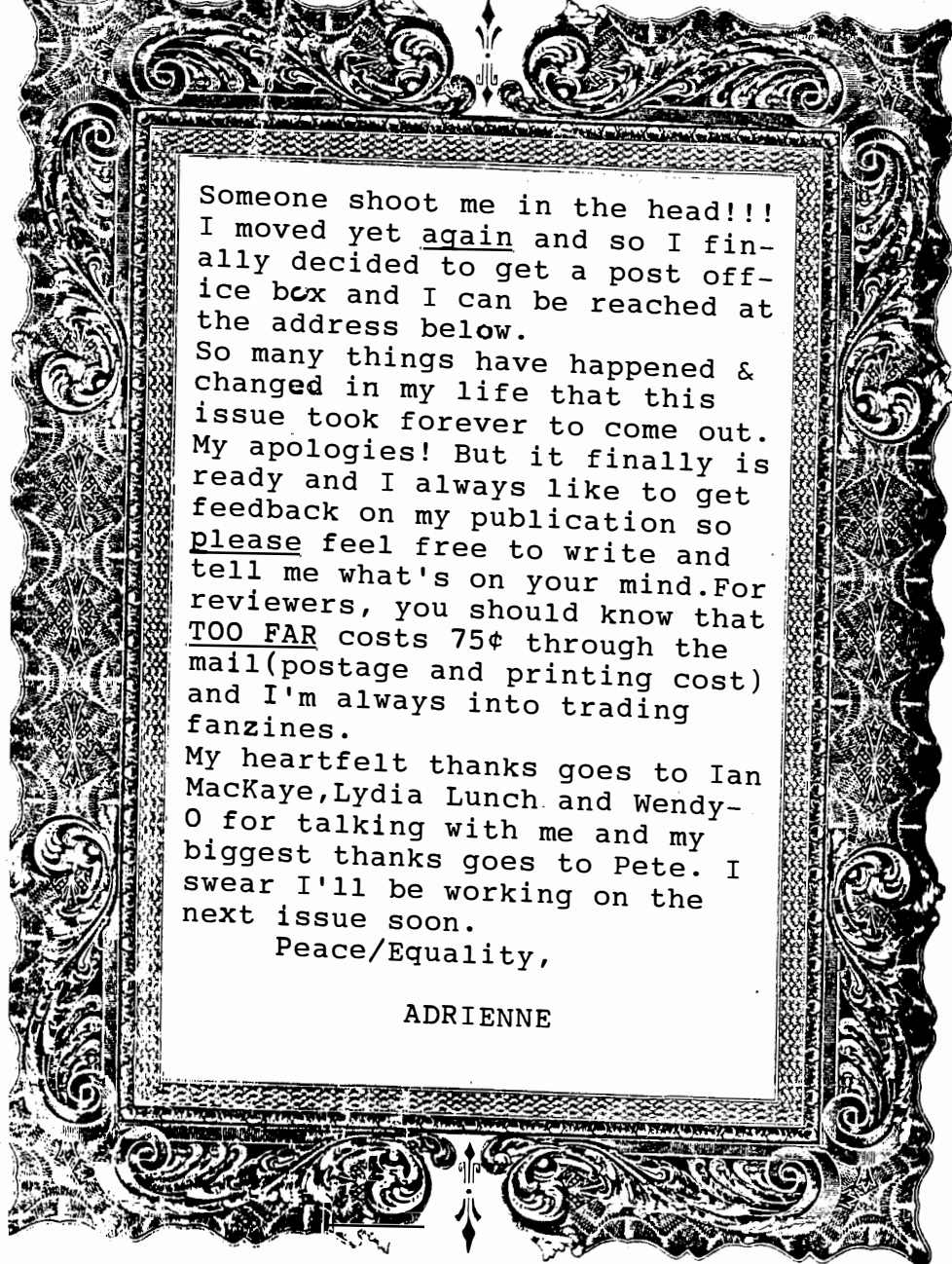


Too Far



Too Far





Someone shoot me in the head!!!
I moved yet again and so I finally decided to get a post office box and I can be reached at the address below.

So many things have happened & changed in my life that this issue took forever to come out. My apologies! But it finally is ready and I always like to get feedback on my publication so please feel free to write and tell me what's on your mind. For reviewers, you should know that TOO FAR costs 75¢ through the mail (postage and printing cost) and I'm always into trading fanzines.

My heartfelt thanks goes to Ian MacKaye, Lydia Lunch and Wendy-O for talking with me and my biggest thanks goes to Pete. I swear I'll be working on the next issue soon.

Peace/Equality,

ADRIENNE

TOO FAR

P.O. Box 40185
Berkeley, California
94608-4085
USA

LAST MINUTE
THANKS TO MARK!!

WOMYN

Spelling womyn with a Y started when I was seventeen. At that age, my experiences had led me to a deep hatred and resentment of men. I was a complete sexist: unable to be touched by a man or appreciate anything about men in general. I began to spell the words woman/women, female, and human with a Y. Womyn. Femyle. Humyn. I wanted my gender to be completely removed and autonomous from the male gender in any and every way. Everytime I wrote the word 'womyn', it was like I was a slave, writing the word 'freedom'. No longer was I a woman. I was a womyn. No longer was I a female. I was a femyle. No longer was I a human. I was humyn. I did not come from man. I was not an extension of man Adam's ribs. I was my own, unique, independent gender.

VS

Now I'm twenty two and the resentment and hatred I used to feel has dissipated. I appreciate men and love the men that are close to me in my life. But I still spell womyn with a Y and I still feel a little rush when I do. Oddly enough, I have to put up with some very weird reactions to my use of the letter Y. I get teased about it, questioned about it, letters in the mail from people who hope they aren't offending me by not spelling womyn 'my way'. I even had one friend say that he went through Too Far #8 and circled the word 'womyn' every time he came across it. But when people ask me why I spell womyn the way I do, my usual response is 'habit'. But if it makes someone think and wonder and try to come up with ideas for why I might be doing this, then that's good too. Womyn or woman. Femyle or female. Humyn or human. Find your own meaning cause it all depends on what it means to you.

WOMAN

JUST THE FACTS

***According to FBI figures, one in three American womyn are raped at some time in their life. Every 3.5 minutes, a womyn is the victim of a rape or an attempted rape.

***Ninety thousand rape cases are reported each year in the United States.

***Victims of rape range in age from five months to 91 years old.

***Eighty-five percent of reported rape victims older than 17 knew their attacker. Ninety-two percent of attacks on girls 14 to 17 yare 'acquaintance rape,' according to the rape prevention program.

***Twenty-five percent of womyn have been physically abused by a man with whom they have or have had an intimate relationship. Interviews with married womyn suggests that at least one in seven has been raped by her husband.

***Only half of all reported rapes end in arrest, and only 44 percent of those arrested are convicted, the lowest rate for any violent crime.

***Twenty-five percent of college men say they would be willing to use force to get sex, and 51 percent report that they would be willing to attempt rape if they were sure they could get away with it.

***Eighty-three percent of college womyn report having suffered some attempted forced sexual contact on a date.

***Until 1975, every state exempted husbands from rape statutes. As California state Senator Bob Wilson once said, "If you can't rape your wife, who can you rape?" California's marital-rape exemption clause was not removed until 1980.

If you would like a copy of the complete, 21 page Ian MacKaye interview, please send 75¢ to Too Far and it'll get to you soon. Write to Ian c/o Dis-chord Records: 3819 Beecher St. NW/ Washington D.C./20007/USA.

Adrienne: Um, okay. This is just stuff that I thought it might be cool to talk with you about. I asked this question to Henry Rollins and his answer was "I don't know" so maybe you'll know something more but um...how do you think anti-abortion laws will effect men? Ian: (puts his head in his hands) You come out punching.

Adrienne: Well, I could start off asking what your sign is.

Ian: Yeh,yeh...I just sorta have to shift into gear on that. (long pause)

Adrienne: So what's your sign, Ian?

Ian: I'm an Aries.

Adrienne: Aries, okay.

Ian: Um...I guess it just depends on the man...anti-abortion...

Adrienne: Or how do you feel about the whole issue altogether? The fact that they're trying to make it illegal?

Ian: Oh, I'm decidedly pro-choice. I mean, that's definete. I find it really frightening. I have contempt for the bulk of the people who I think are anti-abortion. The reasons behind what they're trying to do is definetely some power trip they're on. I'm not a woman so it's impossible for me to know about that body...that thing...the concept of being pregnant or having a child but I know from being human that someone telling me what I could or could not do would definetely not be okee dokee with me. I know some people who are anti-abortion and they're feelings are that basically life is such a sacred thing that it shouldn't be,

tampered with on any level. How do I

think anti-abortion would effect me?

It would be terrible. I happen to know a lot of friends who have had abortions and I know as traumatic as the abortion might have been for them, which is too bad cause I really wish that that whole process wasn't such an unpleasant one for people. That's something even further down the road. In fact, we're taking a few steps back on it now cause to get an abortion now you sometimes really have to run the gauntlet. The people I've known, as horrible as it's been and traumatic as it's been for them, it would be even more horrible if they hadn't gotten the abortion. It's really, really frightening to me.

Adrienne: A song that you have that I always thought was great, a Fugazi song... Suggestion. Do you find that womyn are resentful or supportive of that song? Because I reprinted the lyrics in Too Far one time and wrote an article about my reaction to it and I got some very weird reactions from womyn.

Ian: I get both. Almost all are very supportive and even though obviously the wording is going to be somewhat clumsy to some degree because they are written by a male in the end. Most people, even though they recognize some of the wording to be clumsy, still think and usually say they're really happy that someone attempted to sing about it at all.

Adrienne: Or attempting to understand it.

Ian: Right, right. I've had a couple of people really against it saying it's none of my god damn business. Telling me I shouldn't be singing this song or whatever. And my basic reaction to that is fuck you. Because to me I am a human being and I have a lot of friends who have been raped, who are scared of being raped and it does effect me in a big way. It really offended me when this one particular woman spit in my face and told me I had no business singing this. That only women

should sing this kind of song. I think

that's exactly the problem that people think it's a woman's problem and I don't think it is. I think it's every

bodies situation.

Adrienne: Cause it effects everybody.

Ian: Right, absolutely. And at the same time I don't think that it's only a woman's problem and I also don't think it's only a man's responsibility to fix it. I think it's everybody's responsibility to fix it too. I think the role playing that everyone is involved with in our society just reinforces that situation. All of us. I don't think anyone is innocent of that. And some people really resent the end of the song 'we are all guilty'. Wow. Sometimes people don't take too kindly to that. I think they're putting it on too much of a personal level. One woman might ask, Well, how am I guilty of this? But when I'm speaking of 'we all', I'm talking about how we're all part of the society.

Adrienne: We all perpetuate it.

Ian: I know people hate being lumped in like that. I do too sometimes.

Adrienne: Why do you think men yell at womyn like that? I know that you don't run around going 'Hey baby', but why does that happen?

Ian: I don't know why people yell at people. I think people do it as a group for the most part. Honestly, it starts out as a group and people do it. I know people who yell dumb shit at people all the time and I'm just like Shut the fuck up and I don't think it even occurs to them, they don't see other human beings or feelings in the bodies. They don't recognize that. They just think about themselves. They're so consumed with what they're up to in their own little world. I think that as it develops down the road it becomes more of a bonding like the fellows are together and they're sorta feeling like a pack. In the same way I've been yelled at

a bunch of womyn before. It kind of

MACE

freaked me out. When people get into packs they get into some funky shit.

Adrienne: Maybe it's just a matter of that they can gain power by making someone else feel less powerful.

Ian: Right. At the risk of quoting myself, I have a song that says "You don't rise when people fall". It's exactly the same kind of thing. People definitely push other people down to try to elevate themselves and I think, in the sense of men and women, and with racism, that is a furthering of that. People are just generally abusive to each other as a rule of thumb.




Adrienne: One thing I was wondering about is what do you feel women can do to gain and be more powerful?

Ian: I hate to answer that. It would be pretty unfair. I think a lot of women are doing a lot of stuff that's empowering. I think a lot of women are doing a lot of great stuff and are already in the process of doing it. I think if all people were to become more aware of other people in the world and all people were to think of people other than themselves and their own situation. Or try to re-perceive life as it is and think about it on more of an existent level. I think it would be empowering to everybody. A lot of people are already moving in that direction. There's a point where people need to also be able to look at all groups and recognize...humans. They're people. And a lot of people are doing terrible things but some of them aren't. My biggest mistake I can make is to immediately lump them all together and say they're all bad.



I don't even want you to think about it. Well, actually I do want you to think about it but I don't want you to doubt for a minute that tear gas/mace isn't essential. To feel safe, protected and to be able to fully defend yourself, tear gas or mace is necessary. You may think to yourself: "If someone attacks me I'll just kick them in the balls and run!" but it doesn't always work out so easily. What do you do for multiple assailants? Ask them to please stand in a row so you can walk down the line-up and kick each of them? What do you do with someone carrying a knife? Telling them they're being uncool by stacking the odds against you just won't make them put that knife down. You need a way to incapacitate people. You need mace or tear gas. Getting mace/tear gas is a very simple process. Pick up the




MACE



phone, call your local police station and tell them you are interested in signing up for a tear gas/mace class. Surprisingly enough, some people at the police station may not have information about it so just stick with it till you find someone who does. Another way to take a mace/tear gas class is to take a self-defense class. Your teacher (if they're any good) will have a bounty of information concerning how to get mace or tear gas, the effects of both, and may even be able to sign you up in a class that's cheaper than the class the police offer.

And now the exciting part! The effects of mace and tear gas. When sprayed in the face, it will make the person's eyes burn intensely and they will be temporarily blinded. As they breathe the mace in, it becomes increasingly hard to breathe. It is extremely painful and will momentarily incapacitate the per-

MACE

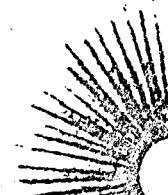
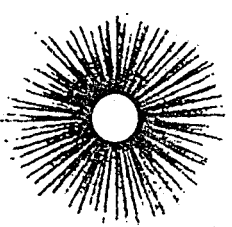
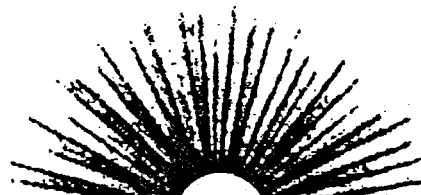
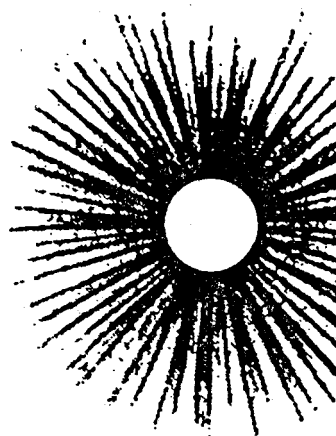
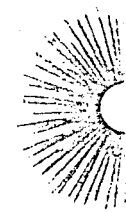
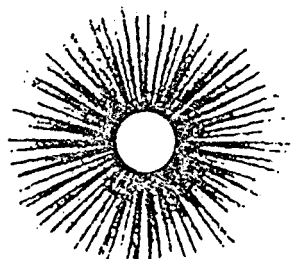




son. People who are maced may also experience panic, dizziness, disorientation, and loss of balance. This stuff fucks you up! And no, this is not the time to get in a good kick or punch. When the mace starts effecting the person, you run. If at all possible, get tear gas instead of mace because tear gas has a more painful effect and works on animals and most people. Mace does not effect animals and sometimes won't affect people who are drunk, on certain drugs, have certain mental illnesses, or if the person is experiencing hysteria.

So! Now you know what to do. I carry mace wherever I go and it has helped me by being a deterrent and also by giving me a psychological boost. Mace/tear gas is essential for womyn and men. Dont wait until you get attacked...get it today!

Check out the book Are You A


Target by Judith Fein, Ph.D



I have killed you a
thousand times inside.
I have gotten my revenge safely.
I have seen the good
in people,
and the bad,
but I can see no
good in you.
There are animals
that are more humyn than you.
Have you once thought
back and regretted
a thing?
Probably not.
I have killed you a
thousand times inside
But you haven't died
in my mind.
It is a fine scar
you have left on me;
inside and out.
I have killed you a
thousand times inside.
Please die.


--A 17 year old rape victim

LYDIA LUNCH--QUEEN OF HEARTS...

 Lydia Lunch is a powerful womyn. She writes poetry, does spoken word, has put out albums, been on the stage and in porn movies. I had to write my reactions to her spoken word performance.

I can't remember exact words or complete ideas. I do remember her speaking at one point about being in a hot tub with men and something sexual happening. I remember her speaking about that in particular but everything else is just a big jumble of half images and ideas that I'm not too sure are hers or mine. What did I want Lydia Lunch to say and what did she really say? The line blurs incredibly. I just can't remember.

But I do remember her voice. Her voice was like silken magic, insinuating itself into my body and clenching my insides at will. At times her voice slid over my skin, lulling me into a sense of calm and peace, only to suddenly pierce the air in a high, nasal, complaining voice that scratched on my soul like fingernails on a blackboard. Back and forth I went, from the deep, sensuous tones that comforted and held me to the high, plaintive screech that plummeled and burned me. I remember that voice well.



LYDIA LUNCH--QUEEN OF HEARTS...

Q And I remember how her body moved. She stood with her shoulders back, chest out and legs slightly parted as if she were a soldier waiting command. When the anger and the passion built up inside her, she would lean forward, bending over and pounding her clenched fists into her hips. Beating her body so she could pound her point into us. And we took her blows as she bruised her body. And then in a second's beat she would stand up straight again. Her chest would swell as she took a deep breath and her words held me again as she told me that I was going to be okay. I do remember that: How she told me over and over again that it would all be okay. I believed her. How could I not believe that voice? That body? I had to believe her.

I must admit that I was expecting great beauty. I was looking for someone who would be so fucking beautiful that no one could ever be considered physically attractive compared to her. When I first caught a glimpse of her, I thought: "That's not Lydia Lunch." Where's the perfect body? Where's the perfect face? This womyn is in porn movies. She's on the cover of magazines. Men and womyn I know would give anything to spend the night with

LYDIA LUNCH--QUEEN OF HEARTS..

Q her. To be so adored by so many, the Lydia Lunch I was expecting must have reached some level of physical perfection. But as she stood on the stage, as she pulled off her dress and stood naked in front of me, I realized where the attraction to Lydia Lunch came from. It came from her power within. As she pulled on a pair of tight pants I could see dimples of fat on her thighs. As she put on a cotton shirt I could see a little round of fat above her jeans. This was not perfection. This was reality. I realized that her power of physical attraction came from within. She saw herself as being a passionate, sexual person and others saw her that way too. I realized that someone could have a perfect body and a perfect face and still not have the kind of sexual power that is Lydia Lunch.

I was waiting to see that power when I met her. I had my defenses ready within me in case the anger I'd seen on stage presented itself to me. But the womyn I met was almost like a shell...drained of feelings and tired after spitting out so many ideas and emotions. I shook her hand, touching the womyn physically who had touched me so deeply mentally and em-

LYDIA LUNCH--QUEEN OF HEARTS...

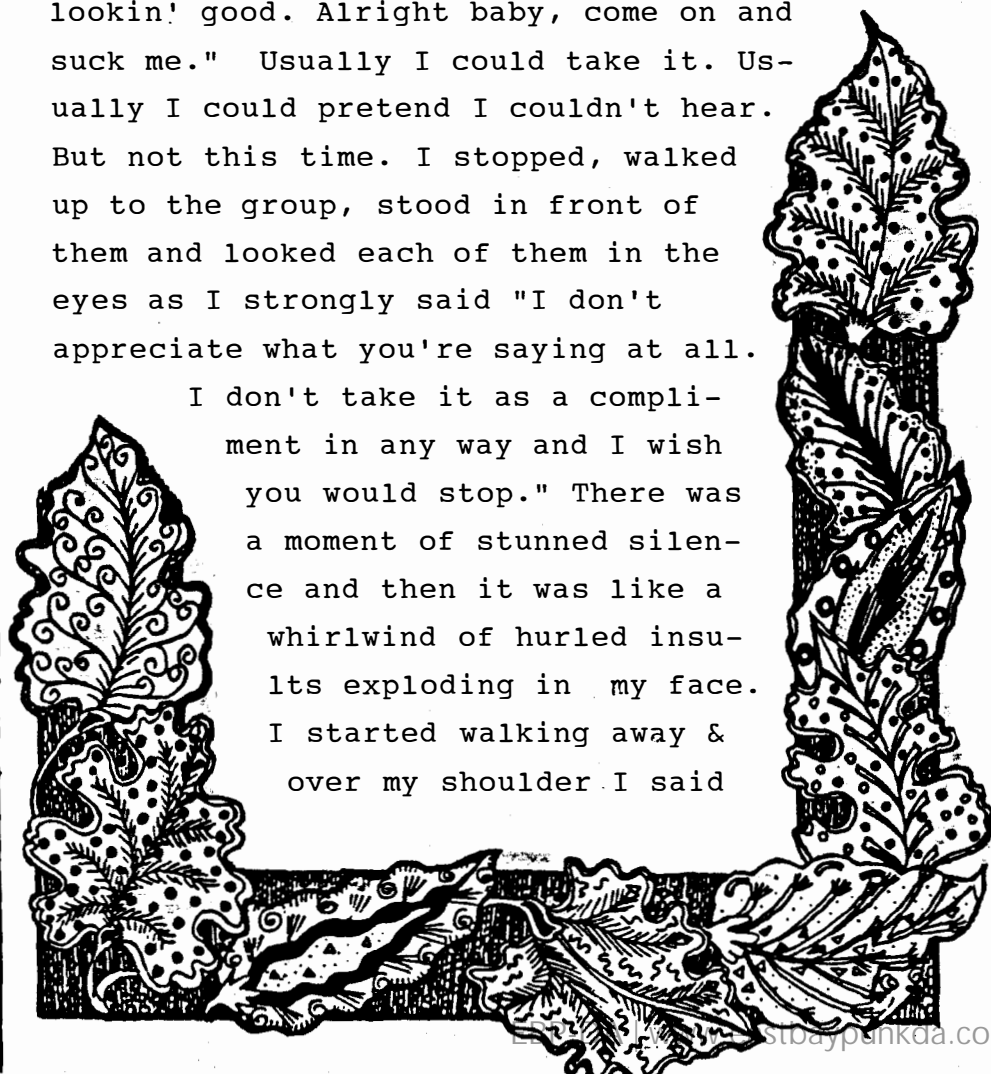
Qotionally. I spoke meaningless words of introduction. Even though I did not get a chance to ask her the questions I'd hoped to ask in an interview for Too Far, I was still touched enough to have to write down how she made me feel and for that, I must thank her. Thank you, Lydia. I appreciate your passion.



TAKE IT

I was sick of this shit. In the last 3 days I had been verbally assaulted by men in a sexual way around 4 times and I was tired of it. Up ahead I saw a group of teenaged men. there were 4 or 5 leaning up against a railing in the station. My stomach jumped with anxiety and my jaw clenched and I waited for the inevitable. The moment they saw me, it started. "Hey blondie, lookin' good. Alright baby, come on and suck me." Usually I could take it. Usually I could pretend I couldn't hear. But not this time. I stopped, walked up to the group, stood in front of them and looked each of them in the eyes as I strongly said "I don't appreciate what you're saying at all.

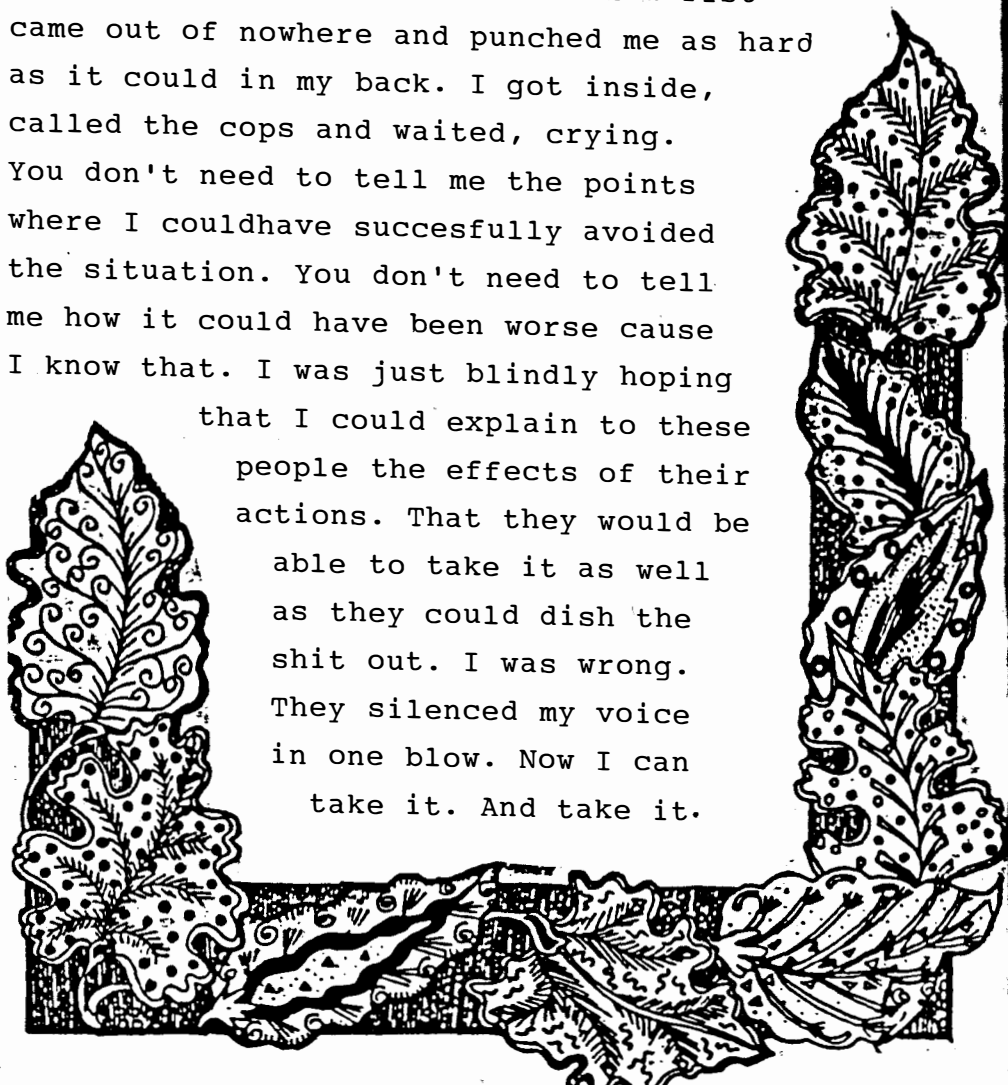
I don't take it as a compliment in any way and I wish you would stop." There was a moment of stunned silence and then it was like a whirlwind of hurled insults exploding in my face. I started walking away & over my shoulder I said



TAKE IT

"fuck you". I got on the escelator and started heading up. I turned around and suddenly all my physical senses turned off and panic spread as I saw the gang running up the stairs next to the escelator. They met me at the top, screaming and yelling in a semi-circle around me. I walked quickly to the store that was open, pulled on the door and started inside when a fist came out of nowhere and punched me as hard as it could in my back. I got inside, called the cops and waited, crying.

You don't need to tell me the points where I couldhave succesfully avoided the situation. You don't need to tell me how it could have been worse cause I know that. I was just blindly hoping that I could explain to these people the effects of their actions. That they would be able to take it as well as they could dish the shit out. I was wrong. They silenced my voice in one blow. Now I can take it. And take it.



RIDDLE PAGE

There is a small town and all the men in the town are clean shaven. In this town, there is only one barber. The barber only shaves those men who do not shave themselves. So how does the barber stay clean shaven?

I groaned out loud when my friend Soren told me this riddle. I paced back and forth, trying to come up with a quick (correct) answer. I couldn't think of anything. I'd pace, walk up to Soren and say: "The barber used nair." Soren would shake his head no. Pace, walk up and say "The other men, in a joint effort, shaved the barber." Sometime after that suggestion Soren stopped listening to me as I paced, muttering to myself. My best answer was that the barber simply hadn't reached puberty yet. Soren didn't buy it. The correct answer is (of course) THE BARBER IS A WOMYN.