to wear pink
as I grew bolder
people coming up to me at school
say 'you ought to get an operation'
when I was in my lonely years
kinda quiet, inebriated
woman friend tried to bring me out
had to hide when they cried 'homosexual'
I ain't sorry / ain't sad
for all the years I've been had
strutting round like a heavy duty puff
now I know we got to get it right
we women been waiting all our lives
for our sisters to be our lovers
hey look around you now
ain't you glad we finally found each other

no thanks mister
no thanks mister I don't want a ride
you know I've been that route before
this time around I've got me some pride
and I won't give in no more
it took a long time before I knew in my mind
I wasn't born a slave to men
and remembering what their trips have been
and time after time and left my own life behind
I won't lose myself again
no I won't lose myself again
thinkin' 'bout all the men I've known
and remembering what their trips have been
and time after time after time after time
I've been robbed of what I deserve
cause I'm a woman
so rise up sisters we need each other
to demand equality
and smash the illusion every man is our brother
we've got to struggle to be free
we've got to struggle to be free

mercy me, I'm lonely tonight
oh I never knew how lonesome I could be but now I find
that I just cannot keep you from my mind
and the whistle at the factory
blows away the evening time
mercy me I'm lonely tonight
mercy me I'm lonesome when the ocean waves goodbye
and the tide of love is drifting off to die
and to hold you in my arms again
would only make me cry
mercy me I'm lonely tonight
oh I never knew how lonesome I could be in falling rain
with the empty halls still calling out your name
and if I could see the lord above
to help me ease my pain
I've got a friend
she would make you fall in love with me again
cause mercy me I'm lonesome
when the night begins to chill
and the whisper-whirl is rustling on the breeze
now I wish it was for me
my sweet heart is breaking darling
please believe
well the preacher on that tv is lifting up his eyes
and he says Jesus makes our troubles bright
but the love I have to Jesus ain't the love I need tonight
my light
my love
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san francisco bank song ©1975 by susann shambaum
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