

a product of UNIT ONE/NOPLA

U.S.

WHEEL

CORPS

#1



quest for unity to fight

Geez, sometimes it's lonely.

I'm too young to have caught punk ~~ful~~
full in the chest on first explosion
and too old to be content with
a scattered, post-riot grrrrl
obsession with Hello Kitty and
Sleater-Kinney alone bands.

I sit (surrounded by radio
punkrawk hell), willing to drive
long enough to get to any big
town in the south for a girl or
queer show. And still I get less
than two or three a year that
make my fists fly and sweat
soak my clothes.

I have to order all my music in at a local independant record shop because no one's ever heard of most of my favorite bands, let alone thought to stock their recordings. None of my friends understand why I persist in talking about Tribe 8 or Third Sex, preferring Ani DiFranco or the newest sad emo boy album.

I'm out of fashion in preferring rebellion over depression.

But I don't really mind. I wouldn't know what to do if I could turn on mtv or hot 101.5 and hear something that makes sense to me. I go to boy/straight shows and realize that 80% of the crowd goes to every show to either grap ass or cause injury and none of them give a shit about either music or message.

But I know I'm not the only
one thinking like this. I see you
at the few shows that do happen.
I hear rumors of bands happening
in places besides Portland, San
Fran, NYC, and No. Carolina.

I see the skinny little fags,
the spastic, macho little butch
bois hiding their girl bodies,
the ones who show up for odd bands
you'd never expect them to go see,
craving the energy but not
finding family.

And if I see you there, where do
you exist the rest of the time?
In your apartment, still sitting
on the floor making mixed tapes
like a middle schooler or trying
to entice girls more used to the
Get Up Kids into making noises
like the Lunachicks? Do you
wonder where I am?

Straight edge kids and skins all
know their brothe rs. Why don't
I know you?

I dream of a Kweer Corps. I dream
of knowing the queer and girl
punks in my backyard and knowing
of the ones all over the nation.

I make patches and zines for a
scene of one. Will you make it a
scene of 2, of 3, of a thousand?

Fag, dyke, bi tranny, or plain-
ass queer. Punk, oi, emo, hardcore,
or ska.

Will you join the KWEER CORPS?

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