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"We Were There": From Alice Bag to Emos The War on Punk and Other Décadas Podridas

A Dissertation submitted in partial satisfaction
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in

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by

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Dedication

This dissertation is a labor of love for anyone that has turned to punk as a means to understand the world as a person of color, as a woman, and/or as a queer person.

Every single page is a love letter to you.

I dedicate this dissertation to the antepasados and my elders:

my abuelito Moises Hernandez and abuelita Alta Gracia Lima

whose trumpet and sweet voice serenaded every thought and word I wrote here.

ABSTRACT OF THE DISSERTATION

"We Were There": From Alice Bag to Emos The War on Punk and Other Décadas Podridas

by

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Doctor of Philosophy, Graduate Program in Ethnic Studies
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Dr. Richard T. Rodriguez and Deborah Vargas, Co-Chairpersons

'"We Were There": From Alice Bag to Emos The War on Punk and Other Décadas Podridas" is a comparative ethnographic study of queer Chicana participants in the Los Angeles/Southern California and Latino diasporic punk scenes from 1977-2008. The project insists on a reexamination of queer Chicana punk culture from L.A. as a hemispheric and sonic migration throughout the global south. While Chican@/Latin@ identity is often tethered to physical migration from the global south to the U.S., I look to the way sound offers alternatives to understanding migration patterns for Chican@/Latin@ expressive cultures in the U.S. beyond physical movement. To accomplish this, I use a trans-disciplinary method I call "Intellectual Dumpster Diving," to make use of obsolete or unlikely ephemeral objects of memory (re)covery as intellectual archives. These archives consist of memoirs, dance, spit, photographs, sexploitation films, and oral history which address how the cultural practices found within punk offer space to critique sexism and xenophobic discourse during the 1980s.

This research project illuminates an alternative genealogy of punk historiography— one that accounts for the early Los Angeles punk scene and the queer women of color that helped create it. Alice Bag, a queer Chicana punk from the 1970s punk scene in L.A., creates this project's foundation by calling for both a reexamination

of the lack of representation of queer Latinas/Chicanas in punk historiography and L.A. punk as a global scene in conversation with the global south, specifically Mexico and Nicaragua. Considering how punk during these years existed within a broader network of other newly forming punk scenes in Latin America, "We Were There" aims to highlight particular punk scenes during the era Mexican President Carlos Salinas de Gortari called "the lost decade" or "la decada perdida" in which he argued the moral fabric of Latin America was falling apart at the seams and thus insisted upon a Reaganesque rise in political conservatism.

Yet, according to punks in Mexico, these specified years were not lost but rather rotten or "podrida." This project sifts through that rot to challenge the idea that punk is a white cultural production by utilizing the queer Chicana praxis of testimonio to argue that in fact Chicana/Latina women and queer youth were pillars of an entire punk movement in Los Angeles and elsewhere during the late 1970s and into the mid 2000s during "the punk renaissance."

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Figure 1 Collaborative Spotify playlist courtesy of the punks interviewed for this dissertation. Readers are welcome to add songs to playlist. Zine artwork created by the author. Playlist co-created by Sandra and Jonathan of Santa Ana.

Introduction

"*Listening to Chicana music recalibrates the musical compasses of geography, the masculinist representation of instrumental sound, and claims the striving for passion that sonically reimagines the borderlands*."

-Deborah Vargas from *Dissonant Divas in Chicana Music: The Limits of La Onda*

In December 2016, Alicia Velasquez, also known as Alice Bag, curated an oral history with *Razorcake Magazine*, one of the most well-renowned punk zines and the only non-profit music magazine in America, as a direct response to misinformation posted on the Smithsonian website regarding the American Sabor Exhibit. [1] Alice declares:

"My name is Alicia Velasquez, but I'm better known as Alice Bag. I grew up in East L.A., the daughter of Mexican immigrants. In the late 1970s, I was the lead singer of a band called The Bags, one of the first wave of Hollywood bands alongside such groups as The Screamers, The Weirdos, the Zeros, and the Germs. We all performed at a basement in Hollywood called the Masque, a club started and run by a Scottish immigrant named Brendan Mullen. The Masque scene was very short-lived. It was open just about a year or so before the Los Angeles County Fire Marshal shut it down permanently, but it made a huge impact during that time, functioning as an incubator for the nascent punk scene. It was a subterranean basement where being different was not only welcomed but celebrated, a place where creativity, art, and music flourished and found support outside of the mainstream.

The 1970s Hollywood punk scene was a space where I could be with other, like-minded individuals who also felt disenfranchised or alienated by the communities where we had grown up: our schools, our families, our neighborhoods. I wanted to join a Chicano student organization when I was in high school, hoping to find solidarity with others who were motivated to make positive change. I ended up not joining after I perceived being judged unfavorably based on my weird appearance, so I know what it's like to be the recipient of negative bias.

As I write this, I want to state that it is not my intention to deny or diminish those deeply personal experiences of perceived bias, spoken or unspoken. I simply want to add my voice and the voices of others who were present in the early years of the Los Angeles punk scene in hopes of providing a more balanced narrative and a counterpoint to what is in danger of becoming "the official story."

A few years ago, three University of Washington professors curated a museum exhibition called American Sabor, which aimed to show the influence of Latinos in U.S. popular music. I was lucky enough to get a personal tour from one of the curators during the first installation at Seattle's Experience Music Project Museum. The show was well received and it was picked up by the Smithsonian as a traveling exhibition in 2012. I took

my friends and family to see it when it got to the Musical Instrument Museum in Phoenix, AZ. Now, a smaller version of the exhibit is at Cal State L.A. I was happy to attend the opening reception and thrilled to experience the show at my old alma mater (I got my Bachelor's degree and my teaching credential at Cal State L.A.) I planned to tweet links to help spread the word. But, I noticed when I chanced upon the Smithsonian's webpage for American Sabor that some of the information was wrong and misleading. [2]

Bag proceeded to curate an oral history project of her own and interview Latino and Chicano identifying punks from the first wave of the L.A. scene to not only dispute the Smithsonian's false claims that punk was antithetical to Latina/os and Chicana/os [3] but also to interrupt the tired notion that people of color, especially queer and women of color, never fully participated in early L.A. punk.

Bag adds, "Most disturbing to me was the implication that the early punk scene was inhospitable to people of color, specifically Latinos. The scene I experienced felt pretty egalitarian, but I wanted to engage my peers in the conversation. So I decided to interview some members of that early Hollywood punk scene to get their impressions and tell another side of the story that's been so often left out in order to perpetuate a dramatic storyline that never really existed—or perhaps existed for only a handful of people. What follows are those conversations. We were there and we can tell you first-hand how we were treated and how we treated others. I asked for concrete, specific first person accounts only and that's what you're getting." [4] The title of this piece, "We Were There: Voices from L.A. Punk's First Wave: An Oral History Hosted by Alice Bag," prompted me as a new student in graduate school to email Bag personally after having met her at the *American Sabor* exhibit at Cal State L.A. We exchanged some brief thoughts about academic integrity, mental health, but most importantly I pledged to craft my academic

career in the name of just representation of the punk communities this dissertation project aimed to engage with.

The title of this dissertation, '"We Were There": From Alice Bag to Emos The War on Punk and Other Décadas Podridas," is therefore named after Bag's piece in *Razorcake* and falls in line with the long tradition punk historiography's engagement with oral testimony and ethnography. However, at its core, it is Bag's notion of "We Were There" that shapes the contours of this dissertation in that every person, text, and event— whether seen or heard as "fact" or "fiction"— was there at the temporal moments this dissertation outlines and captures. Considering how punk between the late 1970s to the mid-2000s existed within a broader network of other newly forming punk scenes in Latin America, "We Were There" aims to highlight particular punk scenes which overlap with and respond to some of the harshest political conditions at the time. Between 1995 and 1998, Mexico had entered an era of failed modernity and Mexican President Carlos Salinas de Gortari called for a resurgence for conservatism in his book *La "Decada Perdida: 1995-2006 Neoliberalismo y Populismo en México* [5]

Yet, according to the gutter or street punks [6] in Mexico, as introduced in the documentary *La Década Podrida* (1995) directed by Pablo Gaytán y Guadalupe Ochoa, these specific years were not lost but rather rotten or "podrida":

> "Primero se asustaron de nuestra ropa [¡Ay Mamacita!] Luego no creyeron que pensábamos, y nos estudiaron [pedo] nos convierten en moda, [whoo] y es más en poco tiempo nuestras propias creaciones inventadas por nosotros mismos lo inevitable sucedió— le dimos putazo a tu historia o mejor dicho la histeria. Mucho antes que se dieran cuenta para que cuando esto sucedió nos encontrábamos muy muy dentro y la gran infección irreversible. Un día cualquiera las calles nuestras perseguido por los perros [ladrido de perro] los sueños de ustedes se vinieron abajo, BOOM!" [7]

> *First, they were scared of our clothing* [¡Ay Mamacita!] *then they thought we didn't think, only to study us* [fart noise] *they converted it to fashion,* [whoo] *and in little time our own beliefs, created by us, the inevitable happened— we beat the shit out of their history or rather their hysteria. Before they figured it out, we were already very much in too deep in the grand irreversible infection. On a regular day, in our streets, followed by dogs, your dreams came crashing down. BOOM!"*

In this excerpt, the narrator is revered artist and Mexican Anarchopunk activist Francisco Valle Carreño, also known as "El Iti." Carreño helps reveal aspects of street punk told from the perspective of Mexican youths during one of the most devastating economic recessions in Mexican history. Such a perspective challenges the ebbs and flows of punk history that are not fixed from a U.K. to U.S. trajectory.

In short, the current history of punk is often described "as an attitude… momentarily rescued the word [punk] from its time-honoured place of shame and elevated it to describe a youth moment that dared to rock the status quo beyond the imagination of any previous generation." [8] Along with avant garde artists, punk rock congeals as a genre of music and fashion statement in the U.K. with the Sex Pistols (1975) and in New York with The Ramones (1975). Punk rock reemerges in the 1990s with the Riot Grrrl Movement, which "fuse[d] the rebellion of a masculine punk adolescence, and the celebration of the innocence and communality of girlhood, with the political energy of feminism."[9] This dissertation intercepts these traditional narratives of punk by highlighting the displacement of women of color punk and punks in and outside of the United States during the 1970s. I respond to punk historians centering the histories of white women in New York and the U.K. who mistakenly look to Riot Grrrl as the first scene to showcase all-female punk musicians.[10]

Though Chicanas in 1970s punk are often positioned in East Los Angeles, popular music scholar Michelle Habell-Pallán's *Loca Motion: The Travels of Chicana and Latina Popular Culture* focuses on Alice Bag as a central figure within the LA scene, a subcultural movement only a few years before NAFTA. Contrary to the less nuanced interpretation of Chicanas in punk as evidenced in *Land of a Thousand Dances: Chicano Rock 'n' Roll from Southern California* by David Reyes and Tom Waldman. In the section on chicano punk, Chicana punk icon Teresa Covarrubias from the East Los Angeles based punk band, the Brat, is reduced to her romantic relationship to her bandmate rather than being remembered for her role as lead singer. [11] Thus, writing and thinking through the substantial roles and influences of Chicanas and Latinas, in the face of rampant sexism within music historiography, I borrow from feminist Musicologist Susan McClary to expand and challenge how women in music have been written and theorized about in punk history.

McClary writes, "…whether or not the mainstream of the discipline approves, feminist music criticism does exist. However, the more interesting questions remain: What would a feminist criticism of music look like? What issues would it raise, and how would it ground its arguments theoretically?"[12] Drawing from McClary, I firmly believe that the category of "music" is a social construction created by the European elite vis-à-vis colonialism. Much like the creation of racial categories (that is, "music" similar to whiteness), music was created to control and categorize the savage other or, in other words, to temper their "noise." This hierarchy permeates traditional musicology's fundamental teachings of noise because "noise" is often positioned as a separate category

designated to define all sound which cannot be controlled. Consequently, this relegates any analysis of punk and its pleasurable and radical possibilities as non-scholarly. Thus, lower expectations are placed on "popular," unscholarly, "bad," genres such as punk because punk, like noise, shares similar qualities and critiques. This is why traditional musicology is anemic to "bad" music because engaging with music that is non-conforming forces traditional musicologists to contend with the possibility that not all music can be written down or ascertained by proper protocols. This type of order is precisely an example of a dialectics that considers aural relationships of power. Furthermore, my interpretation of power in relation to cultural production, namely the ways in which music or sound is addressed in cultural studies, is best highlighted by the work of Cultural Studies scholar Stuart Hall.

Hall argues, "'music is a language', with complex relations between different sounds and chords, though it is a very special case it can't easily be used to reference actual things or objects in the world."[13] "We Were There" responds to and disagrees with Hall by investigating the ways that sound *can* not only evoke material meaning but also illuminates an analysis of racial, gendered, and sexual formation in unexpected places and at times like the Reagan Era and beyond. Because traditional Feminist Musicology and Cultural Studies has in part lacked more in-depth analysis of punk, I contextualize Latina and Chicana punk through a Queer Feminist of Color Musicological and Cultural Studies lens through which I engage punk not to make "sense of it" but rather further an intersectional perspective about punkeras absent in histories of women in popular music.

Thus, this dissertation approaches punk, by way of an Ethnic Studies lens along with a queer Chicana Feminist Musicological approach to punk, to reexamine work in Musicology. To do this, I argue punk needs to be understood beyond its capacity to evoke nostalgia and be aligned with Chicana and Latina punk within major post-COINTELPRO [14] socio-political and socio-cultural eras during the height of the 1970s and 80s social movements in the U.S. and the Americas which seldom incorporate punk as a politized subcultural movement. This dissertation sides with punk women of color as agents of change on par with the social movements of their respective times. Therefore, "We Were There" goes beyond inserting Chicana and Latina women into a genealogy of punk and functions as an intervention into the politics of "being there" within punk culture. That is, "there" is the soundscape punk encompasses and embodies at any time to harken to the past or present to understand punk's function over time. "Being there" in punk is the lock and key that protects punk from dying out and the validation one carries to prove to others within and outside the scene that one belongs. "Being there" is also the ability for queer and punks of color to remember and vouch for an event, concert, song, or band that marks punk culture and doubles as a badge, or a patch, of authenticity without material evidence of their presence from before. Indeed, a patch, even in the face of constant erasure from within the scene and academia, is a clear marker of the punkera's existence and love for punk culture even when the political reciprocity between punk and women remains unequal. Yet where did this inequality come from?

Consequently, a guiding question central in this dissertation is: when or how did punk become white? By asking this, I intend to unearth the most coveted and most

seemingly permanent aspect of punk, whiteness, to challenge the most integral parts within punk history such as the mosh pit and punk cinema to produce an alternative feminist of color praxis of punk historiography.

'"We Were There" is a comparative ethnographic study of queer Chicana participants in the Los Angeles/Southern California and Latino diasporic punk scenes from 1977 to 2008. The project insists on a reexamination of queer Chicana punk culture from L.A. from a hemispheric trajectory, a sonic migration throughout the global south. While Chican@/Latin@ identity is often tethered to physical migration from the global south to the U.S., I look to the way sound, namely punk, offers alternatives to understanding shifts in Chican@/Latin@ expressive cultures in the U.S. and beyond. To accomplish this, I use a trans-disciplinary method I call "Intellectual Dumpster Diving" to make use of obsolete or unlikely ephemeral objects of memory (re)covery as key intellectual archives. This dissertation embraces that trash to simultaneously challenge the idea that punk is a white cultural production and to trace the mobilization of the queer Chicana praxis of testimonio to argue that Chicana/Latina women and queer youth were pillars of an entire punk movement in Los Angeles and elsewhere during the late 1970s and into the mid 2000s, a moment identified as the "punk renaissance." "We Were There" outlines a specific timeline of key events documented by way of primary archival ephemeral evidence. Not abiding to linear definitions of time, this dissertation weaves through the punk scenes of Southern California and the Global South to bring together the stories and testimonies of Latina/Chicana punk women and femmes. [15] To accomplish this, each chapter is centered around key objects such as the VHS tape, the deleted

YouTube video, spit, the pogo dance, and early sitcom television programs to signal salient moments like The Elks Lodge Riot of 1979 in connection to the attacks on Emo youth in Mexico in 2008, the queer origins of the mosh pit, the AIDS epidemic, and the Sandinista influence on L.A. punk.

Intellectual Dumpster Diving

Around ten years ago, I was walking down the Venice Beach boardwalk and sat down to watch the sun set with a friend. Where we happened to sit was near a trash can. At the insistence of my friend, I turned around and he pointed out that a young person, who from what I could gather, was a gutter punk, hovered over the bin and stared at a half-eaten slice of pizza on a wrinkly white paper plate. I had never seen a gutter punk before and my friend who had been in a successful local punk band himself, to my surprise joked quietly between us and whispered cheers for the person to eat the pizza. "Eat it! Eat it! Eat it!" While it was clear this young person hesitated to eat the pizza, they did. To this day I remember them because I often think about the capacity punk communities have assimilated so much that attention toward poverty and basic needs to survive loses seriousness in favor of promoting a spectacle of coolness.

An earlier instance of dumpster diving is a minute memory from high school when I was waiting to be picked up outside the Downey City Library (behind the embassy which was *the* spot to drink and smoke during the weekends). I was waiting with my usual group of friends when we noticed the trash bin was full of old books. We were too shy to be caught in the dumpster and too scared to be seen by the police whose

station was within feet of us. So we took turns going in. I propped myself up just enough to take a peek at that they had thrown away. These old books, in no way equal to pizza, commanded a second-hand value that the official institution no longer saw as useful. I would like to think that these two moments assist in considering the role of dumpster diving within punk as both a means to survive and an acquisition of discarded knowledge.

Fashioned after Amalia Mesa-Bains' notion of' "Domesticana" and Maylei Blackwell's "retrofitted memory," Intellectual Dumpster Diving (IDD) is the practice of making use of obsolete or unlikely types of ephemera tethered to notions of "trash" and "refuse" to fashion a distinct intellectual archive and D.I.Y punkera geneology utilizing obsolete media formats, memories, and the body to (re)create the story of Chicana and Latina punk. Whereas Blackwell's Retrofitted Memory is "a form of counter memory that uses fragments of older histories… in order to create space for women in historical traditions that erase them," [16] Bains's take on Tomás Ybarra-Frausto's theory of "rasquachismo" [17] espouses the importance of "the vernacular central to the work of Chicana artists whose own domestic sites of home, family, and labor influenced their aesthetic production and intention."[18] Together, the historical erasure Blackwell is referring to is subdued when considering that even within domestic sites, there is a possibility of the recovery of one's own archive and story. Therefore, IDD relies on similar domestic sites including visual art, as mentioned by Bains, to help contextualize the cultural sensibilities of family and home in the form of the "obsolete," or that which no longer exists, to call forth a punkera "counter memory." To do this, a combination of

domestic sites, counter memory, and D.I.Y. (or do-it-yourself) culture must intersect. In this dissertation, D.I.Y. refers to "a social and cultural movement dedicated to challenging the symbolic codes of mainstream culture through amateur media production practices, not-for-profit economics and informal collective organization." [19] Yet this comes with an addendum which proposes that instead of "amateur media production practices," D.I.Y. is a classed, raced, and gendered set of tactics of survival rooted in the experiences of marginalized punk communities from the ground up through fragments of art, trash, and sound to express dissent.

Jeff Ferrell's *Inside the Urban Underground of Dumpster Diving, Trash Picking, and Street Scavenging* explains how trash can help map memory and time. Ferrell writes, "The dumpsters and trash bins themselves, and the items they contain, offer further moments that linger and loop back on themselves. Last Christmas' hot-selling, must have toy is found baking in this year's overheated summer dumpster; a lost Cupid figure shows up in a trash pile on the 9th of April two month after this holiday…Other juxtapositions are of greater duration, and tragedy. As I discovered time and again, decades old baby photos and college annuals, century-old diplomas and first edition books are simply thrown away, and so left to intermingle with trash bags and trash bins with soiled diapers, greasy pizza boxes, and remodeling debris: in moments of family dissolution, the long cycle of birth and death catches up to the ever-shorter cycles of contemporary consumption and waste. As a scrounger, one's own life and the lives of others are indeed lived in lag time. Momentary or millennial, the delays emerge amid the residues of past wants and aspirations, and always after the fact." [20] The type of punk temporality offered

by Ferrell's real-life experience living on the street and the unique forms trash and waste can map time inspires this dissertation's use of time as a constant rewinding and forwarding through different eras. Specifically, this dissertation's interest in the uses of "trash" as resistance tactics in times of attack and war extends back in time long before punk was coined as a movement.

When I was thinking through IDD more broadly with the help of a couple UC Riverside undergraduate students, one student asked me, "are you saying that people in punk are trash?" and the answer was and remains an emphatic no. As this dissertation evidences, punk has been subject to stereotypes as a lowly or trashy form of rock music which if such critiques are taken at face-value there is a window to subvert mainstream punk historiography. This dissertation does not shy away from these stereotypes and reexamines these previously "disposable" parts to society and the Latina and Chicana women and femmes punks associated with it to create a punkera genealogy made up of "survival, irreverence, and affirmation." [21] Thus, the ethnographic practices in this dissertation, which rely on the traditional question and answer format, also incorporates the notion of "charla," loosely translated as "chat." This allowed for the informal and colloquial interactions between punks from neighboring communities as an example of what punk ethnography can be because "charla" encouraged an exchange of stories from our respective scenes without having to provoke any elitism. Such that, while being IRB approved provoked immediate tensions between myself during the interview process and people I spoke with, I relied on the basics of mosh pit-etiquette to help me negotiate how

to uplift punkera stories without harming the integrity of their agency within the very scene they critique and create everyday.

To be clear, it is not my intention to claim that all punk before 1980 was absent of racism, classism, homophobia, and sexism. Nor do I suggest that the arrival of punk from the beach cities in Southern California rejected any artistic collaboration between local punk scenes as evidenced by some key texts mapping the history of early So Cal punk. Influential texts such as *We Got the Neutron Bomb : The Untold Story of L.A. Punk*, *Under the Big Black Sun: A Personal History of L.A. Punk, Kids of the Black Hole: Punk Rock Postsuburban California,* and *Forming: The Early Days of L.A. Punk*, along with the many memoirs, autobiographies, and photo essays by early L.A. punk icons, all clearly tell the story of early L.A. punk as a complex site of youth counterculture. I regard this chapter as an homage to the early days of So Cal punk and a challenge to the overall lack of representation of punks that are of color, LGBTQIA+, and/or female identifying within mainstream punk history. The people featured here were there and are still here. Much like the careful arrangement of buttons and patches on a punk vest, the following chapters were each crafted to tell a particular story of a moment in time that is in turn repurposed to map a genealogy of the roles Chicana and Latina women within the larger context of L.A. punk as it intersects with the Sandinista Revolutions, in the pre-AIDS era, and the culture of the mosh pit.

Methodology

Because I am sensitive to the seemingly exploitative nature of research methods, especially for communities of color outside the academy, I borrow from a long line of Latina/o and Chicana/o scholars of popular music such as Deborah Vargas (2012), Richard T. Rodriguez (2009), Frances Aparicio (1998), María Elena Cepeda (2010), and Michelle Habell-Pallán (2005) and their methodological interventions contesting merely "recovering" or "integrating" Chican@s/Latin@s into master narratives of popular music history. I consciously deploy interviews and archival research as tools of critical counter-story telling from a "bottom-up" perspective instead of "top-down" keeping in mind that "if we continue to speak to each other implosively, like a concentric force that rejects any 'outside' element, then our work will fail to truly radicalize the production of knowledge that has kept popular culture outside the canon." [22] With this dissertation, I hope to align myself with "feminists of color [that] have taught us that the goals of addition, integration, and visibility of women and queers long elided from canonical histories is short sided and does nothing to advance analysis of gender and sexuality as classifying systems of power" [23] Lastly, I rely on the essays in the collection *Bodies of Evidence: The Practice of Queer Oral History*, edited by Nan Alamilla Boyd and Horacio Roque Ramirez, which draws "from the concept of body-based knowing. This concept asserts that the sexuality of the body (or bodily desires) is an important, indeed material, aspect of the practice of doing oral history work. It argues the physical presence of sexual or gendered bodies affects the oral history collaboration." [24] Such a collaboration is central to this dissertation as I rely on Cathy J. Cohen's notion of queer theory and politics in

"Punks, Bulldaggers, and Welfare Queens: The Radical Potential of Queer Politics?" to approach punk by way of what Cohen refers to as "queer." Cohen states, "For many of us, the label 'queer' symbolizes an acknowledgement that through our existence and everyday survival we embody sustained and multisited resistance to systems (based on dominant constructions of race and gender) that seek to normalize our sexuality, exploit our labor, and constrain our visibility. At the intersection of oppression and resistance lies the radical potential of queerness to challenge and bring together all those deemed marginal and all those commitment to liberatory politics." [25] While the "punk" in Cohen's seminal article is deployed as a radical queer identity refashioned from "punk" as a homophobic slur, this dissertation explores Cohen's "punk" along the same vein but with an added perspective of the "punk" as a punk rocker.

The connection between *queer* and *punk* serves as a focal point to help shed light on how early Los Angeles-based punk differs from New York and the U.K. scenes. The following stories and connections draw out a pronounced presence of queer bodies and desires within punk even in the face of neoliberal fears and moral panics of "foreignness" invading the U.S., where the ultimate fear of communism and AIDS could easily be transcribed to mean fear of any challenge to the state and non-normative sexual desire. Therefore, tapping into the often-ignored queer historiographies of punks in LA and in the Americas more broadly, we can finally begin to piece yet another aspect of punk that exists alongside disorder and sexual expression beyond white hetero or even homonormative imaginaries of sexual liberation in a post-Stonewall context.

With this dissertation, I step away from punk's genre-heavy meaning defined by a rubric for what sounds like punk must then be called so. Here, I use it as close as I can to its more popular use during the time frame I am choosing to travel through. It is what L.A. punks believe(d) it to be. A sense of community. A love letter to queer youth and people of color. Low. Shocking. Dirty. Filthy. A fuck you. In other words, I consciously refrain from a neat definition out of deep respect for the malleability of punk and creatively construct this two part dissertation to best address the challenges that surface when scholarship meets punk, meets women of color and queers, and what I term the intergenerational trauma of poserisms.[26] Part one of the dissertation encompasses three full length chapters which unapologetically tackle those challenges by way of bringing to light alternative punkera genealogies head on while the second part is crafted in part as a zine to highlight quotes from the various intergenerational interviews or charlas in this dissertation. I contend that this two-part format utilizes the punk praxis of D.I.Y. and IDD to combine that which is considered academic scholarship with zine art as an intentional blurring of archive, ethnography, and knowledge production.

Part One: Las Décadas Podridas

Chapter One, "Sandinista Punks on Film: Dumpster Diving for Queer Chicana and Latina Gritos in *Intrépidos Punks* and *Decline of Western Civilization Part*," takes an old VHS copy of Penelope Spheeris' *The Decline of Western Civilization Part 1* (1981)––a documentary on the early L.A. punk scene— and puts it into conversations with a digitized copy of Francisco Guerrero's Mad Max-esque sci-fi Mexpolitation entitled

Intrépidos Punks (1983) posted to YouTube by a fan which, as of 2018, has been taken down, roughly two years later after I found it online. Guided by Alice Bag's travels in Nicaragua in her second memoir *Pipe Bomb for the Soul*, this chapter helps blur the lines of traditional primary archival and textual research to generate a window into the role of punk women during the emergence of punk in Los Angeles as part and parcel to the Sandinista Movement.

With the opposing formats and cinematic styles of documentary and *fichera* or Mexpolitation, YouTube clip and VHS tape, the films *Decline of Western Civilization Part 1* and *Intrépidos Punks* while having remained generally unattended by punk scholarship, serve as telling snapshots of the Chicana/Latina punk experience at the cusp of the Reagan Era. Moreover, while the global and politicalscape changes under Reagan, so does the shift from punk rock to hardcore by the early 1980s. "Punk Rock," the old school style of punk before 1980, is distinguished from "hardcore," a more aggressive take on punk which originated from the beach cities neighboring Los Angeles iconized by mostly white men.

Borrowed from the early L.A. punk band the Gears' seminal hit "Don't Be Afraid to Pogo", Chapter Two helps unearth the genealogy of the mosh pit that much like Chapter One traces a more nuanced linage between punk and women of color. The chapter, "Don't Be Afraid to Pogo!": A Queer Chicana (re)covery of the Pogo and the Story of How Punk Became White," takes to the pit as a window into an alternative genealogy of punk historiography by way of its long-forgotten ties to the pogo. The missing link between the pogo and the mosh pit is one created out of the outright erasure

of people of color from broader punk history which has generally centered the experiences of cis-heterosexual white middle class men. I argue that the erasure of the Los Angeles punk scene and queer Chicanx/Black youth from punk history can be mapped through the story of when and how the pogo was replaced by slamming and later the mosh pit. Yet, further exploration of erasure within punk beyond historical error or inaccuracy leads this dissertation into the last and final chapter about the unearthed exploration between horror, disease and contagion during the AIDS pandemic within the U.S. and how punk not only kept being subjected to whiteness but also homophobia.

Chapter Three, "'How Many Queers are Here Tonight?' The AIDS Epidemic, Gobbing and Punk as Contagion," begins then with the arrival of the AIDS virus in the 1980s, the onslaught of homophobic sentiments, attitudes, and rhetoric against gay men drastically changed the course of punk as we know it. While gobbing (the act of collectively spitting on a band) was quickly no longer an appropriate response to bands thereafter, this chapter traces the wave of moral panics about the AIDS epidemic was not just aimed at gay men but also punk culture. Cemented by the 1980 film *Cruising*, the film's use of The Germs' single "Lion's Share" and a reading of *Vamp* (1986) starring Grace Jones, demonstrates a lineage between early L.A. punk and the fear and misinformation around AIDS as contagious through saliva.

Part 2: The Zine Pages and Spit as Testimonio

In thinking about the ways saliva can also be noted as an agent of storytelling and a complex site of queer archiving, this dissertation concludes with a zine style portion in which collage art, created by the author that is myself, is joined and perhaps juxtaposed

by selected quotes from the interviews or charlas that helped shape this dissertation. The role of visual art as a scholarly expression that which written theory leaves out informs the choice to create a zine portion of this dissertation. I borrow from the anthology *Making Face, Making Soul/Haciendo Caras: Creative and Critical Perspectives by Feminists of Color,* namely the section "Creativity is a Coping Strategy," in which Gloria Anzaldúa proposes "A woman-of-color who write poetry or paints or dances or makes movies knows there is no escape from race or gender when she writing or painting. She can't take off her color and sex and leave them at the door of her study or studio. Nor can she leave behind her history. Art is about identity, among other things, and her creativity is political." [27] Thus, these intergenerational quotes and collaborative Spotify playlist offer their own stand-alone punk archive. While incorporating elements of Intellectual Dumpster Diving, the zine pages are carefully and artistically repurposed using fragments of images to accompany these unique stories because as punkeras "our survival depends on being creative."[28]

Chapter 1

Sandinista Punks on Film: Dumpster Diving for Queer Chicana and Latina Gritos in *Intrépidos Punks* and *Decline of Western Civilization Part 1*

"So there are two kinds of experience; the experience of memories but also the experience of the erasure of *the memory*."
Dora Maria Tellez, Politician and FSLN Commander, interview from *¡Las Sandinistas!*

Buttons, Pins, and a Post

In her second memoir, *Pipe Bomb for the Soul,* Alice Bag details her experience teaching English abroad in Nicaragua during the Sandinista Movement. Her personal journal, refashioned as her second book, tells her story as a Chicana traveling to Nicragua and the unraveling lessons she learned about class privilege, armed resistance and the combatant women actively fighting against the U.S. backed Contras. In the "Introduction" she begins, "I was told my parents I was thinking of going to Nicaragua. They insisted I shouldn't go, reminding me that the country was at war and that Nicaragua was being described as "the new Cuba." I whole heartedly supported the Sandinista Movement which has successfully overthrown the corrupt government of Anastasio Somoza and installed a socialist democracy in its place." [29] Nevertheless, under the tutelage of her college professor, Bag arrives to Nicaragua in 1986 during what is known as the second phase of the Sandinista revolution post the Samoza overthrow. The call for volunteers to help with the Sandinista's growing literacy program attracted Bag to teach English abroad only to return to Los Angeles as a radicalized feminist. Throughout her memoir, Bag highlights the women she met during her stay in Esteli, a town just two hours north of Nicaragua's capitol, Managua, whose political mentorship would mark her teaching

pedagogy and art throughout the rest of her life. In her epilogue, Bag remarks "my revolution happened from the inside out over a prolonged period of time. It started with my visit to Nicaragua and continues every day of my life. There's always a news story, a personal interaction, or a provocative idea that requires me to face the world as a teacher/student, that requires me to step outside of my comfort zone and engage in praxis." [30] As one of the founding Chicana punks in the early Los Angeles scene, Alice Bag's account of her visit to Nicaragua in the 1980s first and foremost addresses the fallacy that early Chicana [31] punk was not internationalist by design and lacks intellectual rigor as a phenomenon allegedly confined to the domesticity of the United States and minimalized to the experience of Chicanas in the Southwest. Chicana and Latina punk is a particular form of punk that unearths the experiences of brown women that are otherwise swallowed up by the white noise of capitalism, military intervention, globalization, white supremacy, and patriarchy.

Indeed, the interconnectedness between punkera Chicana and Latina women living in what we now call the United States and Latina/Mexicana punkeras in the global south are additionally personified in an image of Alice Bag circa 1984 performing at a benefit concert for CISPES (Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador) while wearing an FMLN (Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front) button. This photo, taken from Bag's Instagram page, gestures to a feminist punk genealogy that addresses the gaps in the vacuum mainstream punk only created which has overtime tethered L.A. punk to the U.S. and not the global south. By challenging the seemingly fixed notion that punk in Los Angeles only thrived within the U.S. provides an opening

into understanding how punk has always been a transnational phenomenon outside the United States whose sounds have migrated across geopolitical borders— the same borders that gatekeep punk as white. Bag recalls how

> In the '80s we did quite a few fundraising events for CISPES. The election of Ronald Reagan was very polarizing. I think many young people became much more politically active after that. In fact, it was similar to what we see today, though there was no internet, so access to information was a bit more difficult. One of the beautiful things about punk is that you could pretty much set up a show anywhere because the D.I.Y. ethic allowed us to put together benefit concerts easily and with little advance notice. In the early '80s, punk was growing and spreading very quickly, so a popular band could effectively sell out a show, raise a bunch of money and raise consciousness at the same time. [32]

In other words, early incarnations of D.I.Y. or "Do It Yourself" attitudes and aesthetics within Chicana and Latina punk culture, at least in Bag's example of organizing D.I.Y. punk shows during the Reagan Era, clearly unearths the radical political influences of Central American politics onto punk organizing. That is , any denial that the political insurrections in Central America inspired early punk D.I.Y. culture in Southern California in the mid to late 70s is an embarrassing oversight. Together, the image of Bag at a CISPES benefit show and her second memoir, helps map the ways in which Bag navigated her blossoming feminism. However, at the root of this intersection are the combatant women she met in Nicaragua and her experience as a founding punkera in the Los Angeles punk scene. Fusing the non-conforming attitudes of punk with the radical politicization of the Sandinistas, it becomes quite clear for this first chapter, that the political undertones of the late 1970s to mid-1980s truly shaped punk in Los Angeles before popular media representations under the Reagan regime flattened punk's radical, or what Ashon T. Crawley calls "otherwise possibilities." [33]

Crawley explains, "Otherwise, as word—otherwise possibilities, as phrase— announces the fact of infinite alternatives to what is. But what if infinite alternatives exist, if otherwise possibility is a resource that is never exhausted, what is, what exists, is but one of many. Otherwise possibilities exist alongside that which we can detect with our infinite sensual capacities." [34] Therefore, in order to decect the "otherwise possibilities" of early punk, I rely on the possibilities of obsolete ephemera as resources to think about a past that I have no kinship to.

This chapter loosely begins in Nicaragua with Alice and is guided by an old VHS copy of Penelope Spheeris' documentary focused on the L.A. punk scene entitled *The Decline of Western Civilization* Part 1 (1981) and a digitized copy of Francisco Guerrero's Mad Max-esque sci-fi Mexpolitation entitled *Intrépidos Punks* (1983), posted to YouTube by a fan which as of 2018 has been taken down— roughly two years later after I found it online. While mainstream punk history weave through U.S. white counterculture in the 1960s before the arrival of punk in New York by the mid-70s, the role of insurgent movements in 1980s Latin America as a contemporary of early punk in the U.S. is rarely a direct link made in punk historiography. Perhaps an exception is James Greene, Jr.'s *Brave Punk World: The Intergenerational Rock Underground From Alerta Roja to Z-Off* (2017) which details punk scenes and bands across the world, including Peru, El Salvador, Argentina, Brazil, Chile, and Uruguay. Yet the roles of punk women, particularly Latinas, remain undocumented.

The archive this chapter creates and builds on blurs the lines of traditional primary archival and textual research with opposing formats and cinematic styles of

documentary and *fichera* or Mexpolitation and takes seriously ephemeral or outmoded forms like the YouTube clip and VHS tape. This type ephemera generates a window into the role of women of color during the emergence of punk in Los Angeles and in global south during the late 70s and charts the often-ignored influence of the Sandinista Movement on punk. In order to do this, I intend to situate the grito within these sources and texts to sound out and weave together the variables of Chicana and Latina punkera non-normative expressions of gender and sexuality from the late 1970s to 1983.

Figure 2 Alice Bag CISPES post on Instagram. Screengrab by the author November 10th, 2017

1,592 likes

alice_bag I learned the power of community during my involvement in the early LA punk scene. Then, in the early eighties I was frequently asked to perform concerts in support of a group called CISPES. CISPES was an organization that worked in solidarity with the people of El Salvador and organized resistance against US intervention in Central America. That eventually led to volunteer work in post-revolutionary Nicaragua as a literacy coach for the Sandinista educational program. That experience opened my eyes to many, many things which continue to affect my activism and my writing to this day.

Understanding that all action creates change has helped diversify my own activism. While I still participate in group actions, I am bolder about taking independent action. I write, create, and perform music and incorporate subjects that challenge the status quo.

Singing for CISPES - Committee in Solidarity With the People of El Salvador benefit , 1984 #clublingerie #fbf #solidarity

Figure 3 Alice Bag CISPES post on Instagram. Screengrab by the author November 10th, 2017

Gritonas y Fieras

In punk, screaming is by far one of the most outstanding characterizations of its iconic sound. It is often the first thing anyone points out when listening to punk and is generally the first critique punk is subject to as being "too loud" or "abrasive." This chapter however, embraces that abrasiveness as an intentional weapon of feminist agency. I turn to the uses of the scream, or rather the grito, to simulate a hemispheric map of early Chicana and Latina punk. The queer Chicana/ Latina grito is a teleological survival and artistic mechanism facilitated by a cohesive femme network of vibrant sonic youth punk subcultures that is shaped from the underbelly of the U.S.'s repression and accounts for the intersections of race, class, gender. "Gritando" in this chapter is drawn from Black Performance and Literature scholar Jayna Brown in her article '"Brown Girl in the Ring': Poly Styrene, Annabella Lwin, and the Politics of Anger."' Brown calls on affect and the emotion of anger to talk broadly about the voice and singing as performed by female, racialized bodies. Here, Brown strategically deploys anger as a multifaceted tool to analyze the music and lyrics of Styrene and Lwin which intertwines with the artists' personal lives, affect theory, and cultural studies in order to knit together a larger representation of "anger" in punk that is sensitive to women of color and their already existing racialization as "inherently" angry subjects. The screaming voice is reformulated by which they "enact a kind of anger that challenges the masculinized form of that emotion, as well as responds to gendered forms of oppression." [35] Though the uses of anger can be evoked though the voice, I expand on Brown's call to notice the grito as a response to gendered, racial, and sexual oppression by turning to Gloria Anzaldúa.

In Gloria Anzaldúa's "How to Tame a Wild Tongue," she notes being without a tongue, or deslengualidad, speaks to how the brown scream is simultaneously caught between multiple positionalities, informed by systemic oppression. Screaming, then, can also offer a radical soundscape that accounts for the colonial legacy of systematic disenfranchisement that preserves mestiza sounds Chicana have used over time to give voice to their own artistic creations. She says, "*Deslenguadas. Somos los del español deficiente*. We are your linguistic nightmare, your linguistic aberration, your linguistic mestizaje, the subject of your *burla*. Because we speak with tongues of fire we are culturally crucified. Racially, culturally, and linguistically *somos huérfanos*—we speak an orphan tongue." [36] Between Brown's scream and Anzaldúa's notion of deslegualidad there is an articulation of gritando that does not need to be abstracted or "orphaned" completely from the producer. The grito can emerge from within the personal and multi-layered experiences of punk women translating their hurt, displacement, and resistance into gritos. Much like Alice's grito from the 1984 CISPES show, I ask the question: how does the uses of gritando within the Sandinista movement help craft early hemispheric Chicana and Latina punkera histories and knowledges outside the U.S. and U.K? The answer perhaps lies in within the roles of Alice Bag from *Decline* and *Intrépidos*' "Fiera" and their fantastic transgressions against gender/sexual norms and heteronormativity.

Sandinista Women and Early Punk D.I.Y Culture

In Jenny Murray's 2018 documentary *¡Las Sandinistas!* a variety of women from diverse ranks from the first and second waves of the Sandinista revolution are

interviewed to highlight their roles within the movement. Moreover, they detail their day-to-day lives from before the revolution as members of the domestic spheres in their community as mothers or wives and especially as newly radicalized women during Samoza's regime. One combatant, Lupita Lazo, remarks: "I would say, 'If other women can do it, why can't I? The National Guard was very well-armed. We were just a group of poorly-armed kids. We trained whoever and didn't know how to handle weapons" in the same sequence, former Minister of Culture, Daisy Zamora, elaborates further on their militant training admitting, "we had to create things from nothing." The capacity for Sandinista women to mobilize "from nothing" is at the core of the attitude and aesthetics of what would be later referred to as D.I.Y.— the aesthetic of punk culture and the praxis of making do with what one has— or more deeply described previously in the introduction as a classed, raced, and gendered set of tactics of survival rooted in the experiences of marginalized punk communities from the ground up through fragments of art, trash, and sound to express dissent. In just a few words, Lazo and Zamora draw out their memories of themselves as fighters tasked to pick up arms, organize in preparation for combat, and survive in the underground with the modest resources the Sandinista community could offer for their fighters living clandestinely. Fighters made do with that they had and created a whole new way to being in their country in the same ways Alice Bag in L.A. was navigating an entirely new subculture called "punk" which was condemned by every aspect of mainstream white U.S. culture because of its challenge to the status quo. This condemnation is best evidenced by the title of one of the most celebrated L.A. punk documentaries: *The Decline of Western Civilization,* Part One.

On the Decline

The Decline of Western Civilization (1981) opens with an interview with Eugene, a prominently featured young white skinhead punk whose interview is shot entirely in black and white under an exposed light bulb hanging from the ceiling and reminiscent of a police interrogation room. When Eugene is asked by *Decline*'s director Penelope Spheeris what he likes about punk, he replies, "Well, I like that… its something new and it's just reviving like old rock 'n' roll and it's like raw again. It's for real. And it's fun, and you know… it's like there's no bullshit. There's no rock stars now, ya know…" [37] Eugene's interview sets a somber tone for the rest of the film which begins to shape the portrait of the "early days" of L.A. punk as not only white but also home to disenfranchised/disconnected youth worthy of the viewer's total empathy.

Decline 's seminal opening shows members of the featured bands reading a notice of disclosure for consent to be featured in the film. While the audience heckles and attempts to interrupt the reading, we meet Alice Bag (Alicia Armendariz) of the Bags early on as one of the faces opening the film. Credits begin and is at first narrated by FEAR's Lee Ving followed by X's John Doe's voice shouting, "It's a fucking movie representing fucking L.A.! DANCE!" Moreover, the film's standard form encompasses interviews juxtaposed by a performance or footage of shows to accompany interviews by journalists or local club owners. The variety of testimonies within *Decline*, mostly favoring the perspective of white punks from the local beach cities neighboring Los Angeles, speaks to the *Decline*'s anemic incorporation of race, queerness, and people of

color's role within L.A. punk. However, the little that is seen if one looks hard enough, is in the passing footage of queer and or Chican@/Latin@ luminaries such as Alice Bag, Phranc, Darby Crash, El Vez, Ron Reyes, Robo, Craig Lee, whose images are accompanied by Exene Cervenka's sarcastic reading of a religious homophobic pamphlet she found in the trash, all illuminate the depth of queerness and race, within L.A. punk. But it is Alice's tokenization in *Decline* that recenters this chapter's interest in the grito by way of the Bags' performances of "Growlers in the Night" and "Gluttony." Perhaps unrecognized by film's director, Alice's grito unearths stereotypes about loud angry brown women in punk that exceed the film's narrative frame and reaches far beyond the L.A. scene.

More Than a Pink Dress: The "Alice Bag Band"

Decline was filmed on site in Los Angeles from December 1979 to May of 1980 and has since been hailed as "the grand high master of them all"[38] with regards to its relevance and importance to punk cinema and fandom since its official release in 1981. While this claim carries weight even today, some of the film's luminaries have a different experience watching the film. Alice Bag remarked in a 2015 blog post:

> Penelope [Spheeris] also shared with us the fact that she had originally approached the Go Gos about being in the film but talks with the Go Gos' management had stalled due to negotiations about points and other financial details. Penelope said she felt she didn't have enough women in the film and I believe that was the reason she was interested in the Bags. I got the impression that she wasn't necessarily a Bags fan but maybe we just fit the concept she had in mind for her film…Over the years, I've come to accept the film for what it is. It is called The Decline of Western Civilization, not The Golden Age of the Hollywood Punk Scene. The film was shaped by the director's vision, that's usually how it works. I didn't really like the film when I first saw it, in fact I

> walked out of the premiere screening because I couldn't bear to watch it. Now, I recognize the film's value, it has introduced a lot of people to punk and for many, it led to further exploration and research about the music and the ideology behind punk. [39]

Bag's aforementioned blog entry on her experience watching *Decline* reminds us that *Decline* is long overdue for a queer Chicana feminist analysis for its tokenization of the Bags' frontwoman. During an online interview, Bag recalled, "Yes, we were told by the director that our band was being asked to participate only after The Go-Gos had turned down an offer to be in the film. Penelope felt that she did not have enough women in the film and her decision to invite us seemed motivated by a desire to have more women represented rather than any affinity for our music. I'm glad she was honest about her motives but it did leave me feeling as though our band was a check mark in a female fronted punk band box, or as you say, a token." [40] Additionally, Bag's sentiments are reaffirmed again on the special reissue of *Decline* released in 2015.

Credited in the film erroneously as the "Alice Bag Band," the Bags' performance of "Prowlers in the Night," written by Bags' guitarist Craig Lee, and "Gluttony" are performed by "The Alice Bag Band" about one hour and twenty-three minutes into *Decline* and is quite clearly the most anemic of the featured performances within the infamous documentary. That is, the footage for "Prowlers" hardly features the Bags as performers and it is overwhelmed by footage of white punks looking seemingly bored and unenthused. During the commentary over the film in the reissued version of *Decline*, Spheeris mentions how the opening sequence of people slamming (an aggressive punk social dance described in length in Chapter Two) during X's opening number in the film is in fact a montage of different audiences from different venues.

Whether or not "movie magic" was used to cut and edit difference performances with different or overlapping audience members[41], Spheeris' comments about Alice's scream during the Bag's song "Gluttony" is worth noting here.

Figure 4

Digitized copy of flyer for the Decline show at the Fleetwood. Courtesy of https://www.flickr.com/photos/33135085@N02/3278963540. Uploaded on February 14, 2009

Spheeris says, "She's a great screamer…I wouldn't want Alice mad at me…it was all about chaos ya know? That's what was cool you never knew what was going to happen…ya know that scream like that is sort of the same scream when the spider is going up Darby's arm [42] and it must be a really good feeling to get that energy out, to get it out that way than go hurt somebody… That's why I always loved punk rock, it was an

expression of energy sometimes angry energy." [43] While these comments are in reference to footage of the slam being an "expression of energy," the filmmakers' attention to Alice's scream and dress reinforces stereotypes about angry or feisty Latinas since the rest of the film's commentary over Bag's white male and female contemporaries were described more positively and nostalgically signifies a closer bond with people *meant* to be in the film. The overwhelming attention to the bored audience the camera takes up during the Bags' performances in *Decline* is unquestionable proof that Chicana punk women were becoming too foreign, exotic, and too violent in the scene they helped create.

During a Q&A for a special double feature screening of *Decline* parts 1 and 3 at the Frida Cinema in Downtown Santa Ana, California in 2018, Spheeris contextualized the first *Decline* as having been named after the book *The Decline of the West* by Oswald Spengler, per Slash Magazine editor Claude Bessy's suggestion. Spheeris stated that while the name of the film was an altered version of Spengler's book, she argued that the title really meant to encapsulate the how punk was responding to the decline of society—arguably a decline in *civil* society. The notion of civility as a core part of the film's title illuminates a racialized tension when watching Alice ready to physically confront up one of the audience members during the Bags' set. In her first memoir, *Violence Girl*, Bag traces her anger in autobiographical vignettes that actually embraces her at times aggressive persona on stage. Her aggression however, much like the analysis of her scream by Spheeris, comes with a double standard of how loud women of color can be even in a punk scene that is supposed to welcome all types of transgressions against the

status quo. Rather, the Bags' powerful performances gesture to the newly forming possibilities and reactions young brown women were having to define for themselves in order to survive the looming 1980s and it is Bag's grito in the middle of "Gluttony" that merits more nuanced attention than just being rooted in anger.

"¡Yo Soy La Jefa!": Latina Feminst Agency and Alice's Bag Grito in "Gluttony"

The grito in the "Gluttony" performance in particular, has been one of the most striking scenes in *Decline of Western Civilization*. Not only because her grito is aurally loud but also deeply punctuated for me how little I had heard a Chicana on the big screen gritar willingly and without being a victim on T.V. or in telenovelas. In relation to Bag, I return to *¡Las Sandinistas!* in which I was reminded of how the role of gritos used in combat echo Bag's own grito as interruptions of gender roles in movements that both welcomed and pushed aside women's positionalities.

By 1979, after the FMLN's major take-over of the second largest city of León, footage of Commander Monica Baltodano screaming over live gunfire is shown as she shouts "Who is your commander? Give me the name! The complete name!" to which she recalls:

> The commander appears and says, "I come to negotiate the conditions." He said to me, " I want to speak to el jefe." I said to him, "Yo soy la jefa." Then he says, "I do not surrender to a woman." [44]

Then the voice of the poet, Eduardo Galeano, helps Baltodano's interview cadence with the words "and then he surrendered."

Comandante Baltodano's assertion that she was, in fact, the one in charge, illuminates how the grito is not supposed to be flattened to only anger. While anger is a justified reaction and emotion, screaming is also utilized to communicate orders, assert power, organize people, and rally behind a common cause. I am not imposing on Bag's grito by suggesting it is a form political activism, but I am suggesting that gritando, between Comandante Baltodano and Bag, there is the capacity of a hemispheric connection between feminist agency and Chicana punk that is contoured by militant take-over and insurgency. In Bag's first memoir, she vehemently embraces her "violence girl" persona because after having seen what happened during the Chicano Moratorium and later as her second book outlines, the aftermath of the Samoza regime, Bag's scream served as one D.I.Y. tactic; that is, she had to give voice to her experiences being a punk woman of color and educator during a time in which being either was a viable threat.

In a journal entry in her second book, Bag fondly remembers being asked about Reagan by Comandante Gladys Baez and how difficult it was to address political issues within the U.S. after the "death of the Equal Rights Amedment [which] has stalled any progress for the women's movement. I don't understand what happened to ERA and I can't explain it to her, I guess I'm just too far removed from the mainstream. I told her I was involved in music and that my musican friends were generally open-minded about politics and women's rights. I said that the kind of music I play has been liberating for women because it's more about having something to say than being a great musician. So women, even those who were novice musicians, were not intimidated or shut out due to

lack of experience. She was happy to hear that more women were playing music and writing songs and encouraged me to write a song about Nicaragua and share the experiences I was having here with my friends back home. She didn't seem much older than me but she tool on a motherly tone as she reminded me, "Sin la mujer, no hay revolucion" (without equality for women, there is no revolution). I'd never heard anyone say this before, despite the fact that it seemed like such a simple and obvious truth." [45]

Despite Bag having heard "sin la mujer, no hay revolucion" for the first time in 1986 almost six year past the release of *Decline*, I strongly believe that the grito has been a constant agent of this phrase from the start of the first Sandinista Revolution all the way to Alice in *Decline*. Yet, hundreds of years into the future, *Intrépidos Punks'* leading lady, Fiera, leads her own violent youth punk revolution away from the streets of Los Angeles and into the colonias of Mexico "where shriek turns speech turns song— remote from the impossible comfort of origin— lies the trace of our descent." [46] The song, Fred Moten suggests, is the dissonant melody of Fiera's grito that orchestrates her Anarchist, sex-loving, punk gang to take-over the quiet towns of Mexico's calm country under her command.

While *Decline* aimed to document the early Los Angeles punk scene and *Intrépidos Punks* is a Mexican Sexpliotation film foreshadowing the future of Mexico if it were taken over by punk gangs, I engage both films by relying on their differences in style which assist in blurring the lines of mainstream white representations of punk. More specifically, the women represented in both films are tethered together by a punk futurity that begins in Nicaragua then extends to Los Angeles with the Bags, setting up the

conditions of possibility for Fiera in the future. The future of punk becomes female but with exaggerated images of punk women in *Intrépidos,* there is little left to the imagination as to why politicized punk women, even after the Sandinista Revolution, became ruthlessly satirized.

"No Se Te Olvide Que Tambien Compro Mujeres Hermosas/Don't Forget That I Also Buy Beautiful Women": On Fiera's Punk Revolution

Jajajajajajajajaja, me sorprende la cantidad de personas enojadas por la temática de esta película [Intrépidos Punks], o por la imagen que dan de los "punks", pero hay que ponerla en contexto: esto es una película mexicana de los años 80, cuando la crisis económica y social se disparó debido a la devaluación y otras circunstancias como la corrupción política, y ante tal situación se hicieron visibles grupos marginales a los cuales fue más fácil señalar como causa del problema, no como una consecuencia de las pésimas políticas sociales y económica, y fueron aprovechados para hacer películas de desmadre como ésta, pese a que aparecen situaciones serias como el narcotráfico que comenzaba a generalizarse, y la violencia. Por supuesto que no son punks, y esta clase de producciones se financiaban por parte del estado. [47]

Hahahahahaha, I am surprised at the amount of people angry over the theme of the film [Intrépidos Punks] or over the representation of "punks", but we need to put this into context: this is a Mexican film from the 1980s, when the economic and social crisis escalated due to devaluation and other circumstances such as political corruption and through this situation marginalized groups were made visible which made it easier to point fingers at them as the root cause of these problems, instead of blaming inadequate economic and social policy, these groups were then taken advantage of by being the center of films projecting chaos such as this one, yes there are scenes of violence and narcotrafficking which was starting to materialize. Of course these are not punks, and these type of productions were financed by the state.

According to *Destroy All Movies!!!: The Complete Guide to Punks on the Film* describes Director Francisco Guerrero's *Intrépidos Punks*:

> An army of feral scumbags party hard and kill without mercy. The most beautifully misrepresented punks ever seen run rampant over this Mexploitation supernova. An actress credited as "La Princess Lea" plays bleach-blond amazon Beast, the Bikini-clad ringleader of an enormous gang of crime-crazed desert misfits...Embittered by a torturous prison stint and her hulking boyfriend Tarzan's

> incarceration, Beast has her mutant-bozo henchmen kidnap several government wives. Beast's ransom works, Tarzan is freed and their goons celebrate with gladiator games that later devolve into a massive anything-goes orgy. The punks prove their dysfunctionality is sexual as well as social, with partner-swapping, exhibitionistic masturbation and other acts indicating their unredeemable deviance. The perversions continue into daylight, when innocents are raped, burned and even crushed beneath a tank...and that's just for starters. [48]

Although this particular synopsis gestures quite favorably to La Princesa Lea's character "Fiera", I extend this description further past the emphasis on her efforts to free her boyfriend from prison to focus on how the entire film is really about Fiera's role as "la jefa", to harken back to Comandante Baltodano, is also a tragic cautionary tale about the dangers of being punk and politically informed, especially as a woman. Fiera's entire role is a negotiation between feminist insurgent tactics while being reduced to a sexual object. *Intrépidos Punks* does the work of flattening images of real guerilla women in combat, slapping on leather jacks and bikinis on them replacing their combat boots with heels. However, the grito in *Intrépidos* in the last part of this chapter, reemerges as a D.I.Y. tactic of feminist agency in male dominated spaces and offers a more sex-positive lens but this time between Fiera and the evil narcotraficante, Tuerto.

The Weapons Exchange

Intrépidos Punks opens with a group of four women dressed as nuns walking quite timidly with their heads down trotting toward the ironically called "Banco Rural Del Estado"/The Rural Bank of The State. Once entering the bank, the women play off their innocence relying on their costuming as nuns by asking for money. Soon thereafter they pull out their guns from beneath their habits. As they run off with the money, they

each lift their habits just above the knee exposing black studded leather boots—a signifier of their true identities as delinquent punks. The women are immediately picked up by the rest of their group members and ride off into the streets of rural Mexico —*Mad Max* (1979) style— off to a hideout where they decide they finally have enough money to start their revolution. Fiera, now having been introduced as the ringleader of the punks, along with three other punk women, commission a crooked one-eyed drugs and arms dealer named "Tuerto," or "One-Eyed," to purchase the necessary weapons in order for the Punks to arm themselves. Fiera, in a full BDSM-esque two piece studded romper with Divine-inspired makeup and a large blonde mane of hair, leads the negotiations with the misogynist dealer. Tuerto greets Fiera by first asking her if she comes seeking him for sexual pleasure or for business. Fiera sneers and clarifies that she is only seeing him for business yet Tuerto responds "so lets have a look see… I bet you're here to sell me a stolen car, or jewelry... or maybe." Here the cinematography mimics Tuerto's male gaze by slowly panning across the three women's faces paying particular attention to their outlandish hair and makeup. The gaze pauses on one of the woman's face whose hair is sculpted and dyed to resemble a pineapple and her lengthy nose ring extends from her nostril to her ear. During this pause, Tuerto continues "you're going to give me these precious little dolls?" The young woman laughs and it in her laugh that we enter Fiera's world— an alternative economy that is still male dominated and relies on gendered oppression to fuel the drugs and arms trade in Mexico.

Yet, within the laugh, we can also see how punk women are quite conscious of their agency and are aware they are not for sale or up for consumption. As Tuerto is about

to continue on his sexist rant, the camera finally reaches Fiera's face as she steps up enough to be close to his face and shouts "Shut up, you imbecile!" Once Tuerto sells Fiera and women the guns and ammo, Tuerto closes the deal reminding Fiera that he also "buys beautiful women" and the shot closes. This particular exchange between Fiera and her comrades with Tuerto is a central point of departure and is demonstrative of the political climate this project and chapter is entering. Going back to Sandinista combatant Lupita Lazo and Minister of Culture Daisy Zamora's reflection on their combat training, not being to handle weapons right away was quite common across gender expression within the underground. Yet, in the weapons exchange scene, while the women are actually well trained in firearms and Fiera herself makes sure the guns work upon her own inspection, later Fiera's troop, too high on uppers to fight the evil axis of narcotraficantes and corrupt police officers, die horrific death or severely raped. The juxtaposition of images of well-trained women from the Sandinista movement and the irresponsibility of militant punk women in *Intrépidos*, truly paints a misogynist picture of "the jefa" and "the punkera" as two divergent identities that should not be combined. Yet, as "delinquent" as the women of Intrépidos are, they are not property or commodifiable by any means especially in the weapons exchange when Tuerto says he buys women in the same ways he buys objects. For Fiera and her group to have opened the film with this exchange with Tuerto allows insight into the conditions of possibility when punk women occupy a working class and criminal status, although fictional, still calls forth tactics of survival in the face of police persecution and misogyny. In the following scene, after a few days of mass punk assaults all over Mexico's countryside, the punk gang quiets

down for the evening, after Tarzan is released. An orgy is ordered to celebrate his release in which Fiera's weakness which is her queerness, is revealed during a seductive dance by one of the punk women. Her sexual climax, a sexually charged version of el grito, is quickly silenced by the compulsory heterosexual relationship she has with Tarzan.

"Los Mejores Hombres Con Las Mejores Hembras": Fiera's Queerness and Silent Grito

Once the group returns with Tarzan to their compound, Tarzan announces that in honor of their organization they will party all night and orders "los mejores hombres con las mejores hembras." As the best men are ordered to have sex with the best women, the party ensues with up-cycled motorcycle races followed by a dance a-la-Salome's Dance of the Seven Veils. Popular renditions of the infamous dance are often portrayed in epic films, yet the last Latina to play Salomé was Rita Hayworth (Margarita Carmen Cansino) in 1953. Layered with the hypersexuality of the Latina body, Hayworth's performance still follows the trajectory of white Salomés before her in which her sensual movements and displays of sexual prowess are reserved for the male gaze (King Herod) and serve as a threat to women (Queen Herodias). King Herod relishes in Salomé's movements while Queen Herodias becomes overwhelmingly jealous and possessive of her King. In *Intrepidos*, however, the royal couple is replaced by Fiera and Tarzan and unlike previous performances of Salomé, the male gaze is replaced by Fiera's queer desire. Right after the motorcycle races, the dancer begins by kneeling before a painting of Satan with smoke emanating from its sides. She begins to entice her audience with undulating motions from her breasts and hips down to her high kicks. She enters the circle of watchers with

aggressive belly rolls inviting the audience regardless of gender presentation to watch her and we as the audience cannot help but also be tantalized by her. Without a name or prominent role in the movie outside of this snapshot, the dancer's only identifier is her orientalist performance. Layered by an exaggeration of difference [49] in which Salomé is a mixed representation of the East and West yet in this case it is Mexico/ the United States, compulsory heterosexuality/queerness, the dancer and Fiera. Fiera's fixed gaze onto the dancer is a kind of queer longing that challenges and teases with patriarchy by desiring another woman that is assumed to belong to men's desires, but in fact whose dance is arguably for Fiera and not for the men or Tarzan. The audience is filmed during the dance as looking into the camera and most of them being paired up in heteronormative couples as instructed earlier by Tarzan, yet their gaze is within the camera and seldom on the dancer. The punks are therefore avoiding looking at the dancer, avoiding being turned on collectively which only upholds their secret alliance to heteronormativity. Therefore, even in the future, as delinquent and visible punks become they are still not meant to come out. Yet, Fiera watches the dancer, leans in and with one hand on her hips and another on her exposed thigh, her lips open partly and in this brief moment we witness her readiness to climax, the silencing of her own scream, but is interrupted suddenly and she retreats to compulsory heterosexuality by having sex with Tarzan. This interruption, demonstrated by Fiera's brief facial expression reminiscent shame, disgust or even regret, demonstrates that while Fiera might be in a committed relationship with Tarzan, she is withholding her queer desire for the dancer, for *other* women outside the purview of her gang which all seem to abide by heterosexual desire despite a lengthy orgy scene shortly

after the dance. While Fiera is being eaten out, she is accompanied by the sounds of an orgy in which her comrades are engaged in. Amongst all the whipping and poorly choreographed female masturbation, we evidently do not witness Fiera cumming, but we bear witness to one of the men violently masturbating in a corner finishing off with his eyes rolled and his mouth gaping wide open followed by a maniacal laugh.

However what ties The Sandinista women from Murray's documentary, Bag in *Decline*, and Fiera is that that there is no explicit mention of queer sexuality. In *¡Las Sandinistas!,* any mention of queer relationships in the Sandinista underground between women in combat were not explored in depth. This may be due to the concern that homophobia would effect how their status as revolutionary leaders whose revolutionary legacy would be reduced to harmful stereotypes about their sexuality. For Bag, the constant erasure of her queerness is also subject to silence considering she is hardly ever mentioned as a predecessor of the Queercore [50] canon. Her grito does not cut it within Queercore punk genealogies most likely attributed to the rampant homophobia during the 1970s and the illusion that early punk in Los Angeles has always been straight (not to mention in addition to the constant oversight of biphobia even in the queer community where women in heterosexual passing relationships are not deemed queer enough). Much like Fiera, who straddles the identity of a revolutionary leader and a punk, she finds herself at a crossroads at the end of the film. While the opposition is closing in on the punks, Fiera decides to fight the corrupt state with her friends. But her tragic death and last grito personifies the worst-case scenario for punkera women—the possibility to be erased.

Fiera's Last Grito

Fiera's last grito takes place at the end of Inrépidos Punks when Tarzan abandons her and she is murdered by law enforcement officially who have become tired of the punk gang's assaults on innocent civilians. Fiera's dying grito as she is ran over by a cop car, draws a very tragic ending for Fiera that takes away from her role as a punk leader and makes her disposability justified because she transgresses normative gender roles in real life. She's a punk, a revolutionary, and a queer woman. Therefore her last grito which is sonically the last we hear of her, illuminates a kind of sonic refusal on her behalf in which she does not go quietly. Her last grito as she falls into a deep ditch off the side of the road, rejects women as silent objects of little significance especially in times of revolutionary combat.

Post-Punk Post-COINTELPRO

When I have been tasked to teach about COINTELPRO, the 1960s counterintelligence program created by the FBI to spy on the Black Panther movement among other radical leftist groups of the era, I often wonder if the program ever stopped working when it came to punk by the late 1970s and 80s. How did a mass popular movement rooted in anti-establishment ideals become so divorced of its political inception? This chapter has had to pull out a genealogy of punkera women from "discarded" and unlikely documents to bridge the subjectivities of Chicanas and Latinas across geographical and temporal divides because there is little access to this lineage.

Yet, with the help of obsolete materials and sources from the VHS tape, the deleted YouTube clip, to the grito negate that historical erasure is permanent. The "jefa" and the "punkera's" incessant refusal to be thrown away and forgotten about makes it so that mainstream punk fans reading this have to face the reality that Chicana and Latina women have always been punk and have shaped early punk directly from their throats and gritos unlike the narrow images of Alice Bag in *Decline*.

Moreover, as the early Hollywood scene kept shifting, so did its representation on film and television which were rather new inventions by the 80s in the U.S. "The punk" was being stripped of its "jefa" and Hollywood, once home to a nascent punk scene, was starting to cash in on punk's growing aggressive character and the white men that took it over as outlined in the next chapter.

Chapter 2

"Don't Be Afraid to Pogo!": A Queer Chicana (re)covery of the Pogo and the Story of How Punk Became White

Ultimately, however, a White punk can take off the leather jacket and shave off the mohawk, and, facial tattoos notwithstanding, integrate back into society's mainstream, casting off the Negro and keeping the White. For White punks, like all the bohemians before them, being an outsider is a choice make by themselves, perhaps more existentially profound for being so, but nonetheless still a choice.
-From Norman Mailer's "The White Negro" in *White Riot: Punk Rock and the Politics of Race*

At the 2018 Women Of Rock Oral History Project Launch Party in Los Angeles, a panel of luminary punk identified women were invited to perform and share their experiences being musicians in the rock genre. Alice Bag, one of the queer Chicana pillars of the early Hollywood punk scene from the late 1970s and front woman of the Bags and discussed in the last chapter, begins to notice a person in the audience trying to start a pit during her set. Weaving in and out of an audience, mostly comprised of people of color and femmes, an audience member pushes through the crowd trying to get others to join them right before Alice is about to start the next song. Some fans push back, trying to participate, but most refuse completely to move, bothered by the forced invitation to pit. With little momentum to start a mosh pit, Alice speaks into the microphone and encourages the audience to pogo rather than pit. She demonstrates by explaining to the audience how the pogo was a type of dance her generation of punks would dance at shows— a simple jump up and down in place. While the crowd manages to get excited enough to try jumping up and down, I notice the ease with which the audience slipped into trying the pogo. Still bobbing heads in the dark morph into a jumping crowd of 30 people releasing the pressure valve that is their desire to dance to Bags classics without having to pit. The audience's willingness to try anything besides pitting, the long-time

standard of punk social dancing, brought to my attention how deeply entrenched the tradition of pitting is within punk culture. Among the many memorable performances and stories shared at the WOR Launch Party, I pinpoint Alice Bag's call to pogo during her set precisely to demonstrate what Diana Taylor in *The Archive and the Repertoire* calls "cultural memory." [51] For Taylor, this is

> a practice, an act of imagination and interconnection. The intermediary begins to imagine her heart—her memory. Memory is embodied and sensual, that is, conjured through the senses; it links the deeply private with social, even official, practices. Sometimes memory is difficult to evoke, yet it's highly efficient; it's always operating in conjunction with other memories…memory, like the heart, beats beyond our capacity to control it, a lifeline between past and future.

Bearing witness to the pogo's brief revival that night at the WOR launch party by Alice's guiding hand, I realized the pogo, much like the sentiment behind air guitaring or drumming, accomplishes what institutional punk archives cannot— the pogo recreates moments and memories of belonging in this case for punks of color, women, and femmes within punk spaces in the absence of bloodlines or even representation. While the pogo is largely equated to the band Sex Pistols and the U.K. punk scene of the mid to late 70s, the pogo serves this chapter as a loose starting point in the story of the mosh pit and as a vehicle through which pit etiquette grew from. The sexual and gendered hypocrisy within pit etiquette, in which during a circle pit if someone falls someone else has to pick them back up, is best demonstrated by the testimonios from punkera Chicana and Latina women and elders where ironies clash. Between women falling in the pit and being checked on to being subjected to groping and sexist attitudes around women in the pit, the following testimonios highlight the ways punk Latina and Chicana punks situate

themselves and their agency in a mosh pit. Additionally, their reactions to pitting as erroneously reserved for men and their overall distaste for the pogo as acclaimed Chicana journalist Michelle T, 33, from the 90s Bay area scene, put it

> [the pogo] is a goofy move much in the same way like the running man… I think that having fun in punk has been kind of taboo for a really long time, like you're less serious if you express joy at a punk show…so like, punk has become less joyous…but we got into it because it was fucking fun. So if you pogo it's the acceptance that you look like an idiot. Like you do not pogo thinking you look cool. When you pogo, you have fully leaned into what a juvenile you are and goofball, right? You've leaned into the fool. And so the whole thing is, it's kind of like, I don't think punk embraces the fool anymore. And to us, punk fools are literally, you know, they're outdated people. [52]

Michelle creates a new way to think about the genealogies of punk social dancing that for once addresses the unequivocal complexity of experiencing joy while being a woman of color in any punk scene. The outdated fool she is proposing, who is entangled with the pogo, is also a blunt gesture toward the gendered discrimination within punk dancing in which there is the pit, the masculine dance, the pogo doubling as "the other" or the fool. This is course is reinforced when Alice tried to make people pogo instead of pit because there is an inclusive sentiment to the pogo that the pit is often excused of.

In regard to the bodily use of Taylor's notion of memory, as a conjuring of the body's senses, was precisely how some of the women I spoke to best explained how they remembered their punk scenes. For instance, Alex, 40: Artist, k-12 Teacher, immigrant, advocate activist from the late 90s Berkeley/LA scene cued up Fugazi's seminal "Waiting Room"[53] on her phone to help introduce herself through the songs that impacted her the most. In the middle of her charla with me, Alex utilized "Waiting Room" to communicate her "frustration as a Guatemalan diaspora undocumented person and the frustration of

watching all my peers move forward- go to college while I remained in the 'Waiting room' awaiting my legal status to change."[54] Alex's intimate connection to art (see Appendix) via "Waiting Room," and its iconic opening lyrics:

> I am a patient boy
>
> I wait, I wait, I wait, I wait
>
> My time is like water down a drain
>
> Everybody's moving,
>
> Everybody's moving,
>
> Everybody's moving, moving, moving, moving
>
> Please don't leave me to remain [55]

This aligns with the ways that other women who spoke with me invoked challenging memories growing up punk by relying on their favorite aspects of punk rock, albeit a song, show, or a dance. Some women during their charlas would raise their elbows in pitting like fashion forming their bodies in the shape of a "t" or sing bits and pieces of their favorite songs long archived in their throats, arms and torsos as a way to translate and show me their memories from youth to help transport us to an event or show I was not present for. The consistent movement enacted during the testimonios as a tool of memory recovery included raising of elbows, gestures of pushing or shoving, flipping off— all conclusive evidence that punk social dancing is not tethered to white male aggressive expressions within the mosh pit but rather a deeper D.I.Y. negotiation of women's place and agency. These testimonios show how Latina and Chicana punks have

made do with the dances they inherit, the white punk histories they both love and hate, and how they see the pit and how make it their own.

This chapter asks, even with access to cultural memory, when did punk become white and does the story of the mosh pit have anything to do with punk's whitening? My method of "intellectual dumpster diving," this chapter makes use of obsolete or unlikely ephemeral objects of memory (re)covery as intellectual archives. Not abiding by linear definitions of time, this chapter sorts through testimonio or *charlas* from Chicana and Latina punks and early punk films predating 1979 when the pogo was still popular and widely performed at punk shows to highlight a visual and personable trajectory of the pogo's residency and expulsion within punk. I then recycle "The Slam" or the "Orange County Strut" utilizing the documentary *Another State of Mind* (1984) to help show the progression from the pogo to the slam and the racial, classed, and gendered divide with the arrival of Hardcore and the infamous Quincey M.E. "Next Stop, Nowhere" episode that diagnosed punk rock as a fatally infectious disease for white suburban youth. Lastly, between the pogo's complete obscurity and its takeover by the mosh pit in the 1990s, the debris from the tragic events of Woodstock '99 resurfaces as *the* event that completely rewrote punk culture and pitting as a patriarchal men's only space and dance. By gathering a mix intergenerational charlas by punkera women and femmes on their thoughts and experiences with the mosh pit alongside Taylor's "cultural memory" and

Tomas Ibarra-Fausto's notion of "rasquachismo"— the Chicano working-class artistic aesthetic of making do with what you have— to piece together how the pogo is not only the mosh pit's queer predecessor but also the missing link to help explain why punk continues to be seen as reserved for white people.

The pit offers a window into an alternative genealogy of punk historiography by way of its long-forgotten ties to the pogo. This missing link between the pogo the mosh pit was created out of the outright erasure of people of color from broader punk history which has generally centered the experiences of cis-heterosexual white middle-class men. I argue that the erasure of the Los Angeles punk of color scene and queer Chicanx/Black youth from punk history can be mapped

Figure 5

Flyer for Women Of Rock Launch Party in Los Angeles. Screenshot by the author from http://www.womenofrock.org/pastevents/

through the story of when and how the pogo was replaced by slamming and later the mosh pit again evidenced in the documentary *Decline of Western Civilization* which this chapter will expand upon once more. I position the Los Angeles punk scene of the late 1970s and early 1980s as a prime example of how the experiences of punk youth were deeply shaped by the conditions of possibility the pogo offered, creating a completely different scene than the ones more popularly archived as white, male, and devoid of queer people of color and women. Moreover, the story of the mosh pit, while inculcated in punk culture as having been permanent, also needs dire revision from a Chicana feminist perspective.

The Pogo

Pogoing, the predecessor to moshing, as a physical dance consisted of jumping up and down with varying degrees of contact danced usually by participants across venue space. The pogo was a common form of punk dancing in the earlier days of punk and can be seen more prominently in *The Punk Rock Movie* (1980), *The Great Rock and Roll Swindle* (1980), and the faux biography *Sid and Nancy* (1986). While these films were released in the early 80s, they encapsulated U.K. punk across its origins and even reinterpretations of the iconic punk scene and the pogo as is the case of *Sid and Nancy* released much later after the scene's peak in the U.K. These films all depict the pogo as a series of transgressive movements layered with jumping up, down, side to side, in a sea of colorful clothing, dramatic make-up, and spitting. In Don Letts' *The Punk Rock Movie* (1980), a film documenting a series of punk performances at the Roxy Club in

1977 during the U.K. punk scene— widely revered to be the first punk scene ever— the pogo is first introduced to us within the first three minutes as the film captures two English punk youth pogoing or skanking one of them, a young woman, is seen skanking by herself in the same area that will later evolve into "the pit" will later take over— the front center of the stage. Dubbed over with The Clash's "White Riot," this short scene of the young woman dancing alone unabashedly exposing her breasts is proof of the once different positionality women could have at the front of the stage before Bikini Kill's call for "girls to the front". What is under the young woman's shirt for the viewer to see and for the camera to record, replaces her v-sign without using her fingers, she opens her shirt over and over again as a crude gesture of outright punk femininity. For a brief moment, there is a type of feminine agency that simply put is hardly seen today in the modern day mosh pit. Quickly thereafter, within the next couple minutes, two males interrupt her dancing by groping and molesting her down to the ground— in the same space where the mosh pit eventually is born and eerily foreshadows the sexual assault cases and violent attacks against women at Woodstock '99 as this chapter will explore later. Moreover, Alex Cox's *Sid and Nancy* (1986), a film reimaging the tumultuous romantic relationship between Sex Pistols' bassist Sid Vicious and Philadelphia born punk fan Nancy Spungen. While the film was released well after the peak of the U.K scene, Sid and Nancy, as they are affectionally remembered, embody two of the most archived punk scenes in mainstream punk history— the U.K and New York punk scenes. In *Sid and Nancy*, the pogo is shown in a variety of moments however it is during the Sex Pistols' Thames Riverboat show in 1977 that the pogo is particularly striking. During the Sex Pistols'

performance of "Anarchy in the U.K." a reoccurring pregnant punk woman is seen in the pit area dancing amidst pogoing punks on the boat. While the original footage of the Thames Riverboat show is different from the film's adaptation and has been heavily critiqued by Sex Pistols' frontman John Lydon, calling the entire film "sadly sickeningly depressing" [56] — the portrayal of the pogo then varied with a concert crowd pushing into each other with a pregnant woman participating, while fictionalized, is still a filmed representation of women being central to punk dancing and what it may have been like to be a woman in a "mosh pit" before it was called such. An image transplanted for punks for later generations to discover the Sex Pistols and to a lesser extent to explore what happened to the pogo when there is no clear indication of the mosh pit anywhere. How can punkademics [57] trace the pogo to people of color if the act of jumping up and down is quite universal to just about any social dance across time? From the pogo, to the slam, and finally the mosh pit, the attempt to draw out one single origin of the pogo would prove to be messy at best. Or does the issue become that as a Xicana punk, I have been inculcated with a white single-origin story of punk for so long that the labor to trace an alternative punk history for punks of color seems like an impossible feat?

"We Don't Need the English!": The Jerk, the Hustle and Pure Hell's Boots

According to writer Joshua Glenn, *Hard Day's Night* (1964) the mockumentary following The Beatles on a local tour in London features the first images of the pogo as danced by Beatles fans.[58] Ringo Starr is attending a party in which he is filmed dancing go-go style following an encounter with another male party attendee where both are seen

jumping up and down together. What is clearly a friendly poke at Ringo Starr's shorter height alongside a much taller dancer, Glenn maintains that the pogo was first invented in that moment. Yet, this particular origin story of the pogo is one that reproduces the very tired origin story within punk that situates the U.K. at the epicenter of punk's creation. In sifting through old YouTube recordings of the Bags, I came across their 1979 performance of "We Don't Need the English!" in Portland, Oregon.[59] While the title was not a direct response to Sid Vicious of the Sex Pistols arrival to the Mabuhay Gardens in 1978, her speech at the 2019 UCR Punk Conference had this to say in regard to "We Don't Need the English!"

> It was really talking about a reaction to a magazine article where an English band dissed the L.A. scene and said that we were copying the English scene and just yesterday I was did an interview for *Remezcla* where the interviewer started asking me about all these male white bands and I said you know, I appreciate that those bands exist that they contribute as well but we have to take it back and acknowledge where they gathered their influences cos a lot of times, as Uhuru [member of Fuck U Pay US] said, they want you to claim the rhythm but not the blues. They want to take our influences or they do take our influences and if you ask these British rockers what they were listening to our music and by our music– – I mean all our music. I don't mean one specific kind because all of our roots are there it's a complex quilt American music is not just one language and it is not just one style and for us to come back and find ourselves as punks through this Eurocentric lens really does a disservice to ourselves when we compare ourselves to British rockers or even white male rockers that's not who we are. [60]

Heeding Bag's advice, I find solace in letting go the politics of authenticity and punk respectability and turn to the global south, the music of my parent's generation, to find the pogo. Away from the well-preserved archive of the Sex Pistols, I arrive to Los Rockin' Devils, Los Saicos, and Pure Hell—from Mexico to Peru's 1960s garage rock ending at L.A.'s premier punk club the Masque with Pure Hell's "These Boots Are Made

For Walking"— I dig for the pogo in the refuse of white punk archives and in the gold mines of punk fan's YouTube videos.

A few years before the infamous Tlaltelolco Massacre where students and community members were shot en mass, the pogo also emerges in the midst of a rising counterculture from the rebellious hips of young women in Mexico through "the jerk." Yet, "the jerk" once "safely held in Black American culture for years… before the dance left black communities and crossed over to mainstream America in the mid to late 1960s [61] reinforces once again how the appropriation of Black social dance from the U.S. is also tethered to Mexican counterculture in the 1960s yet the political context through which "the jerk" is sanitized for rocanrol in Mexico, is challenged in close readings of how the dancers during "Es Lupe" interpret the dance and make it their own.

The transhemispheric exchange of rock and roll or "rocanrol" is largely in part credited to the political nuances between the U.S. and Mexico. Eric Zolov explains

> Spanish language rocanrol literally domesticated the imported rhythm [from the U.S] by removing the stigma of rebeldismo that adults and the government had found threatening, while retaining the modernizing aspects that has such broad appeal. Symbolizing the commodity culture and technological achievements of a modern nation, the image of rocanrol promoted by the cultural industries steered clear of outright challenges to patriarchal authority. [62]

Much like the stripping of the "Jefa" from the "punkera" in the previous chapter, the rebellious Mexican go-go dancer of the 70s in her low thrusts and A-line dresses, is forced to be domesticated and wholesome for a mass audience but not entirely complicit in her role.

In the case of Los Rockin' Devils, an early rocanrol group in Mexico in the 1960s and their performance of "Es Lupe" for a popular television program called "Discoteca Orfeon A Go-Go." [63] In this televised performance, Los Rockin' Devils are accompanied by a variety of backup dancers and on the stage is lead vocalist Blanca Estrada in a knee length A-line dress. The camera then shifts to focus on a Black woman dancing in the "jerk" fashion—a stark contrast to the overwhelming presence of white passing women. Mild gyrating of her hips and torso in a syncopated back and forth motion alert the viewer to the dancer's body already outlined by her tight-fitting sweater and capri pants. From "the jerk", appears the pogo from the hips of the two women dancing on stage right. This version of "the jerk" is a tightly structured form of arm and leg movements intended to instruct a clean-cut wholesome version of the once Black version of "the jerk." This is best evidenced by way of the women on "Discoteca Orfeon A Go-Go" dance individually and far away from each other. The opening Black dancers and the accompanying lead vocalist Francisco "Frankie" Estrada, who can jump up and down are cues that such behavior for 1960s Mexico is allowed for the over-sexualized black body and the masculine lead. However, the Mexican woman of the 1960s, embodied by Blanca, whose dancing is tight and relegated to subtle footwork, reveals the gendered and racialized pressures women had to face and negotiate within Rocanrol. Yet, between Blanca and the Black go-go dancers (whose names are not revealed in the footage unfortunately), the pogo like most aspects of rock n' roll, originate from women and by no surprise Black women whose unrecognized creation of the pogo emerges from the political and sexually repressive practices of the Mexican government onto rocanrol. This

early version of the pogo in "Discoteca Orfeon A Go-Go" helped exposed the spontaneity of the pogo that is off beat, syncopated, sexual, and very feminine.

In 1964, Peru's Los Saicos released *Demolición* which is credited by many punk historians, including Legs McNeil in a NOISEY documentary dedicated to Los Saicos, to have "invented punk rock."[64] While there is virtually no filmed footage of Los Saicos live during their prime, a clip of their brief tour in Latin America in 2003 demonstrates an audience pogoing an entire song through, a form of cultural memory en masse for fans of Los Saicos much after their early careers. [65] Unlike Alice Bag's aforementioned performance at Women of Rock in L.A., the pogo takes off in full swing during Los Saicos' performance of "Demolición" and fueled by the electricity of the audience ready for the famous gritty yells by front man, Erwin Flores. The lone "YA YA YA YA YA YA!" sparks the crowd to jump up and town and the accustomed opening of a pit is hardly noticeable if there was even a pit to open. While *any* 1960s/1970s garage band could have arguably been the "first" punk band, such a critique when used against Los Saicos is another way white punk historians try to discredit a Latino lineage of punk. The Doors, the L.A. rock group from the late 60s, also frequently marked at the earliest punk band, would never have the same push back.

Yet, in the search for the pogo and its malleable presence in the global south, Chicana punkera scholar Michelle Habell-Pallan reminds us "why was punk racialized as white, when it was black?"[66] Pure Hell is often credited as the first African American punk band hails from Philadelphia— one of the original sites of what later becomes known as "disco".[67]

> In 1971, Bobby, Davis, and Danny Hackney formed Death, a rock band from Detroit, Michigan. Formerly a funk band, Death switched their style to rock after attending a concert by The Who. Pure Hell, established in Philadelphia in 1974, became another early Afro-Punk band to challenge dominant ideas of what music black people could produce when they released their first and only single, a cover of "These Boots are Made for Walking", and subsequently, an album called Noise Addiction. [68]

Their version of "These Boots Were Made For Walking," the famous Nancy Sinatra go-go anthem, ties in a lineage of the pogo that affirms Black roots extending from Philadelphia to Los Angeles as evidenced on their *Noise Addiction* cover photographed with the unmistakable graffiti art from the Masque Club in Los Angeles in the background. While the pogo could be a response to the standardized movements of "the bump" and "the hustle" [69] Pure Hell reminds us that punk as a whole or even the pogo was not a direct attack on funk or soul as much as it was a blunt critique of "disco." Hell also dilutes claims of the alleged long standing role of heteronormativity within punk by gesturing their influences: Funk, David Bowie and the glam scenes. [70] The line "these boots are made for walkin' and that's just what they'll do! One of these days these boots are going to walk all over you" is rephrased by Pure Hell by adding a harrowing laugh at the end. Hell's addition of the laugh in their version Sinatra's "These Boots Were Made For Walking" is fast paced dedication to the rightful place of Black music in punk in the same way John Coltrane transformed the *Sound of Music*'s "My Favorite Things" or Billie Holiday's powerful rendition of "Strange Fruit" demonstrate a refusal of black art to by swallowed by whiteness. To repurpose a go-go anthem for an album whose cover is a photograph of an often-ignored Black punk band at the Masque in L.A. offers a roadmap and full circle conclusion that we don't need the English. The Black and Brown

residency within the early tracings of punk reveal a genealogy open to reinterpretation to include a plethora of other QTPOC musicians from additional parts of Latin America or even the U.S. but I found it imperative to find the pogo and recognize the roles early QTPOC punks played in its creation. This is lineage that should not be permanently confined to the margins of punk historiography the way punks of color have been conditioned to believe.

White Punk as Property

The process of gentrification is most often perceived as a relatively quiet process where changes to an entire landscape are made against the demands of the community being affected. Yet, gentrification in the context of movement and dance as a force to displace or shift an entire subculture has seldom been addressed. The interconnectedness between displacement and temporality within punk is and can be best described by gentrification in the ways that punk culture is constantly shifting and readapting because of venue closures, over-policing in the backyard scenes, and the take-over of hardcore in the 1980s that overshadowed the more avant-garde and more artistically driven style of punk from before. Punk's ability to occupy space to make *space* for itself only to be subject to its own inevitable evacuation vis-a-vis its whitening *is* the gentrification process that continues to plague punk even today.

The relationship between punk and capital, in regard to the arrival of the slam, aligns with Marxist geographer Neil Smith's inquiring about not "what capitalism does to geography but rather of what geography can do for capitalism." He asks, "how does the

geographical configuration of the landscape contribute to the survival of capitalism?" [71] Punk's commodification, as in making it profitable within the U.S. by the 1980s, required the capitalist evacuation of punk's radicalism by MTV to make it safe for younger white suburban teens, the same youth that transformed early punk and ushered in hardcore with the slam. In other words, the slam produced a new wave of punks that could consume punk, be punk, and expel punks before them that did not confirm to the standards set by the music video industry of the time where many youth in the 80s in Southern California learned to emulate punk culture. When hardcore arrived to L.A. in the 1980s as represented in *Decline of Western Civilization* Part 1, former styles of punk were altered to conform to classed, gendered, and racialized standards of taste for white men. The privilege for white youth from the SoCal beach cities to themselves "punk" publicly was afforded only after the end of the 70s punk scenes had their fair run-ins with law enforcement when the name "punk" was on par with the weight of "criminal" and "delinquency." Overtime, the acceptance of white punk narratives and historiography as the norm only furthered access to punk by bourgeoise white youth, especially by the early 2000s during the "Punk Renaissance." Most punk histories, by then, lacked acknowledgement of the contribution of femmes and people of color within punk before hardcore. For instance, in James Merendino's *SLC Punk!* (1998), a film my group of punk friends in the early-mid 2000s credited as having introduced them to punk culture more than *Decline*, tells the story of a group of white gutter or street punks in Salt Lake City in the early 80s. The fictional bourgeoisie punks in *SLC* defined punk as a temporal choice— a shorthand strategy to rebel against your (rich) parents enough to afford to be

poor. For those of us that didn't have punk elders, *SLC Punk!* exposed young brown girls like me to be punk by enacting whiteness including being complicit toward law enforcement and authority figures. A history tracing back to the LAPD's role in early punk representations on television.

The Los Angeles Police Department's role in early sitcoms during the late 70s responsible for depicting the first televised images of punk youth racialized as good meaning suburban white boys and girls simply gone astray but with the help of the police are retrieved and returned to mainstream society. This reoccurring trope of what I call the "good kid gone punk" is the depiction of a punk rocker that is white, under 25 years old, from and upper to middle class background and chooses to be punk as a form of disrespect to their parents. This shallow image of punk youth unfortunately was the most accessible by the early 80s and consumed en masse.

Commodity consumption is one of the major factors that drive gentrification to help mask the economic duress communities of color are victimized by and the wealthy are beneficiaries of. Yet, according to Lance Freeman in *There Goes the Hood: Views of Gentrification from the Ground Up*, Freeman reminds readers how depictions of gentrification as revenge on the underclass center the process of gentrification as the leading star in the story of how a neighborhood is gentrified, when the stories of the residents have to also take precedent. [72] Freeman's call to consider the nuances of gentrification from the viewpoints of the people affected to explain how sound and dance have the capacity to change an entire subculture for the good the bad and the in-between. Beyond the physical demolish or reinvestment into property, the threat and aftermath of

gentrification also affects subversive soundscapes birthed from the affected communities particular to working class queer black and brown youth in Los Angeles during the late 1970s and early 1980s. Gentrification in this chapter is the process of bodily displacement by way of erasing cultural expressive forms such as dance and replaces said forms with other types of dance and sound reserved for mainstream audiences stripped of feminist and queer political thought. Broader than a dance, the pogo signified a particular relationship between sound, community and a sense of belonging—a *home* for the outsider and their band of misfit friends, a home that created space for queer Chicanx/ youth of color later forced to reckon with a new wave of punks wearing Swastika patches as eviction notices on their sleeves. The story of the pogo thus encompasses a brief window into the ways punks of color utilized the pogo to participate in punk in order to occupy space as a punk before 1980-81. The band X said it best on an interview with NPR's Fresh Air. Singer Exene Cervenka explained how the pit formed following a trajectory of spontaneous punk dancing, which includes the pogo, that blurred the lines between audience and performer, particularly during a time where punk was not yet under the scrutiny or rubric of what it meant to be "punk."[73] Delinking gentrification as exclusively spatial to include an analysis of space, social dance, and sound can be used to can help us understand how public access to the arts and music making can be quickly demolished and replaced with new forms of expressive art doubling as modern-day eviction notices. The eviction of the pogo reveals yet another gentrifying force that is not reduced to physical demolition but rather the palpable vibrational form of sound and dance— the mosh pit and early hardcore. The pogo's replacement by the slam ushered in

a new branch of punk called “hardcore” producing a complicated hierarchy of taste and authenticity within punk culture based on race, class, and gender hardly seen before 1980 when middle class Orange County punks started visiting L.A. punk clubs in Hollywood. Professor Imani Johnson from Critical Dance Studies at the University of California, Riverside asks “how does something accessible such as jumping up and down, a completely accessible type of movement, when possible to perform, allow for the opening of its own gentrification?” Oakland-born musician, Dulcinea, 51, comments

> I feel like punk too just kind of ate itself. It just got, it's like a neighborhood getting gentrified or... or a culture being appropriated, or you know, anything like that… If you think about the time when Alice Bag was in punk and playing, there were queers, there were women, there were all kinds of stuff happening, and then that was this short, golden era it seemed like. Then once it got into the media, and the more mainstream people who are say, less creative and that just want to feed off other people, but has to somehow be superior started to infiltrate the scene, right? And they changed it. They changed it and instead of the art side of things, the creative side of things was important, then it became just like the hate. The hate became the big thing. The hate and... just being, I don't know, what's the right word. I don't know, being physical and excluding people. Pushing out women. Pushing out gay men. Pushing out the other. And then they just like, take it for their own and try to reclaim it, you know? [74]

Here, gentrification takes the noisy and rapid shape of upper- to middle-class OC hardcore punks from the beach cities introducing slamming and eventually pushing out the pogo — mirroring the co-optation of L.A. punk and finally cementing the story of U.S. punk as white. Therefore, the genealogies of these punk dances demonstrate the ways that dance and sound together can produce the gentrification and expulsion of an entire scene and a people’s history. In the story of moshing–a dance where predominantly young cis-men gather in a circle aggressively pushing into each other and what is later called, the mosh pit, has become integral to the formation of punk history and culture,

shaping how general audiences understand and pass on definitions of punk social dance. For instance, for class lectures on the early L.A. punk scene, I center the pogo as a pedagogical tool to harken "cultural memory" between my students. Most of them are not fans of punk at all and cannot imagine a time where punk shows did not have mosh pits. When I manage to get students to come to the "front of the stage" (i.e. the podium or white board) I carefully and ironically demonstrate how to pogo. Yet, even after my "lengthy" demonstration on how to jump up and down, the second students approach the front of the classroom— it happens. The male students come forward, draw the lines of a full circle with their bodies ready to pit and the women and queer students take their place outside the clear demarcations of a newly forming mosh pit. During a guest lecture at a liberal arts college, a white male student asked if they could hurt each other just like in the pit to which I took cue from the other femmes quickly remark an assertive, "no". Like clockwork, every time this happens during my lecture, I go over the pogo once more. I jump up and down already out of breath after the second jump, I yell into the lavalier mic "Now all you have to do is jump! Pretend you are all friends! Now politely bump into each other if you like!" Students laugh and once the circle is broken students reunite with their fellow classmates again and are ready to try the exercise once more. I cue The Germs' "Forming" on YouTube and join my students for about two minutes of jumping. With rapid heart-beats, soon to be sore calves, and light perspiration, I ask students why they formed a pit first. Without fail, the answer is "because that is the way it's always been."

Almost organically, the second part of my lecture, much like this chapter, speaks to the myth of punk social dance having always been pitting. I rely on the community the students have built within the classroom over the quarter to ask them to imagine what it would be like if another class from a different department started attending my course. I paint a picture of this new group of imaginary students who dress differently, listen to a different type of punk that is faster, and bring with them a new form of dancing called the mosh pit. I then ask students to reflect on what kind of changes that would bring to the community we have built and what we could call that change— I have come to rely over and over on the process of gentrification to clarify what happened when the pogo in L.A. met what the Circle Jerks called in their song "I just Want Some Skank" off the album "Group Sex" (1980), "the skank", later to be widely known as the mosh pit.

The Pogo to The Slam

While the pogo was still relatively aggressive by many accounts, according to the late MTV program UltraSound, pogoing began as a response to mainstream Disco's "the bump" or "the hustle." These dances signified order and more broadly a celebration of U.S. mass consumer culture that punks desired to resist. Though positioning the pogo as a direct response to disco can be deeply racialized–as disco initially was a queer, brown musical movement before mass marketing brought it beyond underground urban dance clubs to the white suburbs– I would rather look to the pogo's embodiment of an era of punk in the U.S., with a focused gesture to L.A. punk, that existed before hardcore. Susana Sepulveda defines hardcore as an intensified version of 1970s punk coming out of

the local beach cities and commemorated by white cis men despite hardcore's queer and POC ties from earlier scenes, especially via L.A. Therefore, a class analysis ensues in which hardcore was also welcome to upper to middle class punks unlike the scenes before that prominently catered to poor whites and people of color. Evidently, the shift from the pogo to the slam is a telling intersection of class, race, and gender.

Slam dancing, the predecessor to the mosh pit, is described by Joe Ambrose, as the accompaniment to hardcore shaped by its fast pace and as an expression of male youth aggression that includes a mix of the pogo, circle pitting, and stage diving. Slamming, unlike the pogo, is gendered as predominantly male and performed at the front and center of the stage. Ambrose maps the history of mosh pit by placing slamming as the main dance of the 1970s scenes, with very little attention to the pogo. Slamming however as a variant of the pogo was more violent and reflective of the anxieties and frustrations of upper to middle class white punks and as a reactionary dance rooted in a bourgeois definition of boredom which punks before them could not afford, since boredom was for them rooted in poverty. Yet, Ambrose' erroneous conflation of slamming and the pogo is challenged by various L.A. and OC punks, who have specifically pinpointed the moment they witnessed slamming taking over. When asked about his thoughts about *Decline* Former Black Flag frontman, Ron Reyes, 59, recalled, "I knew that the early punk scene included hispanics, women, gays you name it. That is one of the reasons I loved it so much and the main reason I left LA, Quit Black Flag etc cause the punk scene was starting to get overrun by angry white men (boys) and i had no love for the vibe that was emerging." [75] Additonally, in the chapter "Hard To The Core"

from her pivotal memoir *Violence Girl*, Alice Bag recounts how the new wave of younger punks from the Southern California beach cities took over the scene and disinvested in punk as a creative and generally inclusive musical space. Just like Bag and Reyes, Jello Biafra of the Dead Kennedys also recognized that slamming helped sever the connection between audience and performer, writing the song "Nazi Punks Fuck Off" to call out the dance's connection between whiteness, heteromasculinity, and violence that was rapidly and radically changing the scene. As he told the *Los Angeles Times* in 2012:

> I wrote that song in 1981, and at the time, it was aimed at people who were really violent on the dance floor; they didn't call it mosh pits yet. It began to attract people showing up just to see if they could get in fights in the pit or jump off stage and punch people in the back of the head and run away. [76]

Learning from Bag, Reyes, and Biafra, the pogo also ceased to serve as a conduit for community and home for its L.A. initiators. In an interview with Alice Bag, Alice recalled, "I don't remember the exact moment when Pogoing was replaced by moshing, there was a time when these co-existed but it was not a happy partnership. People who are pogoing still have their eyes on the band and are still listening to the music. I think people moshing are not usually watching the band they're into what's happening in the pit, it's like they're feeling the music in a different way." [77] This co-existing tension between the pogo and the slam is also evidenced in *Another State of Mind* (2004) written, produced, and directed by Adam Small and Peter Stuart. This documentary mainly followed Social Distortion, Youth Brigade, and Minor Threat on tour in a used school bus across the U.S. and Canada with brief stops in Baltimore, Chicago, Canada, Seattle, D.C. in 1982. In it, the pogo takes place at the front of the stage. Yet, it is the interviews with

two women that affirm how the pit is a reserved place for the men to let out their aggression. One punk shared "you can get hurt, you can if you are a girl. So from a girl's point of view, I don't think slamming is advisable, or I don't even think it's… I think it's pretty stupid, but it does it's a good thing it's a good way to get our aggressions out if you're a guy you can go out there and guys can usually handle it."[78]

Her interview is followed by another testimony of a woman breaking her leg while being the only woman slamming. Moreover, the film *Clockwork Orange County* (2011), while featuring no women, motions to the slam as a grey area between violence and fun, even for punks from the 70s, yet the pogo was sorely missed according to some of the interviews in the film. While both the early L.A. and Orange County scene were subject to gentrification each scene bared witness to those shifts differently. For example, the OC scene specifically within the context of the infamous Cuckoo's Nest Club, early punks dealt with police harassment, nazi punks, and cowboys. Yet, it is the exceptional role of the Orange County punk scene, over the Los Angeles scene, whose well archived white male bands makes the OC exempt from the threat of erasure. Early OC bands such as, Black Flag, T.S.O.L. and Circle Jerks were secured as punk luminaries by the time my generation of punks in the early 2000s played their albums and accepted them face-value as superior bands because they were white. [79]

Once OC/Beach City punks found a home within the Hollywood scene, hardcore's sound materialized through slamming as a layered dance of classed expression of boredom, antipathy, and anti-patriotism fueled by the Reagan administration, which were all aspects later exploited within mainstream popular culture and through the advent

of U.S. televised talk shows. In *Policing the Crisis: Mugging, the State, and Law& Order* (1978), Stuart Hall offers various examples in which the left and right media coverage were at odds with each other over the return of conservatism and the cementing of law and order in the U.K. during the 1970s elections. This specific election marked a fundamental shift in which law and order becomes " the only effective means left of defending hegemony in conditions of severe crisis." [80] Borrowing from Nixon's "silent majority" trope, this group of moderate upper to middle class citizens not only disassociated from the radical movements and demonstrations from the 1968 moment, but voted to make the "routinisation of control normal, natural, and this right and inevitable."[81] In other words, the state had legal and legitimate permission to repress its own people because the state itself was disguised as serving the public interest and bringing about peace in a time of severe political repression, militarized organizing, and moral panics about radicalism/ extremism and poverty, much like what the U.S. under Reagan. National unity or duty with the aide of new policies designed to repress dissent (i.e. on Black Power activists) and introduce collision between Black people and the police. In other words, tense Black and White race relations wasn't new, but Black tensions between the police was and created by the law and order moment to "pick-off" Black militants. The law creates the repression of activism and order is reported by the state and finally introducing peace a decrease in crime. While the exploration of the police and punk will be highlighted in chapter four, Hall's connection between the state's fabrication of crime to legitimate the policing of Black people, strikes a similar cord during the 1980s in Southern California. However, within the context of the U.S., Hall's

description of Thatcherism is replaced by the Reagan Administration. By 1982 punks are at the center of conservative attacks by white American families watching the first wave of televised sitcoms whose images finally cement punk as a-political, white and violent.

T.V Party Tonight!

"Boredom" within punk has a long socio-political tracing back to the intimate relationship political governments have had with economic recession. From Thatcher to Reagan, punk flourished precisely because youth access to equitable education and job placement was slim to none. However, being bored, I contend, is a classed display of white privilege even within punk— considering boredom within disenfranchised communities of color is a luxury especially during economic recessions. By the turn of the 1980s, having emerged from the notoriously overlooked Carter Era, the U.S. ushers in a whole new presidency fronted by the former actor Ronald Reagan, a master of popular media manipulation and the last front on punk's whitening. In the 1980s the U.S. had finally figured out how to watch T.V. within a neoliberal context. From the constant televising of uncensored footage from the carnage of the Vietnam War to the first variety shows in the 1970s, reality talk shows and regularly scheduled drama-series were helping the average white American dissociate politically. Television was slowly weening the American public off the once ready access to footage of America's bloody wars abroad, moving on to countries within Latin America to help distract audiences to be afraid of the newest generation of youth coming of age and calling themselves "punk." Under the careful satirizing of the Reagan Administration, punk becomes synonymous with

communism, justifying the already growing fear youth mobilizing Reagan had plenty of experience suppressing as Governor of California. 1980s television, the newest branch of white supremacy, serves to persuade the white middle class via televised displays of the slam to worry about punk culture and its growing grasp on innocent white kids. "T.V. Party", one of the more iconic music videos and anthems by Black Flag, evidences this by showcasing the band drinking excessive amounts of beer famously singing, "we got nothin' better to do, than watch T.V. and have a couple of brews" both pokes fun of WASP moral codes for white suburban youth but also legitimates a classed and racialized fear of punk as "lazy" and "dangerous" for the American public watching— categories usually reserved to describe people of color. During the song's listing of popular shows of the time, the first list actually ends with shouting "Quincy!" referring to *Quincy M.E.* a show well-known within punk communities for the infamous episode entitled "Next Stop, Nowhere."

Aired originally in 1982, just one year short from Biafra's L.A. Times interview, "Next Stop, Nowhere" revolves around Quincy, the doctor and protagonist on the show is caught in the middle of trying to solve a punk-induced murder. Before the murder of a local teen takes place, we enter the impending scene of the crime— a punk club. The camera spans over what is clearly a white conservative re-imagining of a punk club and uses the top-down angles to introduce the viewer to the gritty world of punk rock. Full of cartoonish exaggerations of punk fashion and hair decorate the bodies of the seemingly lost souls of once clean-cut white suburban youth entering the venue. A band called "Mayhem" hits the stage and (spoiler alert) the soon to be deceased teen "Zach", quite

hopped up on a vague amount of drugs, is about to join the growing crowd of punks gathering at the front of the stage before he is stopped by his girlfriend, Abby. Zach gets up from his seat and announces, "Watch me! I'm going to teach them real slamming!" A concerned Abby quickly grabs him from behind and politely invites herself to join him. Zach refuses to give her permission by mansplaining "No you stay here, its gets pretty radical out there." Insisting, Abby reminds him he could get hurt to which Zach responds "so can anyone else that gets in my way"[82] Once Zach joins the crowd, the clear depiction of the slam now transitioning to the mosh pit is evidenced by the gendered division between participant and bystander. Abby was not allowed to join Zach but she could still enjoy the music from the comfort of her seat and from her room, all spaces of punk's domesticity for women. Quincy, along with Abby's therapist, and mom all combine forces to solved Zach's murder. The culprit: punk rock music. Along with the "Battle of the Bands" episode from *CHiPS* [83] in which a rooftop practice by a fictional band whose lyrics are a repetition of the words "I dig pain!" is interrupted by the LAPD. The drummer, "Potatohead" is panicked by the arrival of the officers assuming they are being tracked down for a stolen bass guitar while the lead singer in the most stereotypical punk rock move— throws the bass guitar at a moving car causing the driver to lose control and run into a gigantic pile of boxes and trash. The fan clip ends with Sgt. Joseph Getraer calling for back up.

These clips combined tell a disturbing depiction of punk— one that equates punk as on par with serial killing and criminality that must be stopped by any means necessary. While the *CHiPS* segment did not include any slamming on the rooftop scene unike

"Next Stop, Nowhere", Potatohead much like Abby immortalize the "good kid gone punk" trope by their quick and acquiesced responses to authority and law enforcement as their saviors from their dirty punk lifestyle. The slam and the ballooned representations of violence within punk in *Quincy M.E.* and *CHiPS* fueled white American parents' moral panics about punk while also providing the images and sound for youth to consume punk. In "Battle of the Bands" when Sgt. Joseph Getraer is about to call in for back up, the call itself signifies a larger call to white America to normalize and justify law enforcement presence within punk communities. A kind of policing punks of color were already exposed to previously in the L.A. punk scene as evidenced with the Elks Lodge Riot of '79 a kind of treatment punks of color are still experience especially at backyard shows today when neighbors often call the police to either quiet or shut down the show.

Once the slam is renamed the mosh pit in the late 1980s popularized by 1990, punk's ties to the pogo had been long severed and gentrified. The entire genre of punk cinema takes off with film's such as *Suburbia*, *Punks Not Dead*, and *Repo Man* just to name a few, films that are often credited in the same way *Flashdance* is affectionally remembered within the hip hop community as the films that introduced subcultural participants to themselves, the music, and popular dances forms. [84]

Opening up The Pit: Shawn Kerri's "Skank Kid" in the Aftermath of Woodstock '99

Truth be told—I miss being in a good pit. The way the anticipation of the next song by the band I've been waiting to see for months or even years makes me put my tall can

down only to run to the center of the venue floor from the sides of the stage just to catch that first wave of adrenaline as the pit forms. It's the few times I have felt completely free to release both my frustration with the status quo and express my love for punk. Yet, reality sets every time I get my concert ticket scanned at the entrance after I am patted down and that tinge of anxiety sneaks up as I hit-up the bar, face the stage, and take note of who is in the audience. While I know I'm there to see a band I like, I am entering a space that generally does not recognize me as a punk. Sometimes, I try to make nice with the white women that show up, and there's *always* one that joins the pit every time and comes back bloodier than the men, but even then, with another femme present I still don't pit. I am still brown — my other transgression. While I know all the words, I own all the cassettes and CDs and yet, I still don't pit. Rather, the men around me on the floor usually notice I am there by myself and somehow feel compelled to protect me from the pit, which by then is in full swing and is made up of the same men from the start of the show. So, I let them hover around me like body guards, their "protection" a non-verbal reminder that the pit or a punk show for that matter these days, is no place for a lady.

It's ironic that the music I love which is grounded in critiques of the state and celebrates non-conformity has a material way, though the mosh pit, to ostracize the very groups of people that helped start punk to begin with—people of color. When I do manage to join the pit, I feel the pushing get lighter and the aggression lessen as if my being there forces the boys to slow down— causing the once harmonic circle to become a syncopated dance of careful deliberation between the men on how rough to be with me. I

physically push back almost as a plea to pick the pace back up but nothing. Punk femmes of color like me just can't win. However, tattoo artist Sanae García begged to differ. In a short exchange over email, I asked her about her Circle Jerks girl design and why she wanted to reinterpret the iconic "Skank Kid" cartoon originally drawn from the hands of Shawn Kerri. Sanae disclosed, "When I decided to get my Circle Jerks girl, I honestly never even took into consideration that the pit was traditionally for men only. To me Punk Rock represents the destruction of unfair, elitist social and economic systems. Punk is not exclusive, for me it is inclusive. You cannot destroy an unfair system by perpetuating the racism/sexism it upholds." [85] García's keen analysis of gendered dynamics within punk and the pit outline a specific woman of color and intersectional feminist critique in which punk rock cannot claim to be against the status quo if the culture itself reproduces very same racism and sexism it claims to be against. Therefore, the pit should not be seen as a social dance relegated to men but rather as an act of inclusion.

After all, if one the most famous parts of punk culture is pitting, then the question remains why is pitting still considered a men's only dance? What other forms of cultural memory get passed down to punks that cement pitting for white men? Ironically, the "Skank Kid" of *the* most celebrated and iconic band logos famously associated with the hardcore band The Circle Jerks— was actually created by a woman. While rumors have been widely circulated that Shawn Kerri was never compensated for her "skank kid" logo, the widespread amnesia of women's role in punk is symptomatic of the long time white supremacist gatekeeping of punk's cultural history.

Figure 6

Art Work by: Sanae García. Tattoo and Photo By: James White

● WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM ? (MORRIS - ROGERSON)

GIRLS HATE GUYS BECAUSE OF THE THINGS WE TRY
GUYS HATE GIRLS BECAUSE OF THE THINGS THEY SAY
BEHIND OUR BACKS WHILE WE'RE AWAY
TELL ME WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM ?
WHAT'S INSIDE OF YOU ?
TELL ME WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM ?
WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO ?
I GOT A DATE, I CAN'T BE LATE
IF SHE DON'T SHOW UP, I'LL MASTURBATE
CHORUS
REPEAT FIRST VERSE
CHORUS

● GROUP SEX (JEFFREY PIERCE, CIRCLE JERKS)

GROUP SEX ! GROUP SEX ! GROUP SEX ! GROUP SEX !
PRIVATE SWING PARTY FRIDAY & SATURDAY NIGHT
WOULDN'T IT BE NICE TO HAVE A PARTY WITH COUPLES
THAT ARE FRIENDLY AND MELLOW ? A LOW-KEY ATMOSPHERE
WHERE YOU CAN EXPLORE YOUR MOST SENSUAL FANTASIES
WITH OTHER AWARE, SENSITIVE COUPLES ?
GROUP SEX ! GROUP SEX !
GROUP SEX ! GROUP SEX !

WHERE YOU COULD BRING SOMEONE YOU CARE ABOUT
WITHOUT EMBARRASSMENT ? PRIVACY, GOOD FOOD & MUSIC
REFRESHMENTS, CLEANLINESS & A SWIMMING JACUZZI TOO
THAT'S WHAT PARTIES AT THE A-FRAME ARE ALL ABOUT
CALL 213-659-3756. BEST TIME TO CALL IS FRIDAY
AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS SEE YOU THERE
GROUP SEX !

● RED TAPE (MORRIS - HETSON)

RED TAPE, I CAN SEE. CAN'T YOU SEE ?
RED TAPE, DO IN TO YOU, DO IN TO ME
RED TAPE, BUREAUCRACY & BOURGEOISIE
RED TAPE, KILLING YOU, KILLING ME
TAX THIS, TAX THAT - TAX THIS, TAX THAT
NO MORE RED TAPE
I CAN SEE CAN'T YOU SEE ?
RED TAPE DO IN TO YOU, DO IN TO ME
RED TAPE, WASHINGTON D.C.
RED TAPE, KILLING YOU, KILLING ME
SO TAX THIS, TAX THAT - TAX THIS, TAX THAT
NO MORE RED TAPE
RED TAPE I CAN SEE, CAN'T YOU SEE ?
RED TAPE, DO IN TO YOU, DO IN TO ME

RED TAPE, BUREAUCRACY IN D.C.
RED TAPE, KILLING YOU & KILLING ME
TAX THIS, TAX THAT - TAX THIS, TAX THAT
NO MORE RED TAPE !

ALL MORRIS - ROGERSON & HETSON - ROGERSON SONGS
PUBLISHED BY PLAGUE MUSIC
ALL OTHERS PUBLISHED BY
YOUNG BARBITURATE MUSIC
1980 ASCAP

WILD IN THE STREETS

WILD IN THE STREETS *(G. Jeffries)*

Wild, wild, wild, wild,
Wild in the streets
Wild in the streets
Wild in the streets
Wild in the streets

In the heat of the summer
better call out a plumber
turn on the steam pipe
cool me off
with your big crime fighters
and your newspaper writers
still need a drugstore
to cure my buzz

Wild in the streets, running, running
Wild in the streets, running, running
Wild in the streets, running, running
Wild in the streets

'64 Valiant, hand full of valiums
couple of beers, really do me right
you better believe us, better trust us
teenage jive, walking wreck

Wild, wild, wild, running wild
Wild in the streets running, running
Wild in the streets running, running
Wild in the streets running, running
Wild in the street

Got a gang called the wolves
you have to choose
play with the boys
you're bound to lose
A bottle in one hand
a can in the other
don't fool around cause they're real
mean mothers

Wild, wild, wild, wild
Wild running, running
Wild
Mrs. America, how's
your favorite son?
Do you care just what

he's done? No!
Wild in the streets, running, running
Wild in the streets, running, running
Wild in the streets, running, running
Wild in the streets, running, running

Wild in the streets, we're running
Wild in the streets, we're running
Wild in the streets, we're running
Wild in the streets

LEAVE ME ALONE *(Morris/Rogerson)*

Get off my back
out of my life
Everything is building up
take the lid off the pot
before it blows up

Chewed my fingernails
to the bone
Get off my back
just leave me alone

Figure 7

Skank Kid Cartoon from Circle Jerks' "Group Sex" CD (1980) Courtesy of Punky Gibbon's online archive https://punkygibbon.co.uk/homepage.html

This stand-alone visual ethnographic account of both the shift within the Hollywood scene and the arrival of the aggressive slam. The "Skank Kid"

> simply depicts a hardcore kid dancing. His name derives from the style of dance, "skanking", that he's performing. Skanking is a term that Kerri and the Circle Jerks preferred over its synonym slam dancing or slamming; a dance style that was – inspired by Ska and Reggae – characterized by "a sharp striking out stance with the arms" according to [Paul] Grushkin. Kerri describes the Skank Kid as a "composite" but one could also say that he represents a drawn ideal type of *the* male hardcore kid of the Los Angeles hardcore scene in the beginning of the 1980s. Kerri explains: "[…] the reason he has sort of a bland face was because I wanted everyone of those kids to think they were him. He was supposed to be all of them lumped into one. He was everyone of those little beach brats." [Keith] Morris, Circle Jerks singer, agrees: "None of us looked like that kid, but that kid looked like all the kids that came to our shows. [86]

Not to mention, with the homogeneity of all "those little beach brats" the "skank kid" in regard to gender, also represents a flattening of the skank belonging to men and boys— precisely why Sanae García and her tattoo of her "Circle Jerks Girl" is so important. Her rendition of the "Skank Kid" is a reminder of the resilience of Chicana/Latina D.I.Y/Do It Yourself tools of recovery and testimonio. Archival evidence such as her tattoo make it possible for me to share my interpretation of what happened to the pogo— a side of Latina and Chicana L.A. history that neither physical demolition, hipsters, or even the current political climate can appropriate. García's tattoo embodies the inclusive space I believe she was alluding to within punk by creating archive on her skin much like Kerri was doing the same drawing flyers for hardcore bands in the early days. Latina and Chicana punks might not have the venues of the past of long-term performance spaces catered to the punk community due to city ordinances, funding, or policing but much like what draws people to punk is the ability to create home from scratch and make something

new. Kerri's contribution to the punk community may not be widely known yet it is this author's intention to highlight that punk was never just reserved for white men. However, deeper research for this chapter reveals that women of color continue to carry the torch of punk femme visibility as evidenced with Sanae's tattoo. Yet, what is to be said about my students trying to pogo? I cannot help but recall the numerous conversations I have had with punk students of color about pitting in which they have shared over and over again how they refuse to pit because it is dangerous. Although the legacy of care from the pogo has transcended into what we now know as "pit etiquette," in which you pick someone up if they fall down or help someone crowd surf if they need to leave the pit, the mosh pit by the 90s made its home within punk. Much like the process of gentrification, it was secured at the expense of the communities and practices that came before it. Arguably, the material connection drawn between pitting and danger is really an association between punk and whiteness during the tragic events at Woodstock 1999.

The Woodstock Festival of 1969 continues to be remembered as one of the most memorable music and arts festival within U.S. counterculture history. Three days of music and peace marked the three day festival's spirit and intended to both address both the harsh political climate and interventions in Vietnam and welcome a new "hippie" generation of mostly white youth eager to break ties with WASP moral codes of living. Fast forward to Woodstock '99, rock was quickly becoming an enemy of the state and Nü Metal bands such as Limp Bizkit and Korn replaced the seemingly hippie sounds of the past promoting messages of protest and anti-assimilation. However, the 1960s nostalgia which usually sets Woodstock apart from other U.S.-based music festivals was not

enough to subdue the riots at Woodstock '99. Thanks to the MTV coverage of the riots, the mosh pit was truly defined for an entirely new generation of youth coming of age under the first president to have come of age during the "generation of love." The riots at Woodstock '99 would have been Quincey's wet dream. With dozens arrested for looting and property damage, some fans blamed the order of the bands for provoking the riots. Yet, *The Daily Show with Jon Stewart* poignantly unearths how the displays of aggression through the riots were being shown in the media as a *classed* display of protest against the festivals inflated food prices and dilapidated conditions for the concert go-ers mostly "idiot white suburban kids" [87] However, brief footage of the conditions of female concert go-ers and the many instances of sexual assault within the muddy mosh pits at the festival is where the archive displaying the stark association of the danger of the mosh pit are captured for generations to come.

Nudity at Woodstock '99 came as a tradition followed by the first Woodstock in 1969 where displays of nudity were attempted signifiers of freedom of expression. Testimonies by women in the MTV coverage of the event illuminates the "over exuberance" of white men and the overall misogynist misconceptions around nudity equating consent. [88] MTV reported "alongside the good-natured debauchery, there was an undercurrent of male aggression— young women were the all too frequent target." Then a young white woman interviewed during the same segment adds, "it was disgusting and I hate all men now." MTV reporter Ananda Lewis thus asks "and you would do it again?" and the young white woman responds "of course." Sadly, the MTV coverage returns to footage of property damage and the limited access to water as the main complaints of the

festival after briefly mentioning that one arrest was made after NYPD was notified of the ongoing cases of assault at the festival. Because further information about the assault in the Woodstock pits is very scant, excusing or normalizing groping or violence even in the modern day pit is still part of reoccurring undercurrent of the misogynist "good-natured debauchery" that protects rape culture within pits and continues to shape how femmes and queers of color have to negotiate their chances in a pit more than men do.

Conclusion: What We Do *Isn't* Secret

The mosh pit therefore become a fabricated fantasy of white male aggression perpetuated by the events of Woodstock 99 in which mosh pit became directly associated with whiteness and danger— the same association reinforced by my students almost 20 years later after Jessica Michalick's death during a pit at a Limp Bizkit show at the Big Day Out Festival. Drawing out the lineage of the pogo, slam, to the mosh pit there is a stark difference between alternative genealogies and strategic static definitions of what dance came first and who embodied them.

The purpose of this chapter was to ask different questions around such a staple social dance within punk culture such as the mosh pit and pull out the diversity of punk social dances with which can serve the next generation of punk fans especially queer, female, and of color to feel perhaps more certain of their rightful place in the pit. There is no ignoring the archive we wear as queer punks on our bodies when we interrupt push back and disarm white punk narratives with our existence every time we open up a pit or join one. We can't blame any youths of any backgrounds for turning to punk to release

aggression but punks should be able to keep other punks accountable for their misogyny, racism, and class elitism.

At a Halloween party and backyard show in 2018, I watched a cover band performing a variety of iconic hardcore hits from the Tony Hawk's ProSkater video games, a series of video games that is still marked as the format that introduced my male friends to punk. A pit started and in a very severe Bettie Page outfit with heels, I watched frustratingly from the sidelines mouthing the words to Dead Kennedy's "Holiday in Cambodia." Unlike my male friends, I did not grow up with Tony Hawk's Proskater since that was strictly assigned as a boy's pastime and access to MTV was a upper middle class luxury I did not have until I arrived to at college. But I *had* been regularly exposed growing up to elder women in Mexico in their salas dancing the night away to Los Hoolagins and other bands from the golden era of rocanrol where I pressed play on a CD player and I watched them do the vintage footwork of past eras. I had never seen older women's hips sway with arms extended out and jumping in place. Their circular thudding in the middle of a living room in my father's hometown in Hidalgo, Mexico still remains the earliest incarnation of not only women being at the front, but also at the center. When I asked Grace, 25, from the punk band Graveyard Junkies "when did punk become white?" she overwhelmingly said "punk has always been white" but quickly remarked, "punk may have been white but it's ours now… I stopped being afraid of the mosh pit as it is a spiritual act for me."[89] In regards to Grace's articulation of the pit having the capacity to be a center of spiritual praxis, I return to Alex's charla, as she remarked, "For me, the pit was wonderful, because it was a place where I could express my aggressions

and frustrations in my life, in my family, as a woman of color, and as being treated as this servant in my own home, and having to display a submissive controlled behavior when I felt very angry, and I felt frustrated, and unheard. And suddenly, there's a place where I can go and be angry and pinwheel like a motherfucker, and no one's going to be angry. And just I remember going in especially like, not all shows are like really hardcore shows, and just feeling the energy like getting in there and fucking pinwheeling and everybody just giving me room, like "give her room give her room!" and it was so awesome, because it felt like I was like, I don't know, it was spiritual. Primal, you know, in the way that I would say that our ancestors created those circles. Sorry, it makes me emotional, because as a person of color, we just didn't have places where we could be angry and frustrated. And so suddenly, you have this place where no one's questioning you, no one's saying anything to you. And you can just be angry as you want to be, until you like, quench that like emotion inside of you. And we don't have to tell anybody where it comes from. For me, my rage came from being undocumented, from experiencing a different reality than my peers, and not knowing how to push and to rebel against it actively. So in a way, it was like rebelling against the experience that was forced upon me with this religious doctrine that my parents were like, making me live and then wanting to live a different reality. So yeah, for me the mosh was spiritual cleansing. And, yeah, I loved it. And like I said, if I fell, or somebody knocked me over, it was, it wouldn't take more than three seconds before I felt somebody pick me up. And that was the first time in my life that I felt that what my parents were teaching me was wrong. [90] Alex and Grace's intimate experience in the mosh pit as a spiritual and

liberating experience contrary to the pit's mainstream understanding a men's only space, which this chapter has seriously attempted to disprove, helps reexamine how the story of mosh pit ,while having fallen victim to its own whitening, is not totally impenetrable. I found myself returning to what Alex said about "our ancestors [having] created those circles" and the capacity for punk social dance to call forth the past or even the dead or passed on, inspires the following and final chapter as punk enters the AIDS pandemic of the late 1980s and early 90s.

Chapter 3

"How Many Queers are Here Tonight?" The AIDS Epidemic, Gobbing and Punk as Contagion

So it is better to speak
remembering
we were never meant to survive.
Excerpt from *A Litany for Survival* by Audre Lorde

The alleged disconnect from punk and the HIV/AIDS pandemic reveals a missing link in the broader narrative and role that queer punks played during the outbreak in the 80s. In this chapter, the uses of punk during the outbreak in the 80s-90s will be simulated by the role of spit or in punk, previously known as gobbing. In the U.K scene, the gob was a low-class salute to one's favorite band but in the Los Angeles punk scene of the 80s, the act of spitting on performing bands on stage or "gobbing" was still present at least as evidenced by the last performance in *Decline of Western Civilization* Part 1 by the alleged spoof band FEAR.

Penelope Spheeris' documentary on the late L.A. punk scene, released one year after the highly despised *Cruising* (1980), closes the film with the Hardcore punk band FEAR.[91] Their set opens with homophobic and sexist rants during which a gob war between audience and band ensues— the last and only known filmed gob exchange in punk cinema about the L.A. scene. Lead singer Lee Ving shouts "Hey! Next time, don't bite so hard when I cum. Okay? Fuck you. You only spit as good as you suck, shithead! How many queers are here tonight? How many homosexuals? I can see that there's a bunch of fags out there. None of you are raising your hand." A young woman eventually gets on stage and a physical altercation begins between her and the lead singer, an

obvious response to the built-up tension between the musicians, the audience, and the aggressive white hardcore kids from the local beach cities infiltrating the Los Angeles scene as described in previous chapters. After the fight, the gob war takes a break if not completely stops. FEAR then starts their set. Gobbing, in that moment, was on par to being called a "fag" or "homo." FEAR telling people to raise their hand if they were "homos" was a deliberate act to force people to come out during a time when LGBT rights groups were marred by systemic oppression and inequitable healthcare. Furthermore, Queer punks from the earlier scene were slowly making their exit away from the negative aspects of hardcore, as previously outlined in Chapter Two. Moreover, when frontman Lee Ving shouts "how many queers are here tonight?" such a question quickly becomes one of the most cruel questions to ask by 1986 when hysteria around HIV/AIDS takes off in which the answer to Ving becomes "not enough" as the LBGTQ community witness the avoidable deaths of their loved ones.

With the arrival of the AIDS virus in the 1980s, the onslaught of homophobic sentiments, attitudes, and rhetoric against gay men drastically changed the course of punk. While gobbing was quickly no longer an appropriate or even healthy response to bands, I position how moral panics about the AIDS epidemic was not just aimed at gay men, but also punks. I rely on my method of Intellectual Dumpster Diving and the hanky code [92] to argue how the 1980 film *Cruising* and its use of early L.A. punk luminaries The Germs' single "Lion's Share" demonstrates a direct lineage between early L.A. punk and the fear and misinformation around AIDS as contagious by spit and queer desire. A second film, *Vamp* (1986), starring Jamaican-born musician and actress Grace Jones as a

underground vampire queen named Katrina living in the sewers of Los Angeles, helps pinpoint the growing hysteria around kissing during the AIDS pandemic.

Therefore, the role of saliva, namely spit, in this chapter, as a feminist act of memory retrieval, relies on queer horror cinema and celebrates the ethnographic accounts of punk women relationship to spit to provoke a different analysis of how spit is an archival practice.

Spit as Feminist Reparations

When asked "why no one gobs at punk shows anymore?" Grace, 21, of the punk band Graveyard Junkies shared, "So, I'm all for acknowledging your own problematic traits, and I'm now looking back ... I'm not some fucking woke activist. I come from the same society that creates white supremacists. I still have just as much ingrained problematic traits as anyone else. So with saying that, I'm kind of looking back at the people that I spit on, and if there was any women or femmes that I spit on I knew them personally but I spit on men, I spit on men, and maybe that does come from a fuck you, like a fuck you reparations type of shit, I'm getting my anger out and you taking it is my reparational type of boost. I don't know, but maybe that does come from "Men can handle it." I don't know, I'm here to dissect my own mind as well, you know, as well as help other people in the punk scene dissect theirs. So I do know that when I spit it's because I'm so caught up in the anger and what I'm screaming about that I can't necessarily straight deck them. I can just spit on them." [93] Grace's response was a unique chance to hear from a musician actively in the punk scene currently having spit on an audience before. I read the

intention to spit on men as a means of reparations as a point of departure from a male-centric perspective and even praxis of the gob that has not remained a part of punk but has rightfully so been repurposed to negate whiteness and maleness in punk today. And yet, queer punks of color should be allowed to spit. Spit out our stories, share, and exchange what is naturally ours and expel what is not.

Therefore, Grace's spit helps track the way "Punk rock style may look apocalyptic, yet its temporality is nonetheless futuristic, letting young punks imagine a time and a place where their desires are not toxic." [94] While narratives about the AIDS crisis is often overwhelmed by toxic stories of white gay men, the story of punk during the AIDS pandemic has been a missed opportunity to realize conversations about punk's complicated relationship with temporality, disease, sex, and murder.

Punk, Gobbing, and Suciedad

According to *Punk: The Definitive Record of a Revolution*, gobbing originated in the U.K. punk scene of the late 1970s and rumored to have started by a combination of The Damned's drummer Rat Scabies, The Clash, and the Sex Pistols. [95] While John Thomas' *Great Expectorations: The Cultural History of Saliva from Jesus Christ to Iggy Pop* suggests the Stooges' Iggy Pop in fact started spitting at audiences as far back as 1967. In part, the heavy circulation of amphetamines or speed is also credited by photographer Chis Duffy as "perhaps they used to spit at everybody because amphetamine sulphate produces large amount of saliva." [96] Overwhelmingly, gobbing was simply gross, low-class, and to punks within the U.K. punk scene before the scene

garnered media attention, shifted to welcome the worst that the punk scene had to offer. Author Chris Sullivan explained

> the whole punk thing became a complete bag of arse. You had all these total and absolute lemons, with their deliberately slashed t-shirts, ridiculous hair and make-up and awful manners, jumping up and down actually spitting, or rather gobbing, at the acts. It was disgusting… at the start it was all about being different; at the end it was about acting exactly as the *Sun* newspaper had told you to…like sheep. Bloody sheep. [97]

While gobbing had been found to make bands sick —it was also praised by many. Joe Strummer from The Clash [98] while having contracted Hepatitis from gob, still contended that gobbing "was a salute, a connector, it connected you to the guy standing there, if you could lob a good gob on his forehead then you had a Saturday night." [99] Yet, spitting versus clapping, saluting versus disrespecting, merits a class analysis in which fan-based respectability politics is subverted with gobbing because currently no decent concert-goer would even think to spit on their favorite band. More broadly, spit, is also deeply queer. I turn to Deborah Vargas' seminal "Ruminations on Lo Sucio as a Latino Queer Analytic"

> Lo sucio is also informed by José Esteban Muñoz's theorization of chusmería, a form of behavior that refuses bourgeois comportment and suggests that Latinos should not be too black, too poor, or too sexual, among other characteristics that exceed normativity. Moreover, I situate the queer analytic of lo sucio in relation to contemporary neoliberal projects that disappear the most vulnerable and disenfranchised by cleaning up spaces and populations deemed dirty and wasteful: welfare moms, economically impoverished neighborhoods, and overcrowded rental dwellings. [100]

I unabashedly add punks to the list offered by Vargas and contend that gobbing mirrors aspects of "lo sucio" by way of the gob's classed, raced, gendered and sexual deviance as a both disrespectful gesture to punk bands enacted by the scummiest punks from the early days and a site of queer ephemerality in which spit offered an intimate but temporal

connection to another person or even their sound. Then there is the type of sucio that actually goes beyond exceeding normativity that are targeted as deserving of death in the case of both the serial killing crisis of the 70s and 80s and the government's refusal to find a cure for HIV which this chapter also accounts considering the era.

In the text *Queer Feminist Punk Anti-Social History* "According to the increasingly homophobic and xenophobic public discourse around HIV/AIDS, the fundamental disagreement with assimilationist lesbian and gay identity politics, as well as the experiences of homophobia and misogyny within punk circles motivated people and groups to pick up punk's politics and appropriate its aesthetic forms to articulate their anger and frustration." [101] Therefore, this chapter is shaped by Jayna Brown, Patrick Deer and Tavia Nyong'o's notion of "punk" in their introduction to Social Text's special issue on Punk and its Afterlives. "Like *queer*, the adoption of *punk* as an individual and collective descriptor was a hand-to-hand struggle within and against violently demeaning language, against social and economic orders that marginalized and police difference. This history that the word encodes continues to matter, insofar as it resonates within social spaces still striated with violent relations."[102] Thus, queer and gendered punk bodies, even in the face of larger political turmoil, were suspect in face of neoliberal fears and moral panics of "foreignness" invading the U.S. Where the ultimate fear of communism and AIDS could easily be transcribed to mean fear of any challenge to the state and non-normative sexual desire. Therefore, tapping into the often-ignored queer historiographies of punks, we can finally begin to piece yet another aspect of punk that exists beyond its stereotype as straight, white, and male and reframes what is most natural

to queer desire: spit. With the recent upsurge in media interest currently surrounding the histories of serial killers, as evidenced the popularity of Netflix's "Conversations with a Killer: The Ted Bundy Tapes", the domestic histories of serial killing/killers within subcultural and subversive scenes is often overwhelmed by the narratives of white women being targeted and killed. Between gay/queer bars and punk scenes, little is known about the on-the-ground responses to the layered conditions of the queer punk community in the 1980s where AIDS, serial killing, and police brutality all intersected to invoke harmful stereotypes of queer punks as lo sucio. The film *Cruising* (1980) offers a visual depiction of such a dystopic view of punks and serial killing — deeply contradicting Jose Muñoz' seminal *Cruising Utopia: The Then and There of Queer Futurity* as the following pages will evidence.

Cruising (1980) and "Punk" as Homophobic *and* Contagion

In the case of *Cruising*, starring Al Pacino and directed by William Friedkin, the film centers the New York City gay leather bar scene to tell the story of a mysterious serial killer targeting gay men and an undercover police officer slowly becoming consumed by the gritty world of gay leather cruising culture. Released by 1980, the film attempts to capture leather culture, the serial killing wave marked by the 1970s, and most importantly punk from the L.A. scene. "By the 1960s and 1970s, gay characters had come out of the cinema closet, but for the most part, they were portrayed either was demented murderers or as murder victims, made to pay for their new visibility. In the 1980s, in large part a result of the AIDS epidemic, it was not entirely unusual to spot a

positive gay character every now and then, or one who just happened to be gay" [103] The director's interpretation of the gay leather community intentionally using the music of The Germs draws out a much older tradition of horror film within punk genealogies that is unique to the early Los Angeles punk scene pre-dating hardcore, horror punk, and at the cusp of pre-AIDS punk in SoCal. The intertwining of a fictional leather bar in New York to the music of a real life L.A. punk band, is a much more nuanced and non-hierarchical version of punk history that strays from a single origin based narrative which often plagues punk narratives and reframes the relationship between New York and L.A. as a sexual exchange deeply rooted in queerness. While *Cruising* was heavily edited due to the mass protests staged by the early Gay Rights community, the delay in production due to mass protesting outside the film's live shooting, altered the entire film's sound production. The MPAA wouldn't release the film without taking out most of the sex scenes leaving *Cruising* to consequently delivering a choppy and not-so- cohesive storyline and plot. Therefore, even within the making of the film, aspects of disappearance and erasure inform the internal workings of the entire production.

The notion of disappearance, lo sucio, disease, spit, and queer sex in *Cruising* truly materializes with the way sex in the film is portrayed by men kissing at first, hooking up in public spaces, and the insertion of a knife into gay men as a stand-in for penetration and oral sex—on top of utilizing the music of an L.A. punk band indeed punctuates the forgotten lineage between punk, homophobia or even possession.

The "Fag in the Bag" Murders and The Germs

According to the podcast, "My Favorite Murder with Karen Kilgariff and Georgina Hardstark", Friedkin's infamous blockbuster *The Exorcist* (1973) features real life radiological technician Paul Bateson, as himself, during Regan's cerebral angiography procedure. Friedkin commissioned Bateson for *The Exorcist* to help make Regan's procedure appear more life-like. While Bateson's role is quite small, it is not the last time Friedkin would hear of Bateson. In real life, Bateson would later go on to be linked to the real life "Fag in a Bag" murders in which dismembered body parts of gay men would wash up near the Hudson River piers—a popular cruising spot in the late 70s and the where LGBT Activist Marsha P. Johnson was discovered later in 1992. Bateson's heinous crimes would not only inspire the novel *Cruising* by *New York Times* reporter Gerald Walker but would later be adapted for the big screen starring Al Pacino directed by the same director as *The Exorcist*, William Friedkin.

Between both films, possession is a key element to each main character's demise. Regan and Al Pacino's character Steve Burns have very little autonomy over themselves but more so their own sexuality. Quite literally, both characters become consumed by an unexplainable thirst for deviance and anti-normative behavior, so much so that how they embody those transgressions are through violent, lurid, and amoral behaviors. Much like Regan's story of being possessed by a demon in *The Exorcist*, Steve is gradually consumed with gay sexuality that in turn he too becomes possessed by a evil murderous force that provokes the viewer to at times confuse Steve as the real killer on the loose.

Throughout the entire film in fact, all of the men wear all black with dark black or brown hair and dark aviator sunglasses, making most of the men all match the same description as the killer. A highly homophobic move for the Gay Rights community at the same time the same community is mourning the victims of the "Fag in the Bag" murders.

Additionally, in the documentary, *The History of Cruising*, Friedkin reveals how the music for the film was inspired by "the beginning of the punk movement and some of the groups in *Cruising* were some of the great punk and grunge artists of the 70s in Los Angeles. The music of the gay bars were not as edgy then as the music in *Cruising* is—it's very edgy and dark and the songs are great" [104] Producer Jack Nitzsche recorded six Germs songs for William Friedkin's film *Cruising*. "Lion's Share" is featured during a murder scene. [105] Enlisting The Germs, one the more iconic and well-known L.A. punk bands of the Hollywood/L.A. scene, is striking considering Germs' lead singer Darby Crash was still coming to terms with his queer identity and still agreed to be featured on a film that many of members of the gay community considered incredibly brutal and a blue print on how to kill gays. In *Lexicon Devil: The Fast Times and Short Life of Darby Crash and The Germs,* a longtime participant in the LA and SF punk scene, Regi Mentle recalls

> *Cruising* was the feel-good movie of the year. Darby took me and Donnie to see it on Hollywood Boulevard. It was Fag City protest out front. We walked up to a guy with a picket sign and Darby asked him what was going on. He said, "We're protesting because this movie promotes violence against gays!" We all started laughing and Darby goes, "Well, can we go see it 'cause we're, like, on the soundtrack?" and the guy said, "Well, okay, but once you've seen it, you have to tell everyone else not to," and he gave Darby a badge that said, "*Cruising*. Don't See It" and he pinned it to this coat." [106]

Additionally, another close friend of Crash, Gerber, who Alice Bag refers to fondly as the "It Girl of the Masque" [107] said "Darby got pissed off 'cause they only used one [Lion's Share"] of the five tracks that were supposed to be in the film, but not the one he most wanted." [108] Within the pages of *Lexicon Devil*, it becomes clear that Darby was in fact under a lot of stress to produce over five tracks for the soundtrack which teased with his already existing issues with addiction. Additionally, the unwarranted decision to use only "Lion's Share" without any archiving of the remaining songs The Germs meant to incorporate into the film, begs questions as to where did the remaining songs vanish to? And for this chapter's purposes, why "Lion's Share" for a horror movie about gay death? In order to answer this, I turn to the hanky code, to decode how horror and punk together reveal the "consequences" of unprotected sex at the cusp of the pre-AIDS era in the U.S.

Hanky Coding Queerness, Horror, and Punk

In the scene where "Lion's Share" is used almost in its entirety is contextualized first by a preceding scene where an unknown "fashion designer" of sorts finishes up a drug deal at a high-end clothing retail store and takes a late-night visit to a local adult book store or "male peep show." Ominous sounds envelope the across-the-street take shot of the "fashion designer" exiting their bright blue sports car and into the bookstore. As he enters the bookstore, "Lion's Share" booms through the film and almost gives the appeal of the song playing over the speakers within the bookstore itself. The "fashion designer" makes his way to the back wearing an entirely different but very casual outfit of all black with a hooded sweatshirt. Through an overwhelming backdrop of blacks,

bright blues, and reds, a man dressed in full leather approaches the designer to take him into the booth. The clicking of porn reels whirrs throughout the hallways as the two enter a room as the "fashion designer" puts a quarter in and a film starts playing featuring three men licking a leather jacket. The Germs are then muffled as if transposed onto the porn movie playing, their sound quiet, scratchy and discreet, becomes literally another type of soundtrack within the actual film. Meanwhile, the "fashion designer" takes cue from the mysterious man and tries to go down on him after a warm embrace by the unknown man's hand on the designer's cheek. The sound of an undone zipper interrupts The Germs and the designer body disappears into the darkened space of the stranger's lap. However, a shadow of a knife emerges across the screen and is inserted multiples times in the back of the "fashion designer", ending his life and that of "Lion's Share" which has finally stopped playing.

In another infamous scene, Steve (Al Pacino), in a desperate attempt to blend in at the leather bar, goes to a leather store and inquires about the hanging bandanas over the check stand. The clerk, in a monotonous tone, explains to Pacino as if he has probably had to explain the "hanky code" one more time out of many that same night, goes on to explain, light blue for blowjobs , green if you're a hustler, yellow for golden showers, in which Pacino stops right before the clerk explains what red is. Needless to say Burns goes with yellow and refuses the seemingly predatory advances at the club the next night he tries to blend in. If one considers the cover art between the 1980 *Cruising* Soundtrack on vinyl, the movie cover of *The Exorcist* (1973) and Germs' G.I. Album (1979) all three covers are aesthetically very similar. A pop of color against a black or gray background.

The red font in *Cruising* ironically is the hanky code related to fisting, the red font in "The" in *The Exorcist* is also in red and the light blue circle on *G.I.* whose light blue in the code signifies oral sex which is also the same color as the fashion designer's car and the lighting in the backroom at the bookstore. In fact, in *The Exorcist*, Bateson is wearing a studded black leather cuff while he guides Regan into the examination table which is still an encoded nod to the color black— the color of S&M.

The ties between punk, horror, sickness a much deeper lineage between queerness and punk that take on a whole new definition of death in subculture life. The reality is that punk's relationship with temporality can be at times outside the ephemeral and rooted in actual death. Venues disappear, bands are short lived often, and there are still hundreds of punks of color and women that may never experience proper credit for their contributions because they were "never meant to survive." [109] The immediate temporality of spit is emblematic of the fastidiousness of memory when it is too painful to remember something or someone that used to be. This is not to suggest that spit should equate to a loved one's memory, but rather the material disappearance of spit and the meaning associated with spit as dirty or sucio is unfortunately the way the state thought of and defined punks and queers. The state of course at the time was best embodied by Ronald Reagan and this outright negligence toward a cure and HIV/AIDS during his presidential term. The same negligence that helps further myths about fluid exchange in which, according to Jan Zita Grover in "AIDS: Keywords" for her definition of AIDS, "AIDS…the disease", espouses, "diseases, we were taught, are often communicable, the general term applied to both infectious and contagious diseases. In discussions of AIDS,

because of distinctions *not* made—between syndrome and disease, between infectious and contagious— there is often a casual slippage from *communicable* to *contagious*. [110] For instance, the CDC still contends that spit is a possible carrier of HIV/AIDS.

> Today [2017], 32 states and two U.S. territories have HIV-specific criminal laws, covering behavior ranging from *spitting* to consensual sex without proof of prior HIV-status disclosure. While the laws vary considerably from state to state, they tend to share several bases for liability: (1) the individual was diagnosed with HIV; (2) the individual engaged in some form of prohibited conduct, such as *spitting* or physical contact of some kind; and (3) the individual either did not disclose, or is unable to prove disclosure of, one's HIV status prior to contact (Richardson, Golden & Hanssens, 2015 [PDF, 3.6MB]). These laws fail to reflect current scientific knowledge about the routes and risks of HIV transmission, and often punish conduct that poses no or negligible risk of HIV transmission, whether it is spitting or sex when a person is on effective HIV treatment with a low or undetectable viral load (UNAIDS, 2013 [PDF, 3.55MB]). Widespread and persistent misconceptions among the general public about how HIV is and is not spread also, in turn, act as a barrier to reform of HIV criminal laws (Kaiser Family Foundation, 2012 [PDF, 883, KB]). [111]

Therefore, spitting as an illegal act between people exists within a grey area of homophobic legislation attempting to address HIV/AIDS prevention. Such that spit, while being contained within vague definitions the law, brings to light questions surrounding whose bodies are worthy to be protected from spit as an alleged weapon of contagion. In what ways does the uncanny linkages between early Hollywood punk and horror after *Cruising* change or remain the same as HIV/AIDS continued to be rampantly ignored and fluid exchange became increasingly criminal, especially against straight bodies? A possible answer lies in the depths of the Los Angeles sewers where an underground network of stripper vampire women are disturbed by three college boys "looking for a good time" in the film *Vamp* (1986)

"I Like Punk and I Like to Suck Dick": Cathy Cohen's Punks, Vamps, and Spitwomen

In "Coalitional Auralities: Notes on a Soundtrack to Punks, Bulldaggers, and Welfare Queens," Elliott H. Powell binds Cathy Cohen's formative article "Punks, Bulldaggers, and Welfare Queens" to illuminate the punk and the welfare queen as exemplary of Cohen's call for "principled coalition work" within Black popular music. Powell explains, "Music is after all, virtually absent from Cohen's powerful remaining of radical queer politics. And yet, I believe that there are significant ways that Black popular music and "Punks" can and do find meaning in each other."[112] Powell's remarkable connections between Cohen's article and Miles Davis' *On the Corner* album art, which features a sex worker or "welfare queen" and gay man or "punk," explores the "punk" as a homophobic slur against gay black men. However, Powell's punk also opens up the question of where *punk* and the *punk rocker* fits in Cohen's analysis of the punk and in Powell's take on the punk as a sexually and racially marginal figure. Cathy Cohen's figure of the "punk" best exemplifies a new type of queer politics in which Cohen envisions "a politics where one's relation to power, and not some homogenized identity, is privileged in determining one's political comrades. I'm talking about a politics where the *nonnormative* and *marginal* position of punks, bulldaggers, and welfare queens, for example, is the basis for progressive transformative coalition work."[113] The nonnormative or gay figure of "the punk" in both Powell and Cohen, offers the opportunity to engage the punk as part of the transformative queer politics Cohen envisions. Calling on Cohen and Powell, I skip ahead six years after *Cruising* and trace a feminist trail of spit and

blood back to Grace Jones, Keith Haring, Hollywood punk venues, and South Los Angeles via Director Richard Wenk's vampire camp horror film *Vamp*.

Similar to Powell's analysis of Miles Davis' *On the Corner*, I find the fantastic queer coalitional work of vampires in *Vamp* to gain insight on the ways the figure of the vampire horror genre lends itself to propose an alternative queer radical politics that truly draws out the punk rocker from Cohen's punk. With this, *Vamp* unlike *Cruising* 1) was released during the height of HIV/AIDS hysteria 2) in lieu of possession *Vamp*'s nuanced use of kissing is also deeply rooted in AIDS activism by way of Keith Haring's art in *Vamp* before his famous "Silence=Death" (1989) silkscreened pink triangle. Well before famed R&B artist Aaliyah was immortalized in her role as Akasha in *Queen of the Damned* (2002), Jones' group of vampire comrades, while forced to the underground of the Los Angeles sewers both physically and as a metaphor for invisibility in regard to the often coveted notion of "being out", *Vamp* takes on a reimaging of Downtown Los Angeles in which the most marginal (queer people and Black mostly) occupy a vampire status without the crave to be out and part of mainstream society. So much so that their refusal to be out or be outside is informed by the obvious myth about vampires exposure to sunlight kills vampires. Yet the vampires are an organizing force that, while stricken with the thirst for blood, refuse to assimilate.

Vamp is an otherworldly reinterpretation of Dario Argento's *Suspiria* (1977) and the coven of witches that plagued an old German ballet academy, *Vamp* is centered around a coven of vampire strippers ruled by Grace Jones as the vampire queen "Katrina". While *Cruising* focused on harmful stereotypes of white gay men as victims

and sodomites pre-AIDS, *Vamp*, as vouge scholar P. Dante Cuauhtémoc relays "was part of the first wave of films that equated gayness or queerness with darkness and evil at the cusp of the HIV/AIDS hysteria within the U.S. that was about to explode by '86. Blood exchange and kinksters all of a sudden summoned images of anarchy." [114] This summoning, especially in horror film, is constantly evoked by the color black. In *Cruising*, the presence of the color black is marked by the leather wear and the darkness that envelops the characters whom are usually active at night.

The color black that outlines the men's shadows as they follow their next victim into a park to hook up or to commit murder— both acts of which are not clearly differentiated from each other in *Cruising*. Thus, in order to consider the "deadly" role of spit from *Cruising* to *Vamp* one must take into account how spit in each film, through deep kissing, induces both the xenophobic fear of contagion via contact with blackness or the body and serves as a bookmark tracing the popularly growing myth that HIV/AIDS is best contracted through kissing. By ignoring the ways contagion in horror is facilitated usually if not always with direct contact with blackness even the absence of black women rein scribes "colonial and neocolonial discourses [that] rely upon the rhetoric of 'the black problem' as one way of ascribing 'race' to black bodies while ostensibly rendering 'white' bodies nonraced, universal, and, hence, nonproblematic."[115] Nonproblematic whiteness or the ways whiteness is excused from any critical analysis especially within horror films such as *Cruising* rely on colorism to pass whiteness as normal. For instance, when men hook up in *Cruising,* they descend into the darkness of a park or theater only after the viewer is shown images of the men as successful white upper-class responsible

members of society. *Vamp* subverts the horror trope of being white and outside in daylight as a safe space and complicates "being out" during the AIDS pandemic as not only regulated lightness and darkness.

Into the Sewers with *Vamp*

Vamp begins with three fraternity pledges on a quest to impress a popular white fraternity by contracting a stripper to join them back on campus. After an exaggeratingly long car accident in which their car spins out of control the boys end up in an alternate reality in Downtown Los Angeles. Once reacclimating to their new surroundings they chance upon an ad for the "After Dark Club" with none other than Katrina's face on the ad. Their first stop is at a bar in which a bartender, similarly dressed as the iconic priest from *The Exorcist*, is ready to depart for the night after changing into his robe, when a group or "gang" of post-punk [116] inspired youth enter the bar. One of the two black women in the gang, Maven, sucks on a rope of red licorice and winks at one the white pledges, Keith, from her bar stool. As she sensuously continues to suck on the roped candy, Keith returns her flirty wink only to turn away in utter disgust when she smiles at him exposing her rotting gumline and missing rows of teeth. While she is sucking on the candy, there is a moment of consensual flirtation and when Maven reveals her teeth, Keith retracts from Maven's attention and is horrified by her newfound ugliness as is in turn the victim of her awful appearance. This exchange between Maven and Keith exposes the ways the hypersexuality of black women and the desire to access black women is quickly halted when the fear of miscegenation arises for white men— at least

in Keith's case in his quest for a black stripper for this college fraternity. Arguably, Keith and his friend AJ are cautioned by Maven's wet licorice to stay away from dangerous black women but therein also remains Maven's refusal to be sentenced to ridicule as she faces Keith head on for his rejection. The back and forth between "nonproblematic" white boys and black women remains a constant throughout *Vamp* but it is the following scene where AJ has unprotected sex with the vampire queen, Katrina, that reveals what I call the white "heterofragility" [117] of straight white men's racist desire for queer or bisexual women of color.

When Keith, AJ, and Duncan (their nerdy and emasculated and vaguely Asian peer from school) all arrive to the "After Dark Nightclub" to witness Katrina's strip show. In a brown body suit adorned with a two-piece spiraled metal bikini, bright red wig, and white body paint, Katrina dances seductively mimicking sexual intercourse with a headless statue, notably painted by Keith Haring,[118] an entranced AJ pays his way to the backroom to have a private visit with Katrina. When AJ enters Katrina's dressing room, he attempts to explain his proposition to pay for a private encore for a "much more appreciative audience." Katrina wastes no time to straddle AJ, slowly kissing and licking his chest. She makes wet trails with the tip of her tongue from his stomach to this neck in a buildup of suspense as the viewer waits for Katrina's vampire fangs to be exposed. Her beautiful face is contorted to reveal a monstrous face and she bites into AJ's neck—his wound appearing to have the same contours as a vagina considering Katrina's busy tongue around the injury. AJ however survives Katrina's mortal wounds in turn by becoming a vampire himself. Determined to live a normal life, AJ remains in the sewers

of Los Angeles with the help and protection of Keith on the outside. While Katrina is stripped of her life, murdered by Keith, for having exposed AJ the vampire disease.

While the role of spit has a hand in allegedly making AJ a vampire, I return to the hanky code to help dissect the uses of the color red in both scenes with Maven's roped candy and Katrina's sex scene with AJ. In the previous section on *Cruising*'s use of the color red, which is the color is fisting in the hanky code, also illuminates the color red as the color of "forbidden" acts. As previously mentioned, in *Cruising,* Steve walks out on the clerk's explanation of the hanky code when the clerk arrived to the color red. Fisting, being one of the main sex acts featured in *Cruising*, is made abnormal when Steve walks out of the store as if the idea of fisting is too violent or too barbaric for two men to engage in as a sexually pleasurable act. Therefore, Maven's red candy as an act of flirtation despite her bad teeth and Katrina's wet and bloody sex scene with AJ, are all similar gestures toward the color red as a signifier for some of the most "forbidden" acts of sexual intercourse which all entail the criminal exchange of spit with white male bodies. However, in the aftermath of AJ's newly found status as a vampire, I revisit Katrina's murder as an example of the ways AJ's friend Keith punishes Katrina for her crime.

Katrina's Last Words

Vamp concludes with Katrina and many of her street walking, working class, poor, and degenerate vampire friends are slaughtered in the sewers where they live. As Katrina's demise is met by internal combustion due to a forced exposure to daylight, Katrina's

skeleton briefly comes back to life for one last “fuck you” as she flips off Keith and Allison (Keith’s clean non-vampire white girlfriend). The healthy white couple then climb out of the sewers and into the streets Downtown Los Angeles. Finally in open air, they embrace and kiss under a gigantic rainbow cascading over downtown.

Figure 8.3 Maven and her licorice candy. Courtesy of http://www.blackhorrormovies.com/vamp/

Figure 3.4 "Katrina straddling AJ" Image courtesy of https://vhsrevival.com/2018/07/30/vamp-1986/

Figure 3.5 Katrina "flips off" Keith postmortem. Image courtesy of http://juntajuleil.blogspot.com/2010/10/film-review-vamp-1986-richard-wenk.html

The focus on the celebration of heterosexuality juxtaposed by a bright rainbow arching over the downtown L.A. landscape illuminates the white straight couple having survived the vampire plague, but the city itself still belongs to the welfare queens, bulldaggers, and punks. The punks in *Vamp,* Katrina and Maven, unlike the punk in Powell's article, indeed occupy a marginal position but they are part of a network of care that is reduced to a web of degeneracy by AJ, Duncan, Allison and especially Keith who is justified in his murder of Katrina for spreading her filth as evidenced by her prolonged death scene. Unlike *Vamps* predecessor, CHiPS the television sitcom about two fictional LAPD officers mentioned in Chapter Two trying to arrest the punks on the rooftop throwing bass guitars off rooftops, *Vamp*s' punks are more nuanced. In *Vamp*, the punk is a complex figure that is cognizant of the socio-political ramifications of sex work as vampire women while at the same time furthering a critique of fluid exchange shaming by refusing to also "go quietly" when they are senselessly murdered—as predicted by Fiera's last grito in Chapter One. However, when one considers the deadly role of spit and sex worker bodies in *Vamp*, Kara Keeling's work with black female issues of representation is another entry into the ways fact and fiction, on the movie screen and off, can muddy the act of spitting as criminally lethal.

Regarding issues of representation in cinema, Kara Keeling's *The Witches Flight: The Cinematic, the Black Femme, and the Image of Common Sense* posits, "while it is clear that there exists a widespread acknowledgement that film and television images are politically important, it is less clear why these images, which seem to be simply aesthetic portraits, are also political proxies." [119] While I agree that film and television images are

mostly organized based on hegemonic ideals of what is "common sense,"[120] horror and punk in the case of *Cruising* and *Vamp,* however, are far from passive on-screen mosaics of queer desire and its dark fantastic underbelly. The political stake of celebrating suciedad or filth for queer punks on screen is what makes *Cruising* and *Vamp* more than just political proxies. Such films, as evidenced in this chapter, offered a way trace the fluids of these imaginary characters back to portions of early L.A. punk geologies buried under a wasteland of straight white men institutional archive and documentary. These aforementioned films incorporate punk as malleable space for those living a "life of filth", per conservative or white supremacist standards of living, as a liberating grassroots formulation of queer existence. Vic, the strip club proprietor and for this chapter the embodiment of punk culture, said it best when his club is revealed to be an establishment for vampire strippers. "You see, I run an essential service here. Waste disposal. Oh, year. Look around. Look who comes here. The sickies, the degenerates. The forlorn, the lost. The low-lifes. The fucking dregs of humanity wind up here. And we take care of them. It costs you nothing." [121]

To help consider how punk, refuse, disease, death, and horror interlock more broadly I return to Jan Zita Grover's "AIDS: Keywords from AIDS" and offer addendum: Spit.

Spit
verb

1. To expel saliva to relieve excess in the mouth. Expulsion can be related to health (i.e. having phlegm)
2. To incite racial profiling of people of color

synonyms: Sacramento Police arrests 12-year-old Black youth at a Weinersnitchel in 2019 for spitting at an officer. See Police and spit guards. See VAMP (1986).

3. To provoke fear mongering, misinformation, and hysteria around HIV/AIDS toward queers, people of color, and sexually active youth dating from the beginning of the HIV/AIDS pandemic in the 80s.

   synonyms: fear of kissing, as of 2017 eleven states consider spitting at someone while being HIV positive is a punishable crime [see Lybette Dunn, a Black woman arrested for "criminal transmission of HIV" onto a Florida police officer in 2014], substance abuse shaming toward intravenous self-medication, biphobia, see *Vamp* (1986), *Cruising* (1980)

4. To see one's self finally represented in popular culture

   synonyms: see Pedro Zamora

5. A wet salute to a favorite punk band, which originated from the early U.K punk scene and seen for the last time during FEAR's L.A. performance in The *Decline of Western Civilization* Part 1 *(1981)*.

   synonyms: see Gob.

noun

6. saliva

7. a naturally mobile and bodily tool for storytelling and feminist memory recovery

synonyms: "Tobi.", Spitwomen. See Michelle "Todd" Cruz Gonzales. See HIV/AIDS Epidemic and Punk Women: The Interviews

Conclusion: "Tobi" Spits it Out

In Marcos Hassan's Remezcla article " 'I Like Punk and I Like to Suck Dick': Martin Sorrondeguy on the Queer Rebellion of Latinx Punk", Hassan posits how "Artists in The Bags, Black Flag, Descendants, Adolescents, Suicidal Tendencies, Agnostic Front, and so many others made their mark on the scene, yet they rarely confronted their unique life experience in the U.S., instead focusing on general themes of alienation and social unrest. Los Crudos, on the other hand, composed lyrics explicitly about their experience as people of color and immigrants." This premature division between these hardcore bands, namely the lines drawn between the Bags and Los Crudos, reinforces 1) the assumption that queerness even in punk is only substantiated by "being out" and loud 2) that the Bags and Los Crudos have very little connection to each other in regard to marginalization within the context of being Latinx and queer. Needless to say, Craig Lee, the prominent song writer for most of the Bags repertoire was also queer and unfortunately passed from AIDS. To assume that the Bags were in any way separate from queerness is an erroneous claim at best and blankets the hardcore and early punk rock scene in L.A. within a binary of queer and straight.

By the 1990s, punk was still a thriving movement, despite its run ins with heteronormative whitewashing as mentioned in previous chapters, and with the MTV generation booming, "Tobi", 37, from California's San Fernando/Sylmar scene, finds herself learning about AIDS and HIV through *Real World* 's Pedro Zamora and shared a jarring story about being spat on as a kid because she was punk at an early age. While the latter was not necessarily related to a concern with HIV/AIDS at the time, "Tobi"

happened to recount this memory when I asked about her thoughts on the gob, the role of spit and germs in her life.

"It's pretty gross [laughs] like I never understood it. And then when I heard the guy from NOFX, say that you get hepatis that way like that really Fucked me up. I was like, that's nasty. That's gross. Why would you spit on somebody? Like that is so rude. I'm not trying to spit on somebody that I like. And that's the other thing, I never fully understood it. I got it as like a punk thing. But I just never and maybe it's a cultural thing. I should know that I'm kind of reflecting on it. We're just being like, why are they spitting? Like, you spit on people, you don't like, you spit, you know, its not a thing you should do. You spit on the floor when you're pissed off or you're upset or you're just, you know, if you really hate somebody, so you spit on them. Somebody spitting is like one of the biggest insults, right? I never really understood like why people spit on people they love. But that's punk rock, like, that's what you do you go against the norm. Yeah, but I think once I heard you can get hepatitis I was like, no!"[122] She continued, "I honestly think it's because there's an increase in germaphobia. We didn't used to have hand sanitizers back in the day, you know, you just washed your hands and that was your hand sanitizer for the day. You know, it wasn't like there were no Clorox wipes. There wasn't like this fear of germs back then. There were many places didn't have toilet seat covers. Now there's a hyper awareness of germs."[123] "Tobi's" painful memory of being spat on a punk youth along with her question about how can one spit on a person they love when spitting doubles as a form of insult, helps us return to the ways spit in this chapter, has served as a complicated site of historical recovery and a complicated act of

desire, death, guilt, shame, and celebration. Though queer horror cinema and the ethnographic accounts of punk women has helped materialize an archive of spit, this dissertation takes one last look at the ways punk survived during late 1970s to mid-2000s to carefully examine the legacy of policing.

Conclusion

The Elks Lodge Riot to Emos in Querétaro: Reflections from a Southeast L.A. Punk on the Legacy of Punk Policing

"La etapa neoliberal, que no termina de terminar, tiene caraterísticas muy específicas que fueron abordadas ampliamente en diferentes informes de la cooperacíon international. Me parace muy importante para nuestro trabajo retomar algunos aspectos claves para SABER de dónde partimos en esta recuperación de nuestros cuerpos, nuestras historias y nuestras propuestas de futuro para nuestro país." – "Hilando Findo desde el Feminismo Comunitario" by Julieta Parades from the Bolivian indigena feminist collective Mujeres Creando.

In 2008, *LA Weekly*, a Los Angeles based magazine, published an article about the attacks against Mexican emo [124] youth in Querérato, Mexico entitled "Emo Bashing: Mexico's Latest Urban-Youth Craze." In it, readers gained insight into the world of Mexican emo and the eventual attacks against its gender non-conforming fans.

> "On Friday March 7th, an estimated 800 kids poured into Querérato's historic center, hunting for emos to beat the crap out of…. A few dozen emos, who customarily loiter around the Plaza de Armas on Friday nights, were severely outnumbered by the mobs, who chased the emos through the streets, striking them with blows and chanting, "Death to the emos!" The following weekend, confrontations between emos and anti-emos were reported in other states with equally pristine social reputations, Durango and Colima. The circulated message that called for the elimination of Colima's emos read: "Let us join forces with our compatriots in Queretaro. Let us clean up Mexico, clean up Colima, and make a better place for everyone. Association: Death to the emos." [125]

Mexico's call for "Cleaning Up Mexico" mirrors a post-Reagan-esque rhetoric in line with Donald Trump's "Make America Great Again" where such a call arguably signifies

a purging of threatening non-conforming often, queer racialized, bodies. But the waves of violence against emo youth were not by any means isolated events. If one pulls out from this dissertation the ways the show CHiPs as mentioned in Chapter 2, helped normalize police presence onto punk culture, and combines with the messages "Next Stop, Nowhere" from the show *Quincey,* reveal my interest in the question, how old is policing within punk? I turn of course to the Elks Lodge Riot of 1979.

The Elks Lodge Riot, also known as the "St. Paddy's Day LAPD riot" was a local punk concert in Los Angeles held at the Elks Lodge Hall ending in 8 arrests and dozens of bystanders injured at the hands of LAPD reminiscent, which according to Alice Bag in her first memoir, was comparable to the Chicano Moratorium. In the book *Live at the Masque: Nightmare in Punk Alley* [126], the photographic spread of Ann Summa's work detailing the injuries sustained by some of the concert attendees, marks a trail of excessive police force throughout this specific spread. But it is the generous research of freelance writer/critic for *All Music Guide,* Bryan Thomas, that reveals a just as disturbing if not more account on what happened during the riot.

> A few of the participants noted that the two obvious undercover cops were down on the ballroom's main dancefloor and had assumed rather defensive positions as dancers slammed into them, as if they'd never actually been to a punk rock club show before… We've read that more riot-geared cops — some accounts say there were some sixty officers sent to deal with 600 punks — began pouring up the stairs, lining both sides, past the wedding on the second floor, ordering everyone out. Once everyone was outside, the LAPD — who had set up a blockade at Sixth and Parkview, forcing everyone to go south, towards Wilshire, despite the fact that the fans may have parked their cards on 6th — began raining down with their police batons in an overt and extreme use of violence against unarmed music fans. A few of them, retaliated, of course, and began throwing rocks and bottles and whatever other bits of garbage they could lay their hands on, which drew even more blood, which by now was showing bright crimson in the spotlights of the LAPD helicopter that was now illuminating what the LAPD were calling a "riot,"

> even though pretty much everyone who was actually there says its a ridiculous misuse of the word. [127]

Thomas' revelation that two undercover police officers were reported to have been in the audience, ties back to this dissertation's strong assertion that in order for the events of the Elks Lodge Riot much like the attacks on the emo youth is part and parcel of the larger of a post COINTELPRO moment where not just social movement but subcultures were subject to government spying and counterintelligence.

Fast forward to the 2019 UCR Punk Conference in which a one-day conference organized by a handful of trusted friends and colleagues and myself wanted to uplift the stories and contributions of punk elders of color and showcase the many works of community members and academics interested in punk as a site of scholarship. Part of punk culture is to also host a backyard show and with little hestitation a student planned and executed our first annual community backyard show at a local house down the street from UCR home to a significant cohort of UCR queer and trans Latinx/Chicanx students. In the absence of the first opening band, TUDORS, striking the first chord, the police had already arrived only to ticket the house with a noise citation. At every sight of the sirens, we would scurry, turn off lights and send the bravest and most sober of the bunch to assure the officers we were just "having fun" playing up our youthfulness as if that was the last card to play from the bottom of the deck to make sure the cops knew that all we were doing was "having fun." Yet is was the flattening of our gathering as just "fun" that made me reconsider why any interest in punk still matters. We were not just having fun, we were sonically discussing 45's administration, supporting survivors with screams, we

were debating slut shamming and engaging with issues of police brutality. The knee jerk reactions to law enforcement I witnessed needed to to have come from an immense weight and lineage from the past. The Elks Lodge Riot was not an immediate product of state repression but rather a long time coming with the complete dismissal of youth of color dissent as I have tracked this dissertation.

In each chapter, to quote as Mimi Thi Nguyen, "I wished to claim the fractures of a discontinuous history, the black and brown "PUNKS, QUEERS, MISFITS, FEMINISTS, ARTISTS & MUSICIANS, WEIRDOS"— to acknowledge those who came before us and laid the foundations for our becoming punk, and those who were with us when we went through this (or that) moment together, and those who came after us who wonder where we are now." [128] Her describing of keeping scraps and other punk "evidence of passage" is what my hope is for this dissertation for anyone searching other memories, for a way back, and a means to go forward without being subjected to being called a poser— as mentioned is simply a masculinist slur against punk that are not white or straight within the scene.

Punks of color may come from displaced backgrounds, traumatic upbringings, or a completely diverse experience from the white men we perhaps naively admired through our headphones. Personally, as a Chicana from Huntington Park, CA (a quaint Mexican immigrant community in South East Los Angeles) living in Downey, CA (the neighboring suburb), I wanted to be tough, rebel, color my hair, be queer, love women, love men, and yet the hardest part about being punk by the mid 2000s is that punk had stopped being any color. With the Nü Metal and Pop Punk waves, attaining accessible or

at least mainstream punk meant performing and enacting whiteness. Therefore, assimilationist pressures to "be punk", as carried over from the hard rubrics set by Hardcore as described in Chapter 2, was layered with contradictions for Chicanos just like me by 2008. Johnathan, Santa Ana punk, 27 recalled "you knew what kind of punk you were by the time you went home" [129] and I definitely went home early if I was even allowed out. But I starved to be punk, like my white friends and the white boy I dated. They stayed out and they wore what they wanted and most of all they embodied a kind of freedom that as kids I was jealous of. Now, almost twenty years later, I recognize these "freedoms" as white privilege. But that was punk to me, and I got called a poser ironically by white men while I was simultaneously too busy trying imitate them.

By the 2000s, punk saw a revival intimately tied with consumerism and the advent of non-D.I.Y. stores such as Hot Topic. Kids could now easily buy punk like good capitalists but how could I blame us? Capitalism decimated punk culture especially by the mid 2000s when stores such as Hot Topic mass produced alternative fashion and novelty items at exaggerated prices promoting a small pool of mainstream rock groups for the era exfoliating the growing political dissent against Bush and sold us back our own politicization in thirty dollar shirts. However, Emo kids presented a whole new challenge to punk and even punks I spoke to still couldn't wrap our heads around why emo wasn't as accepted as punk except that these kids were queer and there was little room to absorb emo without a regimented assimilation into how punk was already readily defined and gatekeeped since the 1980s.

Ni Riot GRRRL, Ni Rocker, Solo Punkera

Throughout my entire adolescence and even adulthood my mother's words have echoed through every page I have turned to craft this dissertation, "Yo como quisera que no fueras tan rockera Marlen/ How I wish you weren't such a rocker, Marlen" In retrospect, it has become clearer for me now that coming from an immigrant family and being punk was not under my parents radar when they immigrated from Mexico in the late 70s, which also deeply inspired the timeline this dissertation abides by. One would think I arrived to punk to spite my parents and rather than listening to Chente, I rallied behind Riot Grrrl behind my CD player and headphones in high school. Truth be told, listening to Riot Grrrl bands were a tough pill to swallow because the most racist white women I had ever met forced their white noise down my throat. To make me "cooler" to make me more feminist the way white women punks present and act. I listened to Selena y Los Dinos, The Ramones, and Slipknot but Bikini Kill's "Rebel Girl" was introduced to me the way I imagined my ancestors were forced to learn Spanish. In college, budding feminists I surrounded myself with, harmonized their love for Betty Friedan with tunes that shouted "suck my left one", but also sided with known abusers or were ones themselves.

I wanted to be the furthest from a punk because that meant I had to be white or at least empathize with white feminism. So in the mid 2000s I began to visit the streets of South Gate and made a home in Café Kashmir and The Allen. I would go with my best friend at the time with our best fish nets on, black flowery eyeliner, and be amongst our peers. While there needs to be more attention to the ways scenes come and go I end this

dissertation with the ways memory and ethnography have allowed me to peek into all types of punk scenes long archived in the hands of the people that remember their scenes most. Later with the help of GIS, I intend to fully archive to the best ability I can the exact locations of where some of the most beloved L.A./OC punk venues were. Furture projects with GIS helps build a response to the years of police presence, redtape, noise complaints that may have shut down our physical spaces and venues, but with the help of GIS, not permanently.

Closing Charla with Sandra and Johnathan

Sandra, 27 and Johnathan, 27 punks from Santa Ana, reflected on how people's entry into punk usually isn't neat.

"So okay, so discovering punk rock at an early age, you have like your one best friend who probably discovers it with you, I'm sure everybody has that one best friend, or the sibling. In my case, I was the youngest of seven. So I had the best friend. And she started dating somebody in the scene, who introduced her to drugs. And by the time we were 17, her and I were no longer friends, because all they cared about were drugs. You know what I mean? And it was like, weed was fine. I smoked tons of it growing up, you know what I mean? And then these kids started doing things like, Oh, these ecstasy pills. They make you feel cool. And then it was like, Oh, you should do shrooms. You know, and then they, you know, they're like, oh, but it's a psychedelic, it's cool. Don't worry about it. And then it's just like, I, I couldn't get into it. Because the reason why I'm adopted is because of both of my parents are drug addicts and didn't raise any of their

children. You know what I mean? So to me, it was always like, Ill like no, like, That's fucking gross. Like, I'm not I'm not participating in that, you know what I mean? Because like, it reminds me of why I don't know my biological parents. But for these kids, like, they get introduced to one thing, and then you know, they start jumping around and start using all these drugs. And then you meet a lot of other people who either are really into drugs, or they're not into drugs, but it's like the same punk community of everybody. And I mean, sadly enough, some of our favorite musicians have died because of drugs, you know what I mean? So I think the fact that like, you have these musicians, and you have this almost norm is like, really heartbreaking, because it will ruin people's lives. And, you know, sadly, that friend, she's only a year older than me. So she's 28 now, and she's killed so many brain cells, by just wanting to do everything that you can sit and have a normal conversation with her she can, though, and get a job and be a normal person, because she has these crazy moments, or she's like saying things that don't make sense. And just, and it's like, we started, you know, getting into something together. And I, you know, I fell in love with punk rock. And, you know, for her, it was this big turning point where she met a boy who was, you know, unfortunately, really, really big into drugs. And it messes with people that you know, it ruins families and friendships and it's just something that will sadly, I think will always going to circulate, you know?" Johnathan adds, " [name] my best friend dated him, and it was like, oh, my goodness, what was her name? [name redacted] She's like a vegetable now." [130]

Sandra and Johnathan's bittersweet memory of their friend and the at times incessant ways the love of punk can also be a trap for personal self-destruction hits home

for myself as I am sure for the people that spoke with me. The influx reactions to punk as having been a retreat for youth experiencing isolation politically and socially albeit citizenship status or queer identity, over some of the toughest political eras in U.S. history. Naming this dissertation "We Were There": From Alice Bag to Emos The War on Punk and Other Décadas Podridas," was really an homage the long tradition punk historiography's engagement with oral testimony and ethnography. The contours of this dissertation is shaped by every person, text, and event— whether seen or heard as "fact" or "fiction" —— is also for punkera readers still looking for their own lineages back in time. I know I was tired of searching for mine.

With the help of Intellectual Dumpster Diving, Chapter One explored the role of the Sandinista Revolution in early D.I.Y. practices of the punk scream, while Chapter Two with its brief history of the mosh pit, helped situate punk beyond its white predecessors to affirm that early punk in fact did have hemispheric and feminist influences. Chapter Three, then, took after these early genealogies and forged a new alternative perspective of punk during the AIDS pandemic which revealed that punk may indeed be embraced and remembered in the most unnoticeable places even in the unfortunate absence of the women before us and in the persistence of alternative archives. Alice Bag, however, reminds us "But it's not only about the past. It's about who has the right to tell yesterday's stories tomorrow. Those stories don't exist for the dominant culture to make stronger cages and shorter leashes. Take comfort in the huge difference that exists between being small and being non-existent. We're still fuckin' here."

Appendix

Appendix 1 Photograph of "MUJERCITA", 2018. Courtesy of the artist Alex. Her comics can be found at Patreon.com/xelasweet

Appendix 2 Photograph of self-portrait painting, 2017. Courtesy of the artist Alex.

Figure 9 "Zine Part 2" Introductory page. Art by author, August 2019.

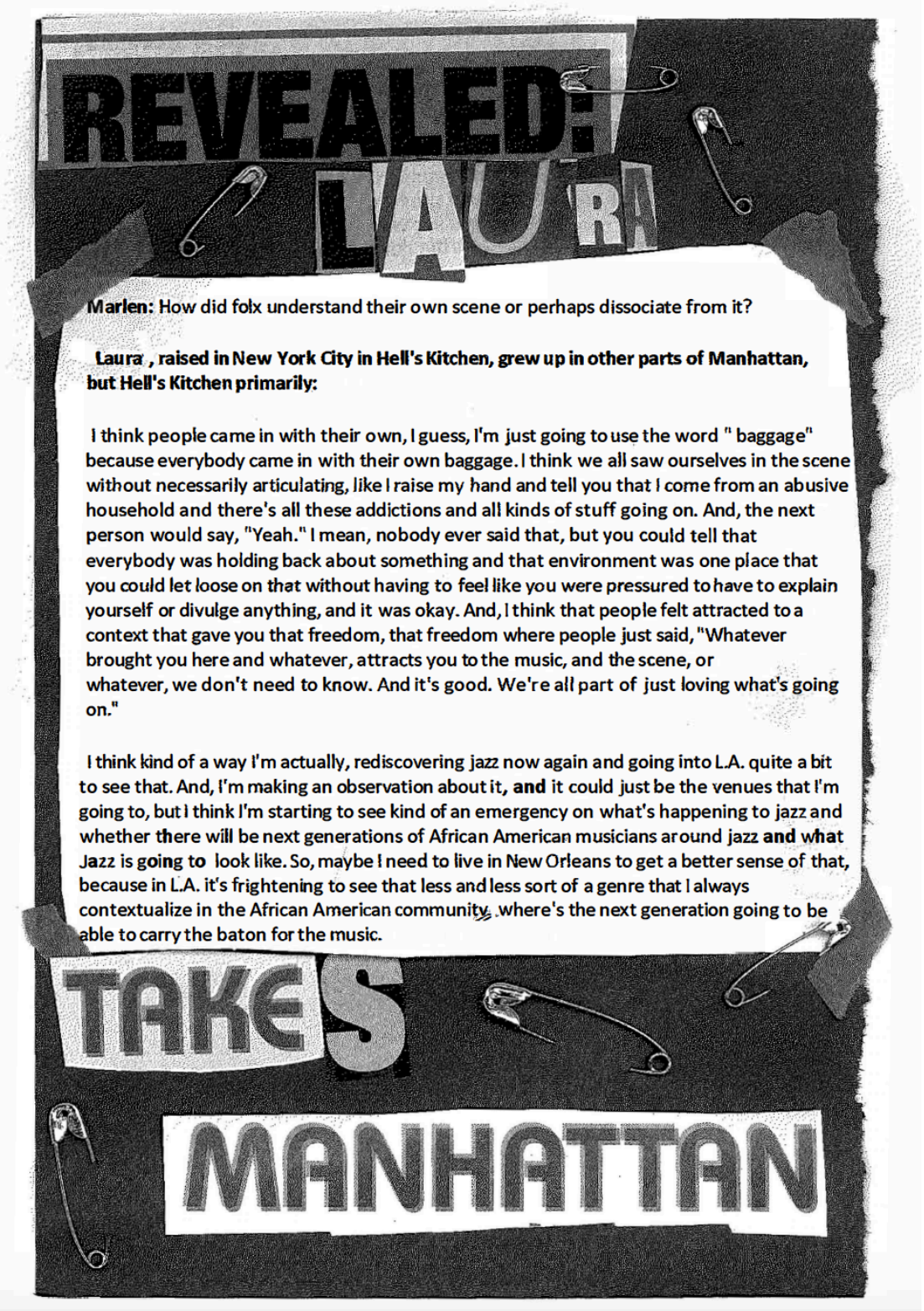

Figure 10 "Zine Page #1 For Laura" Excerpt from interview with Laura with author. Art by author.

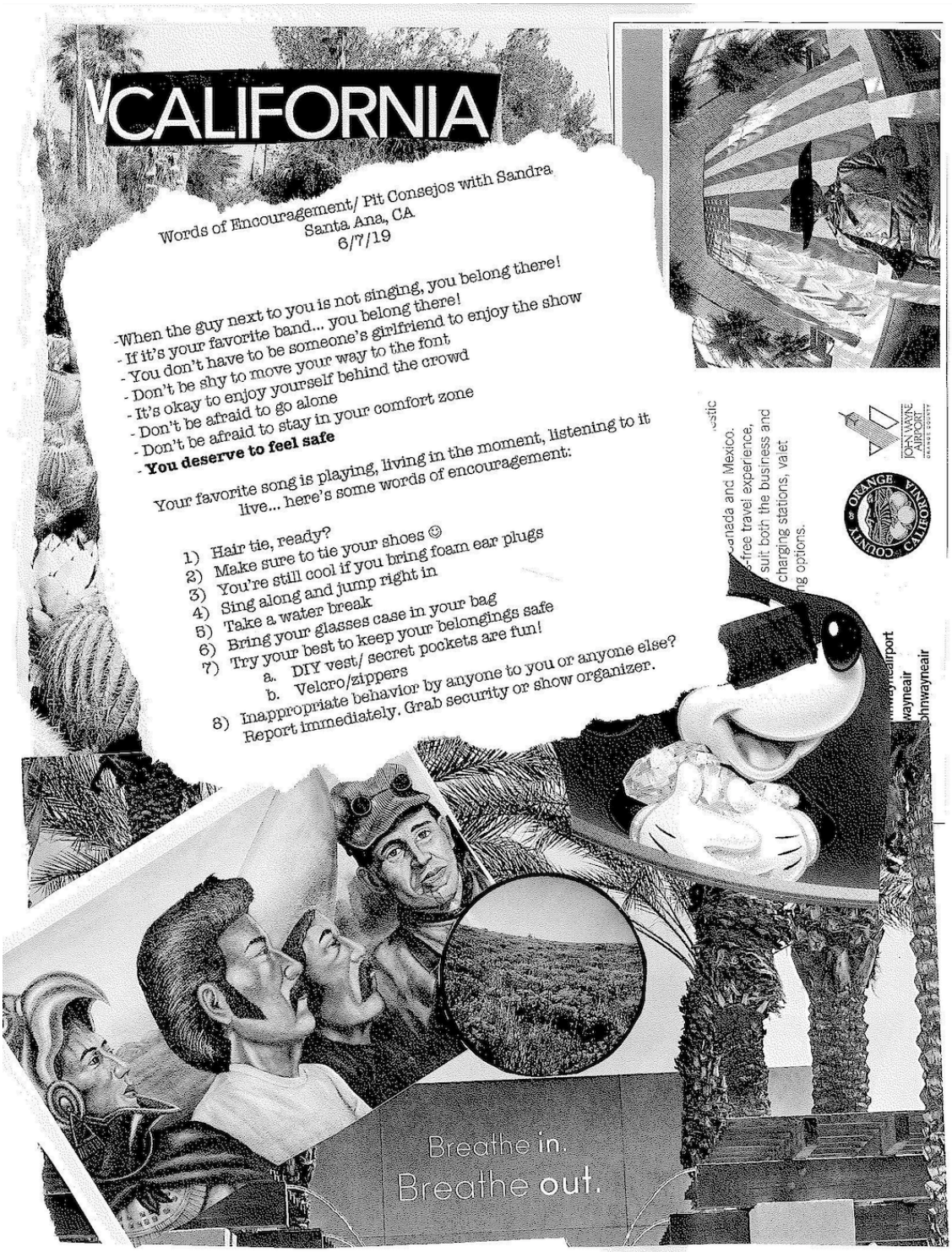

Figure 11 " Zine Page #2 "Courtesy of Sandra and Marlen. Created in Santa Ana, California 2019

Figure 12 "Zine page #3 Excerpt from interview with Michelle Cruz Gonzales with author." Photograph collage courtesy of Michelle Cruz Gonzales, 2019.

Marlen: The way that I've organized the following questions is based on the chapters that I'm working on. The first one being about Decline, and this other film I'm also interested in putting Decline in conversation with this exploitation film for Mexico called, Intrepidos Punks. It's a Mex-ploitation film of this punk gang, who are hyped up on drugs and all kinds of things, are a murderous gang. They are run by one woman who's large mane of hair, she's very light-skinned, all these other things, but it's like Mad-Max, but punk inspired and things like that. I'm putting those two in conversation about representation about punk women and girls in cinema, and punk cinema in the 80s to kind of foreground the rest of the dissertation. When these fantastic, kind of imaginary of punk women and girls meets documentary footage of someone like Alice, and we move on from there. Chapter one is really about film. So, I think my question for this is when was the first time you saw punk women of color on screen or in film? The follow up to that is what was the first punk film you ever saw and what was your reaction?

Michelle G: It was the Decline of Western Civilization, and it was Alice. I lived in Tuolumne and I really don't remember where I saw it. I don't think I saw it in Tuolumne. There's no way I could have seen it in Tuolumne. Nicole Lopez's mom was Shawn Lopez. She liked The Clash. So, she really got into punk and political punk with us. She was really interested in the U.S. involvement, very anti-U.S. involvement in Central America, and would listen to all the news about it that she could find everywhere.

Michelle G: She would record the news and make us listen to it so we knew what was going on. She would summarize every- She was sort of super obsessive about it. It's even funny to me now. It's a great thing to be obsessed about, but she would literally record with her little tape recorder, everything on the news about U.S. involvement in Central America, and then she would make us listen to it in the car if we didn't watch it with her.

Marlen: Oh, wow.

Michelle G: And then she would summarize it for us. We were like, "Okay. Great. Now I have to listen about some more news about Central America." We were interested, but not like that. She got really into punk, and she loved what The Clash was doing. She loved that a lot of the punk bands were involved in making statements about the U.S. involvement and all over the world.

Michelle G: She used to drive us to the Bay area. We may have seen the movie down here on one of our weekends, but I really can't remember where I saw it. But I remember I was still living in Tuolumne at the time. What year did it come out again?

Marlen: '81 it was released.
Michelle G: It came out in '81.

Marlen: Yeah, '80, '81.

Michelle G: So, this was probably '84. I probably saw it in '84 because it was still relatively new and groundbreaking, really groundbreaking and stuff when I saw it. I was still in that phase,

where I was sort of intimidated and afraid of punk, rockers, or people in punk. Even though I was into punk, I still found it scary.

Marlen : Yep.

Michelle G: I was scared of myself for being into it. It scared me that I wanted to be into it because it felt really dangerous, but it wasn't any more dangerous than the things I was seeing in Tuolumne. My mom was a drug addict. At this point, she was getting into methamphetamines, and she was dealing drugs. There were a lot of weirdos in town. A lot of people on- PCP was really big in Tuolumne.

Michelle G: Alcoholism was rampant. We did live in Tuolomne at the time when alcoholism was on the American-Indian reservation, the Tuolumne Band of Me-Wuk reservation that is in our town, was at its peak.

Michelle G: I say our tribe because I grew up in Tuolumne from a very young age. I grew up on a piece of property that had Indian grinding rocks. I do not mean to say that they were our tribe because we felt any kind of ownership over them but because the tribe belonged to the town, as in really belonged because they were indigenous to the area. I'm not part of the tribe. I did go to Indian club. I have a whole interesting relationship with that. I am very aware that I am not Me-Wuk, but I grew up in a town with a reservation and was forced by mother to participate in Indian Club. She was like, "Mexicans are Indian too," but even I knew that she just needed my brother and I to feel akin to the other brown kids because the place is so white. At any rate, I felt like punk was scary because in some ways it seemed to be doing some of the same things that ... it was larger society had its own illnesses and punk had its own illnesses too. It seemed weird to be interested in something that was so dangerous and similar to the things that I saw in Tuolumne at the same time, as a teenager I knew that I wanted something that was my own. First of all, I wanted something that was urban. I grew up Tuolumne, but I was born in LA. We didn't have a lot of money but we visited LA enough times when I was growing up. My grandmother was my first baby sitter.

Michelle G: We visited LA enough times when I was growing up for me to feel very connected to LA and feel like it was something that I had really lost. Something that was lost to me and it was something that I had. It wasn't about the father. It was about my homeland LA that I felt a sense of loss about all my life. The need to want something kind of urban and that was my own that wasn't hippie and fucking Grateful Dead and fucking Doobie Brothers and all those stupid fucking bands that my mom listened to that I couldn't fucking stand. All made sense to me but at the same time, it was still scary. It also represented I think in some ways me separating from my mother in a way that was really both because I was at the age where I had to be separated from my mother, but also because I knew in a lot of ways I didn't want to be like her because I didn't want to smoke pot. I didn't want to be a drug addict. This is gonna sound terrible, but I didn't want to have a baby when I was a teenager.

Michelle G: I think that sounds terrible because she had me when she was a teenager. But I am lucky that she did because I have a mom who is super young and super awesome and super hell of fun to hang out with. I used to say my mom had me when she was only 18. Now I just say my mom had me when she was 18. Hell yeah, because I'm so lucky my mom is still around. Really cool and fun to hang out with. People always go, oh your mom was so young when she

had you. Yeah, fuck you. Guess what? My mom is super energetic. I'm gonna have a blast together. You have an old lady mom. Guess what? Flip it on the other side and it's actually pretty cool. At the time, I didn't want to be a teen mom. Then there was a lot of teen parents. There were a lot of teen parents in Tuolomne There wasn't a lot to do for teenagers. It was boring. You have sex. What happens when you have sex when you're a teenager without access to birth control? You fucking get pregnant. Punk was really scary to me but also really attractive. I really was at that point where I really wanted something that was mine.

Michelle G: I wanted something that was urban and I was in my rebellious phase. I had this single mom and Ronald Reagan was a dick the way he demonized single women on welfare. I was just like, I just was like yes punk is awesome. I've only talked in an interview with one other person about this and I didn't get in the interview. It's good that you're talking to me about this.

Marlen: I'm excited.

Michelle G: This is a big reveal. Are you ready Marlen?

Marlen: I'm so ready.

Michelle G: I was terrified of Alice. I saw her on the screen and I just ... she scared me. I've talked to Alice about that movie. She and I have become good friends. She talks about how the movie is horrible for her because it just depicts everybody as so deranged. I definitely picked up on that and I knew in my heart that, that's not what punk was about. I didn't have the language or understanding that a depiction is a depiction of reality and it doesn't always capture the reality. I didn't have the language to understand that, but I knew that punk wasn't just that. At the same time, my feelings about Alice were actually something very different. I have spent a lot of time thinking about this trying to understand what I was thinking and what was so terrifying for me about her. I only stopped really being afraid of her after I read her book. The thing that it was, was that I looked at her and I saw a woman who looked a lot like me. My hair was just like hers in the movie at the time. Very similar. Ratted and short. She was so indigenous and so punk all at the same time.

Michelle G: There were a couple things going on. One was just that I thought whoa, she just totally doesn't care about the beauty standards for Mexicana's at all. That's so crazy. I don't want to care about that but I couldn't help it. Then there was this other thing, which I think I figured out this morning when I was getting ready for your interview. That is that I don't think I ever saw anyone. I never saw anyone before I saw Alice on the screen that showed me what I looked like to other people as a Chicana punk rocker. For the first time in my life, I saw what other people saw when they looked at me. I was like holy shit. Do I want that? Can I handle that? That's a huge responsibility. I don't know if I can handle being othered twice. I don't know if I can take ... I don't know if that's too much for me. I don't know. Can I take that on? There it is.

Marlen: I'm so glad you shared that because I think when I first watched Decline ... it's almost like you're articulating what I was feeling. Which is that I had never seen a Chicana playing punk music up until that moment. The first time I even saw her was in a magazine. It was called Los Angeles Magazine. Now it's gone another direction. There was just punk, punk, east LA punk an interview with Teresa Covarrubias and Alice Bag. That's when I learned about Decline. That's where I learned about everything. It was like oh. There's brown woman that look

like me that also do this music that I really care about. That moment alone. I'm thankful for your big reveal. Your candidness around it because I think we should talk about ... The conversations around Decline I think have been very while it was an influential movie and all of these things, how did it impact women of color and Chicana women seeing it too and what that was like.

Michelle G: The crazy thing is I think I had to force myself to forget it. I did not seek out The Bags. I did not look for their music. I did not try to find out if she still was in a band. I did not want to think about it. I couldn't. It was too intense. I thought, I can't. It was too scary for me to see her the way other people probably saw me. I didn't know if I wanted to ... I knew that if I was gonna move forward and really commit myself to this thing that I was new to in only two or three years, doing for two or three years. Coming into my punk self, I'm not quite in a band yet. There were hardly any other Latinos in town. It was really terrifying to see myself the way other people saw me. That really scared me because there were only a few of us. I didn't have any place to go with that. I didn't have anyone to talk to about that. There was no language for it. There was no community. It was I had to just forget that I saw that movie and forget that I had that feeling.

Michelle G: I just was like, okay let's just find out about some more white dudes in punk bands because that's about all I can handle right now. I did want to hear bands with women in them. I think I would've loved if there had been an upswell of Latinos in punk. I would've totally gotten into it. It still was treated as such a niche thing or non existent in some ways. Because my own identity stuff was still so fraught and undeveloped. Having grown up in a small town away from LA where I was born, it was just too much. It was just too much. It was too alarming.

Marlen: If maybe I can ask a follow up to that one is, you've watched Decline and you're experiencing feeling overwhelmed. I want to follow up with that a little bit. What was overwhelming about it in that perception? What was so important about that realization that this is the way others must see me and that's too much to think about? What maybe can you say a little bit more about that, if it's okay?

Michelle G: I think some of it had to do with the fact that my mom was ... I think my mom was still afraid of what me presenting myself to the world like that would do to me. She didn't say it in as many words. She would always get really mad at me when I came back from the Bay Area. Wash the dishes. You know, Latina mom stuff. Like yell at you and make you clean the house. Get all short with you and stuff like that. Then all of a sudden start caring about your grades and if you did your homework. Shit that she never cared about.

Marlen: One after the other and it's like argh.

Michelle G: Exactly. Wow you never cared about this stuff. You were just so smoking a bunch of pot two weeks ago. Now all of a sudden you care about this stuff. Okay. I think for her, she was young when she had me. Parents are fallible anyways but she didn't have maybe all the best coping skills. She had grown up. She was baptized Catholic and then her father went to Jehovah's Witness. The Jehovah, you know how they shun. They see certain children as devils sort of. That's not the right ... there's a word for it.

Marlen: Do they?

Michelle G: There's this weird thing in Jehovah's Witness where they will recognize something in a child. It's probably just rebelliousness frankly. Then they will shun that child or treat them really badly. My mom was really, really treated very shabbily by the Jehovah's Witness church. I think that religion and stuff was one of the reasons why she rebelled so hard and started becoming a hippie and grow her hair. Stopped shaving her under arms and was like, didn't shave her legs, and started smoking a bunch of pot. She got really into it because she just was like, fuck those fucking people. They're trying to tell me what to do and what kind of Mexican I'm gonna be or what kind of person I have to be. Simultaneously my dad had been really abusive. When she left the marriage, she didn't want to have anything to do with any Latino guys because she just associated them with violence against her. She just went towards this white sub culture, because I don't know. She also grew up in LA during the time of the movement. She did have a strong Mexicana identity in one way but not in another. It was really weird.

Michelle G: I just think that she was just afraid for me growing up punk in Tuolumne, or being punk, and being so noticeable, standing out because it put me in danger. I would argue that I was already in danger, but she had been really excited about moving us there. She had this pastoral fantasy and everything. I think she realized soon after that it might be a little hard for me. Whenever your kids do anything that's rebellious or that's anti social, parents probably worry. I think it was just a normal amount of that. It was that. It was my mom. ... when I saw Alice, I knew that people ... it just struck me that, that's how people would see me too as a punk rocker, as a punk girl. She didn't look any less Latina to me. Maybe in some ways I thought maybe I did. I wasn't ever trying to pass because I often wore Mexican skirts with the rick rack on it with punk t shirts and stuff like that.

Marlen: I love it. I love it.

Michelle G: I totally had this Chicana punk girl look. I wasn't ever trying to pass. I was delusional about my identity but I never tried to pass. Frankly, there was no way I could have, and like me, Alice was so indigenous looking. I know that when I saw her hair short and it was very similar to mine, wavy like mine, and like how mine can be, I think it was just this moment of you can't run away. You can be hippie, you can be a punk girl, but you can not run away from your identity. Then there was just the ominous responsibility of am I going to be a Chicana in a hick town and be bullied the way I already have been and then am I bringing it upon myself another layer by being a punk girl too? Then just there's that whole normal thing that happens. I think any young person of color. That is that moment where you look in the mirror and you see yourself as a non white person in a white society, like Franz Fanon wrote about in Black Skin, White Masks. You look in the mirror, and you're just like, fuck

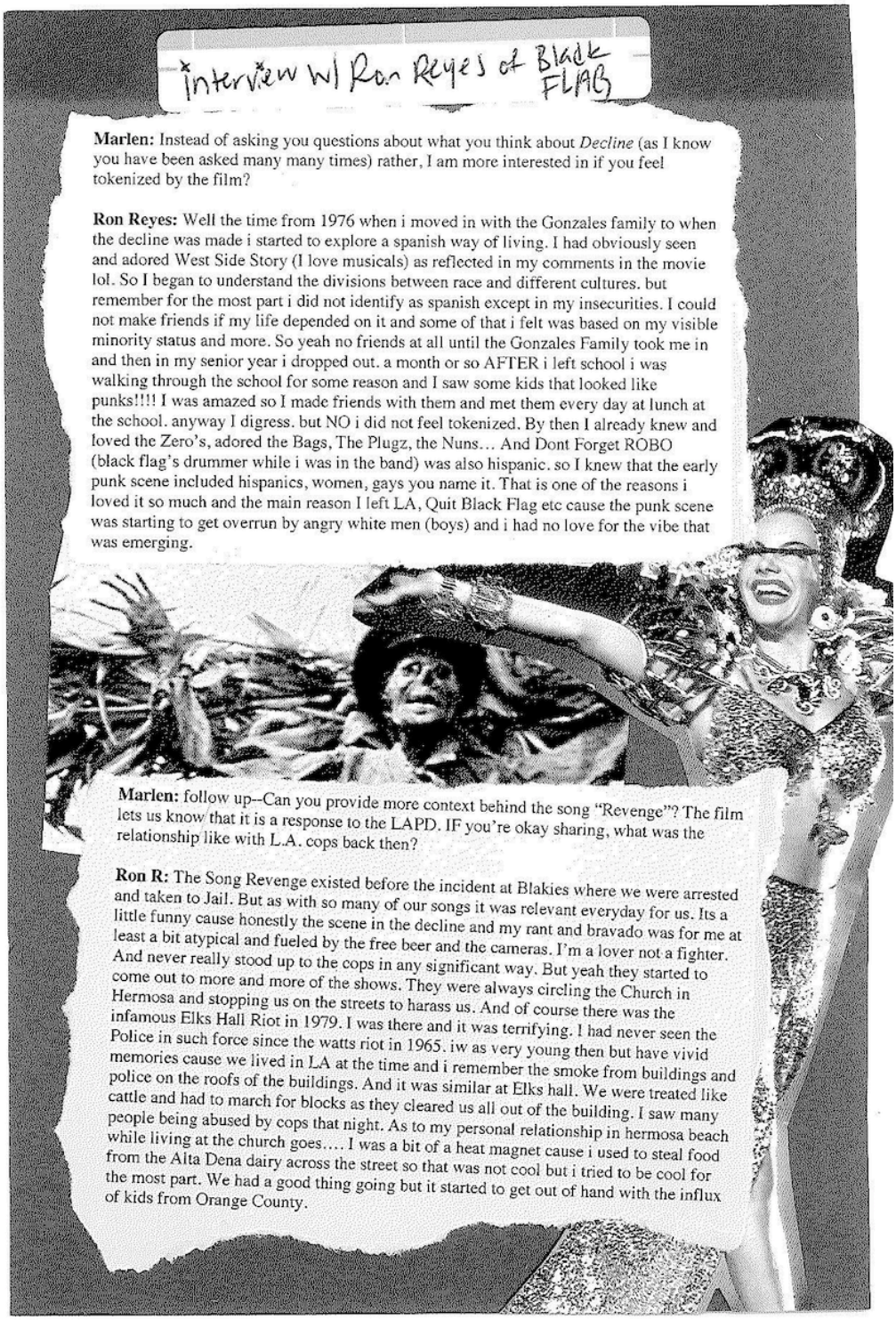

Figure 13 "Zine Page #4 For Ron Reyes of Black Flag with author 2019." Artwork by author.

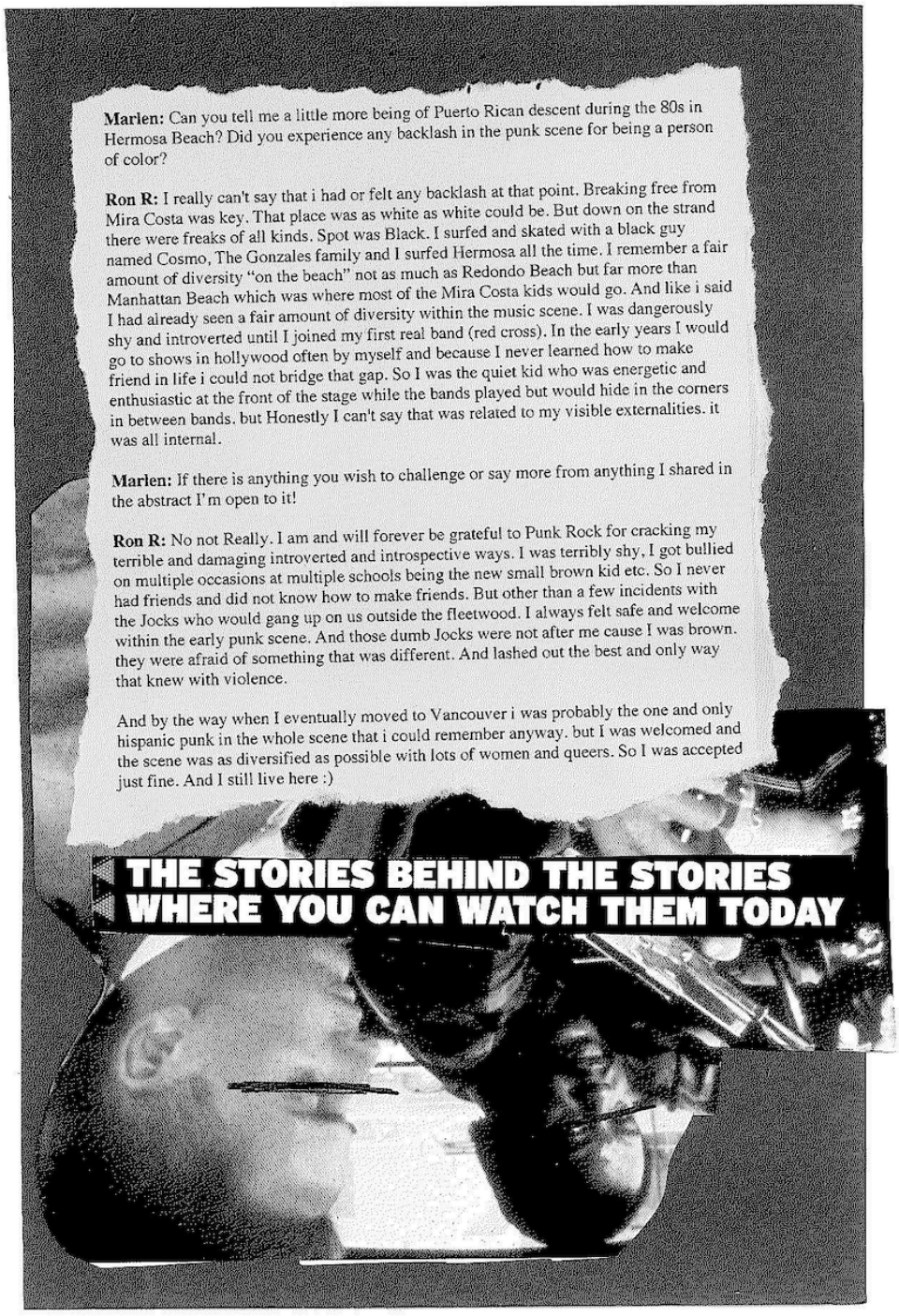

*Figure 14 "Zine Page #5 For Ron Reyes of Black Flag with author 2019."*Excerpt from 2019 interview. *Artwork by author*.

Figure 15 "Zine Page #6 For Jimmy." Artwork by author. Excerpt from 2019 interview with author

Figure 16 "Zine Page # 7 for Michelle G, 2019" *Artwork by author*. Excerpt from 2019 interview.

Figure 17 "Zine Page #8 for Alex, 2019."Artwork by author. Excerpt from 2019 interview with author

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Figure 18 "Zine Page #9 For Dulcinea." Artwork by author. Excerpt from 2019 interview with author

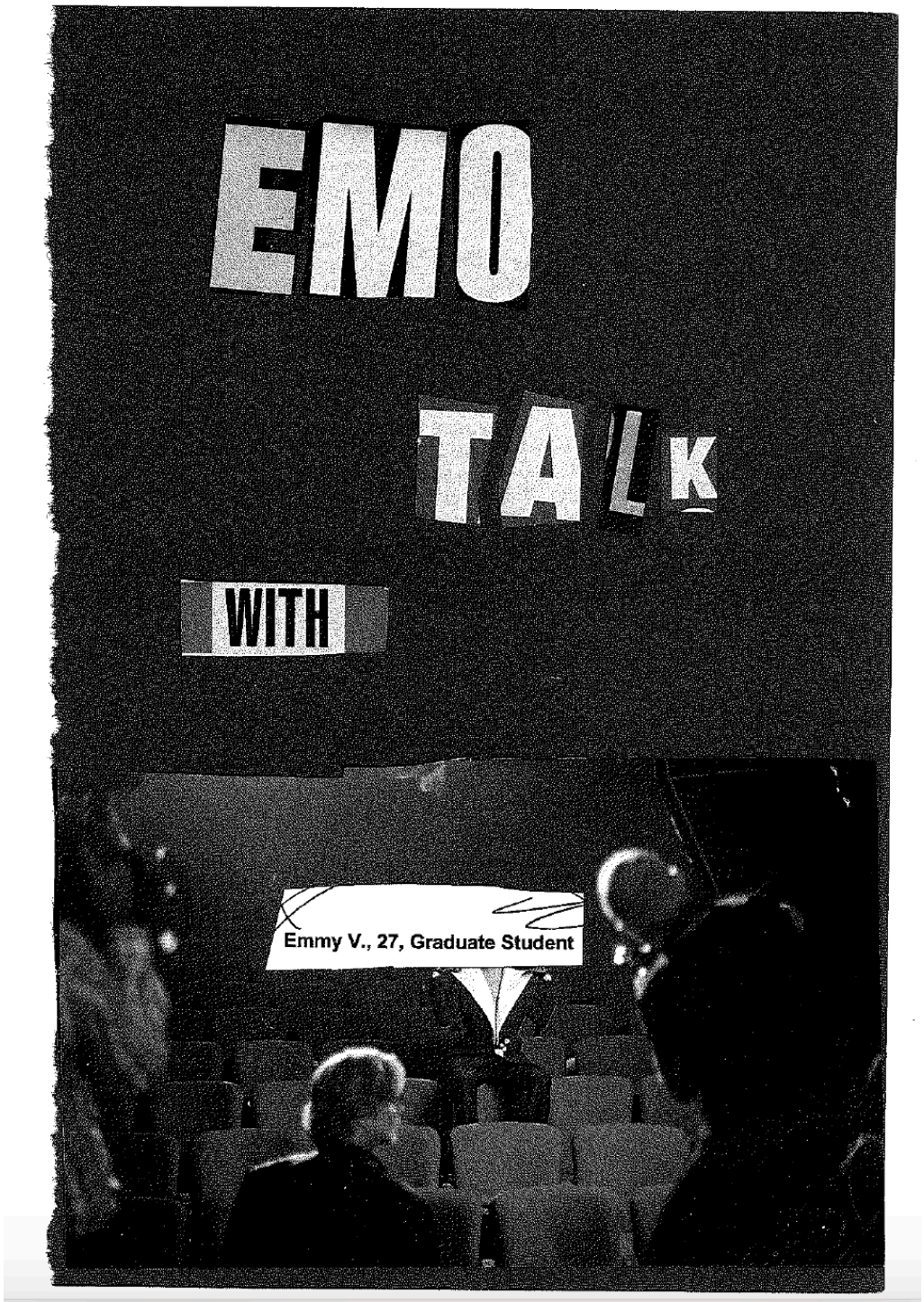

Figure 19 "Zine Page #10 For Emmy." Artwork by author. Excerpt from 2019 interview with author.

Marlen: Why do you think punk and emo seem to be at odds with each other?

Emmy: While I was growing up, I never actually saw punk and emo as being at odds with each other, especially when we consider emo's roots in punk. I think a great example of the actual harmony between these two genres is with the band AFI. AFI began as a punk band, but they started to enter the emo genre with their album, *Sing the Sorrow*, which, in my opinion, is still one of the greatest albums to have been released in 2003. *Sing the Sorrow*, to me, was representative of the poetics of emo in many ways, especially if we take a look at Davey Havok's lyrics and the ways each track embraced the emotional vulnerability that came to define emo, but still contained the rhythms and cadences of punk. I didn't know these genres were at odds with each other until a girl in middle school named P. told me that emo was "gay" and not real punk, which I still disagree with to this day. Many of the kids in middle school and high school who liked punk constantly made fun of emo for being "gay," even though I'm pretty sure some of them listened to AFI and other popular emo bands here and there. (I actually was paired with P. in the seventh grade for a history project, and when she told me to put in a new CD in her boombox while I was at her house, I opened the CD drive and saw *Sing the Sorrow* inside. She forgot to take it out, hee hee.) I am definitely more interested in exploring the commensurabilities between these two genres, but I guess I can understand why people position them in such an oppositional fashion, especially if we consider how punk kids would tease and even beat up emo kids for being "gay."

Marlen: Was being emo in the 2000s at all effected by any political climates domestically or globally?

Emmy: Definitely. In the Philippines (I identify as a Filipinx American), the early 2000s was colored by the corruption and graft of Presidents Joseph Estrada (1998-2001) and Gloria Macapagal Arroyo (2001-2010). The Second EDSA Revolution occurred in 2001, a four-day protest where people of the Philippines marched in the streets in order to overthrow Estrada. They were successful--Estrada resigned and Macapagal Arroyo was appointed President. It was a time of rebellion, but also one of pain and extreme socioeconomic hardship because of the devastation Estrada and Macapagal Arroyo both wrought during their terms. Filipina/o/xs have always been a "sad" people--in fact, the "kundiman," a genre of Filipino love songs, is short for the Tagalog phrase, "kung hindi naman" ("if not"). Kundimans were mostly about undying love, but many were also about singing love to a country and the desire for freedom, which is connected to the Philippines' colonization under Spanish, U.S., and Japanese empires. During the early 2000s, emo was starting to become very popular in the Philippines, and bands like Hale and Chicosci spiked in popularity. When I visited the Philippines in 2007, it was not hard to find CDs for Philippine emo bands.

Emmy: I think one of the reasons emo became popular (and is still very much loved) in the Philippines was perhaps the music's ability to facilitate recognition of emotional pain, which is something that is very unspoken and taboo in the Philippines. In fact, when I was growing up, my mom would say, "Bawal ang sad. Happy lang." ("Sadness is forbidden. Only happiness.") Pretending to be happy or focusing on happiness is an affectual strategy many Filipina/o/xs employ in order to not get bogged down by the hardship of socioeconomic struggle. However, emo allowed young Filipina/o/xs to acknowledge their emotional pain and struggles, while also engaging in a fantasy world that embraced the inevitable end (kinda post-apocalyptic) and the possibilities to be found by accepting sadness and darkness. Of course, sadness and darkness were definitely subject to romanticism in emo, which is not a necessarily viable strategy to addressing mental health, but at least emo opened up youth to conversations about depression and anxiety, especially since many Filipina/o/xs were encouraged to bottle this up.

Marlen: Now looking back, what kind of policing were emo kids subject to?

Emmy: Emo kids were definitely subjected to the policing of queerness. Emo was a time where showing physical affection to the same sex wasn't just tolerated, but even encouraged and fetishized. In middle school, I hung out with a group of emo girls who would just kiss and make out with each other casually. Although I never engaged in these activities (I was shy and closeted), they definitely opened me up to the possibilities of queerness, and the ways physical affection should not just be reserved to a monogamous partner. The same goes for boys--I had a childhood friend named K. who was emo in high school and also identified as gay. Emo gave him the courage to be open about his sexuality, and he started dating a boy from another school sometime in 10th grade. K. would post pictures of him and his boyfriend on MySpace, and his profile soon became very popular with hundreds of friends. Girls would mostly comment on his pictures, saying things like, "OMG you two are so cute!" or "This is so hot!," which, to me, signified how so many teen girls became giddy or even turned on by pictures of boys kissing. I still don't understand the complexities of human sexuality in this era, but despite the fetishization queer emo girls and boys faced during the early 2000s, they definitely got people to think about and consider the possibilities of queerness.

Emmy: In addition, emo kids were also automatically assumed to be suicidal or engaging in self-mutilation, just because they were open about their sadness. I definitely criticize emo for downplaying and romanticizing self-harm, but I still appreciate the way emo opened up conversations about mental health. I was struggling heavily with my mental health during this time, and I was a part of online emo communities on MySpace and LiveJournal. I used to get irritated by

the white kids who would post about their problems and exaggerate them, while **Emmy:** me and other kids of color were dealing with the institutional violences we faced under the matrices of race, class, gender, sexuality, and ability. Conversations about emo lack this intersectional analysis; emo kids of color were definitely policed in ways white emos have never considered. One reason I was unable to participate in the fashion or aesthetics of emo was because of the restrictions my Filipina/o Catholic parents placed in our household. Many of the popular white emo kids on MySpace never had to deal with these restrictions or limitations, which is why I think it's very important for emo kids of color to be vocal about their experiences so we can further understand the intersectional complexities of this genre, aesthetic, and lifestyle.

Figure 20"Zine Page #11 For Stefano." Artwork by author. Excerpt from 2019 interview with author

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Endnotes

Introduction

[1] "Donate: Razorcake." Razorcake. http://razorcake.org/donate/.

[2] "We Were There: Voices from L.A. Punk's First Wave: An Oral History Hosted by Alice Bag: Razorcake." Razorcake. http://razorcake.org/we-were-there-voices-from-l-a-punks-first-wave-an-oral-history-hosted-by-alice-bag/.

[3] Another notable error in the American Sabor website was the claim that the Hollywood scene did not predate the East L.A. Scene when in fact as Alice clarified in an email with me how "Everyone interviewed for the We Were There piece (myself included) do in fact believe that the Hollywood scene predated the East L.A. scene." Alice Bag, email interview follow up with author, July 16th, 2019.

[4] We Were There: Voices from L.A. Punk's First Wave: An Oral History Hosted by Alice Bag: Razorcake." Razorcake. http://razorcake.org/we-were-there-voices-from-l-a-punks-first-wave-an-oral-history-hosted-by-alice-bag/.

[5] Salinas de Gortari, Carlos. *La "Decada Perdida": 1995-2006 Neoliberalismo y Populismo en México* (México, D.F. : Debate, 2008)

[6] In my interpretation, Gutter Punk which is also known as Street punk or Crust punk, generally encapsulates U.S. experiences of homeless or transient punk communities. While aspects of Gutter Punk culture may also account for voluntary homelessness by punk youths from privileged backgrounds, for the purposes of this dissertation, I turn to an understanding of Gutter Punk that accounts for the *involuntary* subjection of poverty onto punk youth and elders whose experiences with displacement intersect with broader socio-political issues beyond privilege.

[7] *La década podrida: 10 años de punk en México*, Edited by InterNeta, México, D.F.: Video Popular y Cultural, A.C., 1995.

[8] Colegrave, Stevan and Chris Sullivan. *Punk: The Definitive Record of a Revolution*. New York: Thunder's Mouth Press. 2001.

[9] Downes, Julia. "D.I.Y. Queer Feminist (Sub)cultural Resistance in the U.K." PhD dissertation, University of Leeds, 2009. White Rose eThesis online (uk.bl.ethos.522933)

[10] Bag, Alice. "I'm Not a Riot Grrrl," Alice Bag: *No Soy Monedita de Oro, Tumblr* August 3, 2016, http://alice-bag.tumblr.com/post/148409338236/im-not-a-riot-grrrl.

[11] In the chapter "Thank God for Punk!" the authors introduce the Brat as having began as a "new wave love story" in which they detail aspects of the romantic relationship between the Brat's lead singer Teresa Covarrubias and guitarist Rudy Medina. While there is nothing wrong with the truth that the two bandmates dated romantically, it is unclear why it is important to mention details of their relationship especially when writing about Chicana musicians who are already subject to sexist double standards. See Reyes, David and Tom Waldman. Land of a Thousand Dances: Chicano Rock 'n' Roll from Southern California. New Mexico: University of New Mexico Press, 1998. 138-139.

[12] McClary, Susan. *Feminine Endings: Music, Gender, and Sexuality*. (Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press, 1991)

[13] Hall, Stuart, Jessica Evans, and Sean Nixon. *Representation* 2nd ed (Thousand Oaks: Sage Publications, 2013)

[14] According to the Huey P. Newton Story Project, COINTELPRO was created "Within one year of the formation of the Black Panther Party, the FBI established a special counter-intelligence program called COINTELPRO, to neutralize political dissidents. Between the years 1956 and 1971, the FBI used the COINTELPRO program to investigate "radical" national political groups for intelligence that would lead to involvement of foreign enemies with these groups. This of course meant that the FBI specifically targeted American citizens." https://www.pbs.org/hueypnewton/actions/actions_cointelpro.html

[15] "Femme" in this dissertation is borrowed from Judith Halberstam and Cassie Donish of *Vice Magazine*. In her online article "Five Queer People on What 'Femme' Means to Them" (2017), Donish explains "The term "femme" does not simply mean "feminine"; it is used in queer circles to designate queer femininity, in a way that's often self-aware and subversive. It's both a celebration and a refiguring of femininity. From the invisibility queer femmes can feel in some lesbian circles to the sharp vulnerability inherent in being a trans woman, no two femme-identified individuals share the same experience of what it means to be femme." Additionally, in Judith Halberstam's In a Queer Time and Place, in the chapter "What's That Smell" Queer Temporalities and Subcultural Lives" Halberstam defers to Lauraine Leblanc, author of Pretty in Punk: Girls' Gender Resistance in a Boys' Subculture (1998) to help track "the relationship of girls to punk rock. While some girls involved themselves in the scene through their boyfriends, Leblanc argues that some of the really though girls engaged in punk had to become "virtual boys" in order to earn the respect of their male counterparts. Although the subculture remains resolutely heterosexual in form, Leblanc found that punk offered girls "strategies of resistance to gender norms" (Leblanc 1998, 13). Whereas Halberstam hones in on the way *girls*, Donish's intergenerational interviews with femme folx, helps to confirm that it is not just punk girls but also older punkeras that negotiate their gender expressions within punk.

[16] Blackwell, Maylei. *¡Chicana Power!: Contested Histories of Feminism in the Chicano Movement* (Austin, TX: University of Texas Press, 2011)

[17] Rasquachismo according to Bains is "the irreverent and spontaneous are employed to make the most from the least. In rasquachismo one takes a stance that is both defiant and inventive. Aesthetic expression comes from discards, fragments, even recycled everyday materials such as tires, broken plates, plastic containers recombined with elaborate and bold display in yard shrines (capillas), domestic decor (altares), and even embellishment of the car. In its broadest sense it is a combination of resistant and resilient attitudes devised to allow the Chicano to survive and persevere with a sense of dignity. The capacity to hold life together with bits of string, old coffee cans, and broken mirrors in a dazzling gesture of aesthetic bravado is at the heart of rasquachismo. The source of rasquachismo rests in the everyday, the domestic sites of home and community."
From Mesa-Bains, Amalia. "Domesticana: The Sensibility of Chicana *Rasquachismo*" In *Chicana Feminisms: a Critical Reader*. (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2003) 300

[18] Mesa-Bains, Amalia. "Domesticana: The Sensibility of Chicana *Rasquachismo*" In *Chicana Feminisms: a Critical Reader*. (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2003) 299

[19] Downes, Julia. "D.I.Y. Queer Feminist (Sub)cultural Resistance in the U.K." PhD dissertation, University of Leeds, 2009. White Rose eThesis online (uk.bl.ethos.522933), 23.

[20] Ferrell, Jeff. *Inside the Urban Underground of Dumpster Diving, Trash Picking, and Street Scavenging* (New York, NY: NYU Press, 2005. 188-189)

[21] Mesa-Bains, Amalia. "Domesticana: The Sensibility of Chicana *Rasquachismo*" In *Chicana Feminisms: a Critical Reader*. (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2003) 302

[22] Aparicio, Frances R. *Listening to Salsa: Gender, Latin Popular Music, and Puerto Rican Cultures* (Hanover, NH: University Press of New England, 1998), xix.

[23] Vargas, Deborah. *Dissonant Divas in Chicana Music: The Limits of La Onda*. (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2012), 15.

[24] Alamilla Boyd, Nan and Horacio N. Roque Ramírez. *Bodies of Evidence: The Practice of Queer Oral History*. (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2012), 1-2.

[25] Cathy J. Cohen. "Punks, Bulldaggers, and Welfare Queens: The Radical Potential of Queer Politics?" GLQ 3 (1997): 437-465.

[26] The "Intergenerational Trauma of Poserisms" is what I consider the clash between punk's harsh rubrics of what punk is and the unfair measuring of that rubric onto punks of color first entry into punk. Punk's unique history in fact makes it almost impossible to know everything about punk which is why there are so many branches of punk but it is the whiteness of its canon that marks the poser from the fan still to this day.

[27] Anzaldúa Gloria. *Making Face, Making Soul: Creative and Critical Perspectives by Women of Color = Haciendo Caras*. (San Francisco: Aunt Lute Foundation Books, 1990) xxiv

[28] Ibid

Chapter 1

[29] Bag, Alice. *Pipe bomb for the Soul*. Los Angeles: Alice Bag. 2000. 5.

[30] Bag, Alice. *Pipe bomb for the Soul*. Los Angeles: Alice Bag. 2000. 106.

[31] In regard to this dissertation's scant use of the words "Chicanx" or "Latinx," I look to Richard Rodriguez's 2017 article "X Marks the Spot." He states, "Some maintain that using X signals a queer and/or feminist politics that contests normative gender formations, while others believe that it promotes an elitist identity politics that quickly elides the continued significance of gender-- even for queer constituencies-- and has little currency beyond English-- speaking, academic, and class-ascendant communities" (203). Therefore, the use of "femme," "Chicana," and "Latina" in this dissertation aligns with Rodriguez by way of honoring the aforementioned identities of the women in this project rather than collapsing them all under "Chicanx" or" Latinx." My intention is not to disregard or condemn the X or the experiences of the queer communities who find home within the X but rather insist that by incorporating the identifiers of this project's constituents into this dissertation, I can forgo having to impose the X when it may not be merited. From Rodriguez, Richard T., "X marks the spot." *Cultural Dynamics* 29 (2017): 202-213

[32] Alice Bag, email interview with author, January 7th, 2019.

[33] Crawley, Ashon T. *Blackpentacostal Breath: The Aesthetics of Possibility*. New York: Fordham University Press, 2017. 2

[34] ibid

[35] Brown, Jayna. " 'Brown Girl in the Ring': Poly Styrene, Annabella Lwin, and the Politics of Anger." *Journal of Popular Music Studies* 23.4 (2011): 455-478.

[36] Anzaldúa, Gloria. *Borderlands/La Frontera: The New Mestiza*. San Francisco, CA: Aunt Lute Books, 1987, 80.

[37] *Decline of Western Civilization,* VHS-NTSC, directed by Penelope Spheeris, 1981; Los Angeles, CA: Music Media, 1981

[38] Zack Carlson, *Destroy All Movies!!!* (Seattle, WA: Fantagraphics, 2010)

[39] Bag, Alice. "Remembering the Decline," Alice Bag: No Soy Monedita de Oro (blog), Tumblr, June 16, 2015, http://alice-bag.tumblr.com/post/121717604826/remembering-the-decline.

[40] Alice Bag, email message to author, January 7th, 2019.

[41] According to the commentary, it is quite clear that the audience filmed during the Bag's set is in fact the audience watching them play at the Fleetwood. While the entire film might be doctored, the commentary along with the audience filmed during the FEAR and Circle Jerks' performances in fact show overlapping audience members hinted mostly by the rainbow stripped décor in the background of the Fleetwood. Thus, the audience members that the film focused on do appear to be bored, this is most likely due to the venue being in the O.C. where bands from the slightly earlier Hollywood scene were being distinguished as "punk rock" bands and not the more geographically desirable genre of "hardcore."

[42] Before the Bag's set in Decline, Darby Crash of the Germs is filmed ealier in the film with a live tarantula while eating breakfast. Darby, situated as a key figure in the film due to his inebriated state during most of the film, is also a person of interest Alice, in my experience, that most people will ask her about because of their closeness during their punk days. Yet, it is their closeness that overshadows Bag's own contributions to the scene beyond her friendship with Darby.

[43]*Decline of Western Civilization,* VHS, directed by Penelope Spheeris, 1981; Los Angeles, CA: Shout! Factory, 2015

[44] I offer a bilingual translation of the quote of the film to highlight the gendered difference between "jefe" the masculinist word for "boss" versus "jefa" the feminized word for "boss."

[45] Bag, Alice. *Pipe bomb for the Soul* (Los Angeles: Alice Bag. 2000) 38.

[46] Fred Moten, *In The Break*: The Aesthetics of the Black Radical Tradition (Minneapolis, MN: University Of Minnesota Press, 2003), 22.

[47] *"Intrépidos Punks". Filmed [N/A]. YouTube video, 00:91:00. File deleted. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9Xu6eg9jCZg.*

[48] Zack Carlson, *Destroy All Movies!!!* (Seattle, WA: Fantagraphics, 2010)

[49] Yeğenoğlu Meyda. *Colonial Fantasies: towards a Feminist Reading of Orientalism*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2005.

[50] Queercore is a branch of punk that explicitly encompassed LBGTQIA punk bands. However, Queercore was termed as a scene in the mid-to-late 1980s when Alice was already in Nicaragua and moved on from the L.A. punk scene to explore other artistic projects and bands.

Chapter 2

[51] Taylor, Diana. *The Archive and the Repertoire: Performing Cultural Memory in the Americas* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2003), 82.

[52] Michelle T, phone interview with the author, April 19, 2019

[53] Fugazi is a post-hardcore punk band from Washington D.C. formed in the late 80s. "Waiting Room" is from their self-titled 1989 album colloquially known as "the red album" or as "7songs."

[54] Alex, Interview with author, April 10, 2019.

[55] Fugazi, "Waiting Room," recorded 1988. Inner Ear Studios, track 1 on *7songs*. Compact disc.

[56] "John Lydon.Com: The 'Sid and Nancy' Film Is Not Factual... It's Sadly Sickeningly Depressing..." *John Lydon.Com | The 'Sid and Nancy' Film Is Not Factual... It's Sadly Sickeningly Depressing...*, www.johnlydon.com/sidandnancy.html.
[57] Furness, Zack. *Punkademics: The Basement Show in the Ivory Tower* (Minor Compositions, 2012)

[58] Glenn, Joshua. "Origin of the Pogo." *Hilobrow*, June 22, 2011, http://hilobrow.com/2011/06/22/origin-of-the-pogo/

[59] MikeBrainfollies, "BAGS-WE DON'T NEED THE ENGLISH" YouTube Video, 1:04, April 13, 2010, https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AIVzm5L7E80&feature=youtu.be

[60] Bag, Alice, "*We Don't Need the English: Punk and its Afterlives*" (Keynote Speech, 1st Annual UCR PunkCon, Riverside, CA, May 4, 2019.)

[61] Katrina Hazzard-Donald, "Dance in Hip Hop Culture," in *That's The Joint*, ed. Mark Anthony Neal, Murray Forman (Routledge, 2011), 509.http://sites.psu.edu/comm292/wp-content/uploads/sites/5180/2014/10/FormanNeal-Thats_the_Joint_The_Hip_Hop_Studies_Readerbook.pdf#page=522

[62] Zolov, Eric. *Refried Elvis: The Rise of Mexican Counterculture* (University of California Press, 1999), 73.

[63] COMROCK85, "LOS ROCKIN DEVIL'S - ES LUPE" YouTube Video, 2:29, Apr 4, 2010, https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bOgtMuDIPU0

[64] Noisey, "Was Punk Rock Born in Peru? - Los Saicos - Noisey Specials" YouTube Video, 13:35, August 12, 2019, https://www.youtube.com/watch?reload=9&v=tsdTKQb6o6Q

[65] LimaPerú.TV, "Los Saicos Demolición en Lima Vive Rock 2013" YouTube Video, 4:25, September 8, 2013, https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bsiZHJYBEpg&index=17&list=RD-ahO_vGBdkg

[66] Michelle Habell-Pallan, phone interview with the author, April 5th, 2019.

[67] G1UZ3, "Pure Hell – The Boots Are Made For Walking" YoutTube Video, 2:47, May 22, 2010, https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jeCH6GFnfNg

[68] Subcultures and Sociology. June 7th, 2019. http://haenfler.sites.grinnell.edu/subcultures-and-scenes/afro-punk/#ffs-tabbed-13.

[69] danhostler1985. "MTV: Social History of the Mosh Pit 2002 PART 1." YouTube. YouTube, February 21, 2011. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=60kPRMlJufM.

[70] keith niedzielski, "PURE HELL" YouTube Video, 10:32, December 3, 2008, https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hdxMwNNRA2o

[71] Smith, Neil, and David Harvey. *Uneven Development: Nature, Capital, and the Production of Space*. Athens; London: University of Georgia Press, 1990), 3.

[72] Freeman, Lance. *There Goes the 'Hood: Views of Gentrification from the Ground Up* (Temple University Press, 2006), 3.

[73] John Doe, Exene Cervenka and Dave Alvin, "A Personal History Of L.A. Punk: 'It Was A Free-For-All For Outcasts'," FRESH AIR, NPR, Philadelphia, WHYY, May 2, 2016.

[74] Dulcinea G., phone interview with the author, May 20, 2019.

[75] Ron Reyes, email message with the author, April 28, 2019.

[76] Brown, August. "Jello Biafra on 'Nazi Punks' and hate speech" *Los Angeles Times,* August 09, 2012 http://articles.latimes.com/2012/aug/09/entertainment/la-et-ms-jello-biafra-nazi-punks-hate-speech-20120809

[77] Bag. Alice, email message to the author, November 30, 2018.

[78] Another State of Mind. DVD. Directed by Adam Small and Peter Stuart. Vancouver, 1984; Canada: Time Bomb, 2004.

[79] To be clear, it is not my intention to speak of the Orange County scene as any less important than other local scenes in the Southern California area or that Hardcore as a whole was problematic and sexist. Rather, *it is* my intention to highlight the aftermath of when Hardcore met L.A. and the type of fans and muscians that allowed Hardcore's sound to provoke racist, sexist, and homophobic attacks against its own community.

[80] Hall, Stuart. Policing the Crisis, (London;Palgrave, 1978), 273.

[81] Ibid

[82] Quincy M.E., Season 8 Episode 8, "Next Stop Nowhere," Directed by Ray Danton, Aired December 1st, 1982, https://vimeo.com/11340437 .

[83] ronnyber, "CHiPs Battle Of The Bands. Pain Rooftop Scene" YouTube Video, 1:49, December 11, 2010, https://www.youtube.com/watch?time_continue=1&v=PBnyaWt9V24

[84] Professor of Ethnic Studies at UC Riverside, Keith Miyake, proposed how the rise of MTV connects the parallels between hip hop and punk in that they were both subjected to the record industry in the mid 80s but while hip hop travelled globally— punk's proximity and association to whiteness kept them at odds with each other as genres of color especially today.

[85] Garcia, Sanae. Email message to the author, December 15, 2017.

[86] What You See Is What You Get: Shawn Kerri Chronicling Early LA Hardcore." Harsh Forms, 2 Feb. 2016, harshforms.com/shawn-kerri-hardcore-punk-early-1980s-los-angeles/.https://harshforms.com/shawn-kerri-hardcore-punk-early-1980s-los-angeles/

[87] The Daily Show With Jon Stewart, "WOODSTOCK '99." Performed by Jon Stewart, aired July 26th, 1999 on Network, http://www.cc.com/video-clips/ak950r/the-daily-show-with-jon-stewart-woodstock--99-fires

[88] "Woodstock gets a bit out of hand '99", MTVNews, posted August 16, 2009. http://www.mtv.com/video-clips/fzq2ze/woodstock-99-gets-a-bit-out-of-hand

[89] Grace, personal interview with author, April 10, 2019.

[90] Alex, personal interview with author, April 10, 2019.

Chapter 3

[91] FEAR is a Hardcore style punk back from the early 1980s scene in Los Angeles. Infamously known as being a "spoof" punk band. More notably, they are remembered for their chaotic performance of their single "Beef Baloney" on the comedy improv show *Saturday Night Live* on Halloween, 1981.

[92] A color-coded system of hankies whose unique color both describes a sexual preference and discreetly allow potential lovers to know what that preference is.

[93] Grace, personal interview with author, April 10, 2019.

[94] Muñoz, "*Stages: Queers, Punks, and Utopian Performative*" in *Cruising Utopias*. (New York, NY: New York University Press, 2009), 105.

[95] Colegrave, Stevan and Chris Sullivan. *Punk: The Definitive Record of a Revolution*. New York: Thunder's Mouth Press, 2001, 12

[96] Ibid

[97] Ibid

[98] Info on joe Strummer and the clash

[99] Thomas, John D. *Great Expectorations: The Cultural History of Saliva from Jesus Christ to Iggy Pop*. Chicago, Illinois: Strayhorn Press, 2012.

[100] Vargas, Deborah R. "Ruminations on Lo Sucio as a Latino Queer Analytic." American Quarterly 66 (2014): 715-726.

[101] Wiedlack, Katharina. "Queer-Feminist Punk: An Antisocial History." Academia.edu. Accessed August 19, 2019. https://www.academia.edu/29961976/Queer-Feminist_Punk_An_Antisocial_History.

[102] Brown, Jayna, Patrick Deer, and Tavia Nyong'o "Punk and Its Afterlives" *SocialText* 31, (2013): 2.

[103] Stewart, Stephen *Gay Hollywood Film and & Video Guide: Over 75 years of Male Homosexuality in the Movies* (Companion Publications, 1993), 9.

[104] Port Film Co-op. "The Making Of Cruising (1980)-William Friedkin Documentary." YouTube video, 43:32. Jan 3, 2016. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_YEVFlv3MEA&t=19

[105] Adams, Tim. "The death and afterlife of an LA Punk." *The Guardian,* August 24, 2008. https://www.theguardian.com/music/2008/aug/24/popandrock1

[106] Adam Parfrey, Brendan Mullen, and Don Bolles, Lexicon *Devil: The fast times and short life of Darby Crash and the Germs* (Feral House, 2002) 209.

[107] Bag, Alice. "Michelle Gerber Bell," ALICE BAG, Alicebag.com, April 23, 2016 https://alicebag.com/women-in-la-punk/2016/4/23/michelle-gerber-bell

[108] Ibid

[109] Lorde, Audre. *A Litany for Survival* (New York, NY: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 1997)

[110] Grover, Jan Zita. "AIDS: Keywords" *The MIT Press* 43 (1987): 17-30

[111] Boulton, Kate and Catherine Hanssens, "Psychology and AIDS Exchange Newsletter: When Sex is a Crime and Spit is a Dangerous Weapon: The origins, impact and advocacy response to HIV criminal laws," American Psychological Association, March 2017, https://www.apa.org/pi/aids/resources/exchange/2017/03/hiv-criminal-laws

[112] Elliott H. Powell "Coalitional Auralities: Notes on a Soundtrack to Punks, Bulldaggers, and Welfare Queens" *Lesbian and Gay Studies* 25 (2019): 188

[113] Cohen, Cathy. "Punk, Bulldaggers and Welfare Queens: The Radical Potential of Queer Politics?" GLQ 3 (1997):437-465.

[114] Dante Cuauhtémoc, informal conversation author, August 2nd 2019.

[115] Keeling Kara, Witches Flight: The Cinematic, the Black Femme, and the Image of Common Sense, (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2007), 27.

[116] Post-Punk is a branch of punk that welcomed more artistically driven avant garde styles of punk which welcomed electronic instruments such as the syth. Whose fashion also changed from the leather jacket wearing punk of the late 70s to more of a goth attire.

[117] I propose that "heterofragility" in this chapter addresses the unrecognized unearned aspects of white privilege that 1) entitles heterosexual men to access and exploit queer/trans/bisexual women of color bodies for sex or rape 2) allows straight men easier access victimhood if exposed to a sexually transmitted disease

as opposed to women who are already seen as "natural" carriers of filth: STIs, menstruation, etc. Consider *Dallas Buyers Club* (2013) and *Vamp* (1986).

[118] Pop Artist and AIDS activist Keith Haring whose most celebrated work is the iconic "Silence=Death" (1989) upside-down pink triangle on silkscreen. Haring also designed all of Grace's Jones outfits for *Vamp*.

[120] Keeling Kara, Witches Flight: The Cinematic, the Black Femme, and the Image of Common Sense, (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2007), 11.

[121] *Vamp,* Amazon Video, directed by Richard Wenk, 1986, Atlanta, GA: New World Pictures, 1986

[122] "Tobi", Skype interview with author, March 19, 2019

[123] Ibid

Conclusion

[124] Hernandez, Daniel. "Emo Bashing: Mexico's Latest Urban-Youth Craze," LA Weekly, April 9, 2008. http://www.laweekly.com/music/emo-bashing-mexicos-latest-urban-youth-craze-2152920
"A subculture that privileges a language of 'feelings' as a sentimental response to a hypermasculine alternative; a musical genre marked by onstage crying and intense, emotive vocals; an androgynous style that has most recently favored "swoopy bangs," tight "girl jeans," and lots of "guyliner" eye makeup…"

However, on August 1st, 2019 in an interview with the author, Emmy, 27, graduate student elaborated: "Emo is a subculture with a specific set of aesthetics. It is also a music genre ranging from pop punk to hardcore. I do not remember how exactly I was introduced to emo, but it was sometime in middle school (2002-2005). At that time, I was already into pop punk and listened to bands such as Simple Plan and Bowling For Soup, so I think emo was a natural progression, especially considering the popularity of the genre during this time. I think it was my friends C. and D. from eighth grade who introduced me to my first emo bands, such as Hawthorne Heights and From First to Last. I enjoyed the juxtaposition in emo music, how musicians could be emotional and pour their hearts out singing ballads, while suddenly screaming into the microphone during the chorus. I think emo mirrored the tumult of middle school and puberty for me, especially since I was already queer questioning at this time.
Unfortunately, I never really partook in the emo aesthetic other than buying a few accessories, such as a tattoo choker, black gummy bracelets, and striped knee socks. I also constantly tried to get my hair to do that poofy, volumized thing without having to cut/destroy it into layers. My mom was very strict about mine and my sisters' appearance while we were growing up, so I never got to experiment with the look or fashion the way I wanted. This may have been a positive thing because I avoided drastic hair damage and my eyes only got irritated a few times from secretly trying the raccoon eyeliner look.Every once a while, as an adult, I still have the urge to put on an old song or CD. The emo bands that have stayed with me are My Chemical Romance, Taking Back Sunday, and The Used. Emo will always be a music genre for me, first and foremost. When I couldn't say how I was truly feeling and I lacked the words to speak truth when I was a kid, I leaned on emo to find recognition. The fact that there were people singing about their pain so openly and beautifully made me feel acknowledged, that there are multiple people out there who can empathize with my anxiety and depression."

[125] ibid

[126] Mullen, Brendan and Roger Gastman. *Live at the Masque: Nightmare on Punk Alley*. Corte Madera, CA.: Gingko Press, 2008.

[127] Thomas, Bryan."The Epic Saga of Tito Larriva, the Plugz and the 'St. Paddy's Day Massacre' at the Elks Lodge, 1979." Night Flight. Accessed August 28, 2019. http://nightflight.com/the-epic-saga-of-tito-larriva-the-plugz-and-the-st-paddys-day-massacre-at-the-elks-lodge/.

[128] Thi Nguyen, Mimi. "Minor Threats." Radical History Review 122 (2015) 11–24.

[129] Sandra and Johnathan, personal interview with the author, April 6, 2019.

[130] Sandra and Johnathan, personal interview with the author, April 6, 2019.