

TIGHT PANTS

#4



Introduction, Information, and Beach Boys Updates...

More Laughter!

More Mischief!

Greetings vermicious k-nives! (Catch that reference and win a prize!) And welcome to the fourth issue of Tight Pants. This is where I should apologize for

the delay in getting this issue done and promise a speedy issue five. I will do no

such thing, for I have more important things to say. First of all, thanks to everyone who sent me cool stuff, some of which you will see in the pages of porn. As always, I accept weird Ramones, Beatles, and Beach Boys merchandise in

exchange for a lifetime subscription to Tight Pants. More specifically, I am looking for 999's first LP and early Vindictives EPs. If you have either of these items and want to get some quick, easy cash, let me know. Also, if you want to

distribute this, the zine only costs what it costs me to send it to you. So, for one zine, that's two stamps; but for an entire boxful of 50 copies of Tight Pants you only pay five bucks. So you could get 50 copies of Tight Pants for five bucks, sell them for one dollar apiece, and make 45 bucks. Ah, the joys of free xeroxing!

Anyway, more on the business tip—anyone wanting to advertise in Tight Pants, let me know and we'll work out something. Ads really help me pay for postage. Also, if you want to have your band or record label's releases compared to cereal, send in your cds, records, and tapes.

"So, enough business stuff, Ms. Editor-in-Chief. How was your summer?" Just fine, thanks for asking. I went to Oakland, CA, saw the Groovie Ghoulies, the Queens and the Beatnik Termites, drank a lot of coffee with Maureen, worked, and swung on the swings in the middle of the night with Ben. I had fun, except for the horrid time spent with relatives, as detailed on the next page. Enough introduction. Grab a handful of Lucky Charms and a red Tootsie Roll Pop (or two) and enjoy...

Madeleine/Tight Pants

Box 23

P.O. Box 5001

Amherst, Ma

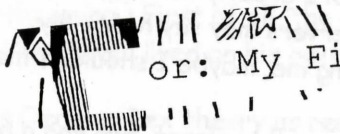
01002-5001

Summer of 1999 (if i'm too lazy to go live somewhere new and fun):
2208 North 72nd St.
Wauwatosa, Wi 53213-1808

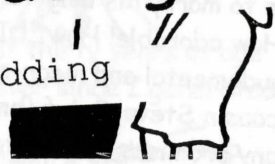
Now that's some advance information!



I Hate Weddings



or: My First Wedding



I have a confession to make. Although I promised a zine all about my relatives, it has not been forthcoming. You see, I had great plans for this summer--zine-wise; but I realized that I'd rather sleep a lot, make the occasional road trip, and listen to the bobbyteens album. I am proud of these accomplishments and regret nothing.

Furthermore, it separates me from the group of zine artistes (for lack of a better word and so as to avoid the awful word "zinester" as though my life revolved around zines. grounds for suicide, I tell you. Especially in this market) who spend every waking hour of their lives on their zine. Tight Pants is written in a few, caffeine-fueled nights. But I don't completely disappoint in the relatives department. (see below)

As of 7.19.98, I had not been to a wedding.

Ever. As of 7.20.98, I had. Fie. For almost nineteen years of my life I had managed to avoid knowing anyone inclined to give in to the holy sacrament of matrimony. And I think that I could have lasted at least another two years--and probably forever for a religious wedding. But as (un) luck would have it, I have relatives. People whose chromosomal makeup vaguely resembles mine (although all visible and/or personality-driven indications would seem to reject this thesis). People with whom I am expected to converse. People who, thankfully, are separated from me by either a 30 hour car ride or a 2 hour plane trip (MUCH further away than Cuba and the United States, and yet I have been able to maintain a hatred for my relatives as great, if not greater, than the hatred of the U.S. government for Castro & Co.) People who are Roman Catholic. People who marry. **BAH!**

Oedipus Rex, law firms, and Catholicism, cont....

So sometime in the spring, I receive word that my cousin Steve is to marry his long-term girlfriend. How sweet! How...precious! How adorable! How...DISGUSTING! I greatly dislike (some more judgmental and mean-spirited observers may say hate) my cousin Steve. Brief (hmmm...knowing me, maybe I shouldn't make any promises) Character Sketch:

Steve is nearing his fourth decade on this planet, two and a half of which were spent in school and generally taking away oxygen from more deserving recipients. The last half decade of his life

World's Oxygen Supply: [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

What Steve Uses: 1

Conclusion: Too Much!


has been spent working for a big law firm for 80 hours a week, and--living at home. Yes, even though he undoubtedly has more money in his bank account than my parental unit has ever earned, he wanted to stay at home to save money so that when he and his sweetheart tie the knot (geel how many annoying marriage-related terms can I think of?) he'll be able to afford a house, 2 cars, a deluxe dildo (just seeing if you were listening), and 2.5 offspring. And, to make matters worse, this guy is a Freudian poster boy--right between the anal fixation stage poster and the mature vaginal orgasm poster lies a poster of my cousin


Steve. His psychological hang-up? **A severe case of**


Oedipus Rex complex. (For our uninformed readers, the Oedipus Rex complex, a personal favorite of mine, is the name for a sexual attraction a boy feels for his mother.) Its


Freud, The Beatle's, and anorexic cousins, cont.

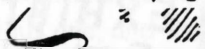
DISGUSTING. (Note: second use of the word "disgusting" in this article. Both times in capital letters. Beware. More may be

forthcoming.) First of all, the guy is almost thirty years of age and has never lived on his own. Secondly, ever since I generated

this Oedipus Rex theory as regards my cousin, I couldn't help

but notice a certain **post-orgasmic glow** emitting from my aunt's face whenever Steve became the topic of

conversation. From these indicators, I think we can all safely agree that Steve and his mother are sleeping with each other.


(Hey! If Freud can do it, so can I!) Also, on an unrelated note, (I make no claims as to a cohesive writing style) listening to this guy talk is more boring than listening to Brian Wilson's first solo album.

So my family and I board a plane in mid-July so that we don't miss out on any of the good Catholic fun. We arrive and are greeted by my uncle George, but by this point my sister and I are in a very silly mood, provoked by **massive**

consumption of caffeinated beverages. Doing our best to quell any out-of-place laughter, we finally reach our destination--my mom's sister's house in a rich, whiter-than-the-cover-of-the-Beatle's-white-album suburb, where we are greeted by anorexic 24 year-old-but-still-lives-at-home-and-acts-like-a-dumb-fifteen-year-old cousin Georgeanne and definitely-not-anorexic aunt Rosemary. Stupid small talk, offerings of food and beverage (refused on the possibility that "you are what you eat" is actually a valid statement, and thus avoiding BECOMING my relatives through some bizarre food cloning scheme), and, finally, at the late hour of 11pm, the showcasing of the sleeping accommodations--in Georgeanne's room! Home to approximately 200 dolls and an overabundance of

Bullwinkle, The Who, NYC, oh yeah-and the wedding...

Gone With the Wind merchandise (redundant? probably). But wait! Lest you think that this offers my sister Neezer and I yet another invaluable opportunity to pillage through Georgeanne's possessions for our amusement, I am leaving out one slight detail. Weighing in at about 90 lbs. Wearing shorts (feck), and a small t-shirt so as to accentuate her ribs...Georgeanne! Yep. She sleep on the floor and Neezer and I slept in her bed. Well, NEEZER slept. I laid awake until 3am--a decent time to go to sleep. The next day we got to see cousins Natalie and Michelle. Natalie is alright, as far as generic-relatives-I-have-nothing-in-



EXHIBIT A: The CEO
of Tight Pants at the
aforementioned
wedding reception.

Note: generic, bored
grin and decidedly
traditional garb.
The leopard printed
bra was left at
home.

common-with are concerned. Michelle is not. She's 17 years old, like my sister, and, whereas my sister's room has Winston Smith posters and a Bullwinkle calendar on the wall, Michelle's room has Romeo and Juliet posters and Absolut Vodka ads on the wall (She doesn't drink. She just likes to collect the ads.) The night we got in, she was busy going to a Backstreet Boys concert (a CONCERT, not a SHOW, a show being either a musical or a punk rock musical exhibition, and a concert being, well, generally lame--with the exception of, say, a Beach Boys, a Who, or a

Madonna, churches, and other vile beasts ...

Beatles concert. Got it?). So we went and did some boring stuff which I , uh, won't...bore you with and then we drove up to New York. Let's just cut to the wedding, okay? My fingers are getting tired of typing.

So we check into an expensive hotel somewhere in a suburb of New York City, where all of the wedding guests are staying. The next day is the wedding. After donning a long black dress with big green flowers on it (see picture), I exit the hotel room with my family and drive to the wedding. Since all of the maternal relatives are, with rare exception, Roman Catholic, the wedding was held in church, thus forcing me to up the church visitation to TWICE a year, when I had worked so diligently to reduce it to just Christmas mass (which I rationalize on the grounds that its a cultural event, not a religious one, and that it eliminates annoying arguments and that its SO FUCKING FUNNY to sit amongst people who actually BELIEVE all of this crap). So I enter the church, which, judging by the looks of it, gets more money for upkeep than her holiness Madonna. (Hey! Catholic trivia for you! Who in the Catholic church is addressed as "His Holiness?" Why, the POPE, you dimwits!) I take a seat behind the tallest man in the entire church. And in case you haven't been reading Tight Pants from its inception, I'll let you in on some physical information. I'm not exactly the tallest person in the world. At all. So I saw very little of this wedding, which made me think that maybe I don't have to count it in the total-number-of-weddings-I've-attended-total; but I concluded that I do because I saw the bride walk down the aisle and all that. I just never saw the actual wedding vows, exchange of the rings, all of that shite. It was your typical wedding (Hal Anyone catch that? I've never even BEEN to a wedding, fools! Who am I to judge "typical"?). Well, it was boring, at least. Very boring. I spent the hour thinking about how, if I ever get married, I will NOT endure such ceremonial ceremonialness. Just a big party. And then I started

The Bobbyteens, feminists...

thinking about how it would be funny to have a real ceremonial, religious wedding, but get Mykel Board to give the homily (It would go something like, "Marriage is as stupid as a feminist...") and have the Bobbyteens provide the music (Did I mention yet in this zine that the Bobbyteens are the best band of 1998, kicking the Donnas out of their 1997 slot? And that the Rondelles have the potential to come from behind and capture the 1999 award?). Afterwards, cereal and pizza would be served and the Beach Boys would reunite, with Dennis and Carl coming back to life, Mike staying home, and Brian acting like his usual deranged self, for a final concert--focusing on the very early material and "Pet Sounds." When I was right in the middle of these thoughts, I realized a.) that the Beach Boys never sounded that good live and that b.) the wedding was over! Hooray!

But the worst was yet to come.

The reception. Bah. Dancing to bad music. Double bah. We get there and my sister and I silently agree on a policy of zero separation. Like minds must stick together in such situations. We sit down at our table--to be joined with cousins Natalie, Georgeanne, Michelle, and a few distant cousins I'd never met before: two annoying teenage girls just recovering from pre-teen girl syndrome (PTGS) (i.e. the flaunting of non-existent breasts and peaked interest in fashion and all "teen" things), a deaf girl about my age, and a Really Fucking Annoying Girl (RFAG) about 24 or 25 years old, with the sexual energy of a corpse. (Hey--don't tell me that you don't ever notice when people seem especially unsexual. I admit to it...and I report from the field.) So we start getting our food and Natalie starts playing the role of social talker and Emily and I just sit there eating bread and drinking lots of water so that we can leave to go to the bathroom at least six times. After hearing Natalie drone on about how nice the wedding was, etc. etc., RFAG jumps in, "Yeah, but doesn't this just make you wish it was YOU? I mean, I'm not 18 years old anymore. I'm ready to settle down. REALLY, REALLY READY." She leans over the table, her limp,

Shocking Coincidences!

short brown hair hanging in her face, "I mean, don't you ever get **WORRIED?**"

"I know **EXACTLY** what you mean," Georgeanne interjects, "**EXACTLY.**"

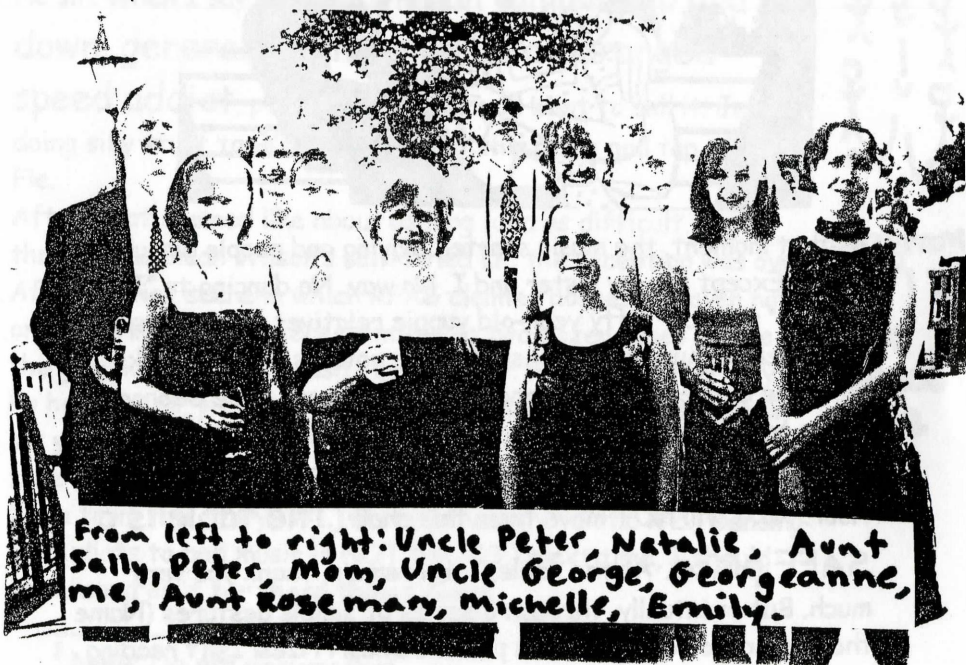
RFAG continues, her skinny pointy face tensing up, "And its just really hard 'cause I just broke up with my boyfriend and I really thought he was the one. I met him when we were both interns for the Republican Party in Washington last year and I completely fell in love with him. And you know how you just know how someone's the one?"

Georgeanne nods her head vigorously.

"Well, with this guy, I just knew. I mean, there were **WAY** too many coincidences between us. I **KNEW** that we were fated to meet and spend the rest of our lives together. First of all, we're both Republicans. And secondly, we both have grandmothers named Katherine with a K who both go by the nickname Kay. I mean, isn't that **TOO** much?!"

Georgeanne continued bobbing her head up and down.

Emily and I looked at each other.



From left to right: Uncle Peter, Natalie, Aunt Sally, Peter, Mom, Uncle George, Georgeanne, me, Aunt Rosemary, Michelle, Emily.

Attack of the evil RFAG, cont.

I mean, seriously folks, I really do think that this is a perfect example of love. How could they NOT get married? What, with all of these SHOCKING coincidences, its a wonder that they EVER broke up. I know that the minute I find someone who doesn't have a political party affiliation and has a grandmother named Edith, I'll HAVE to marry them! Its just the way it WORKS!

But RFAG wasn't done, "And then when we broke up, I was just RUINED. My mom says I should pick up the pieces and move on, but I KNOW that if I wait for him, he'll come back to me eventually."

Break in text to briefly consider the stupidity of above statement.



At that moment, the music started playing and people got up to dance. Except for my sister and I. No way. No dancing to "I Will Survive" with our fifty year-old yuppie relatives for us, despite the potential humor. My cousin Natalie gave us pleading looks from the dance floor. We ignored her. Then my uncle George began accosting me, asking me to dance. I refused. My mom was next in line, pulling on my hand, trying to drag me to the dance floor. No. I will NOT move from this chair. The table is a SAFE place. At the table, I will remain, thank you very much. But eventually, through a series of simple gestures (Name that reference and you win a prize. Games! Prizes! Isn't reading

The end! The end! The glorious end!

Tight Pants fun?)¹ both my sister and I were dragged to the dance floor. At this point, everyone was at least slightly drunk. Having consumed one gin and tonic, I was not. My sister, being the teetotaler that she is, had consumed several gallons of Diet Coke. Maybe being drunk would've helped. One of those dance lines had formed (see diagram) and, since there was an even number of people present, I always ended up dancing down the line with my uncle George. Although, what I was doing could more accurately be called the "I-do-not-like-to-dance-with-my-relatives walk." This went on for some time. For the record, I DO like to (to quote the beach boys) dance, dance, dance. But when I say "dance," I do not mean either a.) the type of moving back and forth that people do at, say, a "club" or other vile location--you know, the stupid kind of I'm-not-really-into-this-

and-let's-just-move-back-and-forth-in-time-with-the-music dancing., or b.) richard simmons-like pantomiming-type dancing.

No sir. When I say "dance," I mean jumping up and down, generally behaving like a deranged speed addict, pogoing, whatever you want to call it. Just doing silly stuff to GOOD music. Not this disco and top 40 crap. Fie.

After what seemed like about as long (and as difficult to get through) as Brian Wilson's self-titled LP, the reception was over. After a brief scene in which RFAG claimed possession over not one but TWO centerpieces containing two dozen roses apiece on the grounds that she "wasn't going to get roses any other way" ho ho hee hee, yuck yuck. (thereby denying a centerpiece to my six year-old cousin Bobby, who had been promised one), I was free to go back to the hotel to go to sleep. The lessons we can learn from this story? #1.) My relatives are idiots. #2.) Dancing with idiots to bad music is NOT fun. #3.) Next time, I should set a word limit for these things. Geez.



Diagram
#1:

The
dance
line

¹ Note: Do not answer that.

Snatch, Blowhard, and Fat-head: Slang Explained!

(taken from The Book of Lists)



Increase Your Popularity!

In today's world, it can be difficult to stay on top of the latest catch phrases. Here's a mini-guide to help you out with definitions and the date the slang originated. Expect more in the next issue.

Blowhard. Loud talker, braggard, windbag. 1850-55. RHD: slang.

Bread. Money. 1950-55. RHD: slang.

Buzz off. Depart, especially quickly. Ca. 1905. Beale.

Cheesecake. Magazine photographs of scantily clad women. 1930-35. RHD: informal.

Dork. (1) Stupid person; jerk; nerd; (2) penis (vulgar). 1960-65. RHD.

Fat-head. A stupid person, a fool. 1830-40. RHD: slang.

Snatch. Vagina. Late nineteenth century. Beale.

Root-hog or die. Do what is necessary for survival. Early 1800s. Chapman.

Scuttlebutt. Idle gossip. 1930s. From Navy. Chapman.

Scarf. Eat voraciously. 1955-60. RHD: slang.

Screaming meemies. Hysteria; excessive fear, noisily expressed. 1930s. Beale.

Rock and roll. Heavily accented popular music usually played on amplified electronic instruments. 1950s. Chapman.

McDonald's Exposed

(for being unreliable fiends)



Maybe I shouldn't place my faith in large, chain fast-food restaurants. But I did, once. And now that faith has been forever shattered. My dear Friends (and not-so-dear enemies) McDonald's is phasing out the twist cone in my hometown and across these united states of america. what follows is an attempt on the part of maureen (my trusty sidekick) and I to protest the cruel fate of the twist cone. sadly, we were not successful.

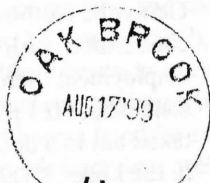
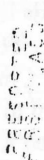
Part A:

The Characters In This Drama:



~~[REDACTED]~~

Part 3: Their letter



U.S. POSTAGE

00.261

11 METER 5.0000
*
* L-08-18-98 PRAIRIE-RC *


McDonald's Corporation
McDonald's Plaza
Oak Brook, Illinois 60521-1515

(630) 623-6198

~~M. [redacted] B. [redacted]~~
~~[redacted] St.~~
~~[redacted] WA~~

~~M. [redacted] C. [redacted]~~
[redacted]
[redacted]

Sincerely,

Sincerely,

Lydia Kiefer
Representative
Customer Satisfaction Department

Sadly, since the time of this letter, McDonald's has continued on their cruel path of twist cone destruction. Now there is only one location within 15 minutes that ever has twist cones. A tragedy. But, rest assured, the t.c. will not go quietly.

Call Me, C-C-C-Call Me:



Upon returning to Milwaukee on 5.17.98, I was forced to seek employment. Initially I returned to Boston Store, where I sold yuppie 40 year-old women Liz Claiborne clothing for forty hours a week. I was not comfortable with this job, for, following a month's employment there at Christmas, I had made the statement, "If I return to Boston Store, I deserve to be taken out to a deserted warehouse and shot repeatedly in the knees." Therefore, I was more than a bit wary upon my return that someone would perhaps take me up on my offer. Furthermore, I was not making enough money to warrant having to wake up at 8am, drive or walk to work, sit in the break room frantically gulping coffee just to make myself partially functional, sell people crap, have people scream at me,

and then walk or drive home. No thanks. Plus, at Boston Store the managers have a curious and unexplainable way of making you work seven days a week, yet only give you forty hours. Many weeks I could have sworn (but of course, swear I would NOT! Never!) that I had worked AT LEAST 60 hours. But when I added up my hours, the number forty stared back at me. Bah.

So I began to look around for a different job. I had heard tell (what a stupid phrase) that one could make a lot of money telemarketing. Now, before I go any further, I must say that, initially, I was fundamentally opposed to getting a job in the telemarketing industry. First of all, I myself HATE telemarketers, so such a job wouldn't exactly do wonders for the self-esteem. Secondly, I know what my sister and I do to telemarketers who call. Tell them that we're VERY interested and then hang up after they go through their ten-minute script. Tell them that the person they want to talk to is dead, or undergoing an amputation operation. Tell them that we are going to have them fired, sue them, kill them, rape their offspring, etc. Now I KNOW that Neezer and I are perhaps not "everyman," but I feared that other like-minded individuals existed, who would make it their life's work to make my job miserable.

So I considered all of these points, and then went to work and got yelled at by my manager for not putting away all of the clothes from the fitting rooms, despite the fact that I was alone in the area and the store was busy, busy, busy. Telemarketing began to sound not so bad. Over the next few days, I called a bunch of numbers that I found in the Employment section. Two of them sounded okay and I arranged to go in for interviews. The first place was centrally located on the east side of Milwaukee, home to the George Webb's on Farwell (To those of you who are not Wisconsin residents, I pity you, for you do not have access to George Webb's, a cheap

I HATE TELEMARKETERS!

A Report from the Telemarketing Trenches

24 hour diner. GW is a chain, but its only in Wisconsin. Raisin toast for a buck. As many coffee refills as your stomach can handle, free of charge. Breakfasts that caused me to experience my first and only case of heartburn. Did I mention that its open 24 hours a day?), the Fuel Cafe, a few record stores, and the Pizza Shuttle. I began to envision a summer spent almost entirely outside of Wauwatosa, my home base. It sounded like a good idea. But Wauwatosa and I seem fated for some kind of sick union, because when I went in for the job interview, well... First of all, the office was in an old run-down building. I had trouble finding the right door to go in, because there was not a sign to be seen. Finally a very large, sweaty man approaches me. "I'm looking for the telemarketing office," I say. "Right in here," the large, sweaty man answered, pointing to the door in front of me. So I enter and am immediately bombarded with temperatures of about 100 degrees (and it was about 75 degrees outside) and a very peculiar, stale smell. The office was comprised of a few

wooden cubicles and desks, with stained carpet disintegrating everywhere.

As I entered, everyone in the office stopped calling and stared at me.

Wonderful. I approach the large desk with an even larger man sitting

behind it. Yes, he was sweaty, too. "I'm here for an interview," I said.

"Don't talk here!" the man practically screamed back at me. Uh, okay. He

led me back into another room, where I sat down for my "interview,"

surrounded by unopened cans of vegetables (Don't ask me why, I just

report the facts.) and a broken t.v. "So, you want to work here," the large,

sweaty man said. "Can you work 5-9pm four nights a week?" "Yeah," I

answer. "Okay, do you have any more questions?" "Uh...how much does it

pay?" "Well, we work on commission, some people here make as much as

\$15/hr. Any more questions?" "No." "Okay, then call this guy," he said,

giving me a sheet of paper with a first name and a phone number on it,

"and he'll give you your schedule."

"Okay." And then I left. Seeing as how I didn't

want to work in a 100 degree plus environment,

with a large, sweaty, mean boss while staring at

vegetable cans, I did not call the guy. I began to

have doubts about telemarketing. But I went

ahead and drove to my next interview. It was in

downtown Milwaukee, home of a bunch of

tall office buildings and expensive parking

fees. Yuck. But I shelled out the required

seventy-five cents to warrant me forty-five

minutes of fine-free parking and entered

one of the tall buildings for my second

interview. I was feeling slightly more

optimistic. The building was clean. Not a

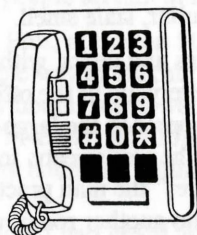
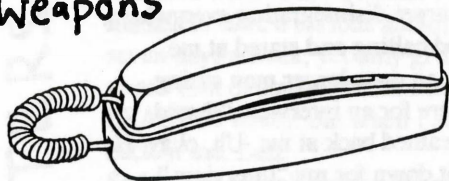


Screw Marx; Work Sucks...

vegetable can in sight. I found the office in question and entered. This time I was interviewing for a job as a telemarketer for a major local theater. The interview went okay and a few days later I called to check up on what was happening and I was told that I got the job. Punk rock. I gave my two weeks notice at Boston Store, greeting the jealous stares of my co-workers with the I-Have-A-New-Job-That-I-Have-Not-Yet-Gotten-The-Chance-To-Hate Smile. They didn't appreciate it.

I started working on a Thursday at 5pm. There were about ten other employees. Tom was a cynical guy in his thirties who liked physics a lot and ran a business from his home. Mark was an ex-stripper and always got calls from his boyfriend or his boyfriend's other boyfriend. He'd scream and yell and then hang up. They'd call back two minutes later. Kevin was cute, in his mid-twenties, and getting ready to go back to school to get his PhD in philosophy. MaryAnne was in her fifties and had

The telemarketer's Weapons



big veins showing all over her face. She acted like a little kid a lot of the time. She brought everyone cards on their birthday. Don was an older guy who drank a lot and annoyed everyone by talking about how he "could get any job that he wanted. Businesses respect me. I'm an excellent business man." No one ever asked him why, if this was true, he was working 20 hours a week for \$5-10 an hour. Libby was in her forties and going back to school to get a degree in literature. She was really quiet, but sold a lot. When I did get to know her, she told me that she loved Baudelaire. Barbara was a huge women in her fifties who had a loud opinion about everything. She brought in little prayer cards for MaryAnne and Don, who were religious in that kind of way. Bob was a quiet guy who only lasted for about a week. When he quit, he said it was because he was "fundamentally opposed to selling people things." I can't remember the name of the last caller. Let's call her Sarah. She was a college student majoring in theater. She came to work one day with a burst blood vessel in her eye from drinking too much.

Put all of these characters into a room together for four hours a night four nights a week and twice on the weekends and things get pretty funny. We would only call for about two or three hours a night. The rest of the time was spent taking breaks, because, since we were being paid on commission, we could take as many breaks as we wanted. We took a lot.

Ex-strippers & 36 Angry People...

While we were on break, Don would tell us some story of how last night all of his "buddies" got really drunk at his apartment and everything was going great until one of the wives of one of his "buddies" came by, screaming at her husband for having spent the entire paycheck on beer. "The wife," Don would say (Don always said THE wife, much to my annoyance) "had every right to be mad. My buddy should have gone home after work, given the check to the wife, and then taken whatever he needed out of the check and then gone out to party." Don himself was no longer married. Surprise. Surprise.

One Saturday morning Don came into work and immediately proclaimed, "There are 36 angry people in my apartment." No one said anything for a minute or two and then MaryAnne offered the question, "What are 36 angry people doing in your apartment?"

"Well," Don began, "yesterday one of my neighbors called another one of my neighbor's kids a nigger and now the kid's mom is all upset. Now I know what you're all thinking; but this kid isn't even black. So the mom was real upset and she's not someone you'd want to mess around with. She called me this morning and told me to prepare breakfast for 30 or 40 people. An hour later, she showed up with a rolling pin and all of her relatives. When I left, they were getting ready to go beat up the neighbor. A bunch of their relatives from Arizona are coming in later in the week to deal with the situation, too. What really kills me is that these are just sweet, innocent kids. They aren't black or anything."

Like I said, most people didn't like Don.

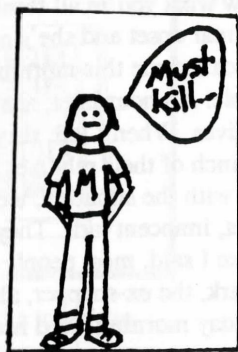
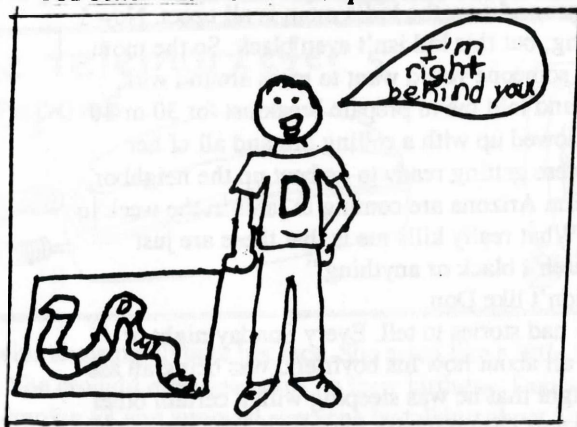
Mark, the ex-stripper, also had stories to tell. Every Sunday night or Monday morning we'd hear all about how his boyfriend was being an ass or how a certain person thought that he was sleeping with a certain other person but really that person was sleeping with his friend, who the first person didn't even know.

In between all of this, we actually did do some work. At first, I was a horrible telemarketer. I messed up all of the time and didn't sell practically anything; but after awhile I got good. Really good. A couple of the weeks I sold more than anyone else, even Mark, Tom, and Libby, who were all really good at it. Most of the time the people I called weren't incredibly mean or nice. Most of the time they just said they weren't interested and hung up. But not everyone was that dull. One night I called a woman who started crying in a the-closest-person-in-the-world-to-me-has-just-suddenly-been-killed way of crying. She could barely breathe. I stopped saying my little script and a minute or so later she managed to get out the words, "My kitty just died. I have to go." Tom told me to call her back and say, "Well, with the money you'll be saving on cat food, you should be able to afford some great seats for our upcoming season." Kevin told me to call back and meow. Funny cynical bastards. I think Maryanne, Don, and Barbara later prayed for the cat. Whatever.

Multiple Personalities and Religion...

Another time I called and asked for Mary. "This is Mary," said an older-sounding woman on the other end of the line. I then went into my stupid script. After a minute or two she stopped me and said, "Oh, you need to talk to Mary about this." "Isn't this Mary?" I asked. "Yes, but you need to talk to Mary." I hung up.

Towards the middle of the campaign, our boss created a board game for us to play. For every sale, you could advance one space on the board. If you reached the end first you got 20 bucks. Second place got 15. At that point, I kept getting lucky and a lot of people bought season tickets from me. After a few days I was way ahead of everyone else. It was kinda cool because I could definitely use twenty bucks, but I wasn't too concerned. But then Don noticed how far ahead of everyone else I was and decided to try to beat me. Everyday he would say things like, "I'm catching up." Or, "You better watch out." The space between his marker and mine gradually



became smaller. Eventually he started coming into work early just so he could try to make some more sales to beat me. "I love competition!" he'd say ALL OF THE TIME. Finally one day he won and I was spared having to listen to him go on and on about how he's such a good businessman and this is how business is done and how business thrives on competition, blah blah blah. I still came in second and got fifteen bucks though, which went towards the usual coffee and food fund. Overall, I did end up making fairly good money. At the time I left, I was making about \$9/hour. Enough to pay for the upcoming year's tuition. (The main advantage of having a family who doesn't have a lot of money and going to college is that you get insane amounts of financial aid, so much so (in my case at least) that it would be more expensive to NOT go to college and live in a cheap apartment somewhere.)

Towards the end of my time of employment there, I started to get to know Kevin, the philosophy guy, more. We would take breaks together and talk about how annoying people like MaryAnne, Don, and Barbara are. People who have religious beliefs that they've never even thought

Soap Operas, Football, et le fin

about. People who are only concerned with soap operas and football scores. People who never really do anything even mildly interesting. Eventually Tom joined us and we'd talk about how people don't think for themselves and how everyone watches too much t.v. And then Barb, Maryanne, and Don would come outside and we'd stop talking about that and let them talk about how the magic of prayer saved their dog or something like that.

The coolest thing about my job was that I got to interact with a bunch of people that I would've never talked to otherwise. It confirmed for me my lifelong belief that most people are really stupid, but the ones that aren't are usually really funny, exciting, and cool. I also learned that there are a lot of schizophrenics and cat lovers out there, and that people are still dumb enough to give you their credit card number over the phone. All in all, it was better than standing around all day folding clothes and helping annoying customers. Instead, I got to take the offensive. And everyone knows that its much more fun to annoy people than to be annoyed by them.

THIS IS A ZINE, DAMMIT:

a brief rant to vent my rage and fill space

Tight Pants is a zine. "Of course," you say. "Not so fast," says I. Having done a zine for some five years now, I have seen the rise of the popularity of the zine, but, much like with green day, i still like 'em. but in the past two or three years I've seen more and more "zines" that look like magazines. A mere case of semantics? I think not. What separates a magazine like, say, Rolling Stone, from a zine that has 20 pages of ads, 30 pages of reviews, and is laid out super fancy on a computer. Not much. Maybe I'm being dumb and idealistic, but my idea of a zine is something creative, funny, etc. that comes from one person or a few people who do it because they like doing it. Just for the fun of it. Not to get free cds and make lots of money. If you do that, okay I guess. Just call it a magazine. Space filled. Time to go.



Riot Grrrls & other Abominations

or
Tight Pants Gets Political!

I was once a riot grrrl. Yes, tis all too true, dear reader. I could try to deny my ugly past, à la Joe Strummer (who knocked two years off his age when questioned by interviewers) or Vanilla Ice [who claimed to have been raised in "the ghetto" when, shockingly (given his hard-hitting and tough lyrics concerning the urban youth--as memorialized in "Ice Ice Baby": "Dance, bum rush the speaker that booms/I'm killin' your brain like a poisonous mushroom/ Deadly, when I play a dope melody/Anything less than the best is a felony." See? He used the word "dope!" He MUST be a hard-luck ghetto youth!) he was not.] From sometime between freshman and sophomore year to sometime before junior year (My memory is shite. And I don't even smoke pot. Geez.) I was a riot grrrl. It all started with Bikini Kill (And hey! I STILL think that they're a good band, politics aside-- and in Tight Pants, politics are most DEFINITELY aside. They're liked X-Ray Spex, but more 90's punk sounding (i.e. no horns)...), then Bratmobile, then Heavens to Betsy, Team Dresch, et al. (In all fairness to myself, I was still listening to GOOD music at the time-like Red Scare, the Adverts, and the Clash. Hey, I'm not going to COMPLETELY ridicule myself I DO have an ego! But enough of his pseudo-Freudian discourse (and Freud, that bastard, ripped off of Nietzsche hardcore, but what do you care, right?) Anyway, this riot grrrl affiliation resulted in the creation of Riot Grrrl Milwaukee, a trip to D.C. for a "Young Feminists Against Violence" convention, the purchase of numerous of the above-mentioned band's albums, as well as a few riot grrrl shirts, and the amassing of a huge collection of riot grrrl zines. Thankfully, I eventually realized the general stupidity of 90's feminism and riot grrrl in particular, and now, acting the part of a wise sage, I will point out/make fun of feminism. Fun for the whole family. Invite the kids and grandchildren! Leave Kathleen Hanna at home!

girl



More Embarrassing Details!

Section 1: The National Organization for/of (I forget and who really cares anyway) Women

When I was a ripe fifteen-year-old, being a self-declared "radical," which, for me at that point, meant hating the government, censorship, and other self-evident evils, I decided to contact the local feminist organizations to see if they had any youth activities. You see, since I was such a radical, I was against sexism. (Isn't that crazy? The next thing you know, I'll be telling you I was against racism, too!) I called the National Organization of/for (Ack!) Women and they told me about a teen organization based out of Madison. I called the leader of that group and she invited me to join the group on a trip to D.C. for a convention--in five days. I had heard of it--it was being secretly billed as a "riot grrrl thing" and I asked my mom, and (EXTREMELY surprisingly) she said yes. In order to get a big discount (oh--please tape anything you have by the BAND discount and send it my way. thank you very much.) I joined the National Organization _____ (YOU pick one!) Women for five



girl
pride

TO BE A RIOT GRRRL
YOU HAVE TO....



YOURSELF
JUST THE WAY YOU ARE!

girl
power



bucks (which would put me on what I now believe is a life-long mailing list for requests for cash). I left in a bus with about thirty "grrrls," none of whom I knew. They all had brightly-colored hair and piercings, to indicate their disenfranchised position. I talked to a few of them, but most of my time was spent sitting next to one of the two 350 pound, EXTREMELY sweaty bus drivers (They alternated driving shifts.) The bus ride was long. All I remember is that when I got into the bus it was one day, and when I got off, it was the next day. We immediately headed for the hotel where the convention was being held. I attended a few workshops, only one of which really stood out. It was entitled "Riot Grrrl Networking" or something like that. Basically, it was a big meeting of riot grrrls from all over the country. The main topic of conversation was whether or not boys should be allowed to join. There was one guy there. No one really talked to him. Other highlights included smoking pot in the hotel bathroom (Bah) and running around in a huge water fountain during the "Young Women Against Violence" march on Washington. While at the hotel where the convention was being held, a group of feminists tried to make the hotel stop selling Playboy at the gift

Grrr/ Love = Grrr/ Power, cont.

♀ ♀

shop. There was also much talk of the evil patriarchy and how we had to "heal ourselves" from thousands of years of oppression (funny thing--I didn't realize that I was born in B.C. sometime. Maybe my memory is even worse than I thought it was. I need some help. Geez.). Luckily, I didn't buy into all of it--my burgeoning "punkness" was most evident in a dislike for all things new age, so I did not talk part in the "Open Mic Healing Night." The vast majority of these people were rich, middle-aged single women. Who else do you think would have the time/money to come to D.C. for a few nights and sit around complaining about men? A bunch of us riot grrrs got sick of the convention and sat up one night talking about how fucked up NOW was. I guess we were kind of loud and this new age woman and higher-up in the NOW hierarchy came over to the corner of the hotel

where we were sitting and began yelling at us and telling us that NOW was trying to help ALL oppressed women (or should I say womyn?) and that we were being spoiled brats, etc. etc. Point being: I realized that NOW was full of shit at age 15. And, trust me on this one, I was a REALLY stupid fifteen year-old. I mean, REALLY stupid. So I figure that the normal person should come to this realization at about age ten. And that they should then hate riot grrrl at about age eleven. But enough of this serious stuff. Time to make fun of riot grrrl.

Section 2: Digging Through the Zine Archives

And how better to do so than to dig through the old zine archive and pull out a few gems.

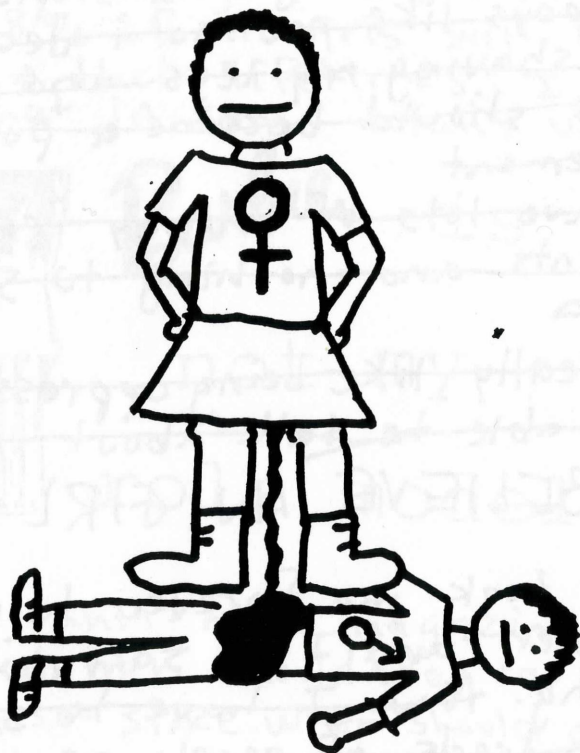
ummm...30 minutes have passed and after briefly glancing at about a hundred zines, with way more yet to go through, I have decided:
a.) NEVER to open the book marked "zines" sitting under my bed again, for like Pandora's box before it, I feel as though it unleashes a not inconsiderable amount of evil into the world. To all of you who have done good zines (and if you have, trust me, I've TOLD you a million times. THANK YOU!!!! You are a minority in this world infested with horrid individuals trying to write.) To all of the rest of you, hang yourselves!

Anyway, rather than subject myself to reading or even glancing at yet another horrible zine (and perhaps I should just throw them away, but I think I'd have to do it on some sort of special garbage pick-up day because I have so many of them) I have decided to create my own riot grrrl zine within the confines of Tight Pants, combining all of the most important elements of any respectable and proper riot grrrl zine. Enjoy, fellow grrrls!

my bloody tampon

costs 2 stamps or two
plastic colored barrettes

#10 ♀



Revolution Grrrrrrrr-
rrrrrrrr! Style ~~Later~~
Now!

Girl Power!

I decided to do this zine because:
~~I am a socially inept person who cannot communicate with other people or make friends because of my annoying and stupid opinions, no boys like me so i decided that not shaving my legs and hating guys should become a political statement~~

~~I have lots of money from my parents and nothing to spend it on~~

~~I really like being oppressed and being able to talk about it~~

I BELIEVE IN GIRL POWER!

this took me forever to put together and I'm sorry it took so long. ~~Now I have to send it to hundreds of people as a "trade" who don't do trades with riot grrrl zines, just to annoy them.~~

Love,

An Angry Grrrl



GIRL LOVE!

Now I'd like to take the time to write about some incredibly ~~obvious~~ political and ~~social problems~~ important issues. So many men think that they can rape girls and get away with it. Like 98% of all girls will be raped in their lifetimes. I, like read that in some totally unbiased



Barbie is

not my
role model

militant anti-male magazine. I think that men should stop raping girls. Also- since when should guys be able to say that they don't think fat girls are attractive? I mean, everyone should think that everyone's attractive, ya know? ~~I'm an idiot~~. I'm a riot grrr and will be forever!!!!

(Obligatory) Kathleen Hanna Page

Kathleen Hanna is like, so fucking cool... blah blah blah... I really love Kathleen Hanna, etc. etc. Bikini Kill is like totally my favorite band and all that, cos like, they're so cool and



Kathleen is so rad, blah blah blah. Kathleen Hanna is so totally amazing and awesome and cool and I wish I could be like her, blah blah blah, etc. etc. etc.

Tight Pants Wearer of the Issue!



Heather sent in these photos she took of herself and when I saw them I knew she would be the tight pants girl of the issue - kinda porny in a Betty Page way, and her pants are definitely tight. Alright!

Send in your photos today! Winner receives a free copy of Tight Pants and, starting now, candy.



↑ The runner up:
Jesse K. peeing
while wearing tight



The Cereal Corner

With Guest Writer/Informant E. Nebulous Neezer, trained Oatmeal expert

Greetings Tight Pants readers! It has come to my attention that a serious component of American cereal culture has been shamefully neglected in the otherwise comprehensive cereal corner. My duty to hard journalism and my integrity has compelled me to take pen in hand and discuss: hot cereal. No, I am not referring to the disgusting habits of some who choose to microwave Grape Nuts in a pathetic attempt to mask their complete lack of appeal. It is the true hot cereals that I am talking about. Where would America be without oatmeal, Malt-o-Meal, Wheatena, Cream of Wheat, and Co Co Wheats? There is no need to answer this question (and not just because it is a hypothetical question which by definition does not necessitate an answer) because I think you all know the answer, and it isn't pretty. While Maddy may claim that a healthy bowl of Lucky Charms leaves you satisfied, I must protest, and this cereal corner installation shall be so devoted.

Let us begin by pointing out a few things that only hot cereal can provide:

1.) Heat.

2.) Nourishment. I will go on the record as having consumed three solid bowls of Quaker oatmeal as the source of my daily nourishment.

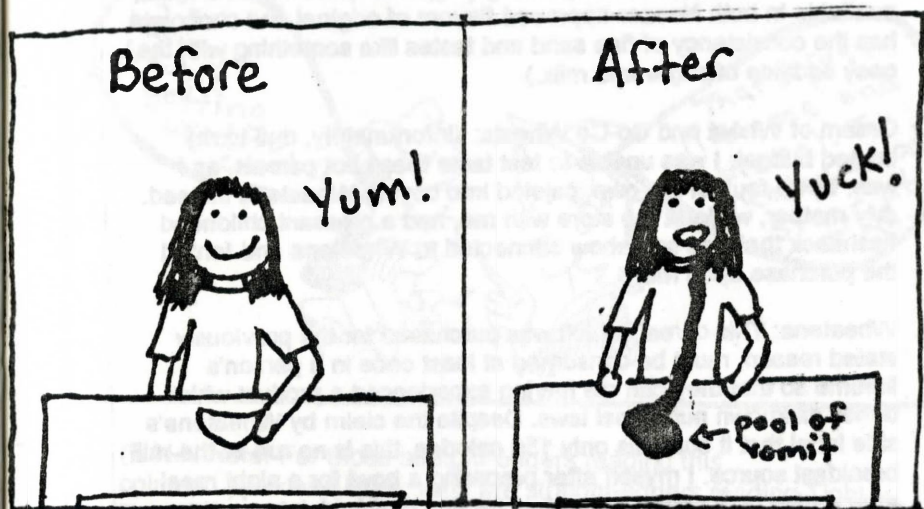
3.) Color retention. You shall never see a bowl of Cream of Wheat which turns your bowl a putrid brown, as do some "Tight Pants approved" cereals which shall remain nameless (Lucky Charms, Reese's Peanut Butter Puffs). (Note: Since I, Ms. Tight Pants herself, am not only the creator of Tight Pants, but the secretary and typist as well, I have the fortunate opportunity of catching this error before it goes to the printers (uh, before I spend an entire two nights xeroxing it). I NEVER advocated immersing Reese's Peanut Butter Puffs in milk. In fact, I specifically ordered them to be eaten plain, without milk. And as for the glorious Lucky C, well, the only reason it would turn your milk green is if you took forever to eat it. If you eat it fairly quickly, the milk only turns a VERY slight gray color, which, as all you cereal eaters know, is part and parcel of the cereal-in-milk-eating-experience. And its Lucky Charms for Christ's sake! Why you wouldn't have finished the entire bowl in under five minutes is beyond me. Furthermore, if you take too long to eat any milk-immersed cereal, its going to get soggy. Don't believe the commercials. It happens to the best of cereals. Even Lucky Charms, the best of all. So eat your Lucky C. fast or don't eat it at all, goddamnit!)

Now featuring oatmeal, too!

Salmonella, Shit Discoloration, cont.

Now, of course, all hot cereals are not the same. And so, for those of you who are, due to my inspiring writings and clear-cut logic, (Editor's Note/Intrusion: These claims have not been scientifically evaluated. Trust E. N. Neezer at your own risk.) of the mind to try hot cereal, I have provided a quick summary guide to the current hot cereal market. (Note: (This time by Neezer herself, I promise...)) Due to limited funding for this project, I have been forced into presenting a small portion of this immense market.)

Oatmeal: By far the best hot cereal there is, but don't be fooled into going out and buying the cheapest, "I can't believe it's oatmeal" brand, because you will assuredly be disappointed. The highest quality store oatmeal is Quaker, and personally, I prefer the



The Cruel Effect of Oatmeal Fruit Swirls

old-fashioned variety. DO NOT, I repeat, DO NOT, buy Quaker brand Oatmeal Fruit Swirls! In addition to violating #3 of my hot cereal pros listed above, the oatmeal, which comes with individual plastic packets of colored sucrose in rainbow colors, has been known to induce vomiting in those with weaker stomachs and result in shit discoloration. Beware! Warning #2: The consumption of Rainbow brand "Kids Only" oatmeal has been determined by joint Dental and Neezer testing to be hazardous to your health. ((E.N.N.) Note: What kind of cinnamon-flavored oatmeal is colored neon pink anyway?)

Malt-o-Meal, Co-Co Wheats, et. al

Malt-o-Meal: Let me just start off by saying that, despite the salmonella scare traced back to this product, I heartily recommend it for daily consumption. (I mean, what are the odds that your box is one of the few tainted ones, and besides, isn't it worth it?) I also am free from worry as my box of this cereal was purchased several years back, and so pre-dates the scare entirely. And that, my friends, is why Malt-o-Meal should be at the heart of any contentious proletariat cereal eater: the box lasts forever. With only two tablespoons needed for every bowl and a box the size of a box of crackers, you never run out. Quit cutting budget corners at your home just to buy those coveted Dental sugar cereals. With one box of Malt-o-Meal, you'll never go hungry. ((E.N.N.)Note: Malt-o-Meal, available in both Neezer-approved flavors of original and chocolate, has the consistency of fine sand and tastes like something with the easy addition of sugar and milk.)

Cream of Wheat and Co-Co Wheats: Unfortunately, due to my limited budget, I was unable to test taste these hot cereals, as I was, by no fault of my own, cajoled into buying Wheatena instead. (My mother, while at the store with me, had a pleasant childhood flashback that was somehow connected to Wheatena and forced the purchase upon me.)

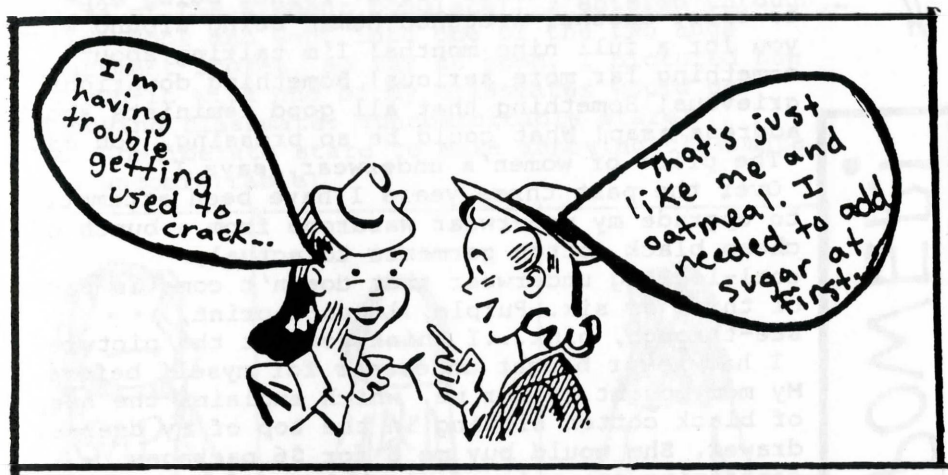
Wheatena: This cereal, which was purchased for the previously stated reason, must be consumed at least once in a person's lifetime so that they can die having experienced a product which defies all known nutritional laws. Despite the claim by Wheatena's side label that it contains only 150 calories, this is no run-of-the-mill breakfast source. I myself after preparing a bowl for a night meal after eating only seven pears thus far that day (which is another story unto itself), found that after roughly eight spoonfuls, I no longer felt hungry and decided to do callisthenics for the following twelve hours. The cereal's gravel-like composition (a smattering of several hard particles of gray, white, and black coloring), should not be consumed unless one is planning to undertake an activity requiring massive super-human feats of strength. Also, if you are one of those people who go about their cereal consumption at a leisurely pace, be forewarned. Wheatena must be consumed at high temperatures, as it reverts back to its solid state. Do not attempt to continue eating at this point, as it will be necessary to undergo operations to remove the stalagmites which have formed on the inner lining of your stomach. Despite the numerous precautions, this is a great buy for the tight-pursed consumer. A 1/2 serving provides 5000% of your nutritional needs and you'll never need to worry about making time for several meals a day again.

Endnotes, warnings, & disclaimers

A final note: Hot cereal, while a truly wise, enjoyable choice for any pop punkster, does require some flavorings to make it consumable.

(E.N.N. Note: Neezer, being the hardcore oatmeal fanatic, needs no additions, but, like hard drugs, hot cereal can take some getting used to.) So, if the hot cereal you have selected seems to taste a bit like...nothing...I suggest the use of one of the following:

- a.) raisins
- b.) milk
- c.) brown sugar



(E.N.N Note: For those straight-edgers reading this column...)(Second Note: Why are straight-edgers reading Tight Pants?????) (Note #1, cont.: If using cow's milk is against your hardcore beliefs, substitute one half cup breast milk and/or one finely ground Earth Crisis album.)

Lastly, due to the extreme nature of the following cereal warning, I have allowed this non-hot cereal disclaimer to be attached to my otherwise pure hot cereal article:

DO NOT BUY MARSHMALLOW-BLASTED FRUIT LOOPS! Do not be lured, as many, myself included, were, into purchasing this new-fangled product. The fruit loops, though themselves the same high quality morsels as always, are tainted by the tiny, chewy, stick-to-your-throat-causing-a-serious-choking-hazard marshmallows. After bearing the nasty little buggers for several bowls, I finally was forced to use a high volume sieve to weed out the remaining infiltrators. **DO NOT CONSUME! DO NOT CONSUME!**



Revolution, underwear style now!

Sisters! I come before you to protest what is perhaps the greatest injustice ever committed against our noble gender! Forget being denied to right to vote! Forget being denied promotion to those coveted jobs in the upper-echelons of the fascinating corporate world! Forget being expected to carry another wretched human being around with you for a full nine months! I'm talking about something far more serious! Something downright grievous! Something that all good feminists should address asap! What could be so pressing, you ask?

The price of women's underwear, says I!

Over the past three years I have been attempting to upgrade my underwear wardrobe from a bunch of cheap black cotton garments to actual, cool-looking underwear that doesn't come in packs of three or six. Purple, leopard-print, see-through, pink...I think you get the picture.

I had never bought underwear for myself before. My mom bought it for me, which explains the heap of black cotton sitting in the top of my dresser drawer. She would buy me 3 for \$6 packages, containing one pair of black underwear, and two pairs of really bright ugly colored underwear, which I would only wear as a last resort. Most of the time I just stuffed them to the back of my drawer, along with all of my tights with holes, and forget about them. When I asked my mom to buy me some other kind of underwear, she came back with another 3 for \$6 pack--but this time it had flowers all over it. NOT a welcome change. Generally speaking, I do NOT like things with flowers on them--though this statement should in no way be taken as a rant against all things feminine, for I do own several pink items of clothing. Just no flowers, okay?

I soon realized that I was going to have to make my own way in the underwear world. Like Luke Skywalker at the end of Return of the Jedi, I was going to have to take matters into my own hands. Armed with ten dollars--a significant amount of money for yours truly, I went to the mall. Yes, to the mall. Stinky punk rockers, back off! I had to

FIGHT THE POWER!

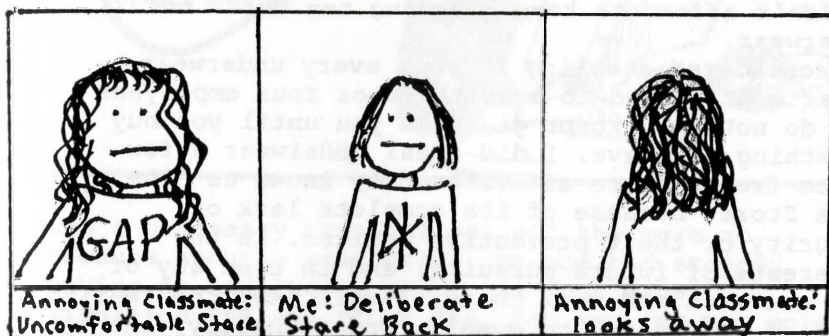
Cheap Underwear is a Right, not a priviledge!

buy UNDERWEAR. Where do you think I'm going to find underwear, if not in a mall or a (oh no!) corporate retailer? Can I buy underwear at the local punk record store? Can I buy underwear at a show? Can I buy underwear at the local punches? Nay! Nay on all three counts, dear punk rockers! A critical oversight within the proverbial "scene" is now apparent!

Trying my best to be sneaky so as to avoid running into anyone annoying from my high school (99.9% of the student populace), I entered through a side door and went into one of the two huge department stores. So far so good. I pictured how the run-in with one of my classmates would go:

Annoying classmate: (uncomfortable stare)

Me: (deliberate stare to make annoying classmate more uncomfortable)




Annoying classmate: (looks away)

Ah! The exciting times of a 16 year-old punk/bookish (let's hear it for punks who read!) girl in an all-girls Catholic school! Quadruple Feck!

Thankfully (and due to my elaborate sneaking capabilities, developed from a young age when I used to sneak into my brother's closet right before he came into his room to go to sleep, with the express purpose of jumping out and scaring him as soon as he was about to fall asleep), I avoided all contact with anyone I knew. I gained confidence and pride in my mission.

But when I reached the underwear department, I realized that I was in trouble. All of the bras cost at least ten bucks. Fie. I had thought that I would be able to obtain a large quantity of underwear--after all, underwear requires about

Economics, thievery, and pizza...



one-tenth of the fabric of a shirt. So let's say a shirt costs \$15. Therefore the underwear should cost about \$1.50 a piece. Sadly, this was not the case. I looked all around the department for about an hour, drawing the suspicion of the 80 year-old women who worked there.

Finally I came across a sale rack, upon which I discovered a leopard print bra for \$7 and a pair of nice black underwear for \$3. Punk rock. Kind of.

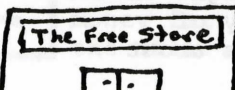
I left the store \$10 and some change poorer, but at least now I had some cool underwear.

However, I could hardly afford to repeat the day's excursion anytime soon. You see, ten bucks is enough to buy ten cups of coffee at the Fuel Cafe, or go to two or three shows, or to fill a gas tank to get to school and work, or to eat pizza at the Pizza Shuttle three or four times, or to buy three or four EPs. Nope, I definitely couldn't afford to keep spending ten bucks on underwear.

I considered stealing it, but every underwear department seemed to have three or four employees who do nothing except glare at you until you buy something or leave. I did steal underwear a few times from a store affectionately known as "The Free Store" because of its complete lack of security or theft preventive devices. In the interests of future pursuits, and in case any of you are mean and work there, I will keep the real name of said store to myself. Unfortunately, the Free Store didn't have very good underwear. I did find one really cool pair of purple underwear there; but the rest of it was all flowery and dumb.

So I resigned myself to boring dumb black cotton underwear and my three cool new items. That was junior year in high school.

Two years later, I was about to leave for college and I realized that, since I didn't have a lot of underwear, I'd have to do laundry a lot. To quote the Sex Pistols (which in no way should be seen as an indication of love for said band, particularly in comparison with other bands of the period, but nor should it be seen as an indication of hate, because the song "Bodies" is really funny) No Fun.



Patriotism & Self-Gratification, cont.

So I broke down. Hey--I had worked 60-80 hours/week all summer long (the last three words were an intentional Beach Boys album reference, in case you were wondering) and I figured that I deserved it. Self-gratification through the purchase of over-priced consumer items. How downright American of me! Alright!

I went back to the aforementioned department store, which wasn't hard to do 'cause I now worked there. Using my 22% employee discount, I picked up several items. Don't ask me how much I spent. It



was a necessary transaction, all the more so because about a year prior, my mom had stopped buying me underwear, which, in many ways, signified the end of an era. You see, my mom more or less stopped paying for regular clothes (with the rare occasional exception) when I was 14. When I was 16 she stopped doing my laundry. When I was 17, she stopped buying me underwear and socks. Bah. It was the final straw. The strings of dependency had been severed. It was time to buy my own underwear.

So I did it. And I did it again this summer. I bought everything on sale. I spent as little as possible while still managing to avoid anything with flowers on it. But I still spent too much money. When I was in New York last year, I visited a penpal of mine on Long Island and she gave me another leopard print bra, for which I was most grateful. My mom bought me nice underwear (at my suggestion) as a birthday present. But I can't rely on others for all of my underwear needs. I don't really want to think about how much money I'm going to have to spend on underwear throughout the course of my life.

D.I.Y. Solutions & Avail Patches...

DO IT YOURSELF NOW!

Since I'm not just a whiny punk rocker, I have come up with some possible solutions. The main one seems obvious enough. D.I.Y. underwear production. Really, how hard can it be to make underwear? I myself have some remedial sewing skills. I even made myself a leopard print bag once. And I know that other punk rockers have to be able to sew--because how else are you gonna permanently affix that Avail patch to your backpack? And if you've been having your mom or (for the boys) your girlfriend do that, well, you're just lame. Having your mom sew on your punk patches is about as dumb as one can get. (And I might venture the argument that having zillions of patches is dumb, too, but nevermind that...)

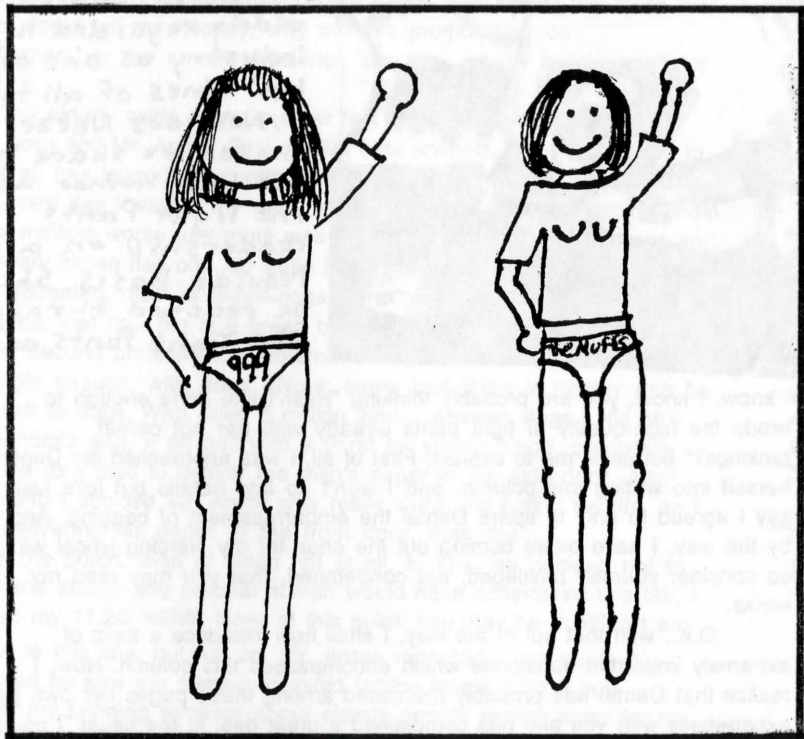
So how hard can it be? I have made some initial inquiries into this field, and the main problem is as follows: When one makes clothes, one needs a pattern to work from. The pattern tells you where to cut the fabric, how much to use, etc. Without it, it would be pretty hard to make anything unless you were a super experienced sewer. And, yep, you guessed it, there isn't a pattern for underwear. Before you start spouting off conspiracy theories, allow me to do it for you.

First of all, underwear is expensive, as I have illustrated. Specifically, women's underwear is expensive--the logic being that women care more about their underwear than men and will therefore buy more and be willing to pay more. Second, a good number of women have some sewing ability. Therefore, the underwear industry needs to make sure that women do NOT have access to the patterns which would allow them to make their own underwear. Underwear liberation is a grave danger to the underwear industry. But, why would the pattern-making industry agree to not make an underwear pattern, when it seems like this would be a very popular item? Out of their sheer unconditional love for the underwear industry? Maybe. But not very likely. My hypothesis is as follows: the underwear industry pays the pattern-making industry to keep underwear patterns out of the hands of the female consumer!

Shocked? Angry? Furious? Well, you are not alone! Women need to liberate the underwear pattern from the cruel, fascist corporations and deliver them to The People. Anyone with a little advanced

Fight The Man®, cont.!

sewing knowledge could make a pattern and distribute it to The Punk Scene. Punk girls could make underwear and sell it at punk shows for cheap and make enough profit to buy a little bit of food or a book or a record. Guys could make underwear, too. Someone could silk-screen cool designs on the underwear. I personally would love to have some Rezillos underwear. Guys could give the punk underwear to their girlfriends as presents. Anyone



interested in working on this project, write to me and share your ideas. We must expect opposition from The Man, who will no doubt use devious and perhaps violent means to crush our Underwear Liberation Project. But we will persevere! As Albert Einstein once said, here in paraphrased form, "Brilliant men always endure violent opposition from mediocre minds." (And Ezekiel 23:34 says "Thou shalt pluck off thine own breasts," but nevermind that). All (revolutionary) correspondence should be addressed to TULP (The Underwear Liberation Project) c/o Tight Pants c/o Maddy.

Revolution, underwear style now!

Introducing E.N. Neezer!



Those of you who are knowledgeable in the zine world will remember E.N. Neezer as the co-editor and co-genius of the zine "we aren't the world," which is widely regarded in the industry as one of the best zines of all time. E. Nebulous Neezer has chosen to share her wit and humor with the Tight Pants readership on a regular basis. She can be reached through the Tight Pants address.

I know, I know, you are probably thinking "Hasn't she done enough to erode the high-quality of tight pants already with her hot cereal rankings?" but allow me to explain. First of all, I was approached by Dental herself into writing this column, and I won't go into details but let's just say I agreed to only to spare Dental the embarrassment of begging. And, by the way, I have offers coming out the anus for my piercing lyrical wit, so consider yourself privileged, not condemned, that you may read my works.

O.K., with that out of the way, I shall now introduce a topic of extremely important substance which encompasses this column. Now, I realize that Dental has probably discussed among these pages her own job experiences with you and has complained a great deal in the usual "I could be listening to Beach Boys but instead am forced to spend my time telemarketing and selling donuts at a less-than-clean establishment" way, but she has probably not told you about the job that both she and I, along with many of you readers, I'm sure, have held in our earlier days of youth. Perhaps because the issue is still painful for her, (perhaps because she has no writing ability and therefore tries to limit her words so that this remains undetected), I have taken it upon myself to talk with you today about: paper routes.

The image you see when these two words are said is probably along the lines of a cute, 12 year old lad trotting up the walk of your house with a paper bag slung over his shoulder and a paper in hand, saying "Here is your paper Mrs. Nesbit." This, I am sorry to say, is not the true story. In reality, from the years 10.5 (I got the route several months before the 11 year requirement. Apparently, child labor laws aren't a concern for the power brokers at the Milwaukee Journal) to 13, I was deprived of a

In Her Stunning Debut!

childhood, and forced to submit myself every day after school to the drudgery of walking the several blocks by my house to deliver the vile pages of news. To make matters worse, being a female on a route containing 99% elderly (substitute: one foot in the grave), my presence was not exactly welcomed. I even had one old woman who would sit on her porch each day and heckle me as I walked down the road yelling "You can't carry that bag. It's too heavy. You shouldn't be doing this," and then "give me my paper. Hurry up! I may be dead by the time you reach me!" If this wasn't enough, every male senior citizen would offer to do the route for me, and would tell me "Honey, why doesn't your brother do his own route," or the equally insulting, "Say boy, you're a little small for this job."

The elderly aside, I had greater fish to fry with the route, namely: dogs and Mr. Anton. First of all, I hate animals, and I am scared to death of all four-legged creatures (including at the time our cat, Suzuki) and so every day I walked my route in fear, jumping at every rattling chain. To make matters worse, my route was like a breeding ground for dogs and almost every house had one, so while I was paranoid no doubt, I was also justified. (Granted, most of these dogs were the size of a bread box, but still...) (Note: just how big is a bread box

anyway?) Second problem: the aforementioned man. The problem began, interestingly enough, with dogs. (Note: every bad thing in history can be traced back to dogs. Who killed 6 million Jews? Answer: dogs.) His next door neighbor's dog, a pit bull with a thirst for young blood, practically mauled me as I tried to deliver the man's paper in the side door. After that incident, I decided Mr. Anton was really worth my losing my life, so I took to delivering his paper to the front door, then the corner of the porch, then at times not at all. In turn, he decided not to pay me, and though any rational human would have considered this fair, I demanded my 11.20, NOW! Now, at this point, you may be thinking I am the villain in this tale, but not so. Mr. Anton repeatedly ran inside his house when he saw me coming to avoid talking to me (and if you remember my opening remarks about elderly people feeling sorry for me, you should note that I was in no way intimidating.) Finally, I did what any 12 year old would do: I sent my father, a decidedly protective man who proceeded to beat on Mr. Anton's door (who by the way was home but for some strange reason not in the mood to discuss with an enraged 6 ft. tall man standing

on his stoop) while screaming several choice phrases. In the end, the quest for my money was discarded, but I did get a lovely note from Mr. Anton telling me I was, out of all the paper carriers he had known, by far the worst and the most irresponsible specimen of youth he had ever seen.

But was that the worst part of the route? Nay, I am afraid not, dear reader. You, not being a carrier yourself, do not know that the worst part, for any youth so employed, is.... THE SUNDAY! Yes, this lovely part of the job meant waking up at 5:30 (for the brief period when my father had a route, 4:00), and immediately going and delivering 120-150 papers the size of a dog the size of a bread box. And so, every Saturday, being the big

From the bowels of the newspaper industry to greatness

Mrs. Fletcher, sub-zero mornings

dork that I was, I never did anything because the dark cloud of the approaching route loomed over me, saying, "You must sleep. You can't go out. The route will suffer." Then, the next morning (Note: winters were the worst, as I was forced from my warm bed out into the cruel sub-zero Wisconsin climate, wearing 4 pairs of pants, 2 shirts, 2 sweaters, a coat, 10 pairs of socks, boots, 3 pairs of gloves, a hat, and a scarf) I was driven to the route station for part 1 of the experience. There, I had to load all the papers into the trunk while sullen, disgruntled teenage station employees sat around and gave you dirty looks, thinking, "If you all didn't have routes, I wouldn't be here, so therefore I hate you."

Part #2: The route itself. Enough said. At least the majority of elderly folk were asleep at this point so I was able to do the route in peace. Part #3: I return home, consume on can of generic grape soda, and fall asleep. Part #4: My mother wakes me up at 6:45 saying, "Mrs. Fletcher is on the phone and she didn't get her paper. Go run one over." Part #5: I bring said paper to Mrs. Fletcher only to discover that due to her extreme age she has not noticed the paper sitting right on her doorstep. Part #6: I kill Mrs. Fletcher. (Note: this, unfortunately, did not occur, as I had the presence of mind not to carry loaded weapons with me in such situations.)

I could go on. I have 100's of route stories which I am sure would be of interest to you, but I cannot. (Namely because no other stories have occurred to me at the moment but also because this column has already consumed a great deal of space.) Therefore, I shall leave you, hoping that the message imparted in this column is clear: do not get a route. It if not fun. (Granted, I myself did not realize this. I was in fact fired from my position after our local paper decided to rid itself of youth carriers.) If you need a summer job, there are better ones than this. And so, until next time, goodbye, and continue your critical analysis of this Tight Pants issue.

Yo!

If you like this column and my cereal corner installment, send me Rocky & Bullwinkle and Young ones stuff, candy, books on Russian history, naked pictures of Dr. Frank, and money.



E.N.N. in her youth

^{NON} The Removable Record Review Section (T.R.R.R.S.) *where the cereal/music connection is made*

Bobbyteens "Fast Livin' and Rock 'n' Roll" LP--Currently the best album of the year. Garagey rock 'n' roll with dirty lyrics. Kinda like if some of the Phil Spector girl groups played their own instruments, wore lots of dark eye makeup, and sung about oral sex. Doesn't that sound pretty damn cool? Every girl needs a copy of this album to sing along with. Every boy needs a copy of this album to impress the girls who have this album. See? EVERYONE needs this album. This is Corn Pops, because, not only are they one of my favorite cereals, I can eat a bowl for breakfast, lunch, and dinner and not get sick of them.

Rondelles "He's Out of Sight" EP-- The Rondelles are the runners-up in the best fairly-new girl band contest. They have the old girl group thing down, but unfortunately they don't rock as hard as the Bobbyteens. And sometimes their lyrics are dumb. But when you look at early Bobbyteens EPs and current Rondelles stuff, you begin to think that maybe there's some potential here. Now don't get me wrong; The Bobbyteens are 800% better, but the Rondelles could catch up. This is Kix before it got the extra sugar coating about ten years ago. Hopefully, this could one day become regular Kix, and then maybe Frosted Cheerios, and then who know? As the Ramones say, "Today old Kix, tomorrow the world."

999 "Emergency" EP--No, 999 did NOT come out with a new EP. I got this as a birthday present over the summer and I decided to ignore the date on the back and review it here. For the uninitiated, 999 is one of my favorite bands. And this EP is one of my favorite 999 records.

"Emergency" is a cool song and everything, but the B-side is the reason to hunt this down. "My Street Stinks" is one of my favorite 999 songs. "My street stin-hin-hin-hinks. The world stinks too!" Punk rock! Buy this if you can find it. This is Count Chocula because it contains an incredible amount of sugar, which makes one hyper, much like the classic new wave/punk sounds of 999.

Nothing Cool "What A Wonderful World" (DummyUp)--

I don't like this. Its mediocre pop punk with stupid lyrics about generic things (being punk, not selling out, not being a poser, et. al). And, as you may already know, mediocre pop punk is not exactly one of my favorite things in life. I have a theory that mediocre pop punk is worse than mediocre any-other-genre-of-music. Mediocre in the pop punk realm=really, really bad. Maybe their other releases are better. This is generic Apple Jacks (mediocre cereal).

More Mind-Numbing Reviews!

Boris the Sprinkler (Bulge)

This is a double live cd from two shows in Osh Kosh, WI. I was hoping that the shows used for this cd would be shows that I had attended, but apparently that was not to be. And maybe its better that way, because on more than a few occasions, I have attended shows where I make up 10-15% of the total audience. Okay, time to say whether or not I liked this. Well, I do...but I really don't need it, because I've seen Boris many times, being a resident of Wisconsin for most of my life, and Norb's stage banter is permanently lodged inside my brain, along with lyrics to thousands of songs and thousands of random quotes from people, movies, and books, all of which unite to try to block any other information from entering; but I'm not complaining. If you haven't seen Boris yet, by all means buy this. If you have...well, then I'm sure you're a Boris freak already and have all of the 2,567 pressings of "Drugs and Masturbation" and so, what's ten more bucks, right? This is one of those double cereal box sets, that used to be around a lot. You could get two boxes, stuck together, for about the price of one box, which is the same case here. More specifically this is a two cereal box set of Marshmellow Maties (generic Lucky Charms) and Quaker brand generic Lucky Charms. Allow me to explain. The Marshmellow Maties are because Boris is one of my all-time favorite bands, as Marshmellow Maties are one of my all-time favorite cereals. The Quaker brand generic Lucky Charms are because I don't really need two cds of live material. Quaker Lucky C. isn't as good and after eating M. Maties for awhile, I don't really want to follow that up with Quaker Lucky C., not that I don't like Lucky Charms, which I do. Geez. To summarize: 1.)Boris the Sprinkler=Marshmellow Maties 2.)Double live cds=double cereal boxes--a bit too much of a good thing, but that doesn't mean I won't listen to it/eat it.

The Dread (DummyUp)

Ack! I like this! I usually don't like this kinda stuff in general, but I put the cd on one night over the summer when my sister and I were really bored and hyper and we ended up having spinning contests until we fell down and felt sick. Anyway, this was a good soundtrack for us that night. I especially like the song "Only Suicide." At times it seems generic, but a lot of the songs are wonderfully hyper and jump-up-and-downish. This is "Sugar Flakes," which, according to my sources, was the original name for Frosted Flakes, before everyone started foolishly thinking that sugar was a BAD thing. (Fools!) Sugar has been said to induce hyperactivity, and there's A LOT of sugar in Frosted Flakes. A-okay with me.

The C*nts-- "A Secret History of the C*nts" CD-- If you like garagy stuff, you might like this. I DO like some garagy stuff (Rip Offs style stuff, for example), but this didn't particularly strike me one way or the other (kinda a blondie reference). Anyway, this is regular Chcerrios.

More Cereal & Music Madness!

Atom and His Package-- "Behold, I Shall Do A New Thing" EP (Vital Music)--This man supports the metric system, so right away we had something in common. The metric system song was funny, funny, funny, and the Dead Milkmen cover was cool, too; but it seems like he's ripping off the Dead Milkmen 100%. I'll leave it to your high school debate team to decide whether or not that's a bad thing. Let me know what you decide. This is Honey Comb.

Dirt Bike Annie-- "Letters and Numbers" EP (Mutant Pop)--The best thing about this EP is the rant in favor of pop punk from Mutant Popper T. Chandler. The second best thing is that the cover is a photo of a boy eating cereal. The actual EP is a-okay. The first song is catchy and pretty cool, and the last song on the B-side is pretty funny. Both boys and girls sing on this--which is something that I'd like to see much more of. Buy this for the photo, or the T. Chandler rant, or the music itself. This is, well, let's just say its "Choco-Berri Sugar Pops" because that's the fake cereal on the cover!

Oscar and the Pidgin Sisters-- "The Bald and the Beautiful" EP (Vital Music)--This is good old rock 'n' roll. The type of stuff that sounds better when you're drunk. (And that's not an insult to the music. Almost all rock 'n' roll that I like sounds better when I'm drunk. Like the Bobbyteens. Or Loli and the Chones.) This is Cocoa Krispies, without milk--a cereal that I have eaten more than once or twice while intoxicated.

Connie Dungs-- "Driving on Neptune" CD (Mutant Pop)--If you've read this section before, you already know that I really, really like this band. A lot. (As opposed to really, really liking them a little) Their second album is even better than their first--and since I called their first album Cinnamon Toast Crunch, that's quite a compliment. I can never have enough good pop punk (I CAN (and do) have enough BAD pop punk, however...) This album is most definitely in my top ten list for the year. This is Reeses Peanut Butter Puffs, which I've come to like more than Cinnamon Toast Crunch. Without milk, of course.



The End.

General Mills Rejection

Recently, General Mills ran a promotion whereby you could get beanie baby-like and creatures- including the Lucky Charms leprechaun and the Cinnamon Toast Crunch baker. My sister, being far more organized than yours truly, was able to obtain said creatures. I was not. What follows are the chronicles of my last minute attempts.

To whom it may concern: **Exhibit A**

My name is [REDACTED] and I am the mother of an 8 year-old girl who really likes beanie beanies and your cereal--especially Lucky Charms! She was excited to see your offer on the back of a cereal box one morning before school. We began saving the UPCs so that she could get the collection. Meanwhile, my husband's job changed and we subsequently moved rather hurriedly. In the confusion of the move, the order form and the UPCs we had saved were lost. My daughter was upset because she had been really looking forward to getting the beanie babies.

I realize that we do not have the required UPCs, nor the order form, to get the collection. However, my daughter and I have managed to save up four new UPCs, before the offer expired. I am enclosing those with this letter. I do not have the original order form, either, to know the amount of the shipping and handling, so I am enclosing two dollars, which I hope will be enough to cover it. Although my daughter had originally had enough UPCs to get the entire collection, I realize that this may not be a possibility. I would just appreciate whatever you could do. We really enjoy your cereals. They are a staple in our family, and will continue to be. Thank you so much for your time, and keep up the good work.

Sincerely,

[REDACTED]

P.S. If you are not able to satisfy my request, please return the money AND the UPCs to me at the above address.

curse beanie baby freaks
who buy up cool cereal stuff!

July 23, 1998

Exhibit B

Dear [REDACTED]

Thank you for contacting us regarding our promotions. We are always pleased to hear from our consumers.

Unfortunately, this promotion has expired. We are sorry to disappoint you, but we are unable to fulfill your request.

We appreciate your interest in General Mills and hope you continue to enjoy our products and promotions.

Sincerely,

Cathie Hallich

Cathie Hallich

Exhibit C



12.25 OZ COOKIE-CRISP UPC SYMBOL #

B
H
W



B
B

0 16000 82540 6

↑ returned B + UPCs in a weird bag



ONE SINGLE PKG LUCKY CHARMS CEREAL

THIS DOCUMENT IS PRINTED ON WHITE PAPER WITH A
BLUE BACKGROUND AND HAS A PRE-PRINTED BACK.

One coupon per purchase. Consumer must pay any sales tax.
Void where prohibited, licensed or regulated.

CS707
A0430/CMH/07/22/98-1956



5 16000 72201 4

Exhibit D

This will authorize your
retailer to give you **FREE**

RETAIL
PRICE

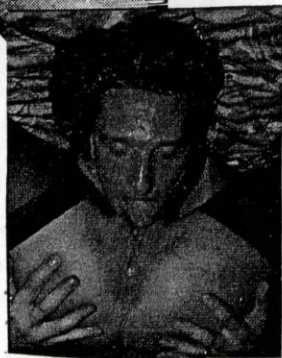
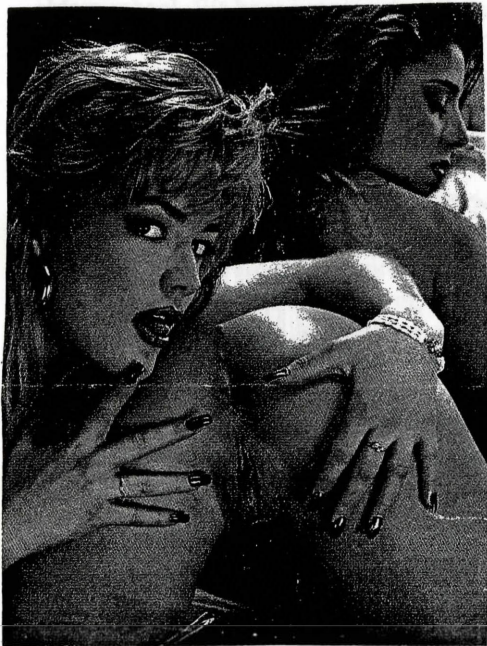
The Pages of Porn!

more excitement!

more nudity!

(except for seth, who kept his pants)
(on to break into the mainstream)

Note: Tight Pants is accepting donations of porn. We would especially like to see more d.i.y. stuff. Also - more pictures of boys! Send in porn and receive a free copy of the issue in which it appears. Don't delay! Send the porn today!



pictures courtesy of heather

thanks to everyone for their generous donations!
every little bit helps in these tough times!

REPORT 1964



Gay-teen-like photo of Seth (of Puberty Strike zine) courtesy of Heather.

"I will do all it takes to
make this picture famous."

- Seth



her boyfriend wrote in saying that she thought she looked better than all of the girls on the pages of porn. she even sent in a picture to prove it! let's here it for d.i.y. porn! okay, who's next?



Asian comics and photo courtesy of the always helpful Jesse K.



In case some idiot didn't give me
the right address, return this to me at:

☐ Madeleine

Box 23

P.O.Box 5001

Amherst, MA 01002-5001

☐ 2208 N. 72nd St.

Wauwatosa, WI 53213-1808

Please send this post haste to:

