

# TIGHT PANTS

## #8



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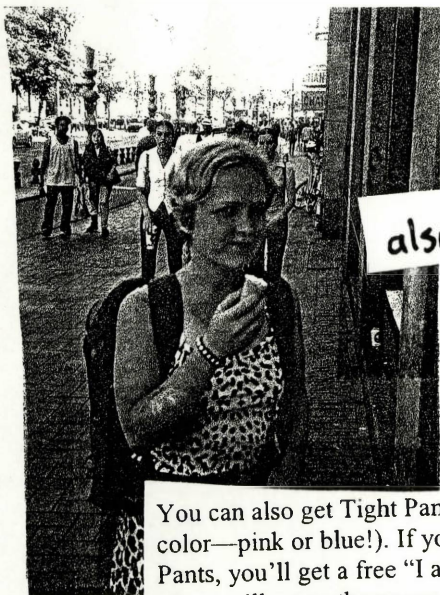


# Grab some candy & hold on tight!

Welcome once again to another issue of Tight Pants! More of the candy, cereal, tight pants, and sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll that you've come to expect! Since the last time around, I've been busy eating lots of cereal and candy, wearing tight pants, and listening to the Ohio Express! This time around, the Tight Pants robots have cranked out stories about everything from peep shows to grammar! And its all true! Oh the horror! Plus an extra special cereal corner! Punk rock! And now, onto business matters. Back issues are still available.

#1,2,4,5 are two stamps each. #6 and #7 are three stamps each. This issue costs three stamps. Distros get in touch for MUCH cheaper rates! If you want your record/cd/tape compared to cereal, send it on in! If you're writing to me AFTER April, 2001, please use the Wisconsin address given below. Otherwise, use the Massachusetts address. If you mess this up, I won't get your mail for months and months, and you'll have to sit around, staring at the ceiling, contemplating suicide because you can't figure out where your issue of Tight Pants is! I'm going to Russia in May, so expect many more traveling tales the next time around! Plus, I'll be moving to the Twin Cities in September, so prepare yourselves for yet another address change! Right now, the following items will get you a free lifetime subscription to Tight Pants: leopard print underwear, the Ripoffs "Do the Uganda" record, a night alone with Dee Dee Ramone circa 1976, and any wierd/rare Nikki and the Corvettes stuff! (Ya know the crazy thing about the free-subscription-list? I actually GET most of the stuff eventually! (Well, except for Dee Dee requests.) Thank you kind readers!)

Until next time, keep your pants tight, your music loud, and your cereal sugary!



XOXO  
madeleine!  
also-thanks to cover boy Nørb!

now:

Box 23  
PO Box 5001  
Amherst, MA  
01002-5001

after April, 2001:

2208 North 72nd St.  
Wauwatosa, WI 53213

You can also get Tight Pants buttons for one dollar each. (Choose a color—pink or blue!). If you send in a photo of yourself wearing Tight Pants, you'll get a free "I am Wearing Tight Pants" button. Plus your photo will grace the pages of the next issue of Tight Pants!

# Hey! Ho! Let's Go!

"Life, liberty, and carefree transportation!" These are my only demands! And, well, I'm alive (despite a case of the stomach flu that resulted in NO CEREAL for a good two weeks! And well, hardly any other food, either. But the Tight Pants empire will not fall!), and well, who knows what "liberty" means anyways? I guess I have the liberty to squander my time eating candy, listening to the Bobbyteens, and buying stupid Halloween crap from my local K-Mart (most recent purchase: a leopard-print headband with cat ears. I'm a whore to the capitalist system! Kill me now!). But, transportation? Carefree transportation? Why would I, a young sugar-addicted girl, care about transportation? It seems, well, lame. I should be crying out for global justice, an end to sweatshops, and the return of Urkel-O's! But instead, all I want is to be able to get from Here to There! However, the same mysterious forces that conspired against me in Europe are at it again, working their satanic anti-tight-pants magic right here in America U.S.A.! Someone is trying to ruin my personal transportation plans! Allow me to explain.



Okay, so this year I returned to college from taking some time off. Note to readers: if you take time off school, live with twelve people, get drunk at least twice a week, hang out, go to shows, etc. and then attempt to return to college, you will become completely miserable. Note #2: I am not kidding! Note #3: I will NOT create a zine called "The Morose Ponderings of one Depressed Girl Who has been Denied her God-Given Right to see the Dillinger Four at least Once a Month and Drink on a Porch Until 5am On A Regular Basis." Hmm...maybe I just WILL! Watch out! Anyways, anyways, ANYWAYS, sometime in late August, I loaded up all of my records, leopard print underwear, tight pants, candy, and Buzzcocks posters into my amorous partner in crime's car, and headed off to Massachusetts!

Now, the boyfriend in question could be characterized by many adjectives. However, I would not recommend the use of the word "responsible" except in the most sarcastic and humorous circumstances. You see, I am dating a criminal! Sweet, innocent Ms. Tight Pants has been hanging out with the Wrong Crowd (when all I wanted to do all along was hang out with The Crowd, who are one of my favorite bands of all time!) It all started in May or June, when I made the

# X-ratings, crap, & law-breaking!

mistake of wandering all around Europe instead of staying at home, being the good little girlfriend, and making sure my boyfriend did not break the law! So, there was a show. And then there was a party. And then there was drinking. And then there were cops. And then, my boyfriend (who we shall call Nate, because that's his name), walked around the side of the house, beer in hand, and ran right into a cop! Ack! Fie! Feck! Fiddlesticks and such! So, the cops, in service to The Man, made a complete search of the house, and managed to get their hands on every underage drinker except for man known as D. Allen Bubbles (and you think YOUR scene is weird!) who managed to escape by hiding in this unbelievably nasty (and hey, I'm not some lame girl! When I say nasty, I MEAN nasty! If you went into this place, you'd come out completely COVERED in black crapulence!) part of the basement. So, everyone got a \$150 ticket. Bah. But the worst was yet to come! When the law-breaking youths attempted to pay their tickets a few weeks later, they were informed that, in Green Bay, underage drinking also results in license suspension! Ack! A one-two punch! So, no one could legally drive. Nate got some paperwork that said stuff like "You are not



legal to drive in the state of Wisconsin." He and his parents interpreted this to mean, "I cannot drive within the state limits, but outside of the state limits, I am okay to drive." Ms. Tight Pants and the aforementioned Mr. Bubbles, for the record, disagreed. So, I had to learn how to drive stick. Since Nate's car had been at the mechanics until the morning we were to leave, I hadn't had time to learn. Imagine a station wagon piled down with crap, and a stupid girl trying to learn how to drive stick. Not fun. So eventually we get onto the freeway, me having learned nothing about driving stick, and having only re-affirmed my hatred of cars. So, we drive to the state limits, where we get out, switch positions (uh oh! Tight Pants gets an X rating from the censors!) and Nate drives the rest of the way. All was going well, except for the fact that the tape player wasn't working, so Nate kept himself awake by singing All songs to himself, which I hate. Anyways, we go to beautiful York, Pennsylvania, hang out with the notable Josh Rutledge of Now Wave zine fame (Ms. Tight Pants contributes her caffeinated prose to his likewise caffeinated journal. Check it out!) at a mall, and then head to Cornell University, to meet up with Tight Pants columnist extraordinaire E. Neezer. Upon arriving, we decide to go to a reservoir a couple miles off campus to go swimming. (Uh oh! Ms. Tight Pants exposes herself (uh, that's a different story altogether) as a reservoir-swimming-hippy! What's next? Comparing all of the Grateful Dead



# Sour Patch Kids, The Reds, & Hegel!

songs to cereal? "Um. This one's SO trippy! It's, like, gotta be Trix, 'cause, like, if you've ever been trippin' and you see that Trix rabbit, it's like, dude!" Note to readers: acid is a stupid drug.) Nate drives, and Emily and I share the driver's side seat, along with a huge leopard print bear I received as a birthday present. Despite the fact that my weight is barely in the triple digits, it was a tight squeeze. So, we're driving along, listening to the Reds on a hand-held tape player acquired at a K-Mart near chez Rutledge, having a grand old time...when, suddenly, we approach....a dead man lying in the middle of the road? Nope. A discarded pile of new bags of Sour Patch Kids and Peachie Rings? Nope. George Harrison attempting to sell us his solo LP? Wrong once more! It was none other than that barely-constitutional cop trick known as the Road Block! After giving the elderly woman in front of us a ticket, they stopped us and are about to let us go through, when they realize that Nate's car isn't registered!



Yep, the man I sleep with forgets such simple things as car registration! Alright! So, they ask to see his license, and then leave to go look it up on their computer. When they return, they tell us the obvious ("Your license is suspended,") and then proceed to tell us another obvious fact ("It's not legal to drive with a suspended license.") (At which point, I suddenly contracted a severe case of the "I-Told-You-So's," and fought the urge to infect the rest of the car.) So, the cop wouldn't let Nate drive the car back to Cornell, and instead suggested that either my sister or I drive. Since I did not have my license, my sister had to drive. After receiving the all-important drivers-license-clearance from the Enforcer of the Law, Emily got behind the wheel. Now, we all LOVE E. Nebulous Neezer and think her columns are swell, and gosh, isn't she just the coolest, but she CANNOT drive stick. It took us a good (ur, bad) ten minutes just to leave the side of the road. Argh. So, eventually we get back to Cornell, and spend a fun-filled evening trying to find the penalty for driving with a license in the state of New York on the internet. Double argh!

Anyways, I end up learning how to drive stick in a one-hour crash course that evening. In the heat of the moment, I wasn't exactly the most cool, calm, and collected individual in the world. Okay, fine. I was saying, "No! No! No!" while stalling the car every two seconds. It was worse than Henry Rollins spoken word, the Klopecs, and Hegel combined! And that's BAD, I'm tellin' ya! I ended up driving the car all the way to western Massachusetts from eastern New

# Cut the Crap, underwear, & MTX!

York, without any trouble. Once at college, we decided that it would be best for Nate not to drive home, so as to avoid any further run-ins with the law. So Nate bought a bus ticket the next day. At this point, we followed the logic of old school Clash fans, who figured that NOTHING could be worse than Sandinista, and then...surprise... Cut the Crap is released, and thousands commit suicide in utter despair and disbelief. So...we were going to get some coffee and relax before Nate's bus left, until...Nate realized that he had LOST his bus ticket! Fie! So we spent the next half-hour looking everywhere for it, until Nate finally found it on the ground of a parking lot. Ack! Crisis averted! A little while later, Nate leaves, and I manage to drive his car back to Hampshire. All of the

annoyance and frustration of the past week or so was slightly alleviated by the fact that, now, at long last, I had a car at school! No more begging my friends to drive to see the Mr. T Experience! No more spending two hours waiting for stupid buses and transfers to take me to a crappy mall to buy underwear! I had power! I was gonna go places! No more biking in the middle of the winter for me! I was in possession of four-wheeled transportation! And then, the next day the car didn't start. Please address all charitable contributions to the Ms. Tight Pant's Life Stinks Fund to: 2208 North 72nd St/Wauwatosa, WI 53213

## Ms. tight pants' life stinks fund!

I, \_\_\_\_\_, am contributing  
the following to improve Ms. tight  
pants' quality of life. Because I am  
contributing to her fund, I have  
stopped donating \$ to feed starving  
children.

Sincerely,



↑ your signature ↑

Contributions: (circle one)

Paul McCartney circa 1963

\$1,000 cash

a brand new xerox machine

candy  
cereal

alcohol  
other





Peep!

# Peep Shows!

## An investigation report



Show!

Okay, so for the past seven or eight years, I've worked a wide variety of jobs. And, despite all of my efforts, I have rarely made a decent wage. And, also for the past seven or eight years, I've taken off my clothes, made out, and had sex with people. And it was not until this summer that I made the connection! I, Ms. Tight Pants, have been a sucker for the Man. I've been engaging in all sorts of stupid, boring jobs, getting paid \$6-10/hour, and then coming home, having sex and getting paid nothing for it! What a waste!

This past summer, my friend Monica moved to New York City and was working at some stupid non-profit job, basically doing bullshit office work for bad pay. So she looked at the Village Voice and found an ad that said, "Peep show hiring" or something like that. So, she puts on a short skirt, skimpy shirt, and high heels, and goes in to apply for the job. She is hired on the spot, with the argument that, if she's bad, she won't make any money anyways, and will quit sooner or later.

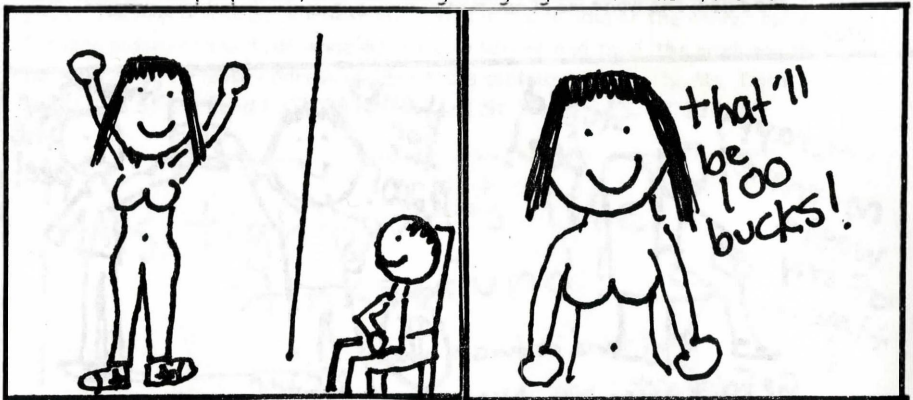


The set-up was as follows: Monica worked two days a week--Saturday and Sunday during the day. Seven hours at a time. She would come in, all dressed-up, wearing a wig (short hair was a no-no!), and then sit around and wait with the other girls for a customer to come in. When a guy came in, the girls would flirt with him, look cute, etc. and he would pick one girl (or sometimes two!). Then they would go into one of the little rooms. The girl would be behind a glass partition, with a little sliding tray to put money in, and a phone on both sides of the glass so that the girl and the guy could hear each other through the glass. Then the guy would tell Monica what he wanted her to do. A common request? Pretend to have sex with the glass, while the guy masturbated. How uninventive! So Monica would dance around, strip, and rub up against the glass. Usual time for a session? About twenty minutes, tops. And the best part? Monica could charge WHATEVER she wanted! The guy had to pay an initial fee of twenty bucks, five of which went to the peep show club owners. Monica got to keep the rest, plus whatever else she made from the guy. She just had to give the club twenty bucks at the end of her shift. So, before she even did anything, she would ask for a certain amount of money, say thirty bucks, and then, with every cheesy simulated sex act, she would ask for more money.

# Lesbian Love, Urination & more!

And, of course, the stranger the request, the more money Monica would make! Girl-girl sex (fake, of course!), was always a great money-maker, and Monica could be as ridiculous as she wanted! "Come on baby! Give me more of that girl lovin'!" or "Oh! I LOVE your lesbian love!" And the guys ate it up! One guy even asked Monica if he could drink her pee! Monica initially said no, but the guy persisted, and asked how much it would cost. Monica, being ridiculous, asked for two hundred bucks. And the guy PAID IT! Rock and fucking roll! I don't wanna EVER pee for free again! Think about it girls! Every time you pee, you're basically throwing away two hundred bucks? Does that sound like solid, responsible financial management to YOU? I should say not!

In a normal shift, Monica would be there for seven hours, mostly sitting around reading or talking to the other girls. She would "work" for only about two hours of the shift, usually, and would make from \$300-400 a day! Towards the end of her time at the peep show, she started getting regular customers, and was



making more and more money each time! Imagine! Working fourteen hours a week and getting paid \$800! Punk rock! The only disadvantage to the job was having to spend money on clothes and makeup, but is that really SO bad? You'd very quickly amass a collection of very naughty and tight clothes, and is that really something to be ashamed of? No way!

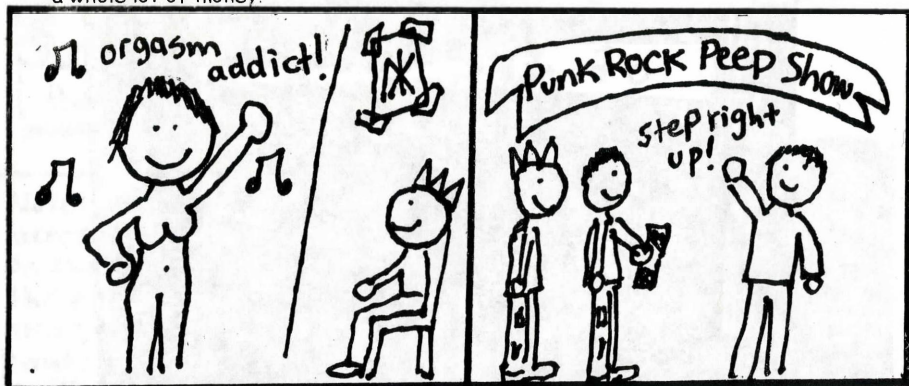
So, when Monica told me about her job, I immediately knew that this was the career for me! I mean, I would have no problem jumping around naked in front of other people. In fact, if the lazy weirdos I hang out with ever get around to it, I'll be appearing naked in Probe with a bunch of other people. So, if I'm gonna do it for free, why not get paid? And I already have a fair amount of sleazy underwear, short skirts, tight shirts, etc. I'd just need to stock up on thongs and buy some new shoes! And, as far as sexual appeal is concerned, take a look at that new Rolling Stone with Drew Barrymore on the cover. My body type is oddly exactly the same as Drew's, which seems to be a good thing, so, ya know...I wanna work in a peep show so bad!

Now Ms. Tight Pants is not a girl who takes career opportunities (uh, Clash reference, dude!) lightly! So I did my research, and to my great emotional and financial disappointment, found out that peep shows are illegal in most states! Including Wisconsin and Minnesota! Ack! Fie! No! I finally discover a profitable



# the Buzzcocks, crack, & the man! ®

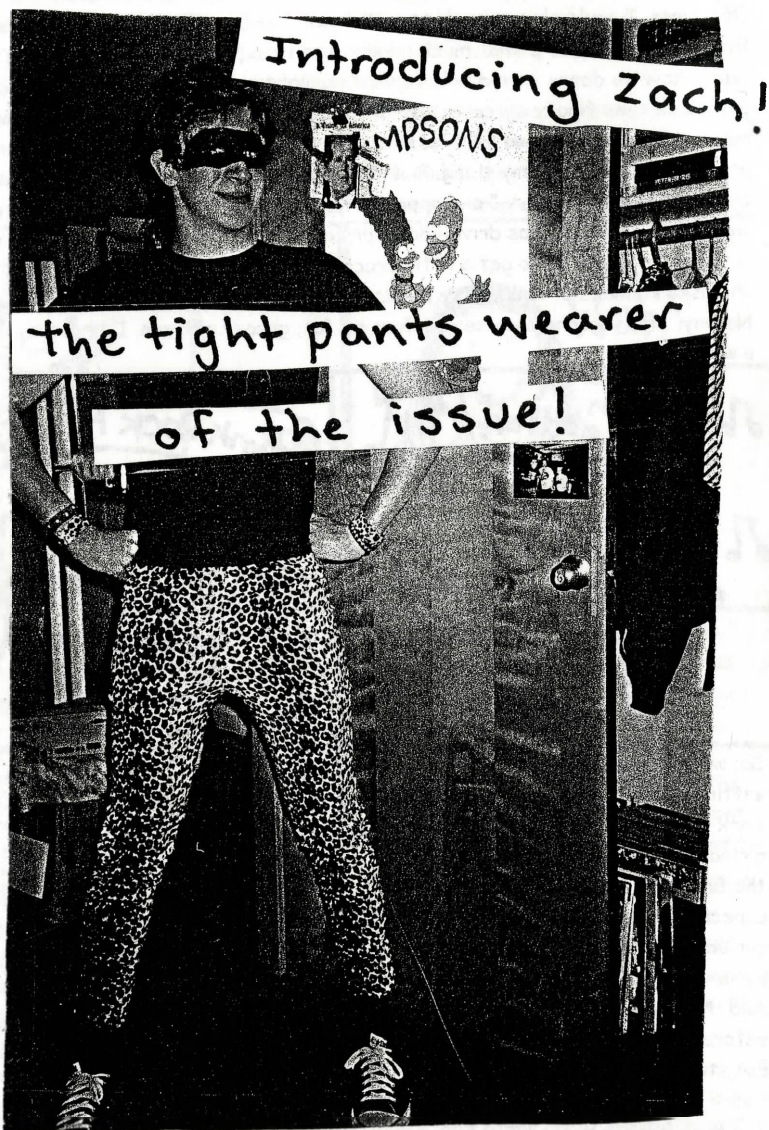
career, and the Man in Washington has to make it illegal! Not fair! And, furthermore, New York is pretty much the only state that has a number of peep shows like the one Monica worked at. From what I've read, all the peep shows in the Bay Area pay their girls an hourly wage, and they make the same regardless of how popular they are with the horny males! Unjust! I wanna make \$400 a day to dance around and have sex with a window! It's my god-given right as an American to exploit myself to make some money, and it's being DENIED to me! Of course, I could always work as a stripper, but (and I've researched this, too!) they don't really make that much money, and it's a pretty shitty job. I don't wanna have to dance with a pole for six straight hours and annoy the hell out of guys until they finally agree to pay for a lap dance! I want the guys to come to me, and I'll dance around a little, sure! But not for six hours! No thanks! And prostitution just isn't my thing. Plus, I was reading this book called "Red Light: Inside the Sex Industry," and apparently, the rising rates of crack addiction amongst prostitutes has driven down prices in the paid-sex field, since so many girls will do anything to get a little crack. One longtime prostitute claimed that she used to make at least fifty bucks a screw, and now she can barely make ten! No way! If I'm gonna have sex with some fat, greasy old man, I'd have to be paid a whole lot of money!



So, what's a peep-show-craving girl like me gonna do? My boyfriend proposed setting up a peepshow in our house, and getting me and a bunch of other girls to work there. We could call it something like "The Punk Rock Peepshow Extraordinaire!" We'd all strip naked and dance around to the Bobbyteens and the Buzzcocks and have a grand old time! Sadly, I think such a plan would fail, especially since the cops are on our tail after finding a six foot tall pot plant in our backyard, overlooking the alley. (Note: I am not kidding! The crazy thing is, we never noticed it, and certainly did not plant it! If only we could've seen it and sold it! Six feet of marijuana! That's a lot of money! But, sadly, the cops found it before we did, and after conducting a search of our house, have left us alone.) But still, it's something to think about! D.I.Y. peep shows! Alright! Come on punks! Skip the Food Not Bombs meeting for once, and instead start organizing The Punk Rock Peepshow Extraordinaire! I guarantee I'll be your first employee!

# The Tight Panted!

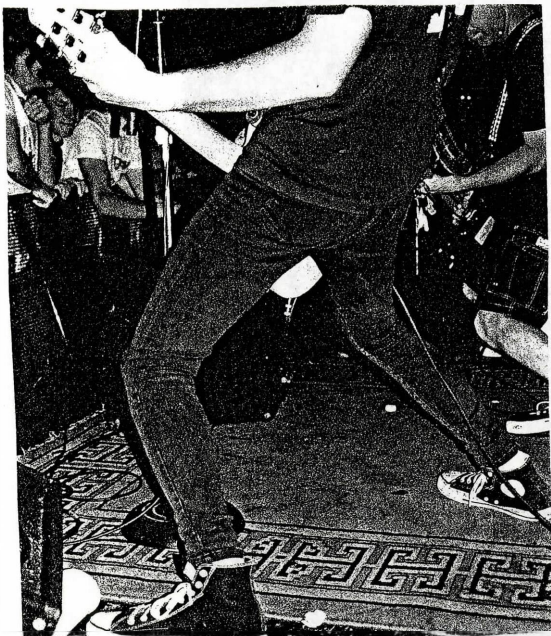
Send in a photo of yourself wearing tight pants and get a "I am wearing tight pants" button!



dressed as Keki for Halloween!



# ★ Parade of Pants! ★



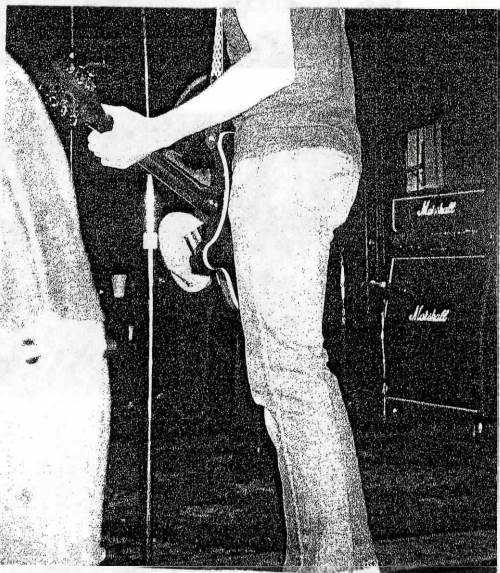
that cute new Queens member...

Send  
in  
photos  
today!



Note: I recently came across some photos on the internet of the editor of the other, false tight pants zine, wearing really baggy pants! For shame! She must be stopped! check out the nastiness yourself at:

[www.day19.net/pics/cbgb/Brian1CB.jpg](http://www.day19.net/pics/cbgb/Brian1CB.jpg)  
Yuck!

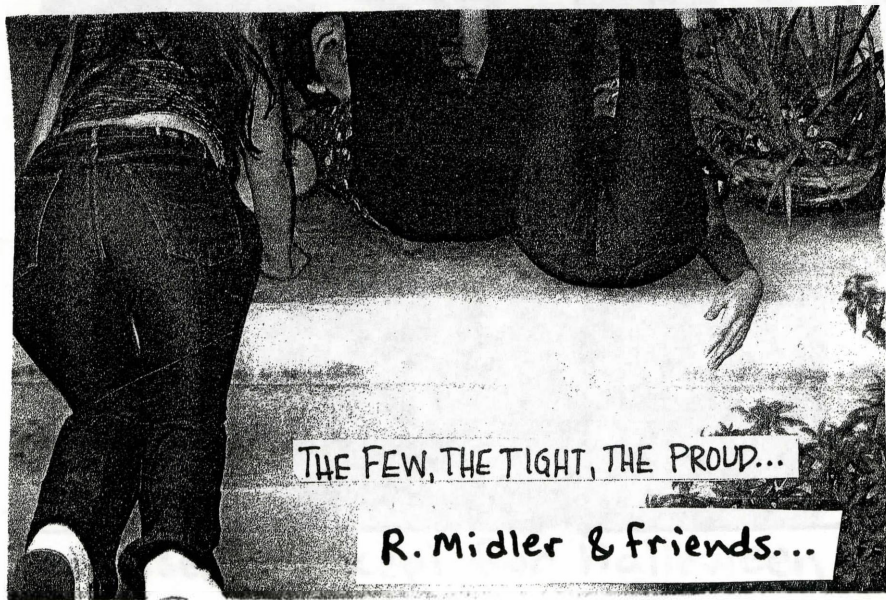


Justin Perkins of yesterday's kids...





Jon doniels of get off my lawn zine...



THE FEW, THE TIGHT, THE PROUD...

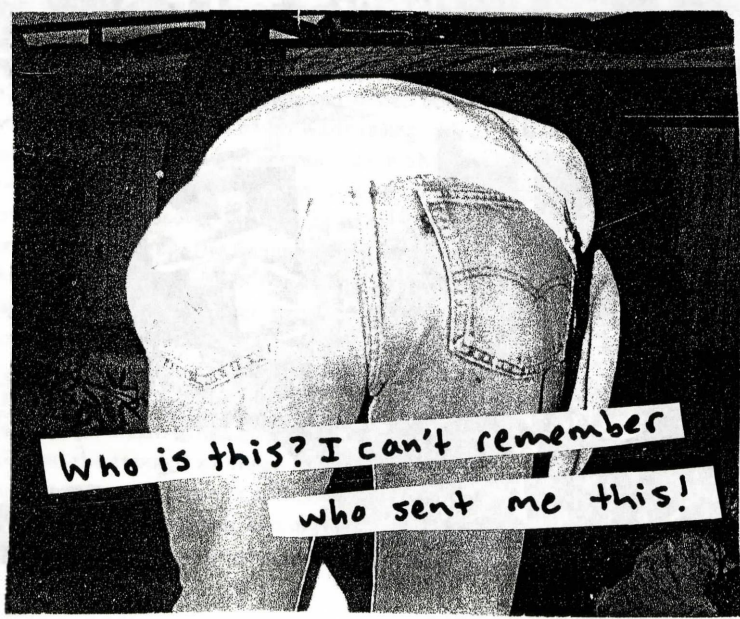
R. Midler & friends...





the explosion...

so tight it hurts!



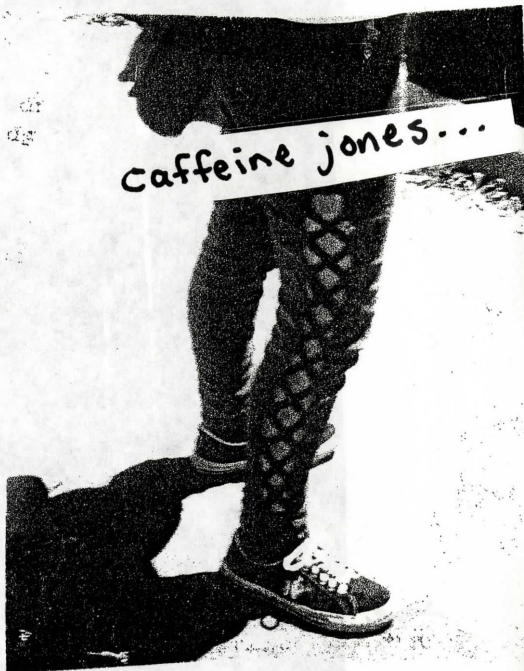
Who is this? I can't remember

who sent me this!

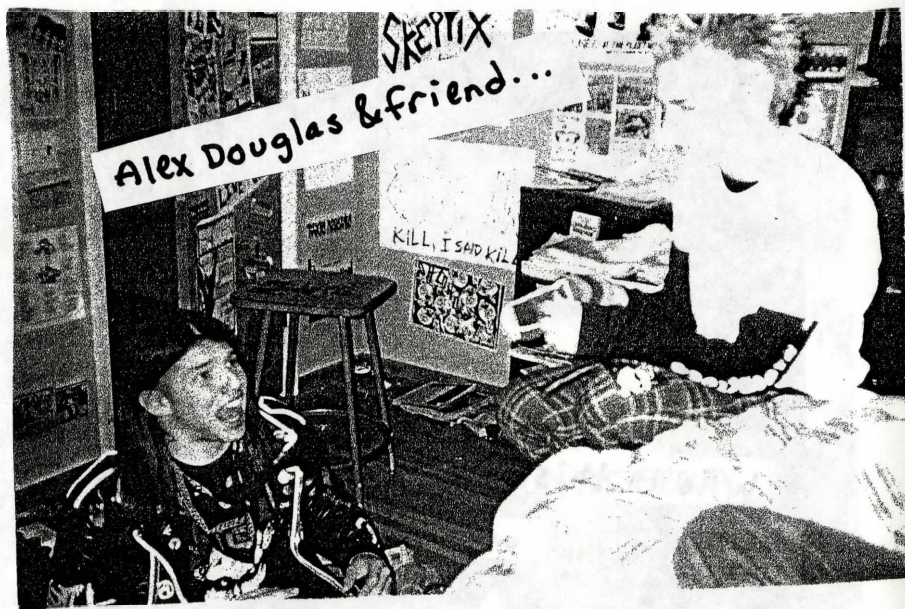
more tight pants!



patrick tsai



caffeine jones...



Alex Douglas & friend...





# I Don't Wanna Work!

A (way too long) tale of personal destruction for less than \$8/hr!

Okay, for some reason as inexplicable as circle pits at pop punk shows, this issue seems to be a lot about jobs. What follows is a summary and description of five jobs I've held in the past few months. Yep, I can't seem to keep a job more than a month! Oh, the horror! The irresponsibility! The lack of dedication to anything other than listening to Loli and the Chones and having sex!

Warning: Treat this as five separate articles, or else the length will drive you insane!

## Restaurant

### JOB #1: The Ground Round!

Okay, my long string of crazy jobs began normally enough. I was hanging out at the Fuel Cafe, underemployed and lazy, when I ran into my friend Shane. I explained to him that I was broke, out of cash, destitute, and in desperate need of some cold, hard cash! He proceeded to tell me all about his incredibly great, lucrative job at...The Ground Round. Yep, Shane was a waiter at a crappy family-style restaurant! Now, my family has a long history of acting like upper class snobs all while living below the poverty line, and so, despite our pauvrete, we NEVER ate at the Ground Round. In fact, my mom almost dumped my dad when he took her out to eat at that fine establishment on one of their first dates! So, the Ground Round almost got in the way of my birth! Think about it, the Ground Round could have nipped Tight Pants zine in the bud before its editor even became a fetus! Outrageous! So, I was skeptical. Thoughts of crappy, over-priced food and tables full of screaming children filled my mind. But then I looked into my wallet, and looked back again, and well...the choice was obvious. The initial stages of my waitressing job at the Ground Round have already been chronicled in a previous issue of Tight Pants, but what follows has NEVER BEEN REVEALED! You see, I came back from the Europe this past summer, only to discover that my coveted, crappy, but high paying job, was in severe jeopardy! Yep, the Ground Round was closing! And not in a year, not in a month, but in seven days! In the amount of time necessary to create the entire universe, this loyal, consistent employer of Ms. Tight Pants was to go the way of creationism...Whoa! Metaphor overload! Avert course! Avert course! At first I thought, fuck it, I don't need to go back to some stupid job for a mere seven days; I would much rather bask in the glory that accompanies the purchase of a Russian leaders matrushka direct from a Budapest street vendor...but, well, I'm weak. And the thought of three hundred or so more dollars was more than enough to eventually tip the scales. So, four days before The End Times, I called up the Ground Round, and offered my services, which were immediately and enthusiastically accepted, as most of the staff had quit by then.

# Illiteracy, Puritans, & Desperation!

Quick summary so far. I was expecting to work a few days, make some money, and then that would be the end of it. I was not expecting....well, screw this stupid suspense! Its worse than waiting for the new Bobbyteens album to come out! Read on to hear what REALLY happened in this FATAL FINAL FOUR DAYS! Well, they ended up hiring me for three of the last four days. When I went into work that Thursday, everyone was disgruntled, disconcerted, and other words that start with dis. There was much mumbling and grumbling. From "fuck this job! But still, I don't wanna look for a NEW shitty job," to "I gave MY LIFE to this place! I don't know what I'm gonna do without you guys! We're like a FAMILY!" to my usual silence and lack of participation in waitress conversation, (I much preferred hanging out with the cooks, for a number of reasons 1.) They had a much dirtier sense of humor. 2.) They, unlike the waitresses, did not like

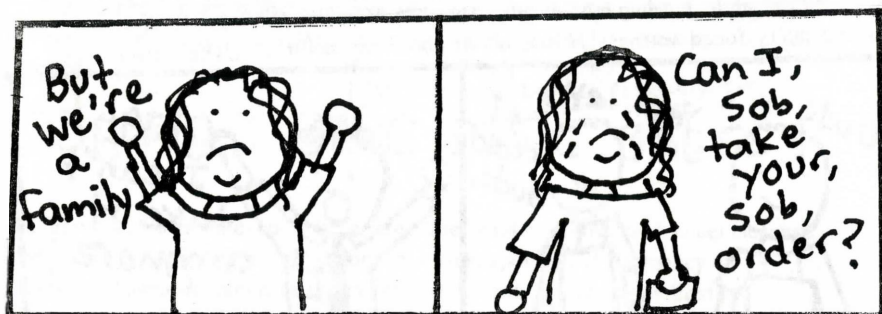


Britney Spears. and 3.) They made fun of most of the waitresses using methods bordering on what stupid, puritanical Americans would call "sexual harassment." Punk rock!) people were complaining and whining, saying that they hadn't been given enough notice, even though everyone knew the place was going to hell. Anyways, I keep quiet, not really caring much one way or another. And, despite all of the bickering, the night went by pretty much as normal. (Ack! The influence of France made me initially type "comme habitude" instead of "as normal." I have noticed that, as my French gets better, my English gets worse! For example, I have NO idea how to spell professor/professor/profesor in English, but I sure can spell it in French! The eventual conclusion of this: I become illiterate in my native tongue, and am able to speak fluent French! Kill me now!) I left with close to a hundred bucks in my pocket, due in part to my ability to respond appropriately to the flirtations of fifty-year-old businessmen, and rode my bike home. The next day, I was expecting more of the same, and, seeing as how I only had two days left, decided to arrive about 45 minutes late. The greatest thing about a job ending is that they WILL NOT fire you. When you only have two days left, YOU are in control. The business is SO desperate to get anyone to stay, or even show up, that you can get away with pretty much anything... Not so surprisingly, I was not the only person to figure this out, and when I got there, I was greeted NOT by the normal staff of ten or so people, but by one person, who I will call Shari, because that's her name. Shari was, by far, the least popular employee in the history of the Ground Round. A business



# Drugs, Chaos, & Crazy robots!

major at a local college, she was fat, had permed hair, and was, by far, the most racist person I have ever met. She refused to wait on black tables, arguing that they never tipped her. The cooks' (almost all of whom were black) response to this? "I wouldn't tip that fat ho neither." Let's hear it for a friendly working environment! So, Shari had a history of going on and on about "nigger tables," and how much she loved her mommy and how scared she was to be downtown at night, and more! She was the enemy! And, when I showed up that day, I was less than happy to see her fat face smiling back at me, "Hi Madeleine! People are SOOOOOOOO irresponsible! I mean, this place NEEDS our help! I can't believe some people, just not showing up and letting this place down! I mean, its given us SO much! Ya know?" "Uh, sure." I mumbled, and went downstairs to change into my waitress uniform. Now, it was a Friday night, and around 6pm, the restaurant



started to get busy. Around 6:30, three more waitresses showed up. So, we're all running around like crazy robots, like we did every Friday night, smiling, saying, "How are you all doing tonight? Good? Great!" and other embarrassing actions. And then, two of the waitresses decide that they want to leave. Right then. They give their money to Jim, the manager, and leave. Their tables sit there, waiting for their waitresses, who, of course, by now are probably ten miles away, getting drunk or high, or whatever else one might do after one's last day of work. My response? Ignore those tables. So, I pretend not to see their plaintive faces, their silent, and later, not-so-silent pleas for service. Meanwhile, back in the kitchen, the cooks decided to stop cooking. Yep, just stop. Entirely! So, I had about six tables who still needed their food, and, well, they just weren't gonna get it. Shari started freaking out, screaming at the cooks, who just laughed at her, and continued getting high in the kitchen. At this point, I realized that I MUST stand my ground! I must not leave! I must stay and bear witness to the destruction of the regional Glendale Ground Round! I went to go find the other waitress, Margaret. I finally tracked her down, in the basement, insanely stoned and laughing hysterically. I told her what was going on, and she started laughing even more loudly and uncontrollably. and I decided to drag her upstairs so she could a.) see the chaos for herself and b.) increase the chaos. Of course, she still had tables that she was supposed to be waiting on, and so she went up to them, completely stoned, laughing, and not

# Ned Flanders, Mayhem & more!

making any sense. I was too scared of my angry tables to even go out in the restaurant. By now, most of them had been waiting at least an hour for their food. I decided to play it safe and hang out with the cooks in the kitchen. Now, picture this. A restaurant PACKED full of people, a stoned waitress, a racist, annoying waitress, me, stoned cooks refusing to cook....it was....hilarious! It was insane, out of control, and so fucking cool! I was laughing so hard, and every time Margaret saw me, she started laughing even more! While Margaret and I were fully appreciating the demise of the Ground Round, Shari was not quite so cheery. In fact, she came back into the kitchen, screaming, "Why doesn't anyone care about this place? What's WRONG with you people? This is a business! It's our job! It's a FAMILY!" and then she started bawling. Figuring "what the fuck," we all started laughing even more. And Shari started crying even more. But, instead of hiding from the tables like we were doing, Shari continued to wait on hers, all the while, bawling hysterically. Seriously. Imagine the insanity of a crying, puffy-faced waitress! Hilarious! At about this point, Jim, the manager



decided to come out of his office, and soon realized the extent of the damage to his beloved restaurant. Now, to understand the mentality of Jim, think of a really MEAN Ned Flanders--completely asexual and naive, but a total dick at the same time. So he starts yelling at anyone and everyone, trying to get the cooks to cook, eventually cooking the food himself, until he realized that he couldn't possibly cook all the food by himself, and then he lost it. He ran out from the kitchen, out into the parking lot screaming, "I can't stand it! Fuck this place! I can't take it anymore!" Allow me to stress the word "screaming." The entire restaurant full of people, who were already incredibly pissed, and unable to find any person to complain to except a crazy, crying waitress, now heard the manager screaming "Fuck this place!" It was too much to handle! I was laughing so hard I started crying! This was, without a doubt, the coolest day of any job I've ever had in the history of my life! In the midst of all the chaos, I managed to raid the freezers, gaining a fair amount of fruits, vegetables, and dessert items. Incredible! Realizing the levels of chaos and mayhem, as soon as all the customers left the restaurant in disgust, we closed up for the night. Shari and Jim had a heart-to-heart about the importance of responsibility and dedication, while Margaret and I tried to stop laughing, gathered up our stuff, and went home.



# Garage Records, Pizza, & Bad Jobs!

The next and final night couldn't possibly top the previous evening, but there were some highlights. 1.) The cooks made free food for my boyfriend and some friends. 2.) Darwin (the host, who has a twin brother named Darwon (I am NOT making this up!)) decided to give Shari ONLY black tables, which she waited on, despite all of her grumbling, because she was "a responsible waitress, unlike the rest of you." and 3.) One of the cooks locked the front doors at 8pm (our normal closing time was midnight) and when Manager Jim found out, he unlocked em, only to have the cook re-lock them, and back and forth, back and forth, until Jim gave up and called it a night. Yes, the Ground Round was officially closed as of 9pm that Saturday night in July. It will go down in history as one of the greatest catastrophes in the 20th century. Never has there been more stoned, crying, angry, laughing people assembled in one restaurant! Although I may go on to do bigger and better things, I will NEVER enjoy any day at work as much as I enjoyed that Friday night! Long live the demise of the Ground Round! May it never resurface to plague Ms. Tight Pants with its cruel, cruel demands ever again!

*Bagel Quit Week.*

## JOB #2 : BLUE DAWG BAGELS

Of course, I was relieved to have been liberated from the cold, cruel clutches of the Ground Round, but I was broke, having spent all of my money on \$1 generic Hungarian converse shoes (named X-Tent. Those clever Eastern Europeans!), lots of pizza, and garage records from France. I needed gainful employment! So I went to the Fuel Cafe and grabbed a few newspapers, looking under "Completely Shitty, Underpaid with No Benefits Job Offers," You know how it goes. Wander around aimlessly, going into stores that seem vaguely more interesting and filling out countless applications explaining that you can a.) operate a cash register, and b.) have never been convicted of a felony. (Well, I don't wanna speak for all of you...) I went to a ton of places--movie theatres, restaurants, drug stores, and then...I found it. A brand new bagel store opening up on the trendy east side! Punk rock! Of course, living in Riverwest (on the, um, west side of the river, surprise surprise!) one becomes a little cocky, a little resentful towards The Other Side of the River. You see, whereas Riverwest is full of punkhouses, show spaces, and dirty alleys, the East Side is clean, full of yuppies, with a ton of small, expensive restaurants. Its like Riverwest is MRR and the East Side is Punk Planet. Or like Riverwest is Lucky Charms and the East Side is Special K. (Not that I wanna say Lucky Charms and MRR are on a level playing field, because we ALL know that Lucky Charms is a thousand times cooler than MRR!) So, I had to cross over that dreaded, polluted river to get to the new bagel store. When I got there, I had to confront the name of the store staring back at me. At this point, I should've turned back. The name was so hideous, so ridiculous, so...stupid! Staring back at me was a huge painting of a blue dog, and then the sign reading all-too-clearly Blue Dawg Bagels. Yes, that's dog spelled dawg. Ack. Why me? Think of the loss of dignity! The loss of

# Beatles, Bagels, & Blind Melon (?)!

self-respect! I mean, sure, I once went to a Blind Melon concert, but I was fourteen! Now, at the mature, respectable age of twenty, I was about to work for an establishment with the word "dawg" in the title! Kill me please! But once again, my need for money caused me to whore myself out. I mean, if there had been a store called "Beatles Bagels" (complete with different kinds of bagels for each Beatle, with chocolate and cinnamon raisin, my personal favorites, being Paul, and John, respectively, and with plain and onion garlic for George and Ringo) I would've worked there, but there was no such rockin' store! I had no choice! So I took a deep breath, got off my bike, and went into the offending establishment. I filled out an application and waited to be interviewed. After about thirty minutes, a man in his fifties or sixties came out, wearing a Ralph Lauren polo shirt, khaki shorts, and running shoes. First sign of trouble. If



there is one fashion that Ms. Tight Pants HATES (and has well-documented in the only out-of-print issue of Tight Pants (#3)) is shorts. The ONLY acceptable form of shorts are REALLY short shorts wore on girls. Or perhaps, in VERY rare circumstances, longer boy shorts made from cut-off-jeans, but that's RARE. Add shorts to a polo shirt, throw on some running shoes, and you have a very lame look, trust me. Plus, this guy was very obviously a tanning-salon devotee, and his skin had that gross tanned old man look to it. And then, as he approached me, I noticed...the chest hair. Now, yes, some men have chest hair. I, Ms. Tight Pants, do not like chest hair and never will. But a little here or there, its no big deal. But this guy! It appeared as those he had COMBED the chest hair upwards, on purpose, in order to have it stick out of the top of his partially unbuttoned polo shirt! This was unacceptable! I do no need to view some old tanned guy's nasty chest hair! So, I tried to retain my composure, as he introduced himself. "Hi, my name is Tom." He then interviewed me for about thirty minutes, as I did my best to seem hireable, a task which I am very good at. I expressed my love of bagels, and my desire to work in the food service industry. I explained that I love being responsible, and take my work very seriously. I also lied and said that I was looking for permanent work, when, in fact, I wanted to work for about six weeks. By the end of all of my ridiculous statements, I had the job! Alright! Seven dollars an hour! Now, maybe there will come a time in my life where I will be actually excited



# Knives, gangs, & the Yum Yums!

about getting a job. But up until now, there has been no such time. I greet a new job like I greet a visit to the dentists, or the purchase of The Clash's Cut the Crap album--necessary but painful. So I went back to my house (called the Crossover House because its original residents were evenly divided between metalheads and punk rockers), and informed E. Nebulous Neezer, Tight Pants columnist and fellow unemployed loser, that GREAT opportunities awaited her on the other side of the river! She readily accepted, saying "Gee, thanks sis for the tip!" Uh, okay. So I begged her. So I said that there was NO WAY I could endure this crappy job alone, and that if I had to suffer, well, so did she. She gave in, as both of us seem to be attracted to the WORST possible jobs available. The next day she went in for an interview, and got the job, telling



them, much like I had, that she wanted permanent work, although she, also, only wanted to work for six weeks. At that point, two out of the three Crossover House girls were employed at Blue Dawg. It didn't take long for the last girl, Katie Schramm-a-lamm, to follow suit. In she went, with her "permanent employment" lie all prepared, and out she walked, with the job. Incredible! All three Riverwest girls, a gang of sorts (albeit a gang more given to eating candy and listening to the Yum Yums than killing or knifing anyone, but oh well) employed at the same incredibly crappy bagel store! A match made in heaven! Or at least not entirely made in hell! Punk rock!

So in a few days, training began. We went entered the store that first day, we were greeted by Tom saying "Welcome to Blue Dawg." Now, for the record, he did NOT pronounce it "Blue DAWG;" he pronounced it "Blue Dog." As far as I'm concerned, if you're going to name a store "Blue Dawg," you've gotta accept that fact, but throughout our training and employment, NO ONE except me and E. Nebulous called the store by its rightful name! It was even worse than when I worked at "Le Donut," which in and of itself is a horrible name already, but everyone pronounced the "le" wrong. Not wanting to seem like a weird French geek (which I am, by the way), I did not correct them. But in this situation, Neezer and I used EVERY possible opportunity to say the word "dawg." We emphasized the "aaaaawwwwwwwggggggg," picking up the phone and saying, "Good morning, Blue Daaaaawwwwwwwwwggggggg bagels!" Needless to say, no one was impressed.

# Willy Wonka, Serial Rapists, Queen!

Anyways, E. Nebulous Neezer and I were hired in time for the first training. We showed up, to be greeted by Tom and a bunch of crappy teenage girls and one raver boy. The raver boy immediately went up to me and asked, "So, do you go to raves?" When I told him no, he went over to my sister and asked her. Finding that neither of us were ravers, he decided that the best course of action would be to ask us again, and again. After about the fourth time, he went for the follow-up question. "Why not?" "Not my sort of thing at all," was my reply, which, apparently was the wrong thing to say entirely, for he spent the rest of his tenure at Blue Dawg trying to convince me and Neezer to go to raves, and that they were really fun, and that he likes them a lot, etc. etc. Sadly, in this situation, being remotely punk-looking worked to my disadvantage. He ONLY targeted me and my sister, seeing as how we weren't part of the mainstream, dude. Argh.



Sadly, like the characters in Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory, not everyone could last. No, neither I nor Emily inherited Blue Dawg bagels and got to fly around in a glass elevator, but there were quite a few people who were weeded out through the rigorous training process. Fortunately, one of them was the raver boy. One morning, I arrived at training about fifteen minutes late. I made up some excuse about my bike getting a flat tire and was in the clear after a short lecture. About fifteen minutes later, the raver boy shows up. When Tom asks him why he was late, his response was perhaps the best excuse I have ever heard. "I'm not late. I'm on time." He then proceeded to argue with Tom about what time it was. This went on for about five minutes, back and forth. "Its 8:30!" "No, its not. Its 8!" and so on. All the while, a clock was within viewing distance. Genius! Eventually Tom said, "Look, if you can't tell time, I don't want you working for me," and with that, he was gone. Kicked out of the elite world of Blue Dawg bagels. A few days later, another trainee fell. She arrived wearing non-regulation pants. Tom started yelling at her in a manner usually reserved for serial rapists or fans of Queen. She began to cry and Tom continued yelling. After a few minutes, she ran out of the store, sobbing. Her friend asked if she could drive her home. Tom said no, and her friend walked out, too. Three down! Would we survive? Training was grueling. Hour upon hour of listening to Tom discuss the intricacies of bagel cutting and cream cheese spreading, complete with videos and flash cards. After weeks of full-time



# PCP, Mysterious Ailments, & more!

training, we were finally allowed to step behind the counter. Okay, so training was only three days long, and that part about the counter wasn't true at all. But everything else...as true as the statement that the Beach Boys are better than the Sex Pistols! Okay!

Having completed all of my training, I anxiously awaited the fateful day. The grand opening of Blue Dawg bagels! Emily and I biked to work bright and early, and were behind the counter for all of about ten minutes, and then... I began to feel sick. Very sick. Sick to the point of fainting. Almost. I ran into the bathroom, where I remained for about ten minutes. My face was completely white (well, even whiter than normal!) and I felt clammy and nauseous. I had to sit down on the floor of the bathroom and wait for the room to stop spinning around. Eventually, I returned to the counter and after awhile, it passed. Now, I know what you're thinking, and all I have to say is that, No I did not drop acid or



take PCP! It just happened, suddenly! And, to make matters even more bizarre, the same fate befell our beloved Tight Pants columnist E. Nebulous Neezer! Ack!

Now, between that night and the next day I worked, I received a phone call. A glorious phone call. Perhaps the best phone call I have ever received. The caller? The U.S. government! A few months earlier, I applied for a job at the U.S. Census. And now, finally, I was being drafted into service! The pay? Twelve bucks an hour! Forty hours a week! I was gonna be rich! Punk rock? Of course! So, the next day, I quit Blue Dawg. After all the time and money they had invested in me, teaching me how to cut bagels correctly, how to serve lox, and how to make espresso, I was gone, faster than the Zodiac Killers LP. (Ouch! How many bad metaphors can I use and still get people to read this? Answer: a lot, apparently! Let the madness continue!) I left behind the mysterious ailment, which continued to plague E. Nebulous. Later on in Katie's and Neezer's tenure at Blue Dawg, they were to discover that they: a.) only hired girls to work at the counter and only hired boys to be managers (the owner of the store told Katie that, if anyone applied for a counter job, to only tell them there were positions available if the prospective employee was female) b.) did not recycle anything (in clear violation of Wisconsin law and c.) installed furniture and a roped-off line that was clearly NOT handicapped accessible (when Neezer commented on this to the owner, he argued that people in wheelchairs could fit through the line, even though it was no more than two feet across. D'oh!). I say

# Gloating, Jealousy, & Jesus!

these things not because you should care, but if you happen to be a lawyer and are looking for a good case and some easy money, please give me a call! In your closing statement to the jury, you could even throw in the fact that they have a kind of bread called "squaw bread," even though MANY customers have complained... Well, this sort of thing wouldn't be Tight Pants terrain, but if you wanna lucrative case, you may be in luck!

## JOB #3: The U.S. Census!

Anyways, I left the world of bagelry that day, and moved onto to my job with the U.S. of A.! Working to count the masses! Making sure that the proletariat gets a fair shake! Making sure that I make the promised twelve bucks an hour! Alright!

Warning: What you are about to read will create great pains of jealousy in your hearts. You will find yourself unable to stand my gloating and will end up locked in a mental institution, repeating the words, "That Tight Pants girl can rot in hell! Goddamn her and her tight-panted, cereal-eating ways!" You've been warned.

I was hired to work as a Crew Leader Assistant. Basically, I would help the crew leader by checking census forms to make sure they were filled out correctly.

Occasionally, I would have to go door to door and get people to fill out the questionnaires. So, on the first day of training, the trainer asks if anyone wants to be a courier. My hand shot up right away--along with the hands of about ten other people. She explained the job. "Basically, you drive downtown to the main census office, pick up forms, then drop them off at the four fast food restaurants that serve as census meeting places, then go back downtown and repeat. You do this seven days a week for three weeks. You will be paid \$14/hour, plus gas mileage and other expenses. You need to have a car."

I couldn't believe it! This job was incredible! Sadly, I was in steep competition with many other equally anxious census employees. In a miracle about as incredible as Jesus walking on water (or the Violent Femmes writing a song about it), I was given the job. Punk rock!

I still went through paid Crew Leader Assistant training, at \$12/hour, for the rest of the week. They also tacked on an extra TWENTY paid hours of "at-home training time." And I was the fucking courier! I didn't need to even know what the census was! All I needed to do was drive, collect envelopes, and drop 'em off!

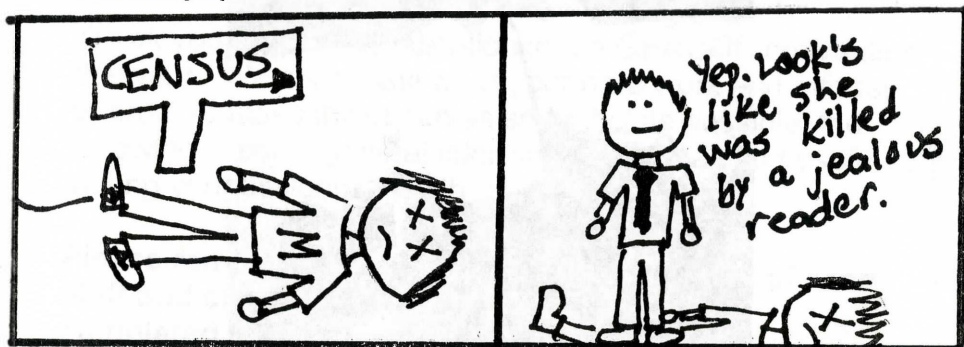
A typical day on the job as a courier went something like this: Wake up around 10am. Drive five minutes to the downtown office. Pick up crap. Deliver crap to four different fast food places, all of which were located about two minutes from my house. Go home around noon. Sit around, doing nothing. Talk about how great my job is. Annoy my roommates. At around 3pm, return to downtown office. Drop off more crap. The end.

For this two or three hours of work a day, I was paid \$14/hour, for a total of FORTY hours a week! Yep, that's right! I got paid for (a ton) of time I did not



# The Barracudas, Burger King, et.al!

work! Also, I got about \$20 a DAY in mileage money, plus I got reimbursed for all "parking expenses" (about \$10/day), plus the purchase of any office supplies (\$4.99/ day--over \$5 you need receipts), plus any phone calls I made while working (usually good for about \$3-4/day), and all I did was drive around in my crappy car, listening to the Barracudas on a barely functional battery-operated tape player! Alright! The people working in the downtown office wanted to spend as much of their budgeted money as possible, because if they didn't spend all of it, they wouldn't get as much for the next census. Sometimes, my boss would even tell me to put down "bus fare" under "Reimbursable Expenses" in addition to car mileage, just to eat up more money! Genius!



Sadly, after three weeks, my job was finished, as the census had come to an end. I spent the following days bemoaning the temporary nature of population data collection. As an interesting side note, the census in Milwaukee was conducted so poorly, that we lost a representative! This was entirely due to the "get-rich-quick" mentality of all census workers, myself included. Many people just falsified census forms and claimed to have gone to the houses and collected data all day. No one caught on. They all got paid. Of course, a few of them are now under investigation, and one has even been brought before a federal judge, but hey, they all made a lot of money for doing nothing! At you can tell, this was, by far, THE BEST JOB OF MY LIFE! I was making well over \$600 a week! For driving to Burger King! God bless America!

## JOB #4: GEN CON!

After the census ended, I got a call from ProStaff, a temp agency. In the beginning of the summer, I had applied for a job there. My thoughts about my job prospects there were not exactly optimistic. (See photo exhibit A: Taken right before my job interview. Seriously!) They called me up a few days later and offered me some incredibly bad job at an office about an hour away, doing data entry for 8 bucks an hour. I turned them down. And now, they had called once more. Only this time, they had JUST THE JOB I WAS LOOKING FOR! They needed people to man the registration booths at "GenCon." GenCon is a HUGE annual gaming (roleplaying, Dungeons and Dragons, et.al) convention in Milwaukee. Every year, thousands of gamers descend upon our city, bringing

# Star Wars, Gamers, & temp jobs!

with them crates of Magic cards, and an in-depth knowledge of the weaponry used in Star Wars. I had long mocked this event, but now, now I was going to get up-close and personal! I was gonna get to see this whole gaming thing from the inside! I immediately accepted the job. When I told Katie, who you may



remember from my comments on Blue Dawg, she was immediately jealous. I called ProStaff back, and she landed the job, too. Rock and roll!

We were scheduled to work for three days, eight hours each day. \$8.25 an hour.

We showed up for job training at the Midwest Express center, official headquarters of GenCon 2000. Now, I'm sure that you all have an idea of what gamers are like. So, picture gamers. Fat, pasty, wearing homemade Magic card shirts...And then picture people who have NEVER encountered gamers before---stereotypical Milwaukee temp jobbers, almost all of whom are poor and black, and NONE of whom knew what Dungeons and Dragons was. Ah, the hijinx! Therefore, when we were approached by a very high-energy gamer, who was to lead our "training" most people did not know what to think. This guy was nuts! Even by gamer standards! He ran back and forth in front of the long line of trainees, screaming, "All I have to ask is, 'Why are you here?'" When his fast paced walk was abruptly cut short by a collision with a table, he yelled, "Jesus God my legs!" (How do I know the exact quotes? Why, because I took notes for future writings! Am I a professional or what?)

Basically, our job consisted of...well, I really don't know. I know that it involved registering people on computers, and doing lots of complicated and annoying



# Free Candy, Free Money... Alright!

things. Even our gamer trainer told us, "You're gonna have some screens where even I don't know where you're at." Great. At a later point, he informed Katie and I that, "This is the real world. That [whatever we were doing on the computer] doesn't work in the real world."

After a few hours of completely incomprehensible "training," we still had no idea what we were doing, but we knew what time we had to do it at! So we left, and returned the next day for our shift. When we arrived, we were immediately surrounded by hundreds of gamers, almost all of whom were guys, and NONE of whom were remotely attractive. We were looked at quizzically, until we approached the temp agency check-in table, at which point the gamers looked at

Thank you for your participation in the GENCON convention this year. We appreciate all of your hard work and efforts! In order to make things run as smoothly as possible, the following is some general information you may find useful during your assignment with us.

**Please remember to check in at the beginning of each shift and check out with us when your shift is completed. We will be doing a group timesheet to record your hours. It is a must that we get your hours from you each day that you work.**

↑ Excerpts from my temp job letter... ↑

each other knowingly. We were the stupid outsiders. The kids at the punk show wearing Pearl Jam shirts. Except, well, gaming is dumb and punk is cool. And well, I wouldn't equate our slightly moddish-punk stylings with the wearing of a Pearl Jam shirt...Anyways, anyways, ANYWAYS, we checked in with the temp agency and went to our job--sitting at some desk that only about three people came to each hour. At when they did come to our desk, we had to refer them to our "immediate supervisor," an eighteen year-old named "Bear." Note: I am not making this up! After receiving free candy (rock!) from the temp agency as a reward for our diligent service, we began to plot and to conspire. There were thousands of people at the convention. No one from our temp agency checked in on us AT ALL during our shifts. Couldn't we just check in and then leave? Answer: Yes! The next day, Katie and I arrived, checked in, and then left through the back entrance. Repeat this three times! We got paid about \$150 for doing NOTHING. For getting someone to drive us downtown (about 5 minutes away) and then drive us back. Punk rock! It was easily the weirdest feeling I have ever had at any job. It was so blatant. We would be gone for seven or eight hours, come back, and "check-out." On the one occasion when they asked us what we had been doing, we responded with the

# Billy Joel, Hot Sisters & the end!

previously-conceived answer "gophering on the third floor for some Gen Con employees." And they, of course, never questioned it, being completely clueless and disorganized. We also stole a bunch of Gen Con passes, including the prestigious "Game Master" pass (given only to the dozen or so people leading some sort of gaming tournament.) So, our friend Dan became a Game Master for a day, and a little TOO much nostalgic geeking out was done by certain male acquaintances. At one point, me, Katie, and Neezer ran into my brother (who actually went to Gen Con willingly) sitting at a table with another teenage boy. The boy then asked if Neezer was my brother's girlfriend. When it was



revealed that Neezer, was in fact, his SISTER, the boy remarked, "Dude! You've got some hot sisters!" Sadly, like the census and the new Dimestore Haloes "album", our job was all too brief. After four days, it was over.

But the memories of my summer jobs would last...wait, you don't actually think I'd write something that stupid, do you?

To put it plainly, the jobs I held last summer were some of the finest jobs known to man. I am currently making up for my good luck over the summer by working 25 hours a week in my school cafeteria dishroom, being subjected to excessive amounts of Billy Joel and John Fogerty (by which I mean ANY Billy Joel or John Fogerty). But whenever I'm covered in some especially unidentifiable food product, I just think of the census, of Gen Con, and of the Ground Round (okay, and maybe, just for kicks, of Blue Dawg), and I wipe a single tear from my eye. And then I realize that its not, in fact, a tear at all. But rather, a glop of hummus. And then I feel sick to my stomach and contemplate suicide. But I hold off from slitting my wrists, as I hope that, someday, I may have another summer filled with such strange and lucrative jobs!





# tales from the school front: Mrs. Doersching!

In the last issue of Tight Pants, we brought you the story of Dale Tutowski, grade school math teacher extraordinaire. This time around we take a closer look at Dale's educational partner-in-crime, Sharon Doersching! In the strict divisions of the seventh and eighth grades, Mr. T controlled science, math, and computer class. Ms. Anne (and her large and saggy breasts) controlled Social Studies and Religion. And Sharon Doersching took care of English and Reading.

Sharon Doersching, was, above all else, an ugly woman. Fat, with overly-bleached blonde, dry, short hair, makeup dripping off her face, and huge glasses, she was truly repulsive. Her clothing was noted mostly for having a record Number-Of-Stains-Per-Square-Inch-of-Fabric. And she wasn't even a crusty punk! One of her favorite outfits was a BRIGHT yellow and white checked dress, with a big white plastic belt. Right in the top middle of the dress was a HUGE brown stain. (Possible cause of stains: the closet in her classroom that she kept stocked with junk food. The day this was discovered was indeed glorious!) But stains did not stop Sharon, or Mrs. D (as the more kiss-ass students called her). For she had grand plans!

Sharon was assigned to teach a mere two subjects, for one hour each, everyday. The first subject? English. I was actually pretty excited when eighth grade rolled around and I heard that we would have English class, because, at the always underfunded and crappy St. Pius X Grade School, we did not have English. Or Science. Or Computer class....Well, you get the picture. If some top-notch school is, say, Einstein, Copernicus, or Dr. Frank, well, we were more like the drummer for GG Allin and the Murder Junkies, who, in the documentary Hated, can barely form a complete sentence and claims that "GG really just wants love to rule the earth." In other words, we went to some so-bad-its-funny underfunded, waste-of-time, learn-nothing craphouse of a grade school. But now, in eight grade, it was all going to be remedied! For Sharon Doersching was going to teach us English!

Alas, like most dreams of my life (winning a lifetime supply of Lucky Charms, being able to find tight pants that aren't flared, and touring as a member of a Nikki and the Corvettes cover band), it would go unfulfilled. What follows is a terrifying tale of the attempt to destroy the mind of the young Ms. Tight Pants! I barely escaped alive! Let alone with my ability to distinguish subject from verb, or fact from fiction!

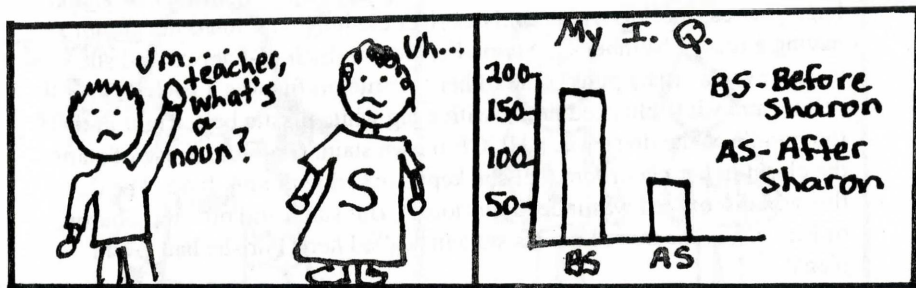
On Day One of class, Mrs. D pointed to the dusty corner of the room where the English books were stacked. And that was the only time we talked in

# Direct Objects & the Heart of Darkness!

any way about English class until one day, some months later, when Sharon suddenly asked us to "go get our English books," as if it was something we did everyday. Shocked, we complied. What followed was one of the most bizarre classes of my life.

"Today we are going to diagram sentences," she proclaimed. And it went downhill from there. After trying to diagram a noun and verb (and occasionally getting them confused!) she couldn't figure out about where to put the direct object. When someone asked about indirect objects, she got visibly upset, and when she couldn't decide what to do with prepositions, she finally said, "Okay, enough English for today." And then we went back to our normal routine, never to speak of the "English" class again.

Our "normal routine" consisted of listening to Mrs. Doersching read aloud from various books. This was ALL we ever did in "Reading" class. The fact that Mrs. Doersching was able to do this and get away with it makes



me think of becoming a teacher! First it was Slake's Limbo, a story of some twelve-year-old crusty boy who lived in a subway. Needless to say, this was a great book. Next it was onto Animal Farm. Now, although I was only thirteen, I wasn't stupid. Or at least not THAT stupid, and, after about page fifty, I began to realize that this did not seem to be just a simple story about animals. Even in my little thirteen year-old mind, it seemed like the story was about something else. I consulted with fellow book-geek Martha Quirk, and she agreed. So we asked Mrs. Doersching. "Nope," she said. "It's just a book about animals. But its a great story, isn't it?" Can't you just FEEL my I.Q. dropping? Next book: Romeo and Juliet. Of course, Shakespeare was a little bit beyond our league, so, at the end of the play, Mrs. Doersching summed it all up for us. "Romeo loves Juliet, Juliet loves Romeo, they kill themselves. The End." Intellectual stimulation is go!

But Mrs. Doersching did not just excel within the classroom. She also was a beacon of knowledge in the area known as extra-curricular activities. She was the president of both the debate and forensics clubs, both of which I took part in. (Look: I even still dangle my prepositions! As Kurtz in Heart of Darkness would say, "The horror!")

To say that she was obsessed with these activities would be a gross understatement. Sharon devoted her LIFE to these activities! We ALWAYS won awards, no matter what festival or competition we



# Gun Accidents & Obsession!

participated in. I did my part, both performing in forensics and in debate. In one high point of my life, I made a boy cry during a debate about gun control. I looked him straight in the eye and accusitively stated, "Every year 30,000 thousand people die from gun accidents. Don't you care about those 30,000 people?" As soon as he broke down, sobbing, I knew the debate was mine! At every debate, I destroyed my opponents, bringing them to mere shells of their former selves! Gun control, the death penalty, the environment? Bring it on! I could not be defeated!

My activity in Forensics was less distinguished. In seventh grade, my friend Kate and I decided to perform together in the "drama" category. After hours of fruitless searching in the school library for some sort of script, we picked a completely random passage from Anne of Green Gables, involving a search for a missing brooch. No, I do not know what we were thinking. No, we did not win any awards. Yes, we did fully embarrass ourselves in the process. The next year, I opted for "Persuasive Speech," rehashing my speech for the infamous gun control debate. The judges ate up my heart-rendering portrayal of families torn apart by handguns. I practiced my speech so obsessively that to this day, E. Nebulous Neezer has most of it memorized. I won at almost every meet, and managed to do pretty well in the state competition. Mrs. Doersching was quite proud of my efforts, and would occasionally run up to me at award ceremonies and give me a hug, practically smothering me to death. (Which is really not that hard to do when you're a short, 100lb thirteen year-old, and the hugger in question is about 5'10" and 250 lbs.). The end of my eighth grade year, and the end of my time with Sharon Doersching, culminated in a Forensics Award Banquet. Whereas Mrs. Doersching could care less about teaching or English or any of that, she certainly DID care about awards banquets! This was an extravaganza! Platter after platter of food! Tacky centerpieces! And HOURS of Forensics! Every student performed their piece--about four or five hours of Forensics! It was a true test of endurance! My mom dreaded it for weeks! But, eventually, after my boyfriend-to-be (see elsewhere in Tight Pants #8) Shawn gave a dramatic and moving reading of Poe's The Raven, it was all over! I had survived my time with Sharon Doersching! Luckily, I was still able to read and write. About a year later, I found out the truth about Animal Farm, and I learned that all that stuff in Romeo and Juliet about swords was really about sex. Older and wiser, I vowed to someday come forward about my cruel treatment at the hands of an incompetent English teacher! Oddly enough, she now teaches at a college (!) in Milwaukee. So, if you should happen to register for English 101, please check to make sure that your instructor is not a half-illiterate, fat, foundation-caked woman named Sharon Doersching!



# Tight pants salutes Phil Spector!

Okay, if you know ANYTHING about Ms. Tight Pants, you know she LOVES, worships, bows down before, offers candy and drugs to the incredible Phil Spector, creator of some of the best bands and songs of all time! Of course, I love a ton of girl groups from Back In the Day, including many non-Spector productions, like the very dirty, very rockin' Shangri-las, the band behind the greatest girl group song of all time "Leader of the Pack" "I met him at the candy store/he turned around and smiled at me/You get the picture?/Yes, we see" Genius! I wanna met my boyfriend at the candy store! What could be more rockin' than to meet your future mate while picking out some sour patch kids and gummi worms? Alright! Despite the raunchy greatness of the Shangri-las, I still love the Phil Spector groups the best. NO ONE could write a pop song like Mr. Spector--over-the-top, slightly-veiled sexual lyrics, and girls in matching outfits! Count me in!

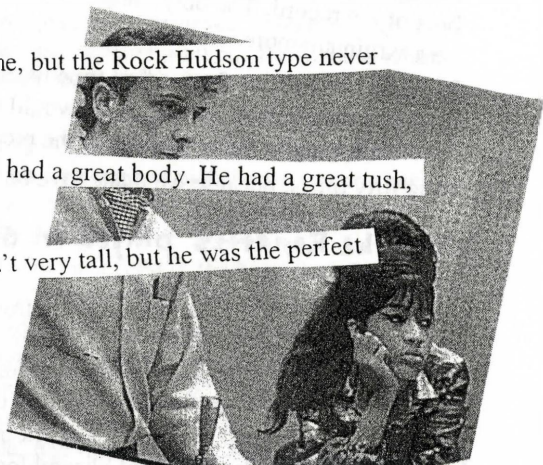
So it was with the greatest joy that I discovered two books: Be My Baby: How I Survived Mascara, Miniskirts, and Madness or My Life as a Fabulous Ronette by Ronnie Spector. and He's a Rebel: Rock and Roll's Legendary Producer. For the uninitiated, Ronnie Spector was the greatest girl group singer of all time, Phil Spector's wet dream, and the lead singer of the Ronettes, who brought you such hits as "Be My Baby," "Baby I Love You," "The Best Part of Breakin' Up" (later covered by the Devil Dogs, so, I dunno, that must make em hip to all of you newfound rock 'n' roll fans). She ended up marrying Mr. Spector, and got to know him better than anyone else. That's why when I saw her tell-all autobiography, I was one happy girl! What follows are some of the highlights from the bizarre, twisted life of Phil Spector. Lest you think of skipping over this section, I must warn you! If you like ANY of the following bands, you MUST like Phil Spector girl groups and be interested in the genius behind the sound: the Go Go's, the Donnas, the Runaways, the Bobbyteens, the Peeps, Bis,

Nikki and the Corvettes, Holly and the Italians, Bikini Kill, and much much more! And if that still doesn't have ya hooked, keep in mind that he produced albums for the Ramones! (Standard Tight Pants Reader, "Dude! She said the Ramones! Now I've gotta read it!")

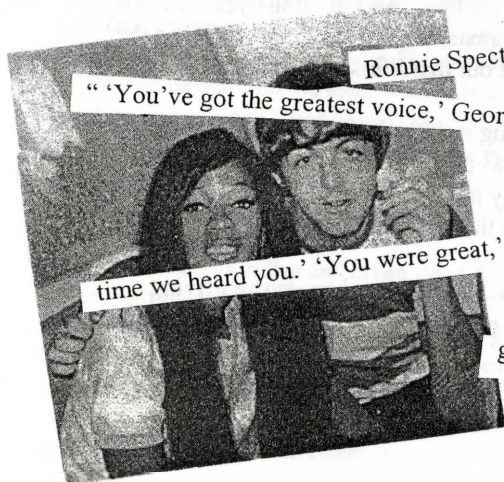
Rather than bore you with all the details, I'm only gonna give you the choicest, juiciest quotes from these books! Here at Tight Pants, we read those LONG books for you, and save you countless hours of reading time!

Ronnie Spector on Phil:

"He wasn't conventionally handsome, but the Rock Hudson type never impressed me anyway. I thought Phil had a great body. He had a great tush, the cutest one I'd ever seen. He wasn't very tall, but he was the perfect height for me."



"Phil wasn't a singer, but when he spoke he put me in a romantic mood like no singer could. He was the only guy I ever met who could talk me into an orgasm."



Ronnie Spector says...

"'You've got the greatest voice,' George told me. 'We loved it the first time we heard you.' 'You were great,' John Lennon told me, 'Just fuckin' great.'"



# Phil! Spector!



## Having sex to "Be My Baby"...

"I pressed my whole body on top of his, and we both slid back onto the mattress like we were one person. I didn't have any idea where to go from there, so I just followed my body, which was moving right along with the beat of the record. The only thing I knew for sure was that I didn't want to be a virgin anymore."

Phil and I made love for the first time listening to that record. And every two minutes and fifty seconds, Phil would reach over from the bed and lift the needle back to the beginning of the record. We must've played that song fifty times, because we made love on that mattress until late in the night."

## When the Ronettes played in Germany for GI's...

One guy actually had an orgasm right in front of the stage! It happened during 'What'd I Say?' That was our encore number, so we always went really wild on that time. I was shaking around pretty good up there when I looked down and saw this soldier lying on the floor, rubbing himself through his dungarees. Then I did a quick bump, and all of a sudden his body tensed up and he got a real blissful look on his face. Oh my God, I thought, he's coming! I'd never seen that response to our act before. It was something."

## About when Phil bought her a custom-made inflatable version of himself:

"I got him the same night Phil gave me the car. In fact, I was still gushing over my new Camaro when Phil walked back and popped open the trunk. 'There's more,' he said. 'Wait'll you see this.' And in all the years I knew Phil, I don't think I was ever quite as amazed as when he reached into the trunk of my brand-new car and pulled out that life-sized inflatable plastic mannequin."

'What do you think?' he asked, holding it in the air like a giant trophy. I didn't know what to say. The thing was as big as he was, and it was dressed in a pair of his best pants and a freshly ironed shirt. In fact, the thing looked exactly like Phil in every way, except that its knees were bent in a permanent sitting position.

'It's for driving...Now nobody will fuck with you when you're driving alone.'

## Random Weird Fact...

When Lenny Bruce died, Phil Spector purchased the autopsy and police photos from the sheriff's department for \$5000.



# My First Boyfriend:

## A tale of innocence destroyed!

Okay, so much as I'd like to think that my dating record is as cool and flawless as a bowl of Lucky Charms or the song "It's Cold Outside" by the Choir, such is NOT the case! I mean, usually I am fairly smart when it comes to such things, and turn down people who later become psychotic, deranged, or members of an emo band. But, on one fateful occasion, all judgment went out the window. What follows is the story of Ms. Tight Pant's first boyfriend!

I was an impressionable fifteen years old. Although I had had crushes on boys before, and had been "accused" of going out with a boy by the name of Nick Stewart because I played a suggestively long game of pinball with him at a party in sixth grade, it wasn't until age fifteen that I had my first actual, certified, official boyfriend.

I was outside of a Green Day concert. That one right in the beginning of the "Dookie" madness, right after the song "Longview" had been showed on that father of teen hipness, Alternative Nation. So, I was hanging out after the show, acting cool (by which I mean waiting for a ride from my mom) and then, suddenly, someone put their hands over my eyes and said "Guess Who?" It was a boy's voice, and after about ten guesses, the person gave up. "It's Shawn!" he said. I had to stop and think for awhile...and then I remembered. Shawn. That creepy boy from my grade school! The boy who I was in class with from 3rd to 8th grade. The boy who was known for his extensive collection of pubic-hair-related-jokes. The boy who had to be talked to several times for snapping girls' bras and trying to kiss them against their will. A sleazy sort of twelve-year-old. Plus, for about four years, he had a short spiky haircut...with a tail! Ack!

But now, there he was, outside of a Green Day show. And that, in my fifteen-year-old mind, made him cool. Only E. Nebulous Neezer and I liked Green Day, as far as I knew. So, maybe Shawn had changed. He certainly LOOKED different--well, sort of different. Short, spiky hair--but with no tail! Alright! And he was wearing some punk-related-in-a-vague-way-t-shirt (Think: Rancid or Op Ivy). And I was hooked. Since I was a complete book-reading smart girl dork in grade school, I think Shawn was more than a little surprised to see me with purplish red hair and Converse shoes. He said we should hang out sometime, and asked for my number. Curious, I obliged, and we went our separate ways.

A few days later, he called and asked me if I wanted to hang out at his house. I walked right over, as he lived about four blocks away. After saying hi to his parents, we went downstairs to his "hang-out space." This guy was way ahead of things! Only fifteen years old, and Shawn already had a completely equipped...well, what Wayne and Garth might call "a chick lair." Leather couch, fancy stereo, candles, incense, etc. He suggested that we listen to 91.7, which immediately made him even cooler in my innocent eyes, as 91.7 was the college

# Dancing, 7 Seconds, & Nasty Bras!

radio station with the only punk rock radio show (that I knew of) in Milwaukee. All of my friends at the time were only vaguely into REM or Nirvana! In my mind, this guy was the most hardcore punk rocker ever! So, we're hanging out, listening to stuff like the Pixies, Black Flag, whatever, and he makes his first big mistake! (I know, I know, you're thinking, "What about the incense and the candles? Don't they count?" And, of course, NOW they count, but that was then, and ya know, I was dumb. I probably thought they were cool. D'oh!) He decides to impress me by showing me his extensive collection of back issues of the Shepherd Express. For you non-Wisconsin residents, the Shepherd Express is one of those "alternative weeklies" that every city has. Not super cool or anything, but generally alright, with a few left-leaning columnists. Anyways, the point is that the Shepherd Express is NOT actually something you would want to collect. Ever. So, he shows me the collection. Being a stupid girl, I pretend to be interested, as inwardly I think thoughts like "Ack! This is weird! Ack! No!" After thoroughly impressing me, he wanted to "dance." He turned out all the



lights and lit some candles. And the weird thing was, we were "dancing" to hardcore. Slowly. I think the song was some late period 7 Seconds tune. Needless to say, it sucked! After about thirty seconds, I suggested that we sit down on his couch. BIG mistake. We sit down, and he starts moving closer and closer to me, all while that same stupid late period 7 Seconds song is playing. Ugh. Now, this being my first encounter with a boy, I was not prepared, fashion-wise, for any sort of make-out session. This was back in my grunge/punk crossover days. And I was wearing these weird overalls. Underneath, I was wearing a cool red and blue striped shirt--well ahead of all those striped shirt revivalists of the year 2000! So far, so good! But, as we started making out (which Shawn apparently thought, consisted of thrusting one's tongue as far down the other person's throat as possible), I soon realized that, underneath my cool striped shirt lurked the worst possible article of clothing...You see, at age fifteen, I already owned a number of cool bras. However, on this fateful day, I was too naive to consider bra selection before I left the house. As a result, while I was making out with Shawn, I realized, to my horror, that I was wearing THE NASTIEST BRA KNOWN TO MAN!

This bra was my first or second bra. I got it right in the beginning of breast growth, circa sixth grade or so. It was a very ugly aqua blue color, and wasn't so



# Makeout Sessions and Asexual dorks!

much a bra as it was...a sportsbra! Yes, one of those dorkiest, all stretchy cotton, pull-over-your-shoulders type bras. And, as if that wasn't humiliating enough, since I had this bra since sixth grade, it was in a state of decomposition rarely encountered. There were at LEAST ten holes in this bra, from the small to the large. And the fabric was all stretched out of shape. And part of the bra was white, due to an accidental run-in with some bleach in the washing machine. This bra was disgusting! This bra said, "I clearly know nothing about the fine art of lovemaking, for I routinely choose to cloak my breasts in a dirty ugly-colored undergarment full of holes that looks like it was bought at Kids R Us. I am NOT a sex object!" As the making out progressed, so did my fears. Having never made out with a boy before, I wasn't sure what to expect. I hoped with every bit of my fifteen-year-old being that my shirt would remain on. But if he started to take it off, what was I going to do? I didn't want to appear prudish, and, under different bra circumstances, would definitely WANT



to take off my shirt, because, the weirdness of Shawn notwithstanding, I DID want to explore the finer points of lovemaking and gain experience with which to write future zine columns, but come on! What was I to do? I was wearing a bra that said, "I am not the confident, sex-driven girl you thought I was! I am a dork! An asexual dork, at that!" Ack! Argh! Fie! And Feck!

The music changed to some indie rock song and then, it happened, Shawn began to undo my overalls. But, at that point, showed no interest in doing anything other than fondling my breasts from his position on the other side of my striped shirt. "Alright!" I thought, and breathed a sigh of relief. No humiliation for me! I won't have to be a puritan to save my dignity as a sexual creature, and I also won't have to show him the stinky sportsbra! We would both win! Alas and alack, that was not to be the case!

After getting bored with the t-shirt middleman, Shawn lifted up my shirt...and there it was. In all of its disgusting glory. The stupid, ugly bra. Argh. Shawn gave me a look that could be described as "What the fuck?" and then continued. But, since it was a sportsbra, there was logistical confusion, and the thing ended up sorta around my neck while Shawn fooled around until finally, finally, finally, the whole makeout session was over. I pulled my sportsbra down, put on my shirt, buttoned up my overalls, and was on my way.

# Led Zeppelin, covens, & more!

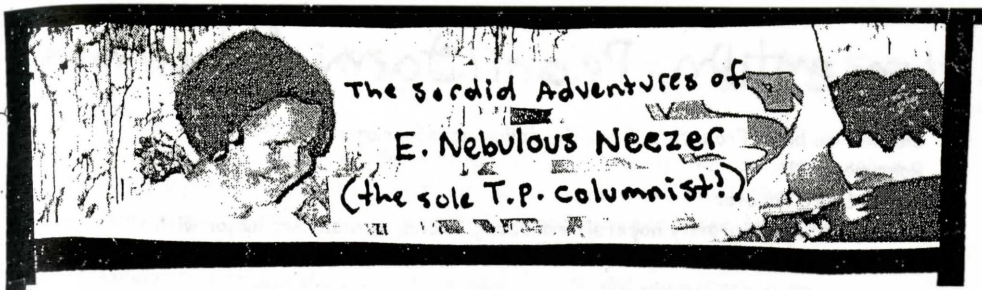
I remember the annoyance and self-hatred on the way home. Especially because Shawn was such a geek! I mean, had this guy been cool, that would have been bad, too. But now, I had lost my leverage over weird dork Shawn! Now I was an idiot, too! Bah!

A few days later, he called me and asked if I wanted to go see Interview with a Vampire with him. Happy that he called me after the incident, and wanting to redeem myself, I went. Since his dad was even weirder than Shawn, he drove us to the movie, and then sat in the back of the movie theater, about 10 rows behind us. Strange. When he drove us back to his house, Shawn gave me an especially nasty version of his French Kiss outside his dad's car, and then I walked home. Two days later, it was over.

I called Shawn up and told him that things "weren't working out." The whole conversation lasted maybe a minute.

Having gotten rid of the man, I figured that he would no longer be a part of my life, that he would fade into the background and become as important to my life as, say, the career of Led Zeppelin. But, as luck would have it, I ended up befriending someone by the name of Ben who was...Shawn's locker buddy! Ack! So, from then on, I received updates from Ben about the "progression" of Shawn. As it turns out, Shawn was a trickster, a swindler, a trend-hopper. Punk rock was his thing for all of about two months. Then it was on to...being a vampire! Yep, I kid you not! Occasionally, he would even call me up to talk about it. He told me that he was the "Prince of Darkness," apparently the lead vampire in the greater Milwaukee area, and that he had to worry constantly about being assassinated. Trying to gauge whether he was completely crazy or just another dumb gamer, I asked him, "Are you serious?" to which he would respond with something like "Of course! But I shouldn't talk that much about this. I am not privileged to divulge any secrets from my coven." Do I pick winners or what? Eventually, the phone calls stopped, and I only heard about Shawn occasionally from Ben. He turned into a theatre type, then he was gay, then he was bi, then he worked at Barnes and Noble and looked like a prep, then he wore a cape and dyed his hair black. The many moods of Shawn never failed to disappoint. My friends and I would even attempt to guess his latest style, always failing. Over time, I know less and less about Shawn, and moved onto more respectable acquaintances, but the crushing humiliation of that one fateful day will stay with me forever, as a warning against future fashion accidents. So, fellow girls, be careful! Very careful! You never know when you could end up naked in some guy's basement, and all of a sudden you look down and...ack! Christmas Winnie the Pooh underwear! Beware!





## Tales of An Ivy League Punk!

Note: Neezer is in the process of starting her own zine w/Nate. -who wrote a guest cereal corner awhile back. Write to her for more details!

The title may have confused you. As a punk, you may be thinking, 'Ivy League?' What is that? No, I refer not to some sort of professional organization for the support of Operation Ivy. I am talking about the seven college consortium that stands at the head of our nation's higher education system. As of May of 1999, I was to be one of America's best and brightest. However, unlike Charlie in Willy Wonka's Chocolate Factory (Editor's Note: Further proof that Neezer and I share the same genetic metaphor pool), I was not running around with old people in the streets singing, "I got a Golden Ticket!" I was 1.) pissed off at not getting into Brown University, and 2.) pissed off about getting into Cornell University. Out of general laziness and overconfidence at my nerdy qualifications, I had only applied to two schools that I actually intended on going to. Having been rejected from one, I had one option left (the math required to understand this logic may be above those non-ivy league readers, which is why I did the calculations in advance for your benefit). Thus it was that I prepared to go to the middle of upstate New York--to Ithaca, to get my education.

Bad Omens

A few weeks before the first semester started, I found out my housing situation. I had a triple, the veritable worst draw possible of all housing possibilities. Out of general poverty, I had opted out of asking for a single, but a triple would stretch the limits of my tenuous grasp on human interaction. "Please God," I thought, "Make them be either a really big nerd or another punk." Before I move on, let me tell you, in case you were wondering, what exactly were my expectations of punkness when going to Cornell. Let it be said that I was not naive so much as stupid. I assumed that there would be a generally annoying, upper-class, snobby, not cool at all, couldn't locate Johnny Ramone in a lineup, kind of general atmosphere. However, I also acted on the assumption that there would be at least a few fellow punks given the over 30,000 student population. I also did not bother to do any basic calculations to figure out that I was four hours from New York City and that Syracuse, the closest "city," was 1 1/2 hours away. But, returning to the roommate situation, I chose to be proactive and email my new roommates before we arrived. Both



# Uncle Tom, Pearl Jam & Farms!

emailed me back. From this, I got the following information:

Roommate #1:

Name: Laura Kanover

Characteristics: Sorority hopeful, from Long Island, Jewish. Art major with plans to work in advertising.

Roommate #2:

Name: Jamie (lack of interest in other people in general meant that I never asked for her last name and after living with her the whole year, never found out what it was).

Characteristics: Farm girl from northwestern Wisconsin. Likes country music. Majoring in botany and biology in the Agricultural and Life Sciences school.

Clearly, this was going to suck.



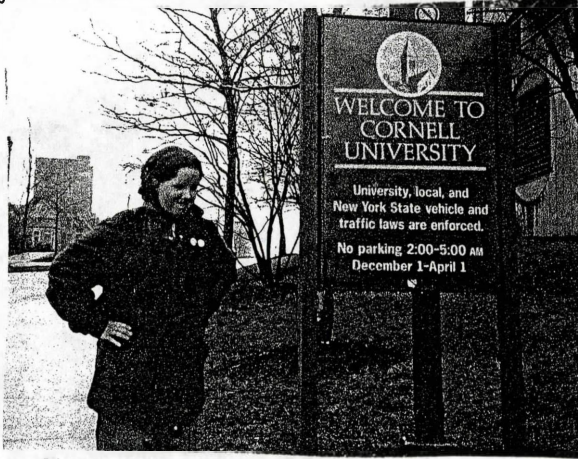
## Neezer at College: A Photo Essay

I met Lara first. She had come to Cornell early in order to participate in the Sorority Rush. When she found out I listened to punk, she told me that she too had been into punk when she was dating a skater, especially bands like Pearl Jam, and Stone Temple Pilots. She also informed me that she had already placed her tv atop my dresser, and had no intentions of moving said item. Now, I am no rooming "Uncle Tom," who will agree to anything the other roommates tell her, but I wanted to have at least a few days before we mutually agreed to hate each other. So, I tried to be helpful. I asked her where I could put my record player. She told me to put it atop this teetering stack of milk crates that stood in the corner. It didn't seem like such a bad idea at the time, so I agreed, only to be punished for my benevolence later when someone opened a door, hitting the crates and breaking the glass top for my record player. "Never again shall I grant favors!" I vowed. Lara also informed me that she had occupied one of the two closets in the room, leaving the remaining closet for Jamie and I to share. Given that Jamie had brought nothing with her other than a computer, clothes, and a giant Tupperware container filled with cooking supplies, it made some sense. Even with all of our stuff in there, it was only half full, whereas Lara's

# Pot Brownies, Climaxes, & Misery!

could barely be shut.

Now, there was a positive side to living with Lara. Namely, the continual stealing of her stuff. It began when I noticed she stockpiled cereal and other snack items in her closet. It continued when I needed pens and paper. It became slightly dangerous when I ate several of her pot brownies in a very conspicuous manner. She asked me about an hour later, "Emily, did you eat any of my brownies?" To which I replied, "No," in a questioning manner. I believe it is one of the greatest pleasures in life to openly lie to a person who knows you are doing so but is not prepared to question it. The pilfering climaxed when I used her computer on the sorority equivalent to prom night in order to print out all my final papers, and I accidentally jammed the printer. At the time, I wasn't incredibly concerned. I just took my disk out and put it on my desk, and ok'd the printer error message so that it went away, only to hear the door open and Lara walk in, just as I was about to return to her desk. I nonchalantly sat on my bed,



inwardly suffering an acute panic attack. I finally felt the need to simply get the hell out of there when she sat down in front of her computer, so I went and sat in the bathroom, unsure whether to go back in or just sit there until the end of the semester. I waited an hour, and then returned. She had left. I knew Lara enough to know that, had she found out, she would certainly have left some sign of it, so I was in the clear so far. I quickly called a classmate of mine, who came over and managed to erase the printer problem from the system. I was saved, but the experience was not completely over. When Lara returned the next day, she sat down at her computer desk. A few moments later she called out, "Hey Emily! Were you using my computer?" I froze. "Because," she continued, "the notebooks on my desk are turned the wrong way." I made up some lame remark about how I had used the phone last night and might have pushed her stuff out of the way accidentally, despite the fact that the phone was nowhere near the desk to the point where my story was logistically impossible. She gave me a suspicious look, but didn't say anything. All I have to say is, did anyone else see the movie "Misery?"

At this point in time, if you haven't seen the movie Misery, since I inquired about it roughly one sentence ago, I suggest you to do so. It is necessary in

# Alpha Bits, Stalin, & Ridiculousity!

understanding the psychological makeup of Lara. The incident with the notebooks was not an isolated one. She also exploded at me on a separate occasion, due to my leaving a fragment of an Alpha-Bits marshmallow on the floor. In a final test of her ridiculousity, Jamie and I left a tiny crumb on her otherwise immaculate bed, and she had hardly entered the doorway when she demanded to know who had been eating on her bed. Now, I am a clean person. I organize my records alphabetically. I arrange my books by author. I have been known to file various papers on occasion. But, let it be said with utmost certainty, I am no Lara Kanover.

The second roommate, Jamie, had little of interest to her. Her days were spent playing computer card games and downloading pictures of her farm animals. She chose to remain out of the battle between Lara and I. As she is a very boring individual, that is all I will say about her.



Now, in order to get the full scope of my life at Cornell I would need more space than is available at this time (Editor's Note: Lies! I oppose no length requirements! Neezer should be singled out and ridiculed for her laziness!), and certainly would not be all that interesting. A quick summary of events would consist of:

- 1) playing tetris
- 2.) reading Stalin biographies
- 3.) eating cereal
- 4.) working at the dining hall
- 5.) classes
- 6.) sleep

My punk interactions have been largely non-existent, and when they do pop up, they are of an entirely strange nature. My first run-in with the Cornell punk scene occurred as I was waiting in line at the academic offices. After weeks being starved for the mere sight of a Chuck Taylor or patch, I immediately noticed the existence of a multitude of pins on a boy in front of me's bag. I started to read them--mostly hardcore bands. He noticed this and scanned my stuff for pins--the only ones being my Boris the Sprinkler pins on my coat.



# Abortion, Blue Hair & more, dude!

"Hmmm," he said, disapprovingly. "Boris the Sprinkler? Don't you know they are pro-life?" This previous statement shall go down in history as the least expected comment ever in the history of human dialogue. "Boris the Sprinkler?" I said. "Are you sure that you have the right band?" To this he replied, "Most recent album--Mega Anal? Other releases on their "Bulge Records" label include 8 Testicled Pogo Machine and Saucer to Saturn? Headed by Rev. Norb? From Green Bay, Wisconsin?" It must be said at this time that a sort of vortex, another dimension as it were, opened up in the chasm of the administrative offices that day. The information: Boy knows Boris the Sprinkler. Boy says Boris the Sprinkler are pro-life. Does not compute! Does not compute! It was impossible to reply to this statement in a reasonable manner, but I ventured a try. "Have you ever listened to them? They never advocate any political or social



messages in their songs and I know that they are not pro-life." To this he cryptically replied, "I listened to their first album, and it greatly disturbed me." Following this, he walked away. Statement #1: I have never seen this boy on campus again. Statement #2: Both myself and friends of mine have listened to said album several times for possible misconstrued messages and have found not a one! To this day, it remains a haunting mystery to me.

Punk Interaction #2 occurred at the DC anti-IMF protests. A boy from Minnesota with blue hair came with the Cornell group. I asked him what he thought of Dillinger Four, to which he replied, "Dude! They rock! I saw them "in concert" and they even signed my cd afterwards! They are really cool!" My only comment is: "Dude! Really?!" Seriously though, it is a continual blow to my faith in humankind to hear the word "Dude" used in conversation. (Editor's Note: Dude! That's fucked up!)

The other two punk interaction tales that I have taken part in are of no particular note. Both consisted of Cornell-hosted emo shows. At both shows, there were possibly two pairs of Converse shoes, one band shirt that was punk, and several bands for whom even the Ramones were an unknown entity. The final straw came when I returned from Spring Break. I was just settling

# the chipmunks & communist revolutions!

back to my meaningless Cornell existence, reading a paperback book on Stalin and munching on generic Honey Nut Cheerios, when I suddenly felt the taste of metal in my mouth. While I realize that generic cereals are not on the same level with the name-brand varieties, and that it is necessary to sacrifice a little in taste for price, I was sure that metallic flavor was not part of this trade-off. What I was dealing with was a foreign object in my domestic cereal. A rather large bolt-like item, I discovered, as I took it out of my mouth to examine it. After two months of endurance at Cornell, my Ithaca-bought cereal had even turned against me. "E tu, Brute?" I questioned the cereal box. From that



## Ms. Tight Pants mourns N's death

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moment on, I knew it was time for this Midwestern punk to leave the Ivy League forever.

However, although the cereal incident may have spelled the end of my ability to foresee a future for myself in the Ivies, one minor problem remained. I had been too lazy to take transfer applications seriously until that night, at which point I realized that I could no longer transfer anywhere for the next year. "Cruel world," I said, "Why do you taunt me so?"

As the end of the year grew close, the situation got a little better. I gave up talking to Lara altogether, and devoted more time to making long calls to my sister starting at 1:30am, playing Chipmunks albums at full-blast, and cutting my toenails onto the common floor space. I also put up pictures of Hitler on my wall, and several Matt Groening "anti-sorority" cartoons from his Life in Hell series on our dorm room door. (On a side note: Ms. Tight Pants visited me at this time, and upon seeing her, Lara asked, "When are you going to leave?" This question was a recurring conversation point between my sister and Lara, as Lara asked her this roughly four times a day the entire week she was at Cornell.) I worked a lot of overtime to get out of my dorm room. I read some more Stalin biographies, and plotted the purges I would conduct at Cornell after a communist revolution. Finally, I packed up all of my belongings, put them in the family car, and drove home.

Editor's Note: Thus ends Neezer's tales of Ivy League woe. Sadly, she is still incarcerated/enrolled at Cornell until the end of May. Help make her time there less painful by sending Swedish fish; Russian books, and Bullwinkle merchandise to her at: Emily/ Low Rise 9 #9412/ Cornell University/ Ithaca, NY 14853.



# Punk Rock Trading Cards!

When other zines have an extra page leftover while doing layout at Zam, you get filler. Here at Tight Pants, you get trading cards! Yay!

☆ Collect them All! ☆





# yummy yummy punk rock boys

"But Ms. tight pants," you ask, "how are we gonna trade cards when we all have the same ones?" Well, never fear! For in the next issue, there will be more! And they'll be girls too! Only those with every tight pants issue after #7 will have the complete set. Cheap marketing play? Why not?

Name: Jon Von

Occupation: member of  
the Rip Offs,

ex- member of MTX

Claim to Fame: lives in  
Paris, can speak French!

Likes: France and garage  
rock!

Dislikes: Bad Cops

Name: Dr. Frank

Occupation: lead singer for  
Mr. T Experience

Claim to Fame: cutest man  
in punk rock

Likes: philosophy!

Dislikes: Itching Powder in  
his Sleeping Bag

Name: Russell Quan

Occupation: member of the  
Bobbyteens, Dukes of  
Hamburg, Mummies,  
and much more.

Claim to Fame: addicted to  
candy

Likes: the Beatles!

Dislikes: nutrition

Name: Rev. Norb

Occupation: lead singer  
of Boris the Sprinkler,

Claim to Fame: owns  
helmet with antlers.

Likes: Sweetarts, and  
Asian girls!

Dislikes: Goddamn  
Rollerbladers

# the cereal corner!

## Statistic-O's!®

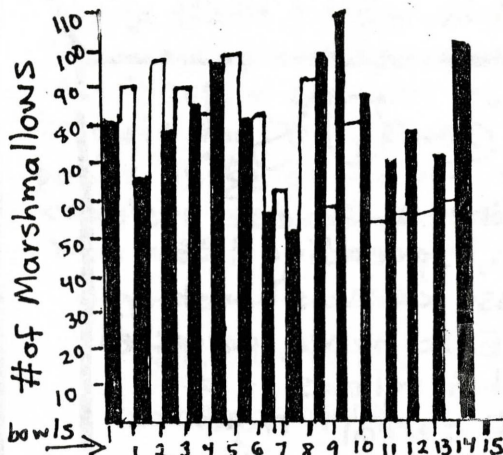
okay. I must apologize. I have betrayed my readers, spreading lies about two of the best cereals! Luckily, loyal TP sympathizer, Eric Apnea, corrected my greivous error. What follows is a scientific analysis of cereal! Tight Pants, once again, leads the way in cereal-related prose!

The inspiration for this experiment was none other than the editor of this fine zine. In an earlier issue of Tight Pants, Ms. Baran stated something to the effect of, "Marshmallow Maties have more marshmallows (per capita was implied) than Lucky Charms." Well, it wasn't beyond me to do an experiment to prove her wrong. One can't challenge Lucky Charms' superiority and get away with it.



So the idea was to consume 2 lbs of each cereal, and count the marshmallows at the end of each bowl (don't tell me you don't save the marshmallows 'til the end anyway!). So, the Marshmallow Maties come in a conveniently sized 2lb bag, and the new Woodman's in Green Bay carries a 33oz box of Lucky Charms. For you math majors, that's a difference of one ounce. However, the Lucky Charms box was actually two 16.5 oz. bags. One may think that the Lucky Charms have a disadvantage already...I mean, think about the end of the bag. It's always just like dust, and a couple of marshmallows, and that is going to happen twice in the results for the Lucky Charms. Anyway, on with the results...

# more cereal science!



Total: 1041

Marshmallows per Ounce:  $32.5 (1041/32)$

Marshmallows per Bowl:  $74.4 (1041/14)$

Total: 1207

Marshmallows per ounce:  $36.6 (1207/33)$

Marshmallows per bowl:  $80.5 (1207/15)$

Lucky Charms



Now, the marshmallows per bowl statistic is obviously flawed from the start. There is no way that one could pour exactly the same amount of cereal each time they sat down to eat a bowl of cereal. Especially when one cereal is the amazing Lucky Charms, and the other is a much inferior Marshmallow Maties. I'm sure the days I was pouring Lucky Charms, the bowls were much more full, just because I actually wanted to eat it. Either way, the stat is just there for entertainment purposes only. One might also wonder, what about those half marshmallows in the bowl? Well, I used my best judgment to count only marshmallow particles that were at least half the size of the full marshmallow. So there.

As you can see by the results, Ms. Baran's facetious statement has been at least partially blown out of the water. However, for my college statistics class, I am going to be doing a 10lb sample, and if the results change, I will let the fine people of Tight Pants know about it so they can report it to you, the cereal consuming public.

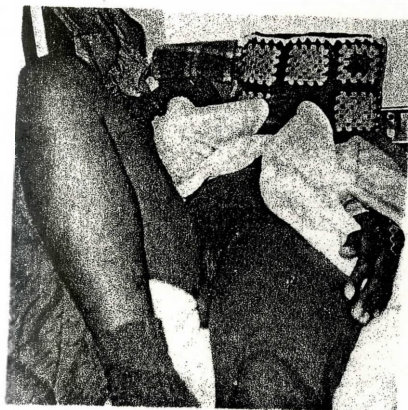
I guess that is all for now, but if someone wants to trade their first Bobbyteens 7" for like almost all their other records, I'll do it. Only a fool would think the Bobbyteens actually released a good album. (Editor's Note: The opinion of Tight Pants writers does not ever reflect the opinion of Ms. Tight Pants, unless you are informed otherwise).

Eric Apnea/ 618 N. Ashland Ave./ Green Bay, WI 54303

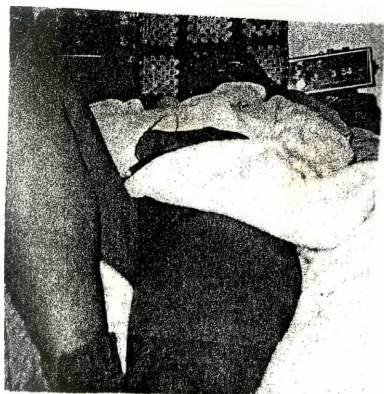


# Runner-Up in Nastiness!

these photos  
were found &  
given to tp, inc.  
by Pepto Dizmal.  
Ack!



YUCK!



Box 23

PO Box 5001

Amherst, MA 01002

2208 N. 72nd St.

Wauwatosa, WI 53213

Please deliver this to the tight-panted individual at the following address:

