

the time there wasn't many people there to get in our way. I was having a good time until I took a terrible spill on my skateboard and slightly sprained my wrist. Aw shucks, I was through for the day.

When we got back to D.C. we went to this park called Dupont Circle where there was gonna be this outside show. With a bunch of bands and a couple spoken word pieces. It was a beautiful day! A bunch of people had asked if Gunk was gonna play at this show, but considering we had no instruments and no drummer it didn't look to good. But Stacer and I managed to borrow a guitar and bass and instantly Gunk became a Duo. We knew we were gonna play awful considering we hadn't practice in months, hell who gives a shit it's only punk rock. Meanwhile, a bunch of bands played. All the bands were made up of girls and they had so much energy and were just really good. This band Cheesecake played and they looked so cool the singer had this tiny little voice when she spoke but when she started singing it was like a huge semi-truck. One of the other highlights was this band Slant 6, they had hella catchy songs and had this rad stand up drummer. I cannot describe the feeling I had watching all of these women up there, I felt really proud. When some guy says to me you only like a particular band 'cuz they have girls in it, well part of this is true, because they're has been this terrible void, and that void is the lack of women participation. When I see them up there it's like yeah now I know what's been missing and why I was so bored before.



Ne Tantillo

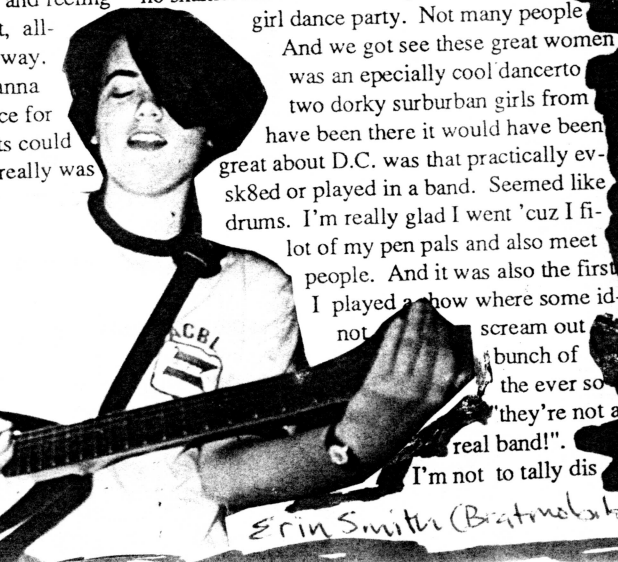
These girls might not be the best musicians but just wait and see at the rate that they were going there is no stopping us. I noticed a few boys there that just didn't know what to make of all this because we were there and in control and it just baffled and terrified them completely. In their heads this couldn't be right... But it was & they couldn't do anything about it. When we played it was in my opinion one of our funnest shows. We sucked so bad, My singing was a nightmare. I was so filled with adrenaline that I couldn't control my voice or my hands. All our songs came off as completely spastic and disjointed, but the funny thing was I think a few people recognized that there was something there. I mean we weren't just standing up there screaming and makin' noise. Then again maybe we were. But it was just Fun! Fun! Fun! This was the last day of the convention and after the show Stacer and I were too tired to go to the Riot GRRR! meeting. We went back to Sarah's house and went to sleep, I think. The entire time we hadn't showered, on the last day there we took a shower and put on our filthy clothes and left Sarah's and took the Metro back to D.C. We walked around for awhile. I out of my good will and guilty conscience scraped up some dough and bought this homeless guy a burrito, thus fulfilling my good deed for the day. Stacer took the Metro back to the Airport with me and we sat in the airport for a long time. We met this really foxy southern boy from Atlanta who never wrote me back. Whah!

The overall experience of the Riot Grrrl convention showed me a lot of different things and I'm sorry to say most of them were not very good ones. On the first day we got there we met this boy who kept suggestioning how uncool we were because

we hadn't heard of these dumb D.C. bands. He went on to babble about how D.C. was the scene of all scenes and that we were really missing out. Duh! I found out later after this ultra cool guy saw us play at the outside show, he couldn't believe how punk we were. Duh! Duh! Basically a lot of people in D.C. annoyed me with their scene antics and they're "way cool man" attitudes. Another reason why I was kinda unhappy about the whole D.C. thing was realization of how.... dare I say "white bread" everyone was. I mean mostly all Riot Grrrls are white and only a few Asians were there. I think I was one of the only 3 black kids there I mean. Riot Grrrl calls for a change, but I question who it's including. Another thing was that most of the girls there were pretty aware and tough so why did we need to be continually told that we are. I mean it's important but it's kinda like preaching to the choir. I know a lot of the "Riot Grrrls" are probably aware of this and it's difficult to come up with the solutions and I certainly don't have them all. But basically the whole idea of putting a name on this movement is kinda limiting and excluding. I mean the liberation of women is not just for us it will effect every single aspect of this fucking planet so when we say o' it's the Grrrl movement, it suggests that this is all we care about and this is all we stand for and we only want what we want Me! me! me! is all I hear. This sounds kinda snotty but I see Riot Grrrl growing very closed to a very chosen few i.e white middle class punk girls. It's like it's some secret society, but then again there are some who feel that a secret society is what we need. I constantly don't feel comfortable with this cuz I know so many girls that need to hear this shit, but weren't there cuz they would feel intimidated 'cuz they don't look punk or they never heard of Bikini Kill. Was this the point? I think Riot Grrrl is filled with positive stuff and as a group I think it give girls a sense of solidarity and self worth to girls in need. But still when you have all your beliefs in one bucket and you say this is all I'm about and I won't change my mind 'cuz I'm a Riot Grrrl and they do this and that and this is how we are suppose to be.... Your digging yourself a serious hole and it's called stagnation. Fuck! I'm not all negative about Riot Grrrl cuz there were so many aspects of this whole convention that were so fuckin rad! Like I was filled with joy to see all these young dyke girls kissing and holding hands and feeling no shame. Also I almost forget on one of the nights there was this all-night, all-girl dance party. Not many people showed up but it was cool anyway.

Allison (Bathmate)

go! go! dancers. Kathleen Hanna watch. It was a great experience for Basking Ridge if only I parents could be beautiful. Another thing that really was every girl we met three either nally got to meet a lot of other rad time Stacer & riot guy did "there a dykes!" or popular. And we got see these great women was an especially cool dancerto two dorky suburban girls from have been there it would have been great about D.C. was that practically ev-sk8ed or played in a band. Seemed like drums. I'm really glad I went 'cuz I fit a lot of my pen pals and also meet people. And it was also the first I played a show where some id not scream out bunch of the ever so "they're not a real band!". I'm not to tally dis

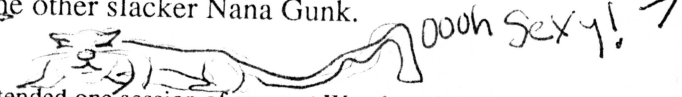


Erin Smith (Bathmate) 21

Stacer Gunks Goes to Woodward Sk8

Camp ('cuz she secretly wants to be a professional Sssh!)-

actually written by the slacker Stacer Gunk and photos by her except the one to right which was taken in Florida by the other slacker Nana Gunk.

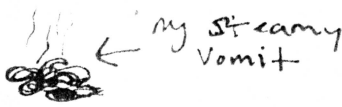


Stacer in Florida

last July I attended one session of camp at Woodward, P.A. It was expensive, but I said what the hay! I went with my friends Ray and Dave. When we first arrived we felt so stupid. Then it progressively got more fun and comfortable. Here's the schedule of my days there: 7:00 am -get up, get dressed. 8:00 am - Eat breakfast 9:00 - meet at Ray & Daves cabins 9:15 - break up into groups according your level of sk8 ability 12:00 - lunch 5-6:00 - sk8 7-8:00- Demo or watch some other activity 10:30 - hangout 11:00- be i cabin

DAY 1:

1. Sign in at the desk
2. Drop off bags and sk8 equipment
3. I hung out with Ray and Dave 'cuz there is no sk8in on sunday, except people that stay for 2 weeks or more.
4. I met 2 girl sk8ers in my cabin (they room the girl sk8ers together. How nice!) Did I mention this camp is also a gymnastic camp. So there are tons of "girlie girls" there that buy sk8 shirts to impress the boyz. I ate salad for dinner and went back to my cabin said my prayers and climbed up to my bed that was 3 bunks high and went to sleep. zzzzzzz



Woke up bright and Early on Monday ate apple jacks and went to the boyz cabin to wait to see which group I was in. I turned out to be in group 1. We went on our way sk8ing mini ramp and street. After our lessons. We ate Salad then went sk8ing again until 3:00 'cuz we were totally bushed. We hungout with the people we met (kila (girl), Keegan, Dom and Justin, Tim and others) We all

HOW TO STOP NOSEBLEED



christian Hosoi

ate dinner together hungout and watched a demo. Then Back to my cabin where I said my prayers and went to sleep.

Day 3 & 4:

These days were basically the same maybe a little more sk8ing than day2. Sometimes we would play pool in our free time and watch more demos or just watch others sk8. And...ate more salad.

Day 5:

The first half of the day was the same as Day,2,3, and 4 but around 4:30 Christian Hosoi came and sk8ed, he pulled a rad Christ air

Day 6:

Saturday we had no lessons but just free sk8 sessions. We watched others sk8 AND...ATE MORE SALAD! (now, don't get me wrong, I like salad but not for seven fucking dayz in a row) At night they had a dance where we (dave, ray and I and other pals) taught everyone how to really dance. We break danced the night away.

Day 7:

Dave's dad came to get us. In the car we talked of how much we would like to take a shit sitting on a cozier toliet and get some clean clothes on (I only brought 3 pairs of shorts and 5 shirts, 1 pair jeans) Man, was I smelly and grungy.

Tips before going to sk8 camp:

1. learn to take a shit standing unless you want to sit your bare ass on a uncozy toliet. No thanks!

BY EVERYBODY ELSE WHOSE SENSE OF PURPOSE

THRASHER SUKS!!!
(OH MY!) We've landed!!

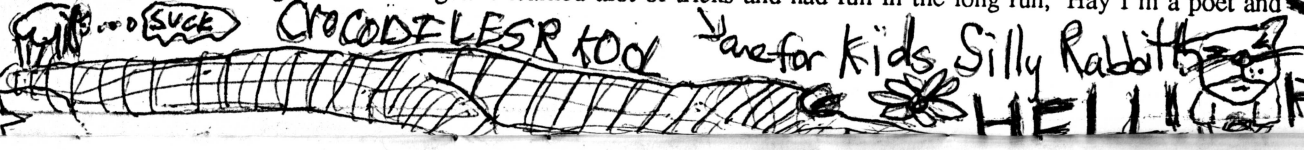


2. Bring something to eat (peanut butter, bread, chips, cookies, mistic drink, anything) or else learn to love salad so much as to eat it for lunch and dinner 7 days in a row.
3. if your in highschool don't forget to bring your summer reading or else wait to last minute and fail test miserably.
4. Bring a little more clothes than I did or laundry detergent to wash them unless learn to like the smell of sweaty armpit shirts and dirt infested shorts from falling on ramp.
5. Be prepared to see the boyz trying to pick up the "Fly" girlz (gymnasts) Oh! I almost forgot, this one gymnast girl had the nerve to ask if she could barrow my new deal shirt (Stacer's stylin'-dasha). Stupid! Stupid!

I AM A SKATE FAN

Girl, Learn to sk8 and maybe I'll think about it! (Stacer demonstrates snobby tough girl attitude ha! -dasha)
My experience at sk8 camp is something I'll never forget. I learned alot of tricks and had fun in the long run, Hay I'm a poet and didn't know it.

See Ya,
Stacer Gunk

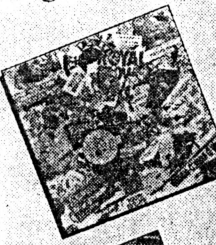


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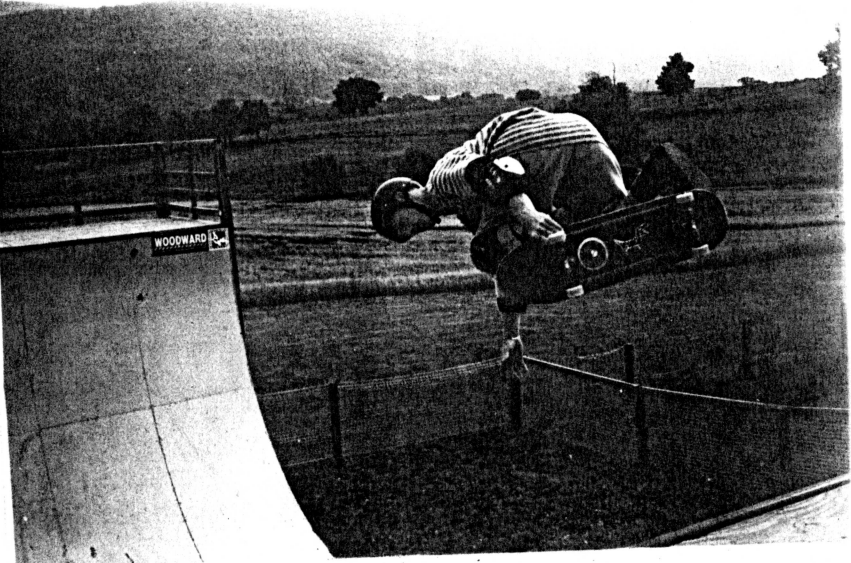
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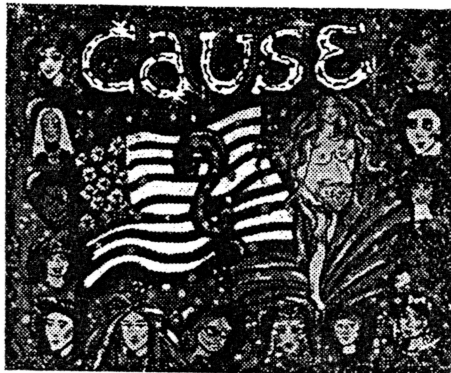
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Scott MacDonald
 (Pennsylvania)

Moe
 (Lowell Mass.)

Mystery Boy
 (Stolen photo)

Pro's Suck

DON'T BELIEVE THE HYPE!

HATE PROFESSIONALS!



Chris Danato
(Bridgewater N.J.)



Dirtboy
(Millington N.J.)

hmm... I've started sk8ing more & since I've progressed in my abilities to maneuver I've come to the conclusion that the only cool & important tricks are ollie & grinding. (and maybe kickflips and shove-its) but that's only if I learn to do them well. My word is Law okay buster!

in my skool sk8boarding has once again become popular & it's kinda cool & also really retarded at the time, now there are all these little gromit dweebs that dress in the huge dumb "non stylin" clothes & do all these dumb "new skool" flippy tricks that I of course can't do. The other bad thing is that these new sk8ers are all buddy buddy w/ the Rednecks... I don't get it at all! - dasha p.s.-next issue I promise to have more pict. of girls sk8ing (But I need you to send me some if you want to be in here okay boys'girls)

photos: Mark Froncek

(same boy at top)

→ i get scared/disgusted/pissed off when i hear People (both friends AND strangers) say stupid things that they don't realize are sexist, racist, or just plain ignorant.

there is so much INFORMATION and CREATIVITY that is being produced on an underground level: zines, graffiti, comix, newspapers, fliers, artwork, music, performance art, books, magazines, poetry, EVERYTHING... but it seems like the only people it really reaches are those who already think along those lines... shouldn't we be trying to help/influence/enlighten/shock/piss off the people who AREN'T on our wavelength? Who DON'T subscribe to our points of view—not because they disagree with them, but only because they've never been exposed to them?? There has got to be someone out there who is trapped in a bad relationship or marriage or family who knows deep down that something is wrong with their life, but they have never been exposed to any kind of alternative solution or way of life that might be right for them... and they never will, because their life will never include that kind of CHOICE I guess that's what i'm getting at here... CHOICE... to be able to have a variety of lifestyles and opportunities to choose from, as well as not having a guilty, or shameful feeling attached to your choice. i'm not saying that a punk lifestyle is right for everyone anymore than a corporate lifestyle is right for everyone, because they're not, but some people aren't even aware of the choices available to them... and if they are, the choice is coupled with a stereotype of that choice as proclaimed by societal standards. IF this is such a "FREE" country, then why does our society and government try to enslave us with STANDARDS?? They suppress our right to choose by suppressing every idea, lifestyle, + publication that illustrates an opinion that is different from their so-called "NORM." And it's not just this country → if you look at any country in the world, there is a standard that a majority follows, and is supported and/or put forth by the government in power. So are STANDARDS based on who ever IS in power? (An institution is the lengthened shadow of ONE PERSON - crass) or are they based on someone who was once in power? (Look at religions → Christ, and how his life affected most of the STANDARDS of the western world's past and present; or Mohammed, and how the subsequent religion affected most of the STANDARDS of the Middle East; or Hinduism in India... etc, etc) So what can we do to reverse this? (Besides trying to keep our own minds free of stereotypes and reverse-standards...) Give this Zine to someone who wouldn't normally read it — the shy girl in math class, the guy behind the counter at the super market; leave it at the library in the magazine pile (maybe it'll enlighten someone!) Copy it, distribute it, make your own zine, spread the word with graffiti → in places that not just your friends will see it, but where it might change Mr. Banker's life, or save a waitress from despair... it's good to keep the strength among our selves, but others deserve a chance to know that we are HERE, we're not going anywhere, and we're going to grow and grow until we pop the gov't in the jaw and spit on society's dogma!

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(Sssh! I stole this from Angel Fish 'zine I hope you girls don't mind)