

BEST



FEST



BFF FEST ORGANIZERS:

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MISSION STATEMENT:

BFF (Best Fest Forever!) Fest is an inclusive summer music festival in Detroit created to highlight, celebrate, and promote the talents of Michigan's diverse community of musicians and artists. By prioritizing the participation of women/POC/LGBTQ performers, BFF Fest strives to be progressive, modern, and thoughtful in the curation of its lineup, and hopes to foster consciousness toward building a stronger, supportive, and most importantly, a more diverse and balanced scene in Detroit/Michigan/the Midwest/North America/the world/universe/galaxy/everything.

We hope you'll come hang out, support your friends, eat lots of food, and ideally come away inspired to form your own band, make your own art, and put together your own balanced and diverse shows and festivals.

BFF Fest is presented by **SERAPHINE COLLECTIVE**, a collaborative female-operated multi-purpose music space in Detroit.

BFF Fest is a **SAFE SPACE** and a supportive environment free from any discrimination or oppressive actions of any kind. Keep it cool kids.

BFF Fest loves change and growth. Please let us know how we can improve the festival and feel free to send us band/artist suggestions for next year!

facebook.com/seraphinecollective

THE RUTH ELLIS CENTER

\$1 of every ticket at BFF FEST will be donated to the **RUTH ELLIS CENTER** in Detroit.

The **RUTH ELLIS CENTER**, incorporated in 1999, is a youth social services agency that serves the needs of runaway, homeless and at-risk youth.

40% of homeless youth are LGBTQ.

Last year, the Ruth Ellis Center provided support to over half the homeless LGBTQ youth in Detroit.

This year, the Ruth Ellis Center will help 25% more youths by developing a vacant space into a Community Health Center to provide comprehensive medical and mental health services.

Total development costs are expected to reach \$250,000.

Donate to the Ruth Ellis Center today!

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JULY

Detroit, Michigan

26th,
2014

♥♥♥♥♥ LINEUP:

\\\\ VALLEY STAGE \\\\

- 3:00P Drinkard Sisters (DET)
- 3:50P Sex Police (YPSI)
- 4:40P Van Houten (A2)
- 5:40P Deadly Viper Assassination Squad (DET)
- 6:50P Junk Food Junkies (DET)
- 8:00P Casual Sweetheart (DET/A2)
- 9:10P Sros Lords (DET)
- 10:20P Blizzard Babies (CHI)
- 11:30P Isles of ESP (DET)
- 12:40A Rebel Kind (A2/YPSI)

/\\\\ MOUNTAIN STAGE /\\\\

- 3:25P Double Winter (DET)
- 4:15P Diskette (DET)
- 5:05P Deadbeat Beat (DET)
- 6:15P Little Animal (DET)
- 7:25P Marx Marston (DET)
- 8:35P Mama Roux (DET)
- 9:45P Bárbara Eugênia (BRAZIL)
- 10:55P Mexican Knives (DET)
- 12:05A Loretta Lucas (DET)
- 1:10A Kelly Jean Caldwell (DET)



"THAT'S THE RISK YOU TAKE WORKING OUT IN A PUBLIC GYM."

My emotions have been on overload lately, sending me to tears at the slightest invocation. I get like this sometimes, where the weight of the world presses down on me. The other day someone dumped dogs on the curb by my

office. A woman in a pickup pulled over and tried to rescue them. I brought out treats for bait. They were timid and jumpy, and as soon as they started to warm up to her another stray male ran up out of nowhere and they all ran off together. Today at the gas station I saw the two dogs, they were standing outside of McDonald's, no longer timid begging every passerby for food. There was nothing I could do, my dog was already in my car, the storm knocked down a section of my fence so I don't even know where I would keep strays. The impending cold, the hungry animals and people on the street, I needed to work this all out in my mind so I hit the pool.

About 20 minutes into my laps I notice a young man sitting in the jacuzzi directly at the end of my lane. His head is resting on the tile, his head phones are in, and he is holding his phone vertically on a towel. The fear that he is photographing me crosses my mind but I try to continue swimming while watching him through my tinted goggles. I made eye contact with him a couple of times, but I don't think he could see my eyes. When I finished my laps and entered the jacuzzi I could see he was fiddling with his camera app. He took a picture of the pool and then switched back to a text. I watched him a minute more then closed my eyes, feeling the shakes start to set in. In my head I tried to imagine how to confront him, I thought about asking the other guy who was sitting off to the corner. My heart started to race and the voices in my head piped up. SAY SOMETHING. Shh, don't say anything. What are you going to say? You don't know that he was for sure photographing you.

Say something! Get over it, what's the big deal. When another woman entered the pool he picked his phone back up and I decided to break the silence. "Hey man, I saw you had your camera open and you were sitting right at the end of my lane, were you taking pictures of me?" No. "Then show me your photos." He fumbles and pulls up the picture I saw him take quickly closing the app and saying "I was sending a text of the pool to my friend." Frazzled and with out saying a word I stumble to my towel, my vision is going blurry. Of course I can't prove he was taking pictures of me, and truthfully I want to believe the best in people and that he wasn't, but with the amount of candid and stolen photo hosting sites on the internet sharing secretly snapped pictures of women, its hard to think he could be doing anything else. This is not the first time I've felt uncomfortable about this. Many times when I go to swim there is one gentleman who sits in the reclining chair on his phone.

He does not swim, he does not get in the pool, and maybe he is just relaxing in the humid air and watching funny youtube videos but when his phone is pointing directly at me while I'm stretching I feel rather uncomfortable.

When I laid down in the sauna I still couldn't catch my breath. I gave up on the thought of quiet meditative time and hurried out to pack my things. Walking out of the gym with wobbly legs I can feel the heat rising from my face. I made eye contact with an employee and he asked

me how my work out was. I started to lose it. "Are they allowed to have phones in the pool? Are people allowed to take pictures?" He starts asking if someone was taking an image of me and I could only come out with broken sentences while I tried to explain. His change in demeanor alerted me that yes, as a man he knew that men took candid photos of women to post online. He starts asking me what the guy looked like as the front desk woman approaches. As I start asking her about it she says that

RSK YOU TAKE WORKING OUT IN A PUBLIC GYM!

like those college professors on the internet. Its a thing people do. If I knew someone was taking my picture I would do something extra funny." I'm not doing anything funny, I'm fucking working out and I'm not giving consent for photos regardless of their intended use. I try to explain to her what these images are used for and the kinds of sites they are hosted on. "Oh, like up-skirt pics. Like for porn?" The other worker sees a guy and goes "Is that him?" It is him, I don't say anything, I look away. The woman keeps going on, about how they can't control it and I would have to catch some one and know for sure they were taking pictures and if I'm bothered I should confront them and that's the risk of working out in a public gym. "Oh, its ok, I already know the risk of being female in the world." "It wouldn't bother me if someone took my picture, I'm not really a feminist or anything." At this point I'm not sure if she is trying to save face or make fun of me. She really does seem unaware that there are entire websites devoted to capturing candid images of women, and if she did know she wouldn't care. Maybe she would be flattered, and make a funny face for the front page. She starts talking about how I can talk to some manger and I head to the door saying thats ok, I'm going to look into some laws and shit. So basically, my safety is not a priority at the gym, and "If that sort of thing bothers me" then its my job to remain hyper vigilant, confront possible harassers, and then prove their guilt. Getting home I guzzle coffee and hummus, pack up my dog, spout more nonsense to my lover while our roommate lies passed out on a yoga mat next to his programs, and drive to my friend's bonfire. I've got an hour to kill before I pick up Kayla from the bus station. Sipping from my thermos I'm still shaking when I enter their back yard, feeling like I should have been able to pull myself together by now. My dog feels my

anxiety and bores of the new company, wanting to sit at my feet. I'm talking to my friend Dan about watching the two dogs get dumped on the curb by my work. It looked like they had just finished nursing puppies, and they sat there on that curb, protective and waiting. It made me think about how if I pulled up to a curb and told Sam to get out, that he would have followed my directions and stood their confused while I drove off.

Dan said something about how he wondered what people had to say to themselves to justify that, and suddenly the pieces fit together. I thought about dog breeding and the folks who would use a bitch until she was through, the puppies provided much needed money and now the mothers were nothing but a drain, I could see the reasoning. Just like one might have to reason why having cameras in the gym is ok, because they don't want to face how they might be nothing more than an exploitable object.

I came home afterwards, after being late to the bus station, after driving Sicily home and sitting in a liquor store parking lot recounting to Kayla why I was so jumpy and couldn't breathe. I felt so traumatized and disturbed. On my way to pick them up I felt embarrassed by my behavior at the bonfire. I was so upright, didn't know how to converse, and whenever I was near someone I knew I would either blather on about dog politics or my impending drive. I blasted Jeffrey Lewis while I dreamed of beer and felt guilty for being such a wreck, when it dawned on me that I had every right to be losing my fucking shit. As a survivor of sexual assault I am already hyper sensitive to the slightest objectification/exploitation of my body.

"THAT'S THE RISK YOU TAKE WORKING OUT IN A PUBLIC GYM."

This day, I felt extremely harassed, exploited, and helpless, and was reaffirmed by staff that I thought were there to help provide a safe space that I was insane and it was my job to fix it. I had every fucking right to lose my shit. Here and now, almost 24 hours later something is still off kilter. I can't focus and my appetite is out of whack. I close my eyes and picture the paper my therapist gave me on my first day in her office, possible symptoms of sexual assault related PTSD include.... I sigh and forgive myself. Maybe you'll be able to articulate better next time kid, but today, its ok to chug coffee in a befuddled

Sillymare

March 5, 2014 at 6:21 am 00 Edit



Why do you live in a city if you hate people? Why do you have a problem being admired? So many people are ignored and are lonely. You speak of having a lover, someone you acquired with the very femininity that you are so perturbed at what you imagined others noticing. Love it and embrace it for someday you will not be noticed.

Reply



I haven't found the strength or the desire to respond to this comment, but if you can think of something you can find this article on my blog: sheliveswithanapple-tree.wordpress.com

writing by patience young



art by haley querro



"YOU DON'T

CARRY MY

by Jen David

♥ I am not a female musician,

I am a musician

♥ I'm not good at guitar "for a girl"

♥ My band is not "female-fronted"

♥ Dancing & crowd surfing is not an excuse to grope

♥ We are not all "primal drummers"

photo by justine tobiasz

HAVE TO

A

AMP"

DECLARATION

OF A WOMAN

IN BANDS

♥ I will not use gender to describe a singer's voice,

I will describe it's timbre
(nasally, husky, smooth, bright, mournful, throaty, tinny, etc.)

♥ I know how my gear works

♥ No assumptions of my skill should be made from my gender

♥ As a curator, I will seek out and encourage other women

♥ As a friend, I will push other booking agents
to include women in line-ups that

are not "ladies events"



IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW

FAILED FLOWERS (Ann Arbor/Ypsi)

Just in time for the season of sunlight comes the debut of FAILED FLOWERS, a new band made up of Ann Arbor/Ypsi cool kids Autumn Wetli (Rebel Kind, ex-Bad Indians), Fred Thomas (Saturday Looks Good to Me, Swimsuit), Erin Case (ex-Bad Indians), and Miles Haney (ex-Taliban). With their poised, reverb-y demos "My Death" and "Summer Vacation," FAILED FLOWERS serves up songs of bright jangle pop bathed in melancholic sun, summer fun, and brutal honesty that are way too awesome to be so short. Listen to the tracks on the LifeLike Tapes Soundcloud page and sigh in the sun:

soundcloud.com/life-like-tapes

MUSIC

BERMUDAS (Grand Rapids)

Dennielle (guitar, vox), Charity (bass), DezaRae (drums)

Grand Rapids group BERMUDAS have already been a band for a little over four years now, but their sophisticated brand of 90's-ish alterna rock is just now hitting Detroit like a punch in the face of fresh air. Layering strong vocals on top of mathy, moving guitar/bass lines and refined drumming, BERMUDAS crafts fist pumping thoughtful rock songs that harken to the best of bands like Sleater-Kinney and Luscious Jackson.

BERMUDAS wasn't available to play BFF Fest this year, but we're bringing them down for a show in Detroit in September! 9/26 (sat) @ The Lager House w/ DVAS & CASUAL SWEETHEART! Be there! In the meantime listen to BERMUDAS's latest EP "Visit" on Bandcamp! High recommend: "Dark Daylight"

bermudas.bandcamp.com

COLD BEAT (San Francisco, CA)

No one can say if San Francisco band of amazingness GRASS WIDOW will ever make music again, but it's respective parts are tearing it up in the meantime! Hannah Lew, GRASS WIDOW bassist and co-songwriter, has put out a full length album for her solo project turned full band COLD BEAT. Grief and the time begrudgingly afforded by insomnia fueled the creation of "Over Me"'s 13 tracks of new wave-y, synthy, danceable dream pop post punk. Check out COLD BEAT's debut single "Worms" as well as BRIDGE COLLAPSE - Lew's and Grass Widow guitarist Raven Mahon's other side project (7" on Crime on the Moon).

NOW YOU KNOW

by DINA + ERIN

NEW ALBUMS!

WHITE LUNG - Deep Fantasy (Domino Recording)

RADIATOR HOSPITAL - Torch Song (Salinas Records)
Sam Cook-Parrott from Grand Rapids!

PRIESTS - Bodies and Control and Money and Power (Don Giovanni Records)
Vocalist Katie is from Michigan!

EX HEX - Rips (Merge), Mary Timony's (Helium, Wild Flag)
latest band release their first album on 10/13/2014!
See them at the Lager House in Detroit on 10/26!

DOGJAW - Olympia, Washington
dogjawolympia.bandcamp.com/album/slow-to-build

LEATHER DADDY - Boston, MA
leather-daddy.bandcamp.com/

REPETITOR - Serbia
youtube.com/watch?v=oKjdbAnipew
repetitor.bandcamp.com/

THE GHOST EASE - Portland, OR
theghostease.com/

SHE SHREDS MAGAZINE -

A magazine dedicated to female guitarists and bassists!
Based out of Portland, OR.
sheshredsmag.com

TOM TOM MAGAZINE -

The world's only magazine dedicated to female drummers!
Subscribe online or pick up a copy at Guitar Center.
tomtommag.com

CLOTHES CLOTHES CLOTHES, MUSIC MUSIC MUSIC, BOYS BOYS BOYS -

The Slit's guitarist Viv Albertine's autobiography!
US release 11/25/2014!

CHECK IT OUT!

READ

BY MARYANN, A WHITE FEMINIST.

So, fellow white feminists, we need to talk. This mainstream feminism based on economic empowerment and abortion rights has accomplished some great things, but it has also caused a whole ton of problems. At almost every single feminist group meeting/art show/concert/gathering, etc that I have ever attended, there are a lot of white ladies wondering, "Where are the women of color? Why don't they want to be involved with us?" Of course, there may be a few women of color in attendance, but mostly it is a bunch of white ladies befuddled as to why women of color aren't showing up. "How do we be more inclusive?" the white feminists always wonder, without really doing much to back it up.

Here's the thing: if you are wondering, "How do we be more inclusive?" that is the first wrong step. It is not about INCLUDING anyone. It's about recognizing how white, mainstream feminism has failed women of color. Sure - white, thin, able-bodied, cis* women can "lean in"*** and become CEOs and have a ton of money and pay a poor brown or black woman to clean their house because they are so busy. Notice where the woman of color comes into play in that equation? When we talk about the pay gap between genders, we often say that women make around 77 cents to the male dollar.*** This is fucked, we know. But how often do we actually see that statistic broken down further, and include women of color? Not much, really - but it is estimated that "African-American women are paid only 64 cents, and Hispanic women only 54 cents, for every dollar paid to white, non-Hispanic men. These gaps translated into a loss of \$18,650 for African-American women and \$24,111 for Hispanic women in 2012."****

Basically, because white people are valued more in the US (and most everywhere else), white, mainstream feminism helps white women more than women of color. Women of color are right to distrust a movement that tells them, "Wait your turn. We'll get to your rights eventually." We as white feminists are constantly asking women of color to put their gender first, and ignore their race and ethnicity. We do it whether we are aware or not, by asking them to "join" this white dominated, mainstream feminist movement. And we always leave the conversations about race up to them. We are too scared, or too polite, or too timid, to bring it up ourselves. This leaves women of color with the entire burden of educating white women about racial oppression and lived experience.

And you know what? There are amazing, brilliant, outspoken women of color doing amazing things, everywhere. It's just that the majority of white feminists are not listening and seem to be blind to it.

I was one of those feminists who used to always wonder, "Why is this group so white? Where is the diversity?" Until I started reading blogs by women of color, following rad women on Twitter, and realizing that there is an entire feminist movement among women of color, specifically black women, that I had no idea about. I wasn't listening. When I asked, "How can we be more inclusive?", I was still thinking about *me*.

This is the big issue, as I see it, with today's feminism. It is a type of feminism that makes everything about *me me me* and not about the collective. As much as white women have suffered under male dominance, women of color have suffered more. We as white women cannot just work for our own freedom, we have to work for the freedom of women who don't look like us, as well. Or else the whole thing is just bullshit. And we need to fucking LISTEN. Look around, it's all around us if we'd pay attention. I honestly have only talked to one white girl who is excited about Beyoncé talking feminism on her new album. She is reaching a massive, global audience and literally telling people what feminism is and what it means. She is also introducing folks to Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie, a Nigerian feminist writer. Side note: read her book, *Americanah*. It is amazing.

And what about Renisha McBride, the woman from Detroit who was shot and killed by a white man when she tried to seek help after a car accident? Where were we? Would her white killer have ended a white woman's life so violently? Or how about white feminists' focus on abortion rights when it is difficult for poor women of color to birth and raise children in this country in the first place? Do we stand up for black women when they are pushed towards sterilization, when their children are killed by white people/police officers? When their bodies are violated by a white society that won't even allow them full humanity, and won't allow them the status of "woman", to begin with? What about when transgender women of color are jailed for self-defense, like CeCe McDonald, who fought to save her own life in Minneapolis? Or Marissa Alexander, who was sentenced to 20 years in Florida for firing a *warning shot* to get away from her abusive partner? Where's the feminist uproar?

Womanhood is not white by default. Women of color are not secondary to the cause. Until we get that into our "feminist" movements, we are not going anywhere good.

*cisgender and cisssexual (often abbreviated to simply cis) describe related types of gender identity experience of their own gender matches the sex they were assigned at birth. From Wikipedia: <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cisgender>

where an individual's

***Lean In: Women, Work, and the Will to Lead* authored by Sheryl Sandberg, the chief operating officer of Facebook. The book tells women how to "get ahead" in the business world.

and * from: The National Women's Law Center, <http://www.nwlc.org/resource/closing-wage-gap-crucial-women-color-and-their-families>

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