

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
 Graphics: Nevin Mercede
 Photography: Carol Newhouse except where noted
 Photographic Printing: Liza 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: bazooki, acoustic guitar
 Susann: harmonica, bass
 Nancy, Bonnie, Susann: vocals

D. Lempke Seawoman
 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 Lego, Mary Faria, Miklane Janner, Billie Jo Miracle, Mary Wings, Cathy Cade, Nancy Ruprecht, Jake Lampert, Christine Bagley, Joan Lefkowitz, Stephanie Johnson and all of those who loaned us the \$13,000 to make this album.

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California B. Lockhart N. Vogl
 lead vocal, acoustic guitar: Nancy
 drums: Debbie
 piano: Bonnie
 bass: Susann
 trumpet: Bonnie K.
 vocals: Susann, Bonnie, Nancy

Back to Boston N. Vogl
 lead vocal, acoustic guitar: Nancy
 drums: Debbie
 piano: Bonnie
 bass: Susann
 vocals: Susann, Bonnie

Class Mobility B. Lockhart
 lead vocal, piano: Bonnie
 drums: Debbie
 electric guitar: Susann
 bass: Nancy
 vocals: Susann, Nancy

Darling Companion N. Vogl
 lead vocal, acoustic guitar: Nancy
 drums: Debbie
 piano: Bonnie
 bass: Susann
 vocals: Susann, Bonnie, Nancy

People D. Lempke
 lead vocal, drums: Debbie
 electric piano: Bonnie
 electric guitar: Susann
 bass: Nancy
 synthesizer: Jennifer
 vocals: Susann, Bonnie, Nancy

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
j 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"



Carol Newhouse

Jennifer Lego

Diane Tuttle Arina Isaacson



Susan Colson



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, Piute 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.



Nevin Mercede

Suze Orman

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, everytime,
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 girl's 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...



Bonnie Kovaleff

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 sigh

"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"



Susie Laraine

Mindy Kurzeo



Elaine Jacobs



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 so 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
 ohhhhhhhh
 sign right here, touch my hand
 i didn't understand
 tied me up in their ropes of chemicals
 tied me in their chemical ropes
 ohhhhhhhh
 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

seawomon

waves come in softly
 lightly and lofty now lately
 i can see clearly now
 seawomon rushing to greet me
 we won't have anything
 if we don't arise
 remember the flames
 and keep them burning in your eyes
 keep them burning in your eyes
 round and around we go
 chanting and planting sowing 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
 seawomon rushing to greet me

nicole

don't you gimme no flak go breaking my back
 can't you see that i warned you, goin 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 drafty 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 of 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 i 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 melt
 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



Mary McFaul

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.



Jennifer Lego



Colleen Stewart

takes more than time
 What are we gonna do 'till the weather's warm enough?
 what are we gonna do 'till the climate's fine
 wait'in around might do for growin 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 rejoices
 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 lid 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 wait for jesus christ's new resurrection
 might starve while waiting in the line for food stamps
 got to organize ourselves to stand a fighting chance
 got to organize ourselves to stand a fighting chance

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 hook
 some women learn to type
 we learn to snipe, oh yeah and
 we're tryin to survive
 tryin' to survive
 tryin'
 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
 to 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