

VIOLENCE GIRL

One two three four! My band rips into our opening song. The music is loud, tight, fast and intense.

A wave of bodies surges at the front of the stage as the audience explodes into frenetic dancing. The music blaring at my back, I'm going to ride this wave. I grab the microphone from the stand and belt out the words.

She's taken too much of the domesticated world, she's tearing it to pieces she's a violence girl!

I'm bouncing on stilettos like a fighter in the ring, I charge out onto the edge of the stage, full of adrenaline and fire. I sing into the faces in the front rows. They are my current, my source of energy. I urge them to engage. I know there's something in them, some inner carbonation lying still, waiting to be shaken. It's fizzing in them as I shake them up. Shake, motherfucker, shake! I want you to explode with me.

I'm stomping, jogging and dancing all over the stage, teetering precariously on my high heels. I spot an area of spectators in front of Patricia, my bassist. Fuck that! No spectators, we're all participants here! I get up in their faces as I continue to spew out the words. Now they're dancing, that's right, keep it going.

She's a violence girl, she thrives on pain, she's a violence girl, you can't restrain!

I am in my element, *en mi mero mole*. There is so much energy coursing through my body that surely I am dangerous to touch.

Then I see him. A gnat on my windshield, a tiny insect in wire-rimmed glasses has moved toward the front of the stage. He stands facing Craig, my rhythm guitarist, flipping him off. I make my way over and the insect turns my way, sticking his insolent middle finger up in the air in defiance. Some people in the audience slam their bodies into him attempting to swat the bug, but he resists. I reach out toward him while still singing. I'll swat him myself. I reach to smack him but he backs away.

The gnat is emboldened now. I try to keep singing, the crowd is still with me but he is hovering in my peripheral vision. He has moved closer, middle finger still in the air. I dance over, lean over the front row and swing at his face. He is squished in and can't move more than a few inches back. I miss his face but as he's backing away I catch his glasses between my fingers. He looks at me, suddenly helpless. I smile at the gnat and hold his glasses up high as I bend and

twist them into a wire sculpture. Gnat has been swallowed by the audience, his finger has submerged under the sea of punks. We are all dancing in unison. With great flourish I place the wire sculpture under my lovely high heels and smash the glasses to bits.

How did I come to unleash the wrath of Kali upon the world of punk? The answer to that question lies way back in my childhood and perhaps even before that, because the seeds of Violence Girl were sown way before I was even born.