



**A Little
Feminine
Rage**

as a treat



Pretty Pink Frags

I was bred to accept violence,
the subtle kind that no one
warns you about. It has made
me fragile—in the same way
that a grenade is only held

together by a single pin.
I have no option to burst,
catapulting shrapnel. I will
never understand how our
mothers manage, the way

they have taught us to get
by. As their mothers had taught
them to get by. As their mother's
mothers had taught them to get
by. It pains me to be gracious

while I bleed; to know I will
become an archived weapon.
Acceptance that the serial number
on my mother has already faded.
Her mother a dud, expired.

Her mother's mother: complacent
in our continual inertness. I beg
them to release me, to let me
explode.





GRRRLS TO THE FRONT

A Brief History of the Riot Grrrl Movement



The 1990s saw the rise of an incredibly influential punk and grunge scene. Bands like Nirvana, Alice in Chains, and Soundgarden were dominating forces—drawing a younger, prevalently male crowd. Women, who had played a visible role in the 1970s and 1980s punk genre, suddenly felt themselves on the outs. This isolation lit a fire, inspiring women to join the stages full of fast playing, hard moshing, and loud yelling—paving the way for the riot grrrl movement.

The original spelling is disputed, with some claiming three r's while others argue two. A few even just use "girl."

Riot grrrl was born in Olympia, Washington at The Evergreen State College in the early 1990s. The goal was simple: start a riot. This was achieved through combating sexism in the punk scene by highlighting issues like discrimination,

domestic abuse, homophobia, and racism. It advanced as both a cultural and political movement, encouraging women to engage in production, instead of taking a backseat in the punk sphere. Forming bands, creating music, and designing fanzines became the hallmark of the movement. Their art was created in a “do-it-yourself” fashion, aiming to record their songs or design their zines as quickly and cheaply as possible. Slogans like “girl power” and “girls to the front” were popularized as battle cries. Finally, woman had reasserted their voices in the music scene they spent two decades helping to create.

However, not every woman participating in the punk and grunge scene was sold on the riot grrrl movement. The grrrls were often criticized for being majority white, middle-class, inauthentic, and exclusionary towards their transgender sisters. When a fine tooth comb was run through the manifesto, it failed to live up to the intersectional ideals of feminism. Courtney Love—of the band Hole—famously spoke out against the grrrls, referring to them as amateurs and their movement as a hoax.

Popular riot grrrl bands from this era include Bikini Kill, Batmobile, Heavens to Betsy, and Team Dresch. Some popular riot grrrl zines created during the movement were *Candy Ass*, *FemZine*, *Slutcake*, and *Gunk*. While the riot grrrl movement lasted less than a decade, many believe its influences can be seen in modern punk music.



“When she walks, the revolution’s comin’. In her hips, there’s revolution. When she talks, I hear revolution.”

—“REBEL GIRL,” *BIKINI KILL*

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An Ode for Helen

Fair Haired Helen. Queen of Sparta.
An eternal light in the eyes of every other.
Beauty incarnate, harnessed. They say
you were romanced: tempted and tempting.
Coy smiles, charms, promises of the world.
Whisked away. Betrayal held tightly to your breast.
Yet, it has always seemed more to me like your heart
was captured, raped. Beautiful Helen: the first
spoils from a war waged by goddesses, usurped
by men. You had no power here. No sword to wield

or all mighty Olympian standing at your heels.
Only a woman, stolen by warriors who ached not for you,
but for the blood shed of enemies. Helen the Prize.
I imagine you wished to be free: released from the shackles
of launching one thousand ships. Helen the Face. Aching
to be made a body, drug behind a chariot. No longer
something to be won. Stains in earth, limbs strewn about,
forgetting the most beautiful woman in the world.
Homecoming for men whose mothers could not stop
crying; whose wives could not stop writing. A final release

to your guilt. Helen, Daughter of Leda. Fated much like
your mother. Rewritten as men do, granting agency
when they wish to alleviate blame. It seems that remains
another threat of our condition: the endlessly blamed.
A scapegoat for Paris, for Menelaus. A sacrificial lamb
for Athena, Hera, Aphrodite. Our powerlessness ignored.
If only you had been less beautiful. But that cannot be
to blame. Men will always argue there is beauty in
violence. This time that beauty was you. Next time
it will be a different Helen: conditioned to justify war.



Regardless of how old a man is and how old a woman is. Men take advantage of women ALL THE TIME. Period. Regardless of age. It's really upsetting.

The trauma I have been through with men in my life. Is crazy. Most women have. It's so sad. Also. Every. Single. Woman. You know. Has been sexually assaulted. I can promise you that. It's so sad.

And it's really sad because as a woman, you're told to be this and that. I know men have standards too but it's just so different. We mistake sex for love and wind up getting hurt physically emotionally mentally or even murdered or abused. Then when you have sex with more than one person you're deemed a slut or a whore? And yes do some women sleep around, sure. But sometimes they're looking for love.

Be skinny. But not too skinny because you need to have a fat ass and boobs. Flat stomach but also hips. Be pretty naturally but not too naturally because you need to wear makeup to enhance your features. But not too much makeup or you're cake face. Be nice but not too nice. Don't want people to think you're flirting. Don't be cold or standoffish because then you're a bitch. Make dinner have children and tend to your man but make sure you're independent and earning your own money. Can't have ANY body hair because ew that's gross. Be hairless and smooth LIKE A CHILD. Better not have any body hair or acne. Make sure you sleep with them if they take you out to dinner, but not on the first date because that means you're easy. But also don't hold out because you're a prude. Don't expect to cum every time either because it takes too much time and effort but do everything you can to make sure he gets off. Make sure you look good in bed and moan and have the right angle and look skinny and let him do what he wants because he wants you right? You don't want him to find someone else. Dress up nice and look good but not too good because then you look slutty and you're asking for it. Oh and you just gave birth??? Better make sure you SNAP BACK!!!! Don't want to look bad for your man. Don't want him to cheat on you or leave you for another woman because your body changed after carrying and birthing his child!!!!!!!!!!

Don't have too high of standards because that's too unrealistic for men. "Men take longer to mature" so just make sure you understand that he isn't mature enough to be emotionally intelligent or accountable!!! He's still learning!!!!!! But you need to be patient with him. Make sure you're not too emotional or needy, men don't want to be nagged. You don't want to be too much!!! Don't expect flowers or planned dates because that's putting too much pressure on him! Don't have expectations because that's unfair and unrealistic!!!

Aside from that, the bar for men is IN HELL. Women are expected to be okay with men complimenting them... making them feel special... only having eyes for them... respecting them... not cheating... taking them out on dates every now and then..... AS IF THAT ISN'T THE BARE MINIMUM?!?!?!?!?

Also omg. The weaponized incompetence. The laziness. The laundry isn't put away. "Well I don't know how to fold it good" ugh okay. I'll just do it. "I don't know how the dishwasher works" okay illload the dishwasher. OR!!! Doing a shitty job one time when being asked to help out so that way the woman just does it and never asks again

Oh a woman with standards and goals and expectations who's hard working and independent and kind but also holds me accountable??? Let me make her feel so small and give her the bare minimum and keep her down so she stops and also feels guilty for speaking up. Let me give her crumbs. She's starving. She doesn't realize she isn't being fulfilled if I give her these crumbs. I want to keep you small. I like this woman with goals and expectations and standards that's hardworking but it's also too much for me. I want her but I want someone easier who won't hold me accountable or have expectations for me who will let me say and do anything I want!!!! —HOLLY KIRK



THAT'S MY FEMALE RAGE

F*CK AROUND AND FIND OUT

An interview with Postergirl’s vocalist and lyricist, Danielle Dougherty

Members Include

Danielle Dougherty- vocalist and lyricist

Rani Adi- bassist and producer

Zac Fischer- guitarist and sound designer

Lonell Johnson III- keyboardist and sound designer

Julian Miltenberger- drummer



“Find out the hard way

Play stupid games and you’ll win stupid prizes

Only what’s coming to you ain’t that surprising

You knew just what would happen if you do” —FAFO

Postergirl is a female fronted, multidimensional, genre fluid band based between New York and Philadelphia. They blend neo-soul, funk, jazz, psychedelic pop, rock, R&B, and most popular Brazilian (MBP) music to create a contemporary sound. I recently had the opportunity to sit down with their vocalist and lyricist—my long time friend—Danielle Dougherty, to discuss their debut single: *FAFO*.

Danielle notes the influence her own feminine rage had on the creation of *FAFO*, citing it as an inspiration for the song’s inception. “The more I sang through the skeleton of this song, the more I came to realize I was angry,” she confessed. The source of that anger: an ex-boyfriend. Originally, Danielle was unsure how to use this anger productively, opting only to internalize it. As this song came to fruition during the band’s writing retreat in Long Island, Maine, it

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“Feminine rage means expressing feelings of pent up anger or frustration and expressing it in ways that can be beautiful, chaotic, artistic, and unapologetic. Women’s rage is in response to the myriad of bullshit we put up with on a day to day basis. Feminine rage is warranted.”

Instagram @wearepostergirl

TikTok @wearepostergirl

Follow for updates about song releases, upcoming shows, and merchandise

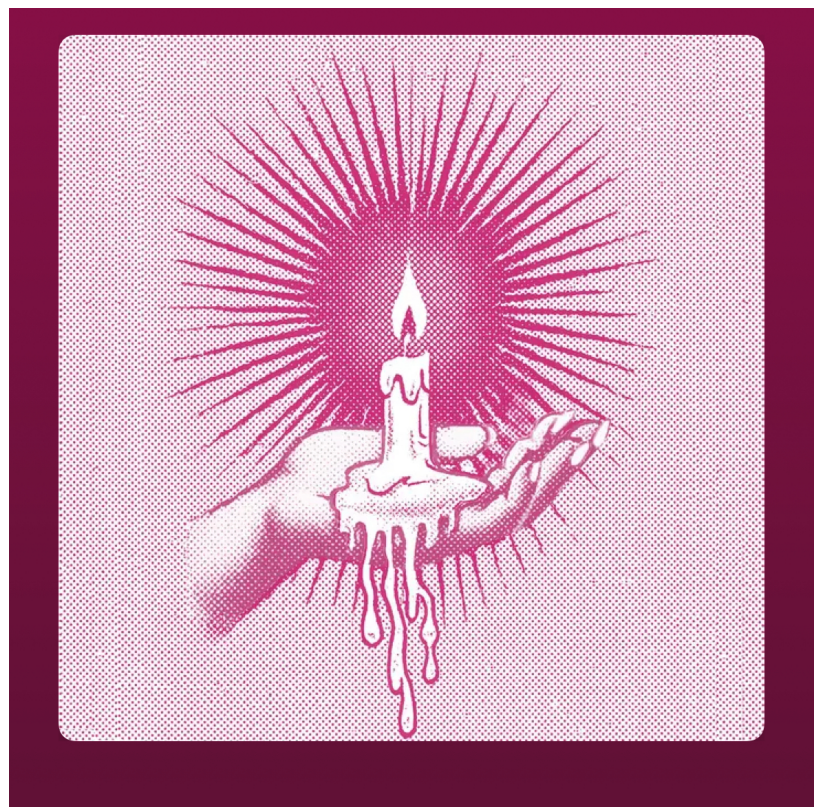
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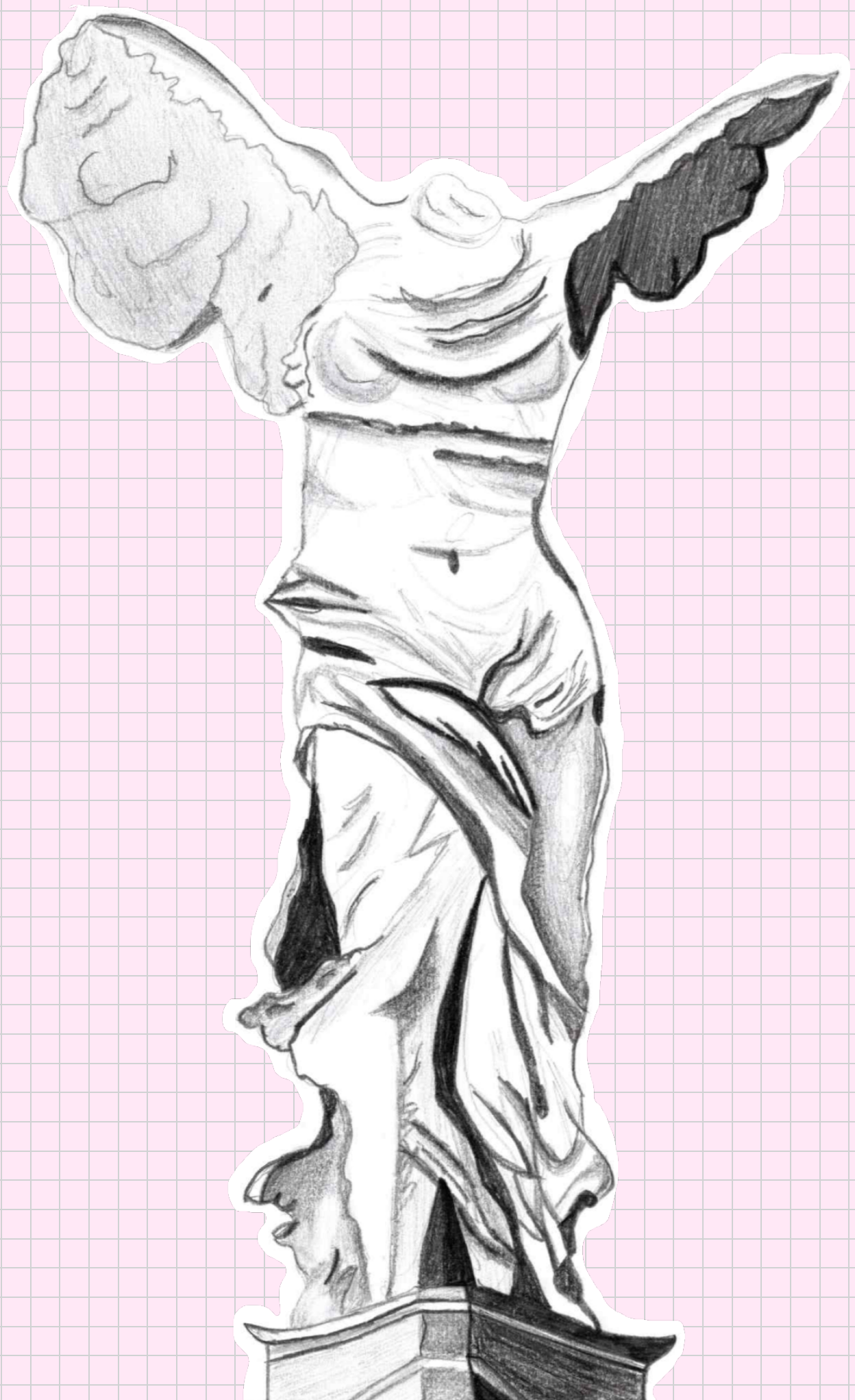
occurred to her that this song could be both an emotional outlet and a healing journey.

While creating *FAFO*, Postergirl was looking to challenge themselves to write a MPB song. Zach Fischer, the band’s guitarist, coupled a floaty melody with juicy chords; thus, Fuck Around, Find Out was born. It became obvious, as Danielle gradually unleashed more rage into the heart of the song, that a rework in chords was necessary. During a writing session with Zach and keyboardist, Lonell Johnson III, the required tweaks were made. Finally, the world was ready to find out what happened to people who fucked around with Postergirl.

Danielle recognizes what a hinderance to her life this rage had become. Her ultimate release was freeing. “I’ve been told by so many women that *FAFO* is their favorite song of ours...and it makes me so happy. It’s such a good feeling to know I’ve helped even one person understand that their rage, pain, and anger is not for nothing. It’s a guiding light into the darkest parts of themselves that need healing, care, and tenderness,” she said. Feminine rage led Danielle to the realization that she is divinely protected, believing that as long as she chooses to show up for herself everyday, the universe will allow the correct pieces to fall into place.

Stream *FAFO* now on Spotify and Apple Music





The Sage, The Mother, The Maiden

Mother tried, standing over me, armed
with a watering can passed down by Gaia

unaware of the rust and rage flaking,
falling into my hair: taking root.

A mother's touch too rough as she brushes,
braiding the debris in deeper. Gestating

burdens I had yet to bear. Mother only
meant to love me, no matter the hurt.

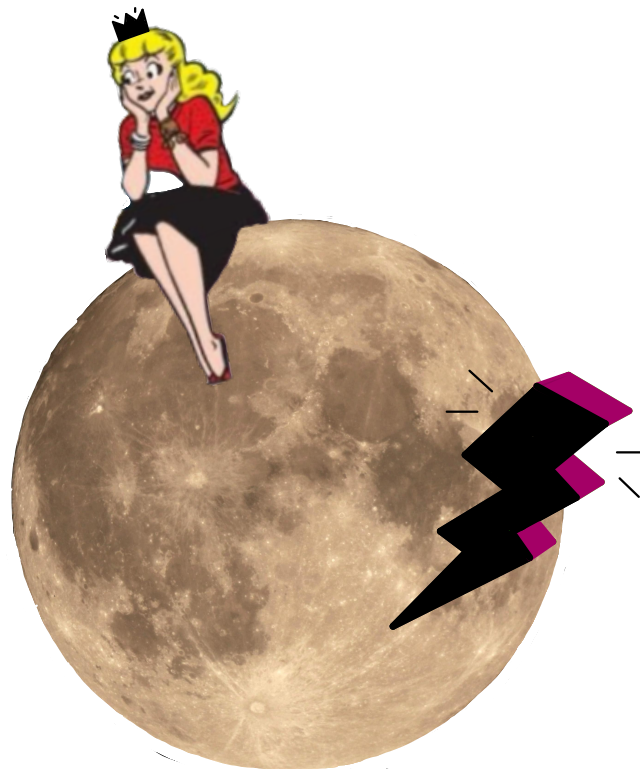
Our mantra: love hurts.

I wonder if this is what Gaia has taught
passed down in the ecstasy of birthing pains.

That we grow better when mothers cut
themselves open with shattered pieces

of womb; spilling blood, hysteria,
fragile femininity onto their daughters.

If so, Mother has strengthened me.
If not, Gaia has left me to drown.



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