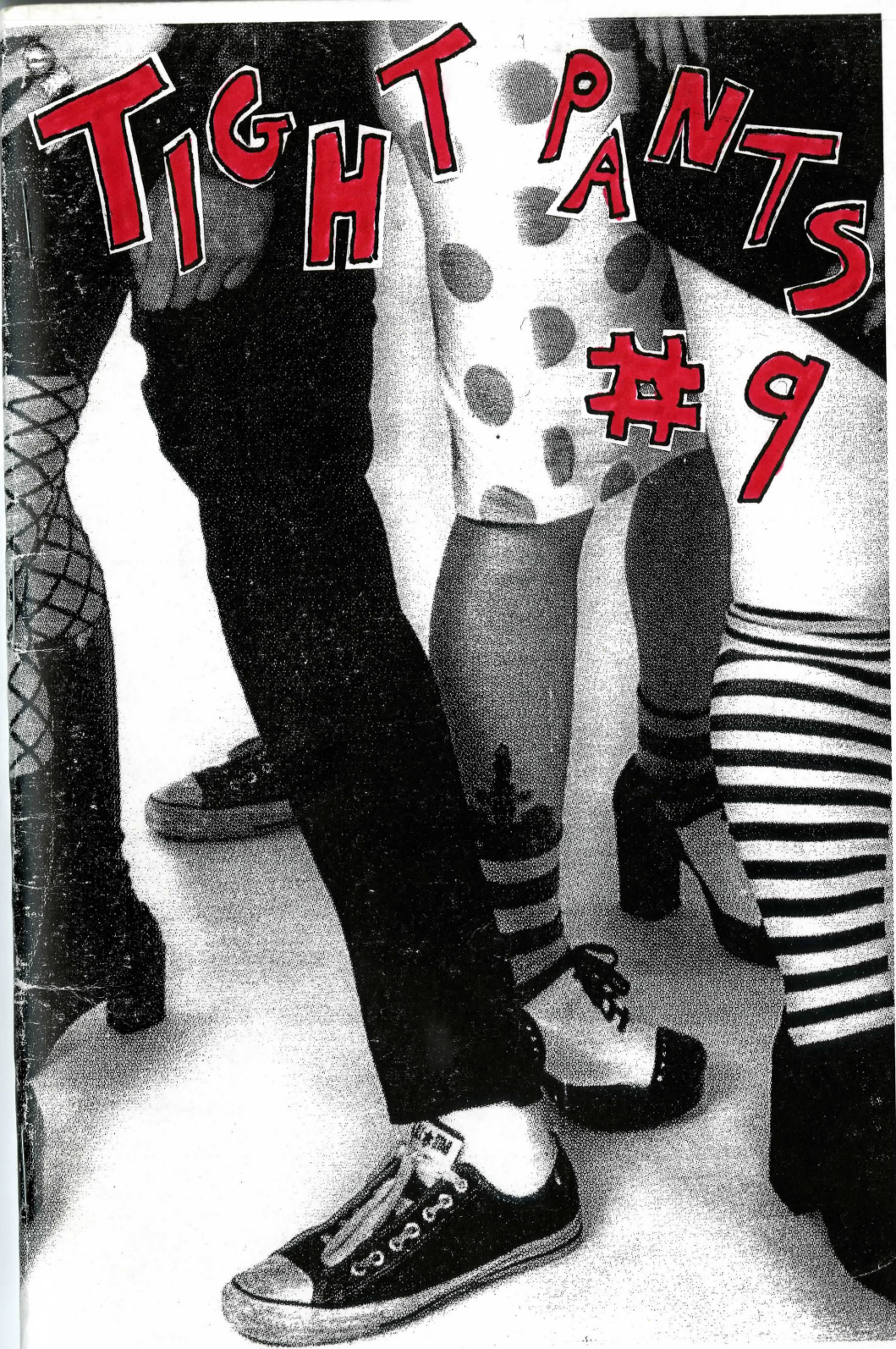


TIGHT PANTS

#9





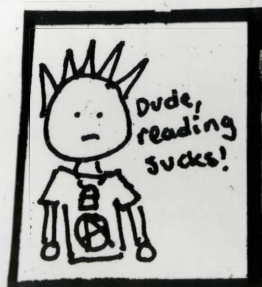
Greetings devoted readers, cereal fiends, and addicts of the rock and the roll! Greetings would-be rock stars, degenerate alcoholics, and hopeless shit workers! I welcome you all to the new issue of Tight Pants! This issue was completed in a mere nine day period! That's only two more days than it took to create the universe! And isn't this zine a lot better than, well, anything else that exists? Of course! This issue was written fueled on a pot of coffee a night, many rum and cokes, cereal, "The Dawn of the Dickies" LP, and gummi bears. So blame all of those things if you don't like this! Its not my fault! As always, you can get back issues for three stamps per issue. #1,2,4,5,6,7,8 are still available, but going fast! Especially #5! Distros get in touch for super cheap rates. If you want your band's record compared to cereal, send it on in! And in the category of Boring-Yet-Essential-Details (BYED), my address has changed. Unless you want my mom and my brother writing back to you, I suggest using the address below! Also, I am in the market for the first Paul Collins Beat LP like you wouldn't believe! If you have it, and want to either sell it, trade it, or give it to me, let me know!

Keep your pants tight, your music loud, and your sugar intake high,

Madeline!

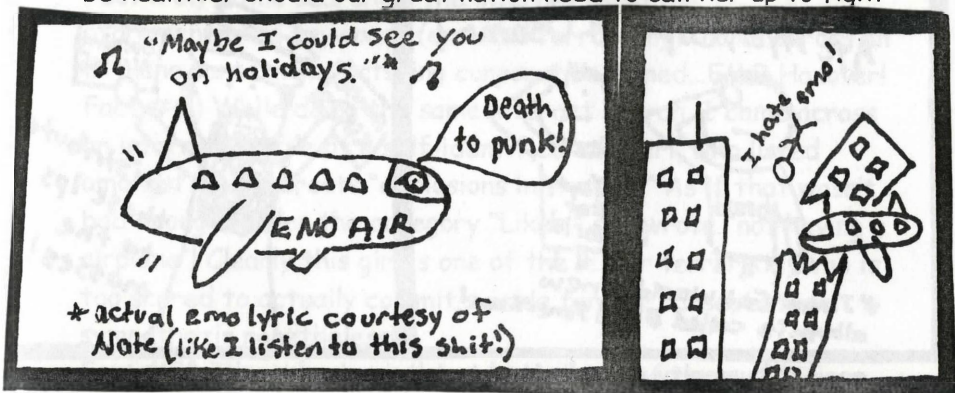


Tight Pants!
918 17th St. East, Apt #1
Minneapolis, MN 55404



Emo Strikes USA!

Here I am, an innocent American, sitting in my room with a newly purchased pink shag rug (purchased on the theory that if I havta work a shitty temp job, I better do it in style!), listening to old Donnas 45s, eating sour gummi bears and swedish fish, and...humming "God Bless America." "God Bless America?" you ask? Has Ms. Tight Pants suddenly turned patriotic? Will she turn in her tight pants so that our nation's soldiers may be better outfitted for battle? Will she sell her Brentwoods records and donate the money to the Department of Defense? Will she give up candy altogether so that she may be healthier should our great nation need to call her up to fight



to defend it? No, no, and no! I am humming "God Bless America" because, unlike some of you out there, I am NOT responsible for the terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center! I know, I know, a bold claim! How many zines are gonna come right out and deny their involvement? Not many, me thinks!

So, you can all rest easily knowing that it was not your beloved zine editor who guided the planes to their locations, nor am I a personal friend of Mr. Bin Laden. But, (and here's the shocking part!) I KNOW WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE TERRORIST ATTACKS! For the first time in Tight Pants history, I have important international news to report! I have already sent this story to all major news networks, public schools, religious organizations, and penny candy stores. And NOT ONE has been willing to let YOU, the American people,

Terrorism Linked to Crappy Music

know the truth! So, I am forced to take up space in a zine usually devoted to stupid stories! Bear with me, okay?

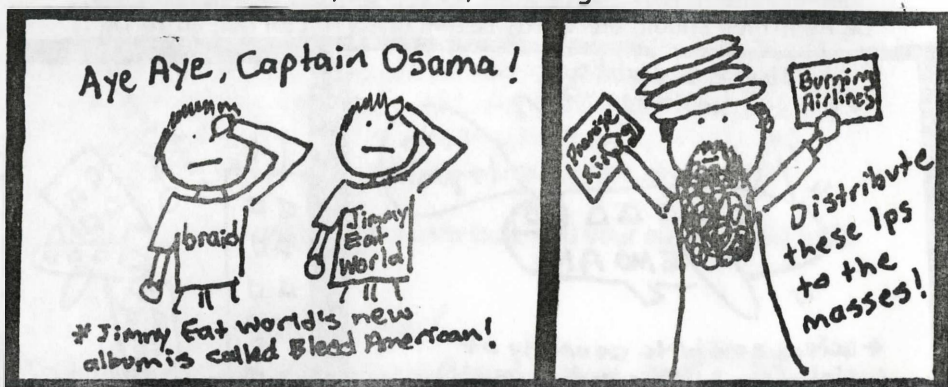
The following may be shocking, so put down your soda/beer/slushie and listen up to this one statement and this one statement only:

EMO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE TERRORIST ATTACKS.

Did you read that? Are you listening? This is big! This is huge!

This is perhaps the single most shocking discovery in the history of punk rock!

Now, if you have ever read Tight Pants before, you know that we've lined ourselves up against the forces of emo (D'oh!) for some time now. But, of course, we thought that their crimes



against humanity were limited to turning punk rock into a weepy, crappy, unrockin' and college-based genre! And now we have to add to that the murder of 6000 innocent people!

Okay, by now I'm sure you want the facts, and the facts you shall receive!

Fact 1.) It is a well-known and well-documented fact (see back issues of Tight Pants) that emo bands have a close relationship with airplanes. We have Jets to Brazil and Planes Misstaken for Stars, not to mention Burning Airlines! As a sick and twisted joke, one Milwaukee-based emo band calls themselves Congratulations on Your Decision to Become a Pilot, a salute to the terrorists-in-training!

Fact #2.) Many emo bands that are not bold enough to mention planes in their names have used plane-themed artwork for their

Afghanistan & College Students

records. These bands are almost too numerous to mention; see the Promise Ring and Grotto for examples. There are also bands with names that, while not directly relating to planes, do seem to relate to some sort of airborne disaster, such as the band Sky Came Falling, discovered by yours truly when I typed in the words "emo" and "terrorism" into an internet search engine. I also discovered an emo band named Imbroco, who penned the following disturbing lyrics, "Every star falls/every plane crashes." (Maybe in YOUR terrorist world, but not in the America I know and love!) Why were we too stupid to refuse to take these obvious warnings seriously?

Fact #3.) While searching the internet using the aforementioned keywords (emo and terrorism) I came across an airplane parts manufacturing corporation named...EMO Hanover!

Fact #4.) While doing the same internet search, I came across an internet profile of a self-identified emo girl, who listed amongst her interests "explosions in the sky!" As if that wasn't bad enough, under the category "Likes," she wrote "not having a airplane!" Clearly this girl is one of the lesser terrorists, who is too scared to actually commit suicide for her cause, but is a sympathizer nonetheless!

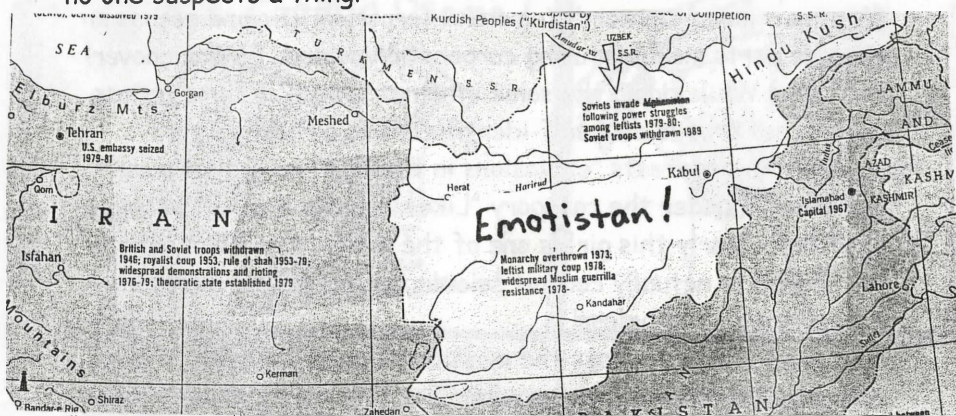
Fact #5.) This is perhaps the most damning of them all. There is an emo band named Afghanistan. I am serious! You can't make this stuff up!

Having these facts at our disposal, we are forced to conclude that emo was responsible for the terrorist attacks. Now it becomes horrifyingly clear that sometime in the mid 90's, terrorists studied the history of punk rock and made their fateful decision to take the likes of Rites of Spring and Dag Nasty, and bastardize them to deceitfully create a new genre of music so dull, so mundane, so wimpy and puny, that NO ONE would ever suspect them of being bomb-wielding Islamic fundamentalists! To add credibility to their new genre, they recruited a legion of unsuspecting college students and sweater-wearing neer-do-wells to attend their shows, buy their records, and generally lend credibility to their cause!

Backpacks for Osama bin Laden!

"No! It can't be!" you scream! "I love June of 44! They are SO meaningful!" Well, guess what? Your "meaningful" favorite band is nothing more than a cover for Captain Osama himself!

And those bastards are tricky, tricky, tricky. A few years ago, carrying around a backpack all of the time was viewed with suspicion. Who would possibly need to carry around that much stuff all the time? But terrorists need to have bombs with them, and bombs need to be concealed. So those tricksters started wearing backpacks all the time, with cute little patches of burning airplanes on 'em and before you know it, everyone is copying them! And all of a sudden, wearing a backpack is as normal as voting Republican or owning an Operation Ivy cd, and no one suspects a thing!



"But, Ms. Tight Pants, come on! Do you really mean to say that all of my favorite bands are terrorists, out to ram planes into skyscrapers and given to camping out in deserts?" 'Fraid so! And it runs deeper than just the bands. Do you really think that whole zines would devote themselves to covering these bands if they weren't secretly being paid to do so? What about the record labels? I refuse to believe that anyone would honestly think that "emo" music is worthy of the expense of pressing records and booking tours! Whereas before the events of September 11th, I just thought that all of those record labels and zines were stupid rich kids who should be taken out and given a good dose of rock and roll, I now understand that those record labels and zines were being paid a tidy sum to praise

The Sonics, Sex & Idiots!

bands with long names involving inanimate objects.

Dear readers! I call on you to go forth and infiltrate these organizations to destroy them from within! We, the punk rockers, allowed this to happen, and now WE must be the ones to put an end to it!

"Okay, okay you silly tight-panted girl! I believe you! But how am I supposed to infiltrate the tightly-knit emo community? I spend all my time having sex, drinking and listening to the Sonics! There's no way I'm gonna be able to pull this off and come out alive!"



True, true, it is difficult. The first time I put on a worn sweater, and donned a backpack with a homemade Promise Ring patch, well, I felt like a dork. Like an idiot. And I was convinced that, some how, I would mess up, be found out, and shot. Luckily I survived and lived to tell the tale. But I can't do it alone. Everyone needs to pitch in to discover the secrets of this organization! We need to be backstage, in the crowd, behind the merch table! This is the only way we're gonna be able to know where they're gonna strike next!

But I would never send my rock and roll lovin' readers out to the battle fields unprotected, so the following is some useful advice.

HOW TO INFLITRATE THE EMO SCENE TO END ISLAMIC TERRORISM

*Check each step as you go!

- ☐ **Step 1:** Go to a thrift store and purchase an old man's sweater and a t-shirt with a logo for an old Little League team.
- ☐ **Step 2:** Go to the GAP and purchase dark blue jeans. Make sure that they are a good six inches too long. Fold the extra fabric over. Do not make the mistake of only folding over two or three inches of fabric. These terrorists demand more fabric than your average human being! There's just no pleasing them!
- ☐ **Step 3:** Go to the Jade Tree webpage and indiscriminately purchase every record it has available. Listen to said records.
- ☐ **Step 4:** Practice crying on command. If this is difficult, I recommend putting on an emo record and having one of your friends repeatedly hit you on the head with a sharp object. After many a dozen listens, you will have successfully equated emo with physical pain. This should be enough to provoke the appropriate reaction at the emo shows you will be attending.
- ☐ **Step 5:** Attempt suicide in a fairly public and well-publicized manner. I recommend a combination of slitting your wrists (if t-shirts are worn at shows, the scars will be visible and earn you much-needed emo points) and writing a zine about it. Be sure to send it to Punk Planet for review.
- ☐ **Step 6:** Lose enough weight to become at least 20 pounds underweight.
- ☐ **Step 7:** Dye your hair black.
- ☐ **Step 8:** Practice sighing. Start the sigh off loud (to attract attention) and then quiet it down (to indicate general desperation).
- ☐ **Step 9:** Renounce punk rock as childish.
- ☐ **Step 10:** Enroll in an arts school.

!! Pacifists, Promise Ring, & more!

Having completed all ten steps, you are ready to attend your first emo show! Be sure to bring the following: a pen, notebook, recording device, and a gun. Be careful! These people are dangerous! They have killed before and they will kill again! If you are a pacifist, and therefore do not want to open fire on a crowd while they are in middle of watching the Promise Ring perform, there is still work for you to do! We need protestors at every emo show, with signs reading "Emo Killed 6000



Innocent People," "Promise Ring: A Promise of Death," and "Emo Stands for Emotional and Murderous Operation."

While you are carrying out your recognizance mission on the ground, we here at Tight Pants will be organizing massive air strikes aimed to target emo shows, emo zine festivals, and any and every place where more than two emo terrorists has been known to gather.

We will also be busy forcefully repatriating all emo band members and emo zine writers back into the Islamic world from whence they came. Of course, our airline flight policies will also have to change. No emo records, zines, or t-shirts will be allowed on board, and anyone who feels unsafe because of the presence of an emo individual on the flight, will be able to call attention to that individual and have them kicked off the plane before departure.

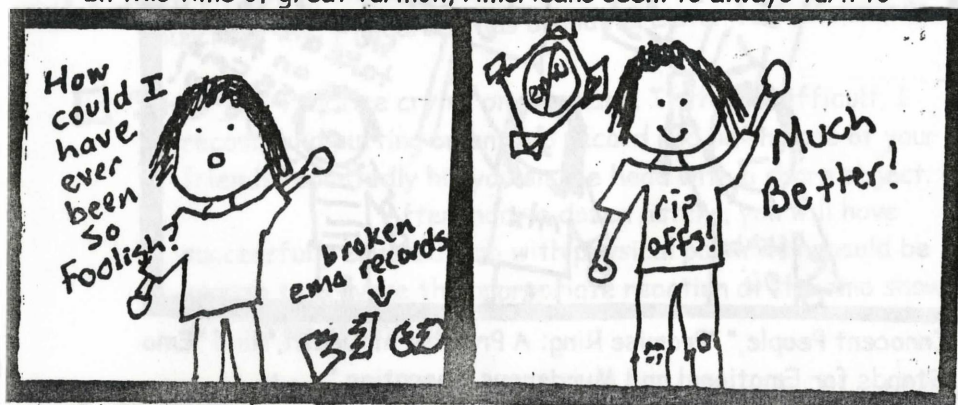
In the end, we will capture all of the emo terrorists, and put

Johnny Thunders & The Bible!

them on trial at the Hague! Hey, if they could try Milosevic, they can certainly try the Get Up Kids! It goes without saying that we will not negotiate with emo!

By now I hope that all of you realize that this effort to purge our great nation of emo will not be an easy one. We have to prepare ourselves to accept the massive amount of emo refugees within the borders of our punk community. Remember, some of these people were only listening to emo because they were duped. We must not discriminate against those who realize the error of their ways and want to repent and once again listen to Johnny Thunders and the Dickies!

In this time of great turmoil, Americans seem to always turn to



the Bible, and we here at Tight Pants are no different. Allow me to quote a few passages to you from the Good Book:

"Whoever amongst you weareth a permanent frown and harbors thoughts of neither hope nor happiness, is not deserving of life. Whoever amongst you doth listen to those who flail about and throweth themselves on thee stage, with great wailing and gnashing of teeth, is not deserving of life. Whoever amongst you doth listeneth to thee dreaded musical groups who choose to mock our Lord with references to self-hatred and depression, playethed over thee guitar breakdowns, must be destroyed. This the Good Lord said unto Moses."

--Job 3:21

The Koran Shows its True Colors!

Compare that with these passage from the Koran:

"And Allah came forth and said, 'Let there be knapsacks aplenty for all of my people, and let they groweth forth from thee fig tree, and let there be patches for thee airlines that burn and thee 44s of june. Let my people find great overpriced treasures in their local thrift store, and let Ramadan be filled with the sounds of crying and bootlegged live Turing Machine performances."

Do you really need anymore evidence than that? I beg you to take up this cause!

I

feel that I have already put my life in great risk by writing this. If there is not another issue of Tight Pants, you'll know why. I have been killed by the band Afghanistan, caught in the act of emo terrorist infiltration! Be brave! Be strong! Go forth and destroy emo!

Punks Don't Talk About Sex! My first piece of hate mail!


I was walking through Powell's Bookstore, and I stumbled upon your zine, Tight Pants. I purchased it without even looking through it, and later found that I had made a big mistake. You are not punk in any way. I don't know you, but just by reading your piece of crap zine I realized this. You degrade women (yourself) by talking about starting a peep show, and telling people to skip their Food Not Bombs meeting to come see you and your friends prance around naked. You think punk is about sex, drugs, and rock n' roll? You have it wrong. Just because you listen to so called punk music doesn't mean you are a punk. Why don't you try making a zine with some useful information in it? This zine was no different than a normal magazine. You need to wake up and think about what you are doing. Punks are people who are different. They stick up for things that they believe in, and try to change the system. They don't talk about cereal and sex. Maybe you should talk to a real punk or anarchist and try to learn something about the scene. I'm sorry for being so mean, but I just feel like you are ruining what punk stands for. If you don't believe in what punk really is then give yourself a different label.

Thank you,


Teresa Corio

Teresa Corio





The Militant Grammarians of Massachusetts!



The Black Panthers, the Weathermen, the Wobblies, the anti-emo crusaders. Our great planet has seen its share of revolutionary leaders, fighters, and heroes! From Crazy Horse to Che! From the People's Will to Populism! From Thomas Paine to Thomas the Tank Engine!

To those of you who think that history ended sometime in the middle of WW II (the standard point at which high school history teachers run out of time due to an exorbitant amount of time spent on the American explorers. I ask you this: Do we really need to spend a month memorizing the exact date, was it 1412? in which Balboa "rounded" the Cape of Good Hope?

Especially when the verb "rounded" is never explained to the third grader in question, conjuring up images of Spaniards and Portuguese on the sea with giant saws, attempting to reconstruct the tip of the aforementioned cape! Waste of time!) I say to you: History is not dead! Hegel and Nietzsche be damned! For unto us four years ago a great organization was born! An organization with ideals and revolutionary fervor reminiscent of the First International! An organization so inspiring that the mere mention of it has been known to cause crowds of people to spontaneously burst into "Solidarity Forever"! An organization known as The Militant Grammarians of Massachusetts!

Genocide, Cuba, & cereal!

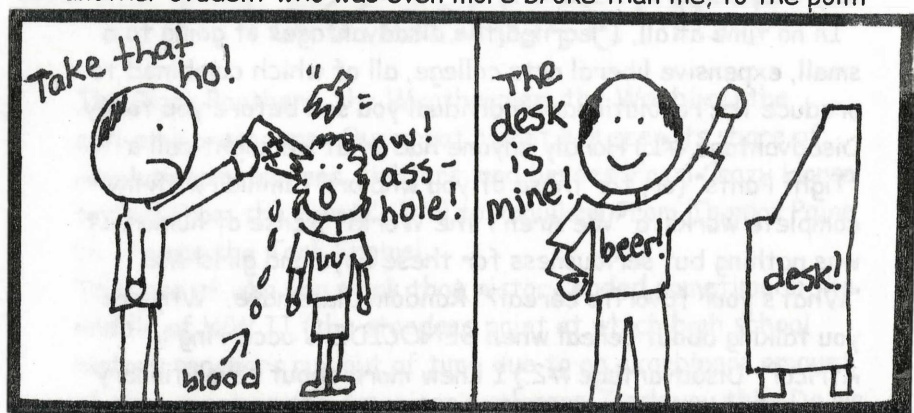
Essential (?) Background Information!

The Militant Grammarians secretly formed in the fall of 1997, in rural western Massachusetts, when Ms. Tight Pants was but a college freshman. It was my attempt to strike a death blow in the very heart of the campus climate (Ack! Ack! Cliched metaphor overload! Time to jump ship!) Before we journey into the events that led up to Ms. Tight Pants having to fear for her life, liberty, and happiness, you will require some background information. (Of course, if you just wanna read right away about how to "correct" graffiti and rap lyrics you may wanna skip this section.)

In no time at all, I learned the disadvantages of going to a small, expensive liberal arts college, all of which combined to produce the revolutionary individual you see before you today. Disadvantage #1.) Hardly anyone had what we might call a "Tight Pants" (or, for those of you who are familiar with my complete works, a "We Aren't the World")sense of humor. It was nothing but seriousness for these boys and girls! Me: "What's your favorite cereal?" Random Classmate, "Why are you talking about cereal when GENOCIDE is occurring in Africa!" Disadvantage #2.) I knew more about revolutionary history and Che's favorite color, Marx's favorite food, and whether or not Nechaev preferred to meet with his terrorists in the morning or evening, than these jerks! And I had to sit around and defend my right to tell a joke to people who could not even locate Cuba on a map! (Note: this is a true story. I was in a "Revolutions in Cuba/Iran class, and this boy who was talking for about fifteen minutes about how Cuba is so cool was asked to go to the front of the room and identify Cuba on the map. After spending a great deal of time with his hand wavering around the Phillipines, the professor hinted, "Its near the United States." This resulted in a move towards Russia, and then China, until finally the professor gave up and told him to sit down.) Disadvantage #3: Ms. Tight Pants is not rich, nor

Poverty, Roll-Top Desks & sushi

does she come from wealth. Ms. Tight Pants comes from people who start a physical fight at a relative's funeral over possession of a roll-top desk. Ms. Tight Pants could not afford the bus for a good three weeks due to complete lack of any and all money, including change. Introducing such an individual into a college campus where the yearly tuition is somewhere around \$34,000 (\$900 for us financial aid poverty stricken midwesterners!), is gonna cause problems. The phrase "class consciousness" would not be out of place, I assure you! I immediately bonded with another student who was even more broke than me, to the point



of not even having running water! Let's hear it for poverty! I even lost a friend when we were in New York and she suggested to me (and my boyfriend at the time) that we go out for sushi, which I had never tried before. I objected, on financial grounds, and she said that I should stop "refusing" to try new things, when, of course, a simple look in my wallet would indicate that I was in no position to try new things, especially \$20 raw fish! (And especially not when generic cereal can be had for a mere two bucks!) Jesus! Of course, my hatred for the student populace could only grow.

Disadvantage #4.) Since no one has ever experienced any actual problems, tragedies, etc. everyone feels like they must concoct some sort of disadvantaged subculture. Persecuted hippies, rich boys and girls who are "disadvantaged" because their privileged upbringing never allowed them to hang out with the

Raw Food, Trotsky, & more!

fabled working class, and more! And then there's the fake hip hop boys. "Yeah dude, me and my homies, ya know, we rap on the streets or whatever, ya know, wherever the pigs won't harrass us." And the raps in question are usually along the lines of "Racist, sexist pigs on the street/Taking away our right to eat and committing the crime of eating meat/While the genocide keeps on and on/ Till all the oppressed people are dead and gone." Where's Snoop Dogg when you need him?

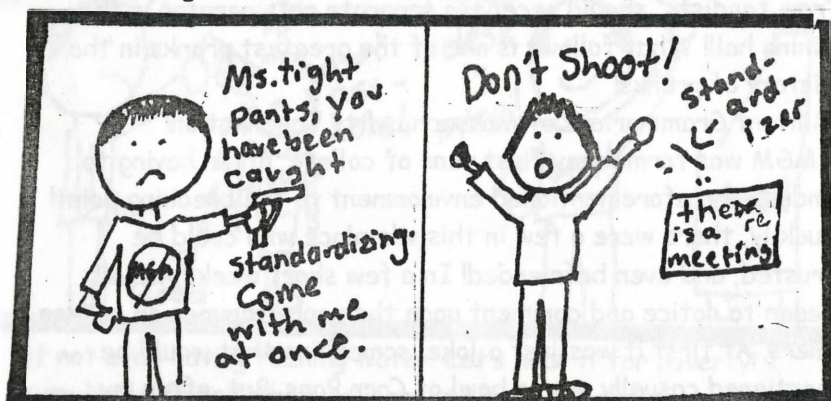
Out of this climate of resentment, lack of money, and general isolation, came the Militant Grammarians of Massachusetts--an organization designed to shake the very foundations of our great college! To eliminate the complacency that comes when the most controversial debate centers around whether or not "raw foodists" should receive a separate refrigerator in the dining hall! What follows is one of the greatest pranks in the history of pranks!

Militant Grammarians of Massachusetts Take Action!

MGM was formed my first year of college, after having to endure the aforementioned environment to the breaking point! Luckily, there were a few in this vile place who could be trusted, and even befriended! In a few short weeks, we all began to notice and comment upon the poor grammer on college fliers. At first it was just a joke, something that would be mentioned casually over a bowl of Corn Pops. But, after my comrades and I noticed that the grammar on our college fliers was, in fact, appalling and generally indicative of such a high level of stupidity that we had to wonder if perhaps a combination of the CIA and the collective members of Phish were funding it directly, we knew something had to changel! After seeing a few too many fliers that advertised "meetings for parents and they're sons and duaghters" an eighteen year-old, bow-tie-wearing revolutionary by the name of Orion decided that he had to take action! Following in the footsteps of all great revolutionaries, from Leon Trotsky to the members of the Strike, he knew that the time for complacency had ended! "It's time to take action!" he exclaimed!

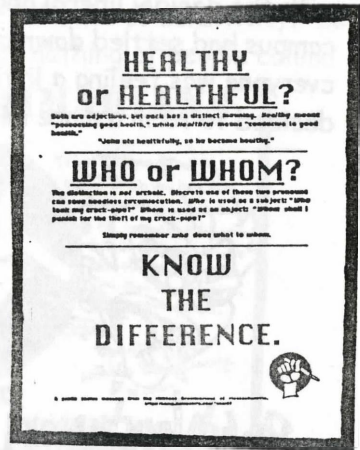
Comrades, SDS, & Semicolons

That very day, Orion founded the Militant Grammarians of Massachusetts, calling for an end to all ungrammatical uses of language! He immediately summoned his closest, most trusted comrades: myself and seven others. We were assigned revolutionary red Sharpies, for which we used the revolutionary word "standardizers." Each standardizer had our operative number engraved on it. Although for years I was not allowed to divulge this sensitive information, out of concern for my personal safety, today I am considerably less at risk and can reveal to you that my operative number was seven. We were ordered to carry our standardizer at all times, and to exercise caution, lest any comrade be captured while in the act of standardizing.



Like SNCC, SDS, and the Kellogg corporation, we started out small, standardizing only a few fliers, and only those with the most grievous errors. We concentrated our attentions on such common mistakes as the misuse of their/there/they're and who/whom. We posted informational posters explaining the differences between these words, in hopes of educating our revolutionary brothers and sisters. We corrected "B4" to read "before" and "wanna" to "want to." "Chess Club Meeting 6:30pm library" became "There will be a chess club meeting at 6:30pm in the library," etc. etc. Every single flier had at least one grammatical mistake, and therefore every single flier was

"standardized" appropriately. You could not walk two minutes in any direction without being enlightened by the MGM's grammatical corrections! Of course, we should have known that the college population was too well invested in capitalism and conservative American politics! They did not understand (some might say hated) our bold, radical message of grammar liberation! They failed to draw the obvious connection between ourselves and say, the Freedom Riders!

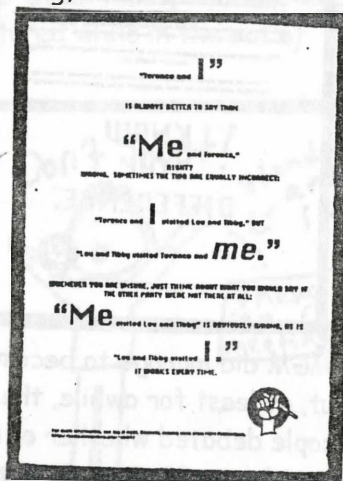
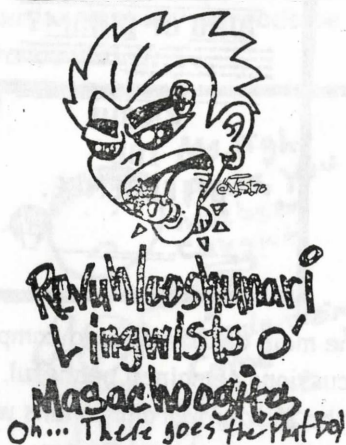


MGM did manage to become the main debate around campus, but, at least for awhile, the discussions remained peaceful. People debated whether or not the Militant Grammarians were Republicans, Nazis, or Amherst College students. (Note: possibility of being all of the above!). However, no one rushed to create any sort of oppositional movement. We were confident that we could gain support from the rank and file and start a revolutionary grassroots grammar movement the likes of which the world had never seen before! We spent our nights reading Che, Marx, and life history of IWW leader Big Bill Haywood! We debated by revolutionary candlelight all of the finer points of our organization--whether or not fliers called for complete sentences or if run-on sentences were acceptable in that context, whether or not e.e.cummings-esque lower-case letters were permissible, and so on. Tensions grew over these important issues, and rivalries within the organization became more and more pronounced.

Mr. Adolf & the Cloak of Darkness

Eventually, the inevitable happened. The Militant Grammarians of Massachusetts, while publicly remaining one cohesive group, began to divide along ideological lines. I know, I know, it shouldn't have happened! We should have learned from the lessons of our revolutionary ancestors!

But after a few weeks, some of the operatives, by which I mean Operative #4 and myself, started to get disillusioned with the decidedly liberal and nonradical tactics of MGM. The campus had settled down a bit from our initial attacks, and everyone was feeling a little complacent and useless. So, we decided to form a more militant wing, and that's when the

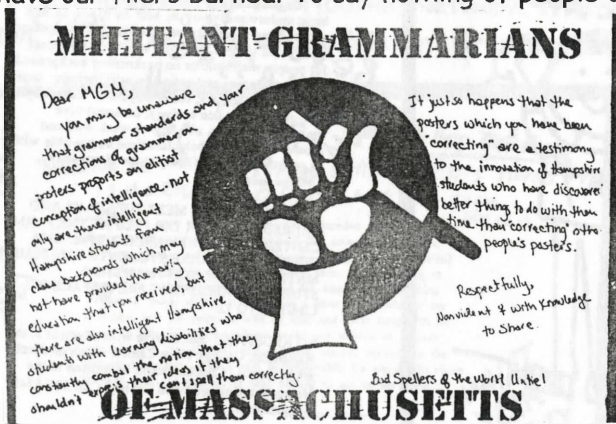


trouble began! If you've never had to live through the reaction of a rich, liberal, white community after making graffiti into complete sentences, well then, you've never truly lived! In no time at all, the entire campus was in an uproar, with anti-revolutionary slogans and threats flying left and right! Our fliers were BURNED off the bulletins boards where we placed them under the cloak of darkness, and replaced with the fliers for a new, anti-revolutionary organization called The Revuhlooshunari Lingwists o' Masachoosits! As we slept, we dreamt of Salem's witch trials and Hitler's massive public book burnings! We awoke in cool sweats, glad that we had made it to see another day! The school newspaper and alternative newspaper were full of angry letters. One individual, identifying herself only by the phrase "Nonviolent woman (with the symbol

Communiques & Battlefields!

instead of the word) with Knowledge to Share," defaced an MGM flier, and accused us of classism! In no time at all, the entire campus was convinced that we were all classist, racist, sexist, and homophobic! Not a single person publicly stated that they believed it was a joke! We had completely fooled the entire campus! In not more than one month's time!

Of course, we knew that the college we went to was known for trampling on one's freedom of speech, but we never thought that we would be a victim of their "climate of sensitivity." Let alone have our fliers burned! To say nothing of people calling



for our expulsion! Luckily, all of the operatives of MGM were well aware of the struggles that previous revolutionary organizations had faced, and we took these historical lessons with us to our grammatical battlefield. For example, many from within the black community claimed that the Black Panthers were too radical for their own good! Many argued against unionizing non-skilled workers in the United States! We knew that, in the long run, the radicals were right, and that we had to learn from their resolve!

So, we became even more secretive than before. Our leader, Orion/Operative #1 was the only MGM member to have gone public. The rest of us operated undercover, assisting in our fearless leader's attempts to explain the organization to the community through the publication of several articles, and even the development of an MGM website! Our communiques were

Emmanuel Fried, Stalin, et. al!

signed "Orion (Operative #1) with help from Operatives #2-9." Sadly, not all of our members were as resolute and steadfast as the Emmanuel Fried-esque Orion. One individual quit the organization out of fear of reprisals by the community, and the other was dismissed due to lack of vigilance. In both cases, we



BEGINNING BEEKEEPING

taught by Tim Black

To successfully keep bees one must have a basic understanding of the bee, its lifecycle and the seasonal management of the hive. This course is intended to be a hands-on learning experience for people with little or no beekeeping background. The topics and activities will include: basic equipment assembly, the life cycle of the honey bee, elementary bee biology, seasonal hive management skills, and how to work with and around bees. As much class time as possible will be spent working the hives at the Hampshire College apiary.

THE COURSE WILL MEET TUESDAYS AND THURSDAYS FROM 1:00 - 3:00 AT THE FARM CENTER, STARTING MARCH 2, 1998. \$125 FEE FOR HAMPSHIRE STUDENTS, \$250 PLUS MATERIALS FOR NON-HAMPSHIRE STUDENTS. REGISTER EARLY! SPACE IS LIMITED TO 12.

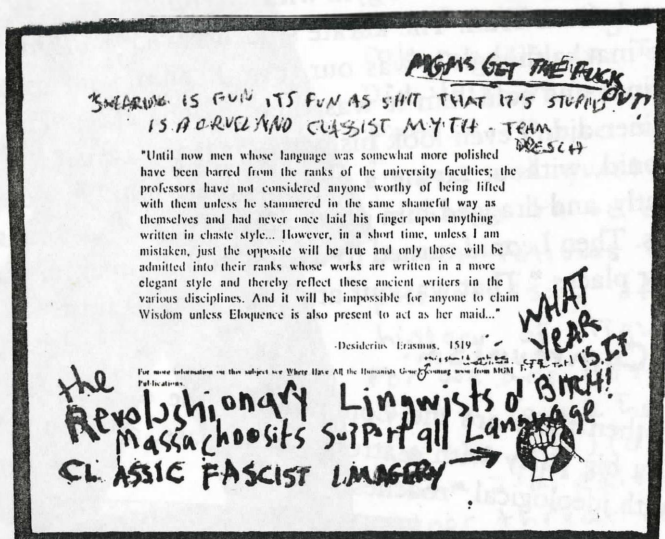
TO REGISTER: See Kaycie with payment at the Hampshire College Farm Center. Cash or checks are accepted. Checks should be written to the Hampshire College Farm Center. Call 582-5348 for questions.

required that the standardizer be returned, due to security concerns.

As the fight against MGM escalated, several prominent members of the campus called for the organization to be banned and its members brought before the school disciplinary/expulsion committee, in a move reminiscent of Colonel Stalin himself! But we would not be moved! We continued standardizing, especially the more militant and radical operatives. "Was up?" continued to be standardized to read "What is up?" and "Rock 'n' Roll" continued to be standardized to the more grammatical "Rock and roll." We were not about to give up! The burning of fliers continued! And angry letters begin to fill the mailboxes of head administrative officials! But Orion would not be moved! We finished the year with a frenzied rush of standardizing, enraging anyone and everyone.

Don't Mourn! Standardize!

Sadly, our brave, brave leader decided to transfer to the University of Chicago, leaving behind a deeply divided organization, prone to in-fighting and ideological disputes. In a shockingly short period, we went from a proud, noble revolutionary fighting force to a mere shadow of that strength. And then, we simply disintegrated. Maybe it was the death threats. Maybe it was laziness. Maybe it was the decision to devote more time to other revolutionary organizations, such as Students for a Free Cereal Distribution Network. Whatever the reason, all that remains of the Militant Grammarians of



Massachusetts are a few charred fliers, and the hopes of a brighter future. A future where every man, woman, and child will know to avoid split infinitives and fully understand the semi-colon. A future where the basic laws of grammar will be enforced by a global revolutionary organization. Every few months, I pull out my old standardizer from my desk and stare at it with nostalgia and hope for a more grammatical future. And then I remember that I graduated from college a few months ago and never have to deal with those stupid people again. Punk rock!



I am
Insane!

On
Karate:

Quotes from Pres. Putin!

From: a book you'll never read!

Once we went to the gym with Leonid Ionovich, the senior coach from Trud. The karate students were working out on the mat, although it was our turn. Leonid went up to their trainer and told him it was time for our class. The karate trainer didn't even look his way—as if to say, get lost. Then Leonid, without saying a word, flipped him, squeezed him lightly, and dragged him off the mat. He had lost consciousness. Then Leonid turned to us and said, "Go on in and take your places." That was our attitude toward karate.

On Communism:

And then there are the Communists—the only large-scale, really big party with a strong social base, albeit one infested with ideological "roaches."

On Killing People:

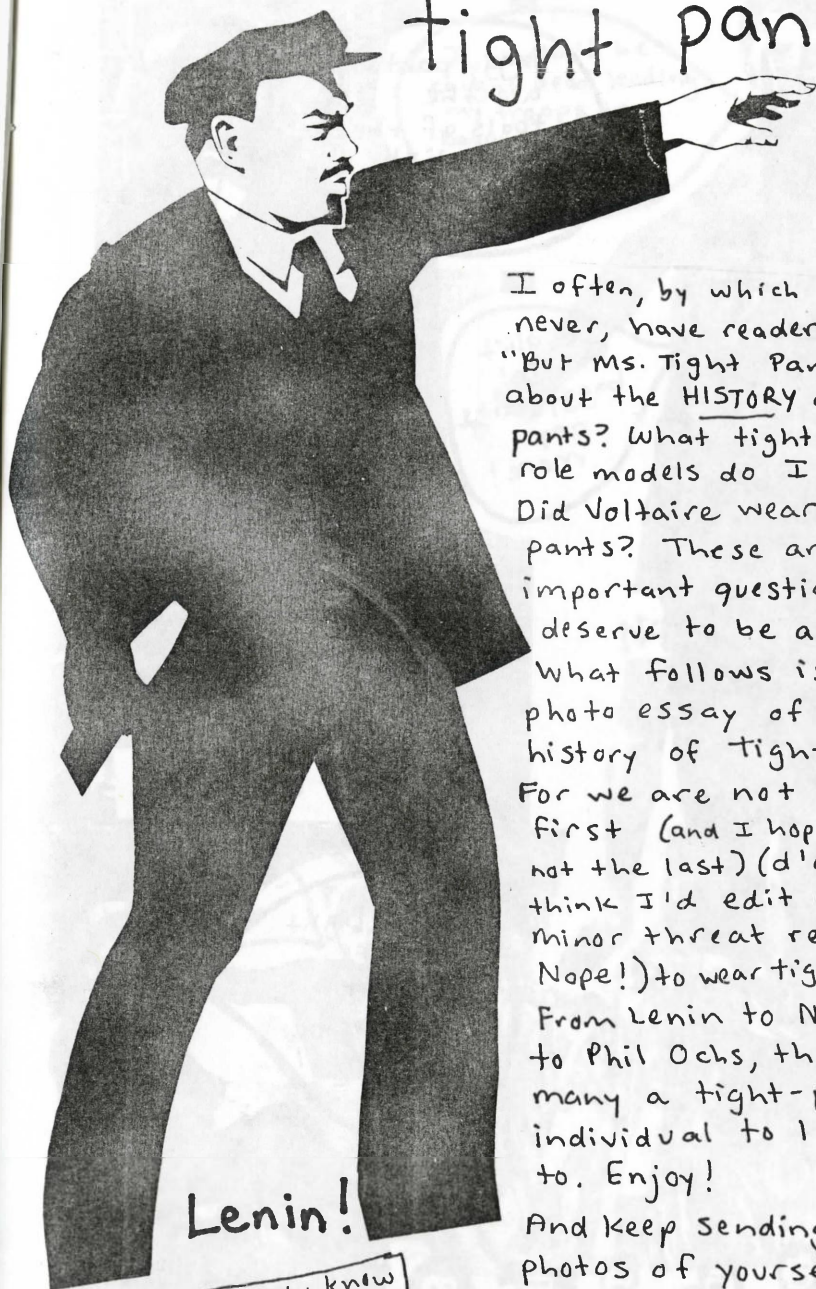
Once you did get into an accident, though. You ran over a man.

It wasn't my fault. He jumped in front of me or something. . . . Decided to put an end to his life. . . . I don't know what on earth he was doing. He was an idiot. He ran off after I hit him.

They say you chased him.

What? You think I hit a guy with my car and then tried to chase him down? I'm not a beast. I just got out of the car.

Go Forth & Wear tight pants!



Lenin!

If you didn't already know
that, then you're an idiot!



I often, by which I mean
never, have readers ask me,
"But Ms. Tight Pants, what
about the HISTORY of tight
pants? What tight-panted
role models do I have?
Did Voltaire wear tight
pants? These are all
important questions, and
deserve to be answered.

What follows is a
photo essay of the
history of Tight Pants!

For we are not the
first (and I hope we're
not the last) (d'oh-you'd
think I'd edit out the
minor threat references?
Nope!) to wear tight pants!

From Lenin to Napoleon
to Phil Ochs, there is
many a tight-panted
individual to look up
to. Enjoy!

And keep sending in
photos of yourself
wearing tight pants- I'll
put 'em in TP #10 & give you
a punk rock tight pants pin!

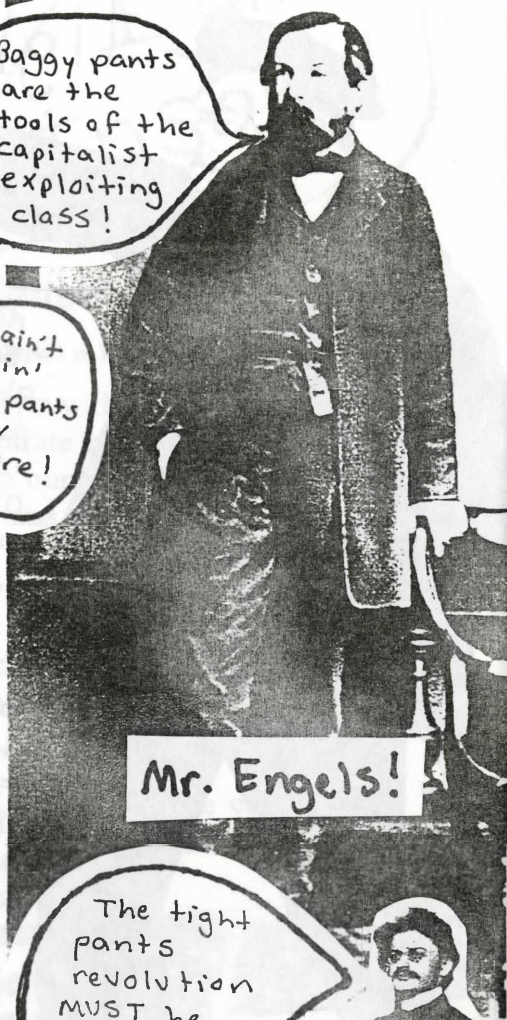
Tight Pants Throughout History!



Phil Ochs!

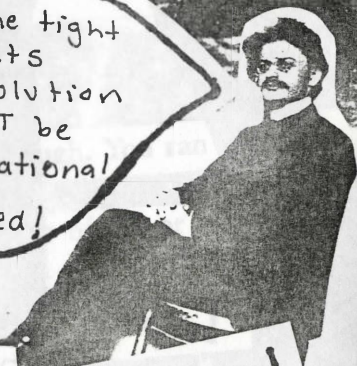
Baggy pants
are the
tools of the
capitalist
exploiting
class!

I ain't
wearin'
baggy pants
any
more!



Mr. Engels!

The tight
pants
revolution
MUST be
international
to
succeed!



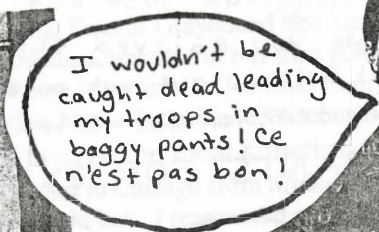
Trotsky!



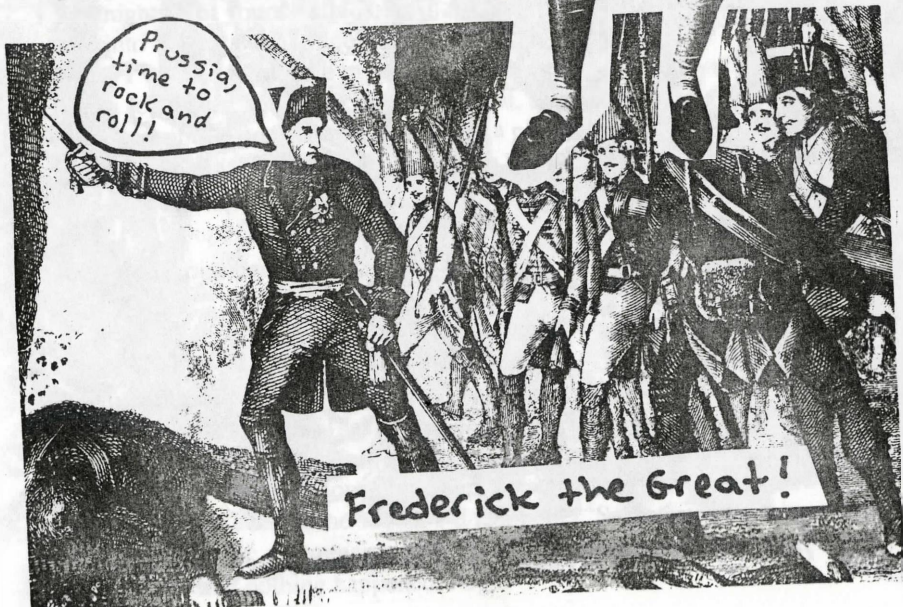
So historical! So tight!



Voltaire!



Napoleon!



Frederick the Great!

The End of History!

Nope, not a Hegelian, just out of space!

D'oh! I hope you enjoyed this historical lesson! Feel free to cut out and submit to your history teacher for extra credit!

TIGHT PANTS FOR EVERYONE!



that's the
tight panted
child labors
of the world!

Help
fund our
union -
the
TPCLW!

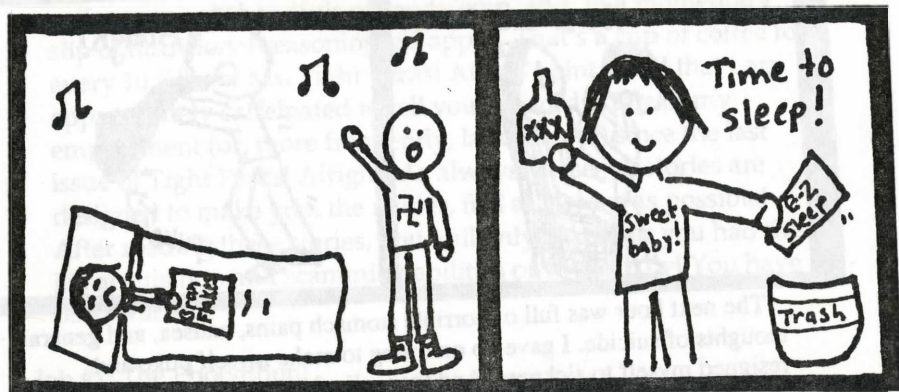


Young Pennsylvania Coal Miners (1910)

I Don't Wanna Throw Up!

Attention Punk Rockers and Fans of Greyhound Bus Stories! Today is your lucky day! After countless, uneventful bus trips across this great nation, I finally have a funny story to tell! I've been from Wisconsin to Wyoming and back, and to Massachusetts and Wisconsin and back, but it took a much shorter trip to create the ideal situation for humor!

I was taking the Greyhound to Chicago from Minneapolis, and had purposely chosen the midnight bus. I reasoned that I might be able to get some sleep and thus have the ride go by a little faster, based on the idea that you should always try to have crappy things coincide with sleep.



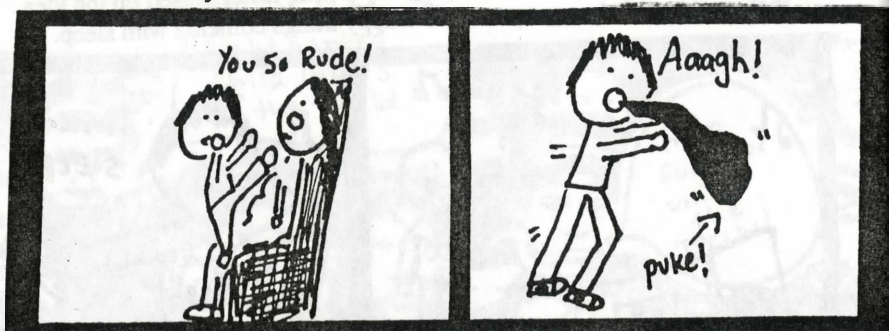
(Which is why I listen to The Clash's "Cut the Crap" LP, eat All Bran cereal, and hang out with Nazi skinheads ONLY when I'm asleep!) Of course, what self-respecting punk rocker normally goes to bed at midnight? Not yours truly! And what's the number one punk rock way to fall into a deep sleep? Alcohol!

So, I went to a bar with my roommate HJ before getting on the bus. I had a few beers, and drank something that, to quote HJ, "is guaranteed to fuck you up." After working my way to a perfect state of stumbling drunkenness, I left for the bus station. I got on the bus, collapsed onto my seat, and listened to about five minutes of Green Day's "Nimrod" cd (OH NO! Unpunk! Why couldn't I have lied and said, "Yeah, dude, I put on a rare Crass bootleg." I am a dork! Ack!), and then passed out! Alright!

I woke up around 5 in the morning feeling about as nauseous as I felt when I had to sit through a Cretins show full of super-tanned preppy girls taking off their shirts for the jocks in the band! I mentally took note of the space between my seat and the bathroom. Close enough. I lied down, grabbing my stomach, and trying to think of anything other than puking. After about an hour, I gave up; I knew that I was gonna throw up and the sooner I did it, the sooner I'd feel better. So I started thinking of disgusting things: mayonnaise, sour cream, the covers to several GG Allin LPs...and nothing happened. Argh.

Horrible Tragedies & Lechery!

At that point, the bus stopped and a bunch of people got on. I tried my best to look like the half-drunk, half-hung-over I-Will-Puke-At-Any-Moment individual that I was. I sprawled out all over my seat and put my hooded sweatshirt over my face. Normally, this would be enough to avoid anyone, except maybe some especially lecherous man. But all of a sudden I felt a duffel bag fall into my lap! No! No! Please! I sat up and saw a very large black woman standing over me. "Move," she said. I quickly debated whether or not I should tell her of my stomach woes, and how I need to be close to the bathroom or else risk some horrible tragedy, but decided to just move over.



The next hour was full of horrible stomach pains, nausea, and general thoughts of suicide. I gave up on trying to make myself puke and resigned myself to sickness. And then, all of a sudden, I knew that I had to puke IMMEDIATELY! There was no holding back! In a panic, and without saying anything or making any attempt to be polite, I climbed over the huge stomach of the woman next to me, ignoring her cries of, "You so rude!" practically MOUNTING her, and RAN to the bathroom! By this point, the eyes of the entire bus were on me! I grabbed the bathroom door, from about a foot and a half away, and then I couldn't hold back anymore! Puke! Puke! And more puke!

I ran through the puke on the floor, into the bathroom, and closed the door, puking all the way! And, from in the bathroom, the puking continued! I puked until the puke started seeping out under the door out into the hallway, where it joined its sister puke from the outside, meeting cries of "Yuck!" from the unfortunate passengers at the back of the bus. Miraculously, I had avoided getting any puke on me, except for a little bit on my pants, and a ton on my shoes. I cleaned off my shoes and pants, contemplated trying to clean up the floor, decided that was impossible, and left the stench behind and returned to my seat, under the watchful eyes of the bus passengers. Upon getting to my seat, the woman next to me moved over in her seat, giving me at least a foot of extra room. Then she gave me a look of disgusted contempt and uttered my favorite three words yet on any Greyhound bus, "Damn, you nasty!"

All hail the Greyhound bus! The End!



I am broke!

A long and sordid tale
of poverty, dejection, &
woe! For shame!

Ack! Eeck! In the past six hours, I have consumed TEN cups of coffee, a couple handfuls of candy corn, and, in a momentary slip of nutritional reasoning, an apple. That's a cup of coffee for every 10.5 lbs of Ms. Tight Pants! At this point, I feel that I am appropriately caffeinated to tell you the sordid tale of my employment (or, more frequently, lack thereof) since the last issue of Tight Pants! Alright! As always, these job stories are designed to make you, the reader, feel as jealous as possible! After reading these stories, you will only wish that you had the job acquisition and scamming abilities of yours truly! You have been warned!

Job #1: The Phonathon!

Sometimes, in order to get the ideal job, you need to advance through the ranks, inspire trust in your superiors, be a team-player, make a solid contribution, and then... screw everyone over as quickly and thoroughly as possible! Such was the case with the alumni phonathon at my college. While at college, I worked there every year for a night or two a week, supplementing my meager earnings from various other shit jobs (not to mention the wealth and riches that Tight Pants brought in—yachts, naked girls, weekends in Milan...). We called alums and asked them to give money to the school. I made six bucks an hour and got free pizza. About as exciting as the latest issue of Spin, right? Right!

But finally, years of hard work paid off and I rose through the ranks and became The Most Trusted Phonathon Employee. This feat was accomplished by a.) actually showing up to work, which most people neglected to do, b.) becoming the top fundraiser, entirely due to the fact that most of my co-workers were stoned hippies who couldn't remember their own name or the name of the college, and who couldn't understand, "why the school, like, needs money, ya know?" and c.) having as a boss the niece of Marky Ramone (I kid you not!) who told me lots of top-secret Ramones tales that, sadly, I cannot divulge here. (Another reason

Real Elephants & the Ramones!

to become a close, personal friend of Ms. Tight Pants!) After we became friends (a friendship that was solidified by me and my phonathon friend Zach taking her out to eat at Kahunaville—a rainforest themed restaurant (Middle-aged woman eating in Kahunaville, "Oh my God! It's all so BEAUTIFUL! Look, honey! Is that a real elephant? Once again, I kid you not!) at which point she gave me SIGNED, OLD CONVERSE SHOES FROM MARKY RAMONE as a graduation present! He even misspells his own name on one of the shoes, spelling it, "Marky Ranone." Stupid! Rock! The result of all of the above? I was allowed to work the



phonathon WITHOUT supervision with my friend Zach! I was gonna be my own boss! D.I.Y., dude! Plus, I was given my boss's credit card and told to order whatever food we wanted! Punk-rock! So, at first we'd show up to work on time, order some \$30 Indian food, and call alums. Then we started arriving an hour late to work, then two hours...And since our boss wasn't there (and even if she was, she probably wouldn't care that much), it didn't matter! As long as we managed to raise at least a little money each night, all was well! We ate huge \$30-40 meals several times a week! Such a change from my normal diet of macaroni and cheese and more macaroni and cheese!

Having wine and dined on fine cuisine, we were becoming a little bit complacent. Content to just eat a \$15 Thai dinner, we were quickly in danger of losing our scamming edge! We knew that we had to seriously expand the scamming possibilities of this job. We had the following tools at our disposal: a credit card, phones, a key to the office, and a scam punk philosophy! So, we started going out to eat at restaurants instead of ordering in. We would write down that we had been at work from 6-10pm, when in fact,

Stockpiling of Pink Highlighters!

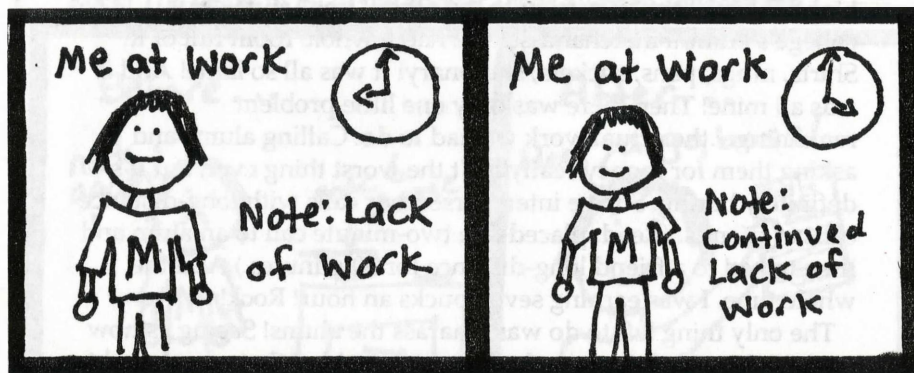
we had been out to eat from 6-8pm, had charged it to the aforementioned credit card, and then worked for maybe half an hour and went home! Alright!

Then we decided to take advantage of our facilities. While calling alums, I would simultaneously xerox my zine in the downstairs office! I also stole every last bit of office supplies I could get my hands on! Highlighters, pens, staples, paperclips, phones, paper, folders, and more! Tight Pants #8 was able to have a partially pink cover directly as a result of my stockpiling of pink highlighters! Then, it was on to the other "free" stuff—my college's alumni merchandise! We had a whole room full of it! Shirts, mugs, pens, stickers, stationary! It was all so lame! And it was all mine! Then there was only one little problem remaining...the actual work we had to do. Calling alums and asking them for money really isn't the worst thing ever, but it's definitely boring. So, we interspersed our calls with long-distance calls to friends. (Read: placed one two-minute call to an alum and then talked to a friend long-distance for 60 minutes.) And the whole time, I was earning seven bucks an hour! Rock!

The only thing left to do was...harass the alums! Seeing as how we both have rather normal names, we decided that we needed to get a little creative. So, we became: Snoozy, Lil' Charlemagne, Lady, Svengalia, Dudley, Muscles McSwervey, and more! Imagine calling an alum and saying, "Hi, this is Lil' Charlemagne, and I'm just calling to see if you'd like to donate to the Alumni Fund this year." How about, "Yes, this is Muscles McSwervey. Just calling to see how everyone's going up in Maine this fall!" Sometimes Zach had a lot of trouble getting through these conversations without laughing, and, on one occasion, after identifying himself as a seventh-year Div II student (being "Div II" at our school is like being a sophomore or junior somewhere else), burst out laughing. He tried to cover the phone, cough, anything to prevent the alum from realizing what was going on. Finally, he handed the phone to me. Note: I am a reasonable person, but if someone messes up their own prank call, I'm not gonna get involved! Case closed! So I hung up the phone. Then we looked at the page of information we had about the alum. She had given \$500 every year! If we got her to give again, we would have raised enough money to go home right then! So, we HAD to call her back! It was either that or keep calling alums for at least another hour, trying to get around \$500. Zach was clearly in no condition to re-attempt this call. So I called

Vague, Unintelligible Ways!

back and said, "I think one of my co-workers was having some technical problems with the phone." To which the alum replied, "I think that your co-worker is on drugs! And I suggest that you talk to him and ask him to behave in a more professional manner. This is COMPLETELY unacceptable He needs to come to work sober!!" I mumbled something like, "Yep, I hear what you're saying, yep that's definitely a valid point" and eventually ended up getting the money out of her anyways. Alright! Even better were the messages we left on people's answering machines. A lucky few



alums got to hear/were subjected to me playing Mary Had A Little Lamb on the piano while Zach sang and let some sort of message that, in some vague, unintelligible way, had something to do with our college.

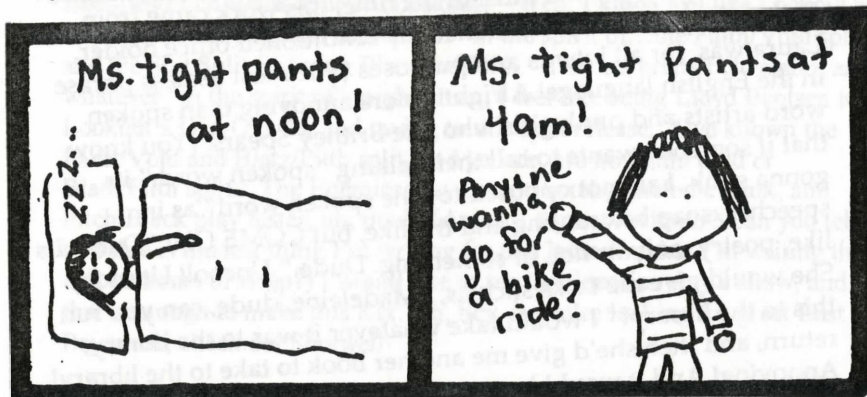
Amazingly, not one alum complained to our boss! Let's hear it for alternative, punk and hippie schools! Ms. Tight Pants 1, Jobs 0!

Job #2: The Hampshire Fund

In a movement of sheer genius, I managed to gain employment over the summer for the exact same office! Only this time, I wasn't calling alums! Nope, this time I was DOING NOTHING. How can I best explain this to you? Think of the word "nothing." Think of what that word indicates in this context. Yep, that's right. NO WORK. I am most serious when I say this. I was hired to be some sort of office assistant, along with the aforementioned Zach, and two other friends. Forty hours a week, uh, sort of. For the first two weeks, I sat in the air-conditioned office of a very disturbed lesbian who liberally uses the word "dude." She was on vacation and needed to me, "Ya know, dude, just figure out some of this stuff for me, dude." What that stuff was or what I was supposed

Sniffin' Glue & Paul Westerberg!

to do with it, I'll never know. I sat there, answered email, read the Sniffin' Glue book (and determined that it was actually a pretty shitty zine, and, at any rate, was nothing compared to Punk! The U.S. is better than England! Oh yes!) and left often to go into town, go to the library, post office, friend's houses, etc. For this, I was paid seven bucks an hour! Rock! The only downside was that I had to wake up at 8 in the morning. Yuck! My ideal sleep schedule does not accommodate such intrusions!



Eventually Laura, the dude-loving lesbian, returned, and I had to move to a different office. Where I sat, and sat, and sat. This office had a lot of magazines in it, though, so I got to read Time, Newsweek, and People. Wanna know the REAL causes of Road Rage? Wanna know who Winona Ryder is dating this week? (Actually, I bet a lot of you boys do, 'cause Ms. Ryder is hot stuff in most punk circles—is it because she once said that the Replacements are her favorite band? Is it because she dated Dave Pirner of Soul Asylum—who used to not suck quite so badly back when they were on Twin Tone—, or is it just because she's, like, a total babe, and everyone wants to do her? Or it is all of the above?!) Wanna know what diet can help you lose ten pounds in two days? Too bad, 'cause I forgot!

Of course, this job had similar perks to the phonathon position—free office supplies, phone calls, and xeroxing. And the ability to completely and totally falsify hours! I handed in pay slips for the entire week BEFORE I even started working! And no one even noticed! I would also not come in to work and still fill out the pay slip for that day, leave early and put down that I left at 5pm, and other violations of the unspoken worker's code of ethics! And I never got caught! Of course, this was due in some part to my boss

Dude, this is too long, dude!

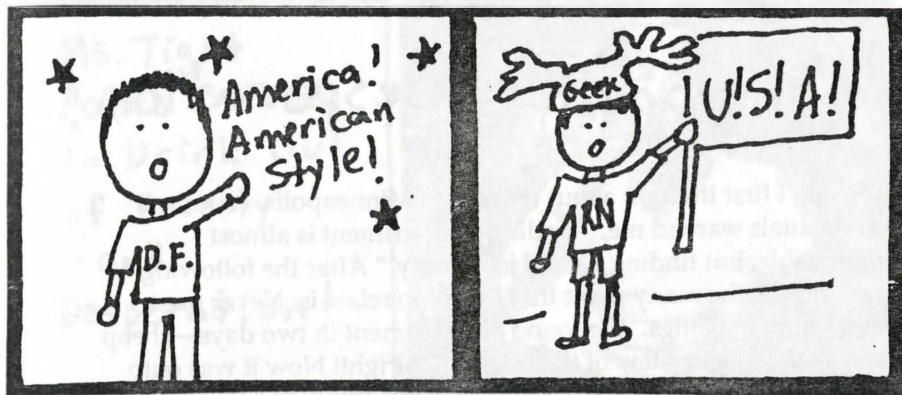
not caring that much, but there's a limit to how much one cannot care and still be a boss (dude, especially in today's crapitalist society!). And there's the fact that a different woman altogether—a middle-aged, frizzy-haired basketcase by the name of Pauline—processed my pay slips. And she certainly wouldn't stand for any deception!

Every once in a great while (maybe for an hour every other day) I had to do some work. Most of the time, this work came from Laura, the previously-mentioned air-conditioned office holder. Laura was, for all intents and purposes (The most useless phrase in the English language! Alright!) more annoying than spoken word artists and punk girls who like Britney Spears. (You know that if someone wants to call their talking "spoken word," its gonna stink, I am not opposed to "the spoken word" as in speeches, soap box ranting and the like, but COME ON! "Dude. Its like, poetry, only its not, or something. Dude." Uncool! Uncool!). She would give me tasks such as, "Madeleine, dude, can you run this to the library?" I would take whatever it was to the library, return, and then she'd give me another book to take to the library! Annoying! And it would happen three or four times! Sometimes she would give me these long lists of stuff I had to do, most of which was completely incomprehensible. I would ignore the list, and usually Laura would forget about it. On the rare occasion that she did not, I would claim to have done whatever the jobs were, and she would always forget to check. I only ran into trouble with one project. Laura came up to me one day, and asked me to get "some toe pegs" from some office and bring them to her office. Problem: What the fuck were toe pegs? I asked her, "Toe pegs?" to which she responded, "Yeah, ya know, toe pegs." At this point, I decided that I would just forget about this toe peg weirdness altogether. I did ask my friends/co-workers if they knew what a toe peg was, and some of them guessed that it was some sort of device for a table, but that seemed really complicated, so I dropped the matter altogether. It became a running joke that I was supposed to get "toe pegs"—a concise summary for what I did all summer—something that I don't really understand, and that doesn't really need to be done and therefore is NOT going to be done. So, after a few weeks of joking about toe pegs, Laura comes up to me (in front of Zach and Matt—two of my friends/coworkers) and said, "Yo, Madeleine dude, when are you gonna get those toe pegs?" "Huh?" "Ya know, tote bags." At this point, it was all too clear! Finally, I knew that which had to be

Colin Powell & Keith Morris!

done! (Catch that Russian lit reference, Tight Pants scholars?) The result of this revelation? I started laughing fairly uncontrollably and tried to turn away from Laura, but she proceeded to follow me and Zach, and every time she said "tote bags" I started laughing again, and my face was all red, and I was almost crying!

At one point, it got so bad that I had to run up some stairs to get away from her! I don't know what the fuck this woman could have thought about what I was doing—essentially running up stairs and into offices while laughing at her talking about picking up some bags, but well, it happened. And then Zach and I went to pick up the toe pegs in question, and all was well.



The other individual I worked for once every two weeks or so was named Kevin Brown, but everyone called him KB. KB was a fat black man, with a goatee and an penchant for wearing white spandex shorts around the office. His office was decorated with Colin Powell propaganda—photos, bumper stickers, pins, etc. (Proving once again, that people will vote for ANYONE if they are a member of that person's subculture. Although, really, can you blame him? I know that I'd vote for Dr. Frank, Rev. Norb or Keith Morris for president and I have almost no clue as to where their political allegiances lie! Would Keith Morris' slogan be "I Just Want Some Skank: Morris for President"? How about "Gimme Gimme Grape Juice (to give to the hard-working American people)"? Or "America, American Style"? Anyways, KB usually avoided causing me any real troubles, except for one time, when he confronted me about "a situation." "Madeleine," he said, "Its seems that we have a bit of a situation in the first floor of our office." He took me over there, and pointed out the "situation" in question. My coffee mug, in the sink. "It is everyone's responsibility to clean up after themselves. And your actions have

Republican Freaks & The Clash!

upset a lot of people." (I must point out that my mug had been in the sink for no more than two hours.) Let's hope that we can resolve this situation quickly and avoid a repeat occurrence." Uh, okay. (?) I cleaned my mug and vowed to keep a greater distance between this personal-responsibility-loving republican freak and myself.

When the summer came to an end, I bid farewell to the yet another excellent shit job, and prepared to move to Minneapolis. Little did I know what would await. (Note: painfully obvious foreshadowing.)

Minneapolis = desperation!

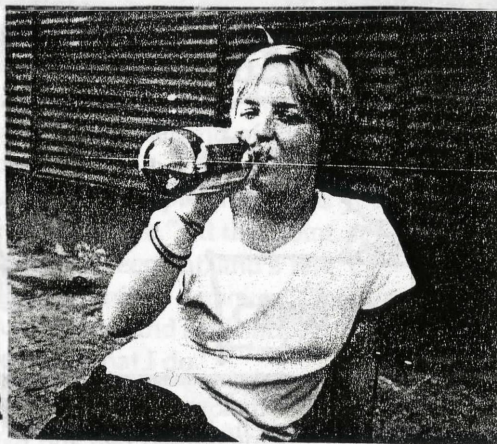
When I first thought about moving to Minneapolis, countless individuals warned me, "Finding an apartment is almost impossible, but finding a good job is easy." After the following experience, the many point that I want to relate is: Never trust other human beings. We found an apartment in two days—cheap and with a scenic view of the freeway. Alright! Now it was onto the job search! I was fairly confident in my ability to acquire some sort of job that wasn't completely horrible, and maybe even some sort of job that I liked. How wrong I was! Ah, the hubris of a college graduate who is foolish to believe that, somehow, the combination of her knowledge of Russian literature, the history of Lucky Charms, and the collected works of the Replacements is enough to gain employment! I sent out AT LEAST thirty resumes.

I applied for jobs as a secretary, substitute teacher, union organizer, waitress, low-income housing coordinator, AIDS educator, retail sales associate, temp worker, college admissions office worker, library assistant, women's shelter worker, and more! And how many of these jobs did I get? None! The first month I spent in Minneapolis was a hellish ordeal, roughly equivalent to being forced to hang out with a bunch of Exploited fans while doing PCP and listening to grindcore. Yes, it was that bad! Everyday, Ms. Tight Pants would wake up around 9am, go to some job interview, come home, mail out more resumes, go to another job interview, repeat. What was I doing wrong? I am a respectable American citizen! I love God, my country, and the first two Clash albums! I deserve a job!

Annoying & Crappy Aspects!

My lack of employment completely drained the Tight Pants coffers, forcing me to have to walk everywhere because a.) I couldn't afford the bus, and b.) I couldn't afford to buy a bike. On one day alone, I counted not one, not two, but THREE hours spent walking! In one day, I walked for a period equal to listening to the Cleveland Bound Death Sentence cd ten times! Curses! Of course, if I had been walking somewhere fun or if I had been walking around just for the hell of it, it would have been fine. But I was forced to walk to stupid job interviews for jobs I never got, all while the first of the month slowly approached and I had no rent money! Argh!

Ms. Tight
Pants Driven
to Drink Out
of Poverty
and
Desperation!



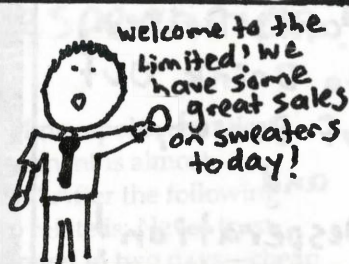
During this time, I applied for a job at the Limited—a very crappy women's clothing store in the Mall of America. I was desperate! I reasoned that, even if I only worked the job for a week and then quit, that would still cover some of my rent. So, I talked to the manager, and he told me to come in for a group interview. I arrived that Wednesday evening, and took my seat along with six other prospective employees. At this point, I must stress that the group interview, even just in theory, is one of the most annoying and crappy aspects of applying for a job. Pitted against each other, each applicant tries to out-do the other, in a battle for a shit job! Does this encourage unity amongst the shit workers? Far from it! Like the militant straightedge movement, the group interview only incites accusations, discomfort, and a hatred for one's fellow man!

The other applicants were almost all white women in their twenties or thirties, preppy, wearing lots of makeup, and high heels. Then there was me, some random jock boy, and a skinny, very gay, black man named Tae (Tay?) who would make the group interview well worth my time! (But more about him later!)

Dreams Becoming Realities!

And then there was the interviewer, a manager at the Limited who we will call The Genius (for reasons which will soon be apparent.) So, The Genius begins the interview with a history of the company, when it started, which exact old fat white man was responsible/to blame, etc. And then he started talking about his own personal history with the company. "I started at the Limited almost by accident. A friend was applying, and she convinced me to put in an application. Never in a thousand years would I have imagined that I'd be here, today, speaking with you as manager. But sometimes, your dreams can become a reality." (I am

Ways to Contribute to Humanity!



definitely NOT making this up! This is as close to an exact quote as I can get---being denied pen and paper to take notes while in the interview.) He continued, "And I realized that retail is my true love. I have never been so satisfied in a job. There is NOTHING more satisfying than helping a customer find something that she wants. I came into this job because I wanted to help people, and I think that that is my greatest contribution---helping others---as a Limited employee. I want to make a difference in the lives of others." At this point, everyone was nodding their heads in complete agreement, no doubt imagining themselves following in the steps of this great man before them. I do believe that I was alone in actually thinking about what The Genius was saying. Working a retail job helps people? Selling over-priced clothes now qualifies for some sort of community service? To be blunt: What the fuck? I was tempted at this point to offer up, "Yeah, that's the main reason I wanna work here. I mean, I used to work for a homeless shelter, but felt like I wasn't really reaching out to people enough. I think that the Limited would offer a much better opportunity to help others." While satisfying, this comment would, no doubt, have gotten me kicked out of the interview, and would have prevented me from being present for the more ridiculous scene that was to come.

Noble Career Paths & Freaks!

The Genius continued in his exultation of the noble career path of retail sales. "And, you know, there's never a day that I don't really want to be here. And I'm serious. Sales is my calling in life. I know how to help people get the items they need. For example, some employees might greet a customer by asking how they are, and, upon hearing the common retort 'Fine,' simply leave the customer alone. Whereas when I hear that answer, I say, 'Come on, you're gonna havta try a new one on me! That one's not good today!' I really think the customers love my easy-going style, and it pays off in being able to increase sales and customer service! Remember, here at the Limited, we exist to help the customers. To improve their lives. To make a difference." At this point, a couple of people actually applauded, and then several people found the need to express complete and total devotion to this man. "You are a genius," one woman gushed. When he kind of shrugged, as if to say, "Aw, come on," she continued. "No, I mean it. You really are a genius. Some people are and some people aren't, and you just are. I think it's obvious to everyone here." At this point, several applicants nodded their heads in agreement, and a few murmured, "Yes, a genius, yes, definitely a genius." The Genius (got it now?) quieted everyone down, and said simply, "Thank you. I appreciate your respect for what I do."

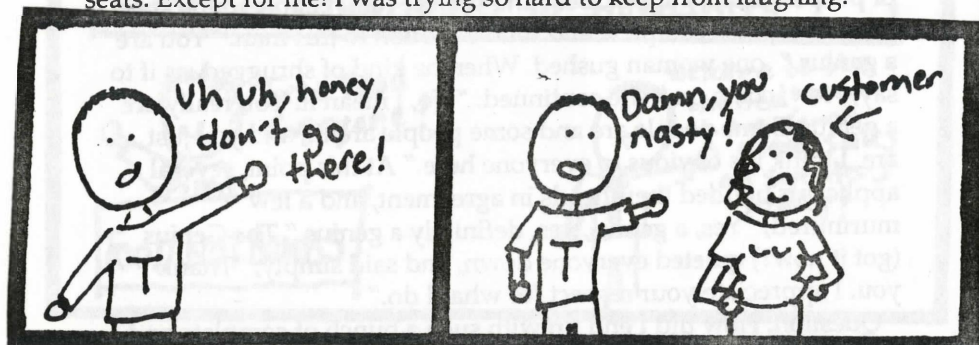
Question: How did I end up with such a bunch of complete and total freaks? The next thing you know, they'll all be taking up residency in some bunker somewhere, loaded down with women's clothing, and bowing down to their genius leader! What is wrong with these people?

So, the Genius' part of the group interview was done, and it was time for us to talk. We went around in a circle and introduced ourselves. Everyone was completely boring until we got to Tay. (Note: Imagine everything Tay says in the most talk-showey-stereotypically-flamboyant-gay-male-way possible!) He started off with, "Hi ladies and boys! My name is Tay and I wanna work here because I totally loves all of the fine fashions you guys expresses! I'm really into drag, and ya know, that's why I don't have any eyebrows, and I love the jewelry here and all of the colors, and I am just so excited to help out all these ladies, you know, whatever, with their fashion!" At this point, a three feet diameter of space around Tay was vacated, and everyone was suddenly looking very confused and upset. He continued, "Ya know, I shop here all the time. I used to work at Macy's but everyone there was so skanky, ya know? So I was like, whatever, I don't need you no more. Bye Bye! And I decided to, you know, work for a more

Sweaters, Sweeties, & Homophobia!

fashionable and sophisticated company." The Genius cleared his throat and said, "Uh, well, very interesting," and quickly asked the next person to introduce themselves.

But Tay came back in full force during the question-and-answer period. The Genius asked, "What were your most and least rewarding customer service experiences?" Everyone, myself included, gave some bullshit answer, except for Tay, who said; "Well, these girls be comin' into my store and be tryin' on size six and I be like, 'Honey, you be saving us both a lot of time if you just try on the 12 first, okay girlfriend?'" The Genius' face expressed a look of horror. Everyone squirmed uneasily in their seats. Except for me! I was trying so hard to keep from laughing!



Tay ruled! Let's hear it for flamboyantly gay men trying to seek employment in an obviously homophobic environment! Let's hear it for not realizing the proper boundaries of a successful interview!

Although disturbed, the Genius pressed on. "How would you greet someone who is coming into the store?" he asked. Tay didn't even wait his turn, and jumped right in! "Well, ya know, I'd like like, ooh honey those are some cute shoes, or if it be like a mans or whatever, I'd be like, honey we got some nice sweaters for you to try on." At this point, one person actually exclaimed, "What?!" But Tay just kept going, until the Genius stopped him with the question, "Well, what if the man wasn't gay?" Tay replied, "Oh, well then I'd be like, sweetie, we have some nice pants you could try." At this point it became clear that Tay actually thought that every man who came into the store was buying women's clothes for himself. The Genius could not stand for that, and had to correct him. "Well, what if the male customer was buying something for his wife or girlfriend?" Tay came right back with the incredible, "Oh damn, I hate that! You don't know if that ho be nasty or what."

Clearly, Tay was not going to get the job. In fact, the Genius informed us early on that he is looking for "only the best people,"

Mr. Vicious, crack, & prostitutes!

and that there was the possibility that he wouldn't even hire ANYONE from the entire interview group! The Limited, after all, has people's lives in its hands; being so concerned about helping others and all; you've got to be picky! Maybe some of the others stood a chance. Since I hardly talked the whole time and almost broke out in laughter at several tense moments in Tay's running commentary, it was not surprising when, a week later, I received a postcard in the mail informing me that I was not Limited material.

Oh well. It went right in the garbage along with a dozen similar letters. So went another day in my life, as I was quickly approaching bankruptcy, and the credit card I had sworn I was never gonna use was quickly accumulating a hefty balance!

So, after calling the temp agency desperately every day, sounding more like Mr. Sid Vicious looking for heroin than a girl looking for a job, and after being told every day that there were no jobs available, "but rest assured that we're looking!" I had to take action. I went and applied at three more temp agencies in two days, filling out endless forms and taking hours and hours of stupid typing tests, reading tests, and bullshitting my way through interviews.

By the time I got to the last temp agency, I was a beaten, dejected tight-panted individual. I contemplated making a sign that said, "Will write stupid stories about myself for food," but rejected it in favor of pressing on to my next series of typing and reading tests. I passed all of the tests with flying colors (65 words per minute with no mistakes, baby!) and assumed that the next step would be an interview. Wrong! I was approached by the receptionist who loaded a new program on the computer I was working on. I glanced at the screen. Oh no! Egads! A personality test! What will they think of next? For the record, as someone who held eleven jobs in the last fiscal year (seriously!), I have encountered these tests before. Question: Showing up to work high on crack with a prostitute is: a.) always acceptable, b.) sometimes acceptable, c.) not sure, d.) sometimes unacceptable, e.) always unacceptable.

So, it was time to get into the mind of the capitalist exploiter and tell them what they want to hear! Most of the questions were easy to answer. Here's an example of an actual statement from the test. "It is okay to steal when you need money." Now, we ALL know how Ms. Tight Pants feels about this, (barring any and all exceptions for family-owned, labor-friendly, environmentally-sound small businesses, okay?) and we ALL know that, in an honest world, I would've checked the box that read "always

Patriotism, PCP, & Jello Biafra

acceptable." But it was time to get a job! It was time to come out firmly against stealing. Let the poor go hungry! Let a working mom not be able to get clothes for her family! You have to abide by the rules of your local Wal-Mart! In a frenzy of good-employee-emotions, I rushed through the rest of the test. Should employees share their salary information with each other? No way! Are unions a good idea? Hell no! Is it acceptable to come to work drunk? Not in America! I was on a roll, feeling a surge of patriotism and loyalty to the Man! And then I came to a few



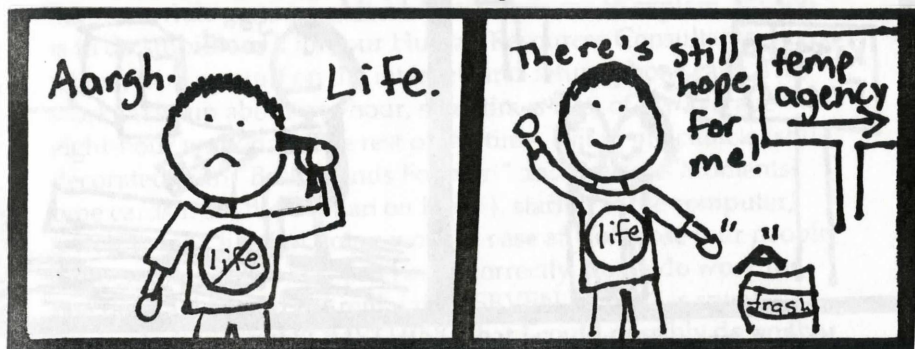
troublesome questions; I could not determine the "correct" answer! Would you accept a much better paying job with full benefits doing something you enjoyed, if that job was through another temp agency?" Hmmm... Tricksters! Why can't they just stick to the old "PCP is NOT okay at work!" type questions?! I debated this one for awhile. On the one hand, I am guessing that the temp agency wants me to continue working for them. On the other hand, what sort of idiot passes up a better-paying job? Would stating that I would stay at the original, low-paying temp agency make me seem like a loyal member of the team? Or would it just make me seem like a non-motivated, directionless human being? In the end, I concluded that the agency probably wanted someone who had some sort of "career advancement" in mind, so I indicated that I would take the higher-paying job. Then I finished up the last twenty or so questions (This test was as long as a Jello Biafra spoken word performance!), all of which related to working conditions. Did I prefer high stress or low stress? Would I rather have a casual or professional environment? Boring. Upon completion of the test, I waited for my interview.

A Gap-inspired individual named Samantha came into the lobby and introduced herself. We then went back to a cubicle for my interview; but first we went over my scores. She was impressed with my typing abilities, and my ability to read and count to ten.

Nervous Breakdown!



Like all temp agencies, she included patronizing comments like "You got a 98% on the kindergarten literacy test! You must read a lot!" So, everything was looking good, and then she pulled out...the results from the personality test! She proceeded to spend the next half hour "analyzing" the results, subjecting me to a free session of psychoanalysis! I had never expected to undergo psychiatric treatment in a temp agency! Note to those suffering from mental illness: Wanna avoid those expensive psychiatrists and psychologists? Well, step right up to your local temp agency and they'll diagnose you free of charge!



Samantha started out by noting that I had "a strong sense of ethics," which she concluded based on my answers to theft, security, and union questions. She told me that I am somewhere between shy and outgoing, and that much of my life is a conflict between the two. (I am NOT making this up!) I was also informed that, sometimes, I get bored in low stress situations, and prefer to be in roles where I can make decisions and act creatively. Apparently, I am also responsible, with an easy-going temperament, and I usually act rationally. I am not too likely to suffer from depression or other mental illness, and I am also unlikely to engage in the abuse of drugs or alcohol. So far, so good! I had managed to portray myself as one of the most boring individuals of the new millennium!

And then she paused and took a deep breath. "Now we do have some problems here, that I feel are a cause for concern." Panic ran through my professionally-dressed self! What did I do? Did I accidentally mention that I've dropped acid? Did I somehow include stories of getting drunk at age 15 in my mom's closet? Something about never having a job I didn't steal from? What did I do wrong???? Samantha then delivered the bad news, "You seem to suffer from a lack of loyalty to your employer, based on the fact that you would leave this agency." Rats! Curses! Uh, wait a

Work, American Style!

minute! The problem wasn't just that I would leave the temp agency for a better job. The problem was that I would EVER, at any point, decide to leave! Think about the logic of a TEMPORARY job agency telling me this! They were gonna guarantee me employment for only a few weeks at a time, with no guarantee of a new job after that; but somehow I was supposed to be the bigger man! I was supposed oppose the idea of "temporary" work! I was gonna stay on permanently, for the long



haul! A temp worker against temp work! You know what doesn't make any sense? That!

So, I decided to cave in. "Oh, THAT question. I accidentally marked the opposite of what I wanted, and then the computer wouldn't let me go back and change it." Samantha immediately breathed a sigh of relief. "Oh, good. That won't be a problem then." "Nope," I confirmed.

After explaining that I would love nothing more than to work in an office 40 hours a week with no benefits whatsoever, the interview came to an end.

Job #3:

Only this time, she offered me a job! Never mind the fact that the job was only two weeks long, and an hour away on the bus. Never mind that the job required "an advanced knowledge of Microsoft Excel" which I most certainly did not have! I was gonna work once again! Images of proletarian greatness passed before my eyes! All of my fellow working women and men, I'm about to return! I will, once again, earn a shitty wage with the rest of you! Ah, solidarity! Needless to say, the job sucked completely, and its only benefit was that it allowed me to pay rent. Barely.

Joe Hill vs. the Power Puff Girls!

Job #4:

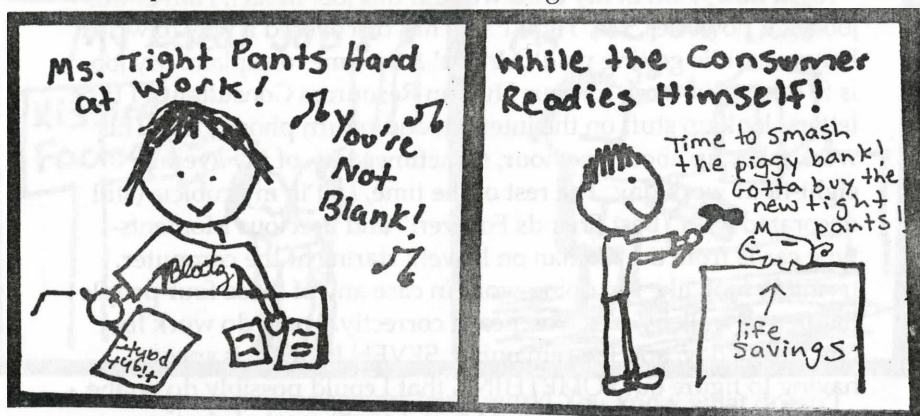
When the job ended, I was hooked up with another stunning opportunity for career advancement! And this job was long-term (by temp standards)... three months! And it paid \$13/hour! So, I started work right away, as an administrative assistant (fancy word for secretary) at a huge bank. I was replacing someone going on maternity leave.

Right now, I am in my third week at this job. In fact, I am at this job right now! Yes, Ms. Tight Pants has discovered a way to write her zine while getting paid! Alright! Allow me to explain. My job is to do stupid work for four Human Resources Consultants. I type letters, look up stuff on the internet, and return phone calls. This work takes up about one hour, sometimes less, of my average eight-hour work day. The rest of the time, I sit in my cubicle (still decorated with "Best Friends Forever!" and Precious Moments-type cards from the woman on leave!), staring at the computer, trying to look like I'm doing work in case any of those four people happen to walk by. Yes, you heard correctly. I only do work for one hour a day, and the remaining SEVEN HOURS is spent having to figure out SOMETHING that I could possibly do on the computer to occupy my time. At first, I spent most of my time on the internet. I read every single article Noam Chomsky and Howard Zinn have ever written, courtesy of Z Magazine! I researched Joe Hill, the IWW, Trotsky, and the Spanish Civil War! (Uh oh! Now you're gonna find out that I actually am not JUST a cereal-eating, rockin' and rollin' spazz in a striped shirt!) I read about five or six online newspapers compulsively, several times a day. At this point, I think I am more informed about current events than I have ever been. Alright! Due to security concerns, I can't access my email from work, much to my disappointment. (If I can't email people at work, there is little chance I'm gonna email 'em at home!) So I tried to figure out a way around this, and I discovered...e-cards! I can send people e-cards without using my email. So now all of my friends get patriotic, Christian, or Power Puff girl-themed e-cards several times a week! Please kill me! After awhile, all of the internet searching was driving me crazy. As someone who sympathizes with the Luddites on several key points, all I wanted to do was read a book or study for my Russian class. But these things could not be done without attracting attention to the fact that I was obviously NOT working. Curses!

And then I discovered that I could write my zine while at work,

Staggering Evidence & Idiots!

on the computer! The fact that I did not think of this right away is only further proof to add to the already staggering evidence that points to me being a complete and total idiot. (Whew! What a long way to say, "I am a dork!") I came to this realization a mere five days ago, and since then, it's been a non-stop Tight Pants fest! I write Tight Pants all day at work, while consuming AT LEAST eight cups of coffee, and then I go home, eat something, consume more coffee, and work on lay-out until 3 or 4 in the morning, at which point I read some book, and then get an hour or two of



sleep. Now, you know how you read in some zines about how the zinester has been "working for months" on their zine? Clearly, either a.) that person is lying, or b.) that person is an unbelievably slow writer. Here at Tight Pants, we crank out each issue in under two weeks. (Of course, this would—and does—mean that I could do 26 issues a year, instead of two, but I've got cereal to eat and punk shows to attend! A rigid social calendar of Dillinger Four shows and late-night bike rides!).

So, Ms. Tight Pants has once again found a shit job she can take advantage of! The downsides are the early start time (8am) and the fact that I have to show up at all (See previous issues of Tight Pants for examples of getting paid to sit at home!). And there are other, normal benefits as well: free office supplies, phone calls, and—potentially—free xeroxing! (This has yet to be confirmed, and, if it is possible, will be the greatest perk of them all!)

As you can see, everything worked out in the end! I will successfully scam yet another employer! And I call on all shit workers to join me in betraying their employers! There's no point in working for a boss you can't screw over! Fellow shit workers, I salute you! We must scam our way to sanity in this stupid world! The end!

Record Reviews! ♥

where the music/cereal connection
* is made! @ *

If you don't mind having your band compared to cereal, send in records, cds, and tapes for review!

Enemies/Pitch Black split cd (Lookout)—Well, I kinda feel like Lookout is asking for it, saying that this split is “in the spirit of...the Faith/Void split and the Shit Split featuring Blatz and Filth.” That's a pretty bold claim, and whatever “in the spirit of” might mean, I feel like being Lloyd Bentsen to Lookout's Dan Quayle, and saying to this split release, “I've known the Faith/Void and Blatz/Filth split, and you sir, are no Faith/Void or Blatz/Filth split.” The Enemies play decent, catchy, melodic punk, and Pitch Black play faster, uh, punk. (Aren't I a great reviewer? Can you tell that this is the last thing I'm writing for this issue and that I'm writing this on two hours of sleep?) I would like to see the Enemies play a show, and that's enough to make this Kix. Ah, hey, if you're looking for great East Bay punk, check out Shotwell!

Trixie and the Merch Girls/Vaginal Discharge “Do Each Other” cd (Wee Rock)—Two bands cover each others' songs. Vaginal Discharge is a joke band that has some funny songs, and Trixie and the Merch Girls do a great job of coverin' em! That's definitely my favorite part of this split. Except for “Eggs,” which has to be one of the most stupid songs ever written! This is Power Puff Girls cereal! Something novel, something new! Alright! Plus the cd ends with a cover of GG Allin's “I Wanna Rape You!” Yay! (For the record, although I may deal with this more in-depth alter, Power Puff Girls cereal is ridiculous—Pop Rocks in cereal? Why not? It definitely makes the Rice-Krispies-base much more exciting!)

Reckless Bastards s/t cdr (self-released?)—This is not bad, not great, rock 'n' roll in the vein of the New Bomb Turks, Candy Snatchers, et. al. A fun time. Lots of covers—Oblivians, Screamers, etc. Their promo sheet tells me they also cover “Then He Kissed Me” by the Crystals! Now that's something I'd like to hear! This is Kix. Not bad, not bad! Need to be a lot tighter and more explosive, though.

The Wanna-bes s/t cd (Panic Button)—When I got this, I took one look at the stupid cover art, and the even worse back cover art, and mentally filed it under, “crappy pop punk.” Surprisingly, this is pretty alright. Nothing amazing, a lot of Screeching Weasel and Lillingtons influences goin' on, ya know, the usual—but better than your average baggy-pants-wearing-all-boy-pop-punk band. This is generic Cheerios, you couldn't really find anyone who feels strongly about this band one way or another, I think.

Occasional Moments of Alrightness!

One Time Angels "Sound of a Restless City" cd (Adeline)—
Hmmm...Kinda boring, honestly. I usually like stuff that's on Adeline.
The singer's voice sounds like Ruairi's from American Steel for about
three seconds, and like Mr. Blake from Jawbreaker for about four seconds.
But please! Do not run out to buy this thinking that it sounds like either of
these bands! For it does not! It only has occasional moments of alrightness,
instead of full albums of brilliance (see: Jawbreaker and American Steel).
So, this is Total. Pretty predictable, in a boring way.

One Time Angels "Tricks and Dreams" cd (Lookout)—See the review
above. Pretty much the same sort of stuff here. Boring stuff, really. This is
still Total.

Pinhead Gunpowder "Buffalo" seven-inch (THD)—Here's an easy review
to write! This is great! I LOVE Pinhead Gunpowder! I listen to Pinhead
Gunpowder at least once every other day! If you don't already know,
PHGP is Billie Joe from Green Day, Aaron Cometbus, Bill, and Jason.
And they are better than Green Day, dear readers! (And that's saying A
LOT for me; I LOVE Green Day! And you should, too!) When I was
challenged to create a show consisting of three bands that I would
theoretically travel to Japan and pay \$3000 to see (yeah, my friends are
strange), I picked: the Replacements, some other band I can't remember,
and Pinhead Gunpowder. One of the first punk bands I got really into, and
so, ya know, nostalgia. So many events are Pinhead Gunpowder songs in
my mind....this is Lucky Charms! Oh yeah, and while you're at it, pick up
the PHGP/Dillinger Four seven-inch (on Adeline), too. One of the best
split seven-inches of all time! Seriously!

Hello Shitty People "Marketable Melancholy" seven-inch (This Here)—If
you like Crimpshrine (and you SHOULD, goddammit!) and early
American Steel, you'd love this band! Catchy, rough vocals, cool cover art,
the works, I tell you! Plus, they have a song called "I Kill Butterflies," so,
dude, ya know, punk! This is Frosted Mini-Wheats—'cause its got the
wheat (rough vocals) and the sugar on top (pop!). Alright!

Teenage Rejects "Don't Care About Anything" seven-inch (Rip Off)—
Rock and roll! My fellow Wisconsinites, the Teenage Rejects, unleash the
hit know all over Wisconsin, "Don't Care About Anything," to the world! I
only wish it could have been a tiny bit faster (and, trust me, its still quite
fast!)—but this really is great! Sadly, the Rejects have broken up. So get
this, 'cause its all your ever gonna hear! (Unless you're a lucky Wisconsin
punk rocker, and have their tapes!) Fast, crazy, and rockin'! Alright! This
is Trix! Rock and roll!

Really Boring Layout! Alright!

Busrider "Best Friends Forever" cd (Fear of Working)—Every once in awhile, I come across some of the worst uses of the gift of language. Busrider delivers unto the world the following lyrics, "A year ago, Edelman could not see her knees, she had lost weight after extended dieting/but a girdle of loose flesh hung from her fat mid-section/as she sat, it draped over her knees and spilled onto the floor." And, mind you, these lyrics are sung in a very impassioned, serious manner. Is Busrider the worst cd I received this time around? Perhaps! Let's hope Edelman loses some weight off her fat mid-section! This is Havel Oh's. It combines the already nasty taste of Oh's (emo) with the sub-par quality of eastern European cereal! Worse than Oh's/Emo? Yes!

Teo Leo/The Pharmacists "The Tyranny of Distance" cd (Lookout)—One of these songs is called "the gold finch and the red oak tree." Need I say more? This is Spelt Flakes—crappy, expensive yuppie health cereal for people who have "matured" and left behind the joys of good old Lucky Charms.

Ann Beretta "New Union...Old Glory" cd (Lookout)—Note to Punk Bands Everywhere: Any and all references to the American flag that are not immediately accompanied by references to "fucking shit up, "burning the whole system down," or "fighting The Man," will not be tolerated in Tight Pants! I mean, this is just stupid! We here at Tight Pants do not buy into the argument that we should make the flag into a proud symbol of radicalism, or, uh, whatever Ann Beretta had in mind. The flag is stupid, and that's that! I could just call this Team Cheerios—that stupid version of Cheerios that stresses "unity" and a liberal use of the American flag," but its actually pretty damn catchy—lots of Clash influences, that's for sure. So, a combination of Team Cheerios and regular Cheerios. Just drop the flag, okay? That's all I ask!

American Steel "Jagged Thoughts" cd (Lookout)—The American Steel album was my most-anticipated album of the year, an honor previously held by the mighty Dillinger Four. And whereas D4 delivered unto me the best album of the year, American Steel have fallen short. Now, this isn't horrible by any means. But where's the power of the second album? Where are the catchy tunes from the first album? Curses! Its not that I don't want bands to change; its just that this album does not really touch on many of their strong points. I do really like the first two songs, but neither of them are anything compared to anything on the second album. But they're still great live, and great people, and if they come to your town, I guarantee you'll be blown away. This is a bowl of Lucky Charms without the marshmallows. Sob.

Consume! Consume! Consume!

Rivethead "City Sound Number Five" seven-inch (The Blood of the Young)—When I saw Rivethead open for the Dillinger Four a year or two ago, I was quite impressed! And then this seven-inch showed up in the mail! Imagine if Screeching Weasel and the Dillinger Four were combined, with a little bit of the Crimpshrine attitude thrown in, and you'd have something like Rivethead! Plus, their band is named after Ben Hamper's book, Rivethead—some of the best writings on work, scamming, and drinking you're ever gonna read! Read the book and get the record! This is French Toast Crunch! Punk rock!

The Lillingtons "The Backchannel Broadcast" cd (Panic Button)—Okay, so I used to be a pretty big Lillingtons fan, back when the main event in any given month was receiving the Mutant Pop catalog! But now, uh, I dunno. This is no "I Lost my Marbles," that's for sure! Its not even as good as "Death by Television." The first song rocks and rolls, but then its kinda hit or miss, and after awhile, it all starts to sound the same. For shame! I used to put at least one Lillingtons song on every tape back in 1997! Bring back the poppy magic, Mr. and Mrs. Lillington! This is Marshmellow Maties with no marshmallows—which is suspiciously close to that crappy cereal, Alpha Bits. Ack! No!

The Queers "Today" cd (Lookout)—As a HUGE fan of "Punk Rock Confidential" (more than anyone I know, with the possible exception of E. Nebulous Neezer), I was quite excited to get this cd, even though I had heard horror stories about people who listened to "Beyond the Valley of the Ass Fuckers" and drove a spike through their head, right then and there! (I avoided that release, as I wished to protect my self from that which stinks!) This is classic Queers stuff—maybe a little more generic and samey than usual, but, and this is really important!, they cover the Beach Boy's "Salt Lake City," and its so good! I love the Beach Boys! I love the Queers covering the Beach Boys! Why don't the Queers cover the entire "All Summer Long" album? Joe King, if you're out there, please listen to my cries! This is Fruit Loops! Yum!

The Eycliners "Sealed With A Kiss" cd (Lookout)—Why have I totally missed the boat with this band? At first glance, you'd think it'd be exactly the sort of thing that would have me rockin' and rollin' and comparing to Corn Pops left and right! But I saw 'em once and was too excited to see MTX and American Steel (who were playing later that night), so I didn't pay 'em any attention. Point being: maybe I was wrong! If you like Screeching Weasel, you will probably like this! Case closed! Now, I don't wanna have to go into the whole People-Who-Think-They're-Too-Cool-to-Like-a-Band-Just-Cause-Pop-Punk-Ain't-the-Hip-Thing-Anymore-Stink-and-Should-be-Shot, uh, or do I? Anyway, this is full of catchy SW-influenced guitar stylings, with much girlyness added in, and lots of tight pants all around! This is Rice Krispies Treats cereal! Sugary goodness! Alright!

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Buy! Buy! Buy! Buy! Buy!

The Peeps "Stiletto" seven-inch (Lipstick)—I had heard a ton of good things about this band, and the seven-inch definitely did not disappoint. Tough, girly rock and roll—definitely in the same world as bands like the Bobbyteens (and its on Tina's label, too!). This is Honey Nut Cheerios! Alright!

Thistle "Oxygen" cdep (Tiberius)—Emo crap. Uh, yeah, that's it. This is one of those hipster organic cereals I don't want and can't afford. To the used cd store with you, dear Thistle!

All "Live + One" cd (Epitaph)—Argh. All. More music-based fights with my friends have occurred over All than anything else! You see, most of my friends LOVE All, whereas myself, E. Nebulous Neezer, and the honorable Katie Schramm-a-lamm, can't stand 'em! And so, getting this cd didn't make me too excited. I do like "Skin Deep," and "She's My Ex," and a couple more songs, but all in all (d'oh!) this is some pretty mediocre stuff. Things I don't need: live recordings of bands I don't like. This is Corn Pops without the yummy sugary coating that the Descendents provided. Ick.

Thug Murder "The 13th Round" cd (TKO)—When I receive a cd from a band called Thug Murder, I typically do not expect the best. But this is actually okay! Thug Murder features a very cute girl in a Ramones shirt and a lot of poppy 77-ish, a little bit of street punk-ish fun! They even cover "I Fought the Law"! This isn't great, but it in no way involves thugs or murder! Just Asian punk girls! (Rev. Norb: take note!). This is Raisin Bran. Not too bad! But why are they called Thug Murder? Geez!

Muffs "Hamburger" cd (Sympathy)—I love this band! The Muffs are one of my all-time favorite bands! In a just world, Kim Shattuck would be recognized as the pop genius that she is! If I had lots of money, I would pay her to sit in a room and write songs! Having said that, of course I love Hamburger! Its all the seven-inches, plus other stuff, a ton of which I haven't heard before. Its Christmas for Ms. Tight Pants! Everything from a cover of the Devil Dogs "Brand New Chevy," to "You Can Cry if You Want," which is just, well, a sweet song. (And not "sweet" as in "give-your-friend-a-high-five-sweet", just, uh, sweet.) This is Lucky Charms! The highest honor that can be bestowed upon a musical release! Punk Rock! Alright! Buy this!

Holly Golightly's Singles Round Up cd (Damaged Goods)—Yay! How did I get so lucky? I was broke, broke, broke, and then this came in the mail! All of Ms. Holly Golightly's singles in one convenient cd! Holly Golightly combines country, rock, and general Billy Childish sensibilities! The album cover says, "24 seductive songs." Indeed! This is Trix! Yum!

Count Chocula, Urkel O's & more!

Dimestore Haloes "Long Road to Nowhere" cd (Pelado)—Okay, so I originally reviewed this for Razorcake (check it out! It's a cool zine!), but since I love this band, and feel the need to sing their praises every chance I get, here we go...again. (What follows is from Razorcake #5): Fie on the Razorcake staff for sending me this cd! You see, I had this great plan to listen to all the records I had accumulated over the summer (when I was separated from my record player). But then this came in the mail, and its all I've been listening to! I mean it! With all of those stupid rock-and-roll-is-hip-now-bands around these days, trying to look like heroin addicts and talking about how they're born to lose and wanna die before they grow up and all of that, it's a wonder that bands that have been rockin' and rollin' in the Thunders vein for a long time still get no attention at all! Note to readers: if you are drunk, feeling depressed, like your life doesn't matter, and you might as well be dead; put on this fucking record! Roll around in a drunken stupor! Jump up and down! If this were a cereal, it'd be Count Chocula—brooding and rockin'! Buy this record!

Moviola "Rumors of the Faithful" cd (Spirit of Orr)—I don't know why I got this; this is some sort of hippie crap. I guess I'll review whatever I get, but uh, does calling it "hippie crap" and ending there really count as a review? Well, its got to, readers! I'm just not cut out to analyze the intricacies of crappy music I don't know anything about! This is Urkel O's—but only because I've never had 'em and wouldn't know what to say about 'em at all!

Tracy and the Plastics "Guide to Videotronics" cd (Chainsaw)—Hmmm...Not my thing. Keyboards, dance moves, fashionable girls. Let's just say that the term "new wave" used to be an insult. This is Rice Krispies.

Yesterday's Kids "Everything Used to be Better" cd (Lookout)—Rock and roll! I have Wisconsin pride! Yesterday's Kids is the band that should be taking the nation by storm! Take MTX, Sweet Baby, and the good old 50's/early 60's pop stylings, throw 'em in a blender, and out comes Yesterday's Kids! Plus, they cover the Diodes! Prove that pop punk isn't dead! Buy this cd! This is Cinnamon Toast Crunch! Yummy and quite familiar to the mouth/ear of Ms. Tight Pants! (Ouch! Metaphor overload!)

The Flakes "Bip Bam Boom!" seven-inch (Just Add Water)—Time to get up and dance, 60's style, 'cause this rocks and rolls like you wouldn't believe! With an all-star line-up that includes the mighty Russell Quan (Mummies/Dukes of Hamburg/Bobbyteens, and much more!), you know its gotta be good! Cool cover art, too! Bring this to your next dance party (and trust me, punk rock dance parties are a GREAT idea!); this is Fruit Loops! Alright!

More Stupid Cereal Allusions!

The Pattern "Immediately" cd (Lookout)—I'm sure that many of you have already heard of the Pattern, or will soon. With the White Stripes being THE BIG THING (and hey, its not that I don't like the White Stripes, its just that I really don't need to hear anymore about 'em, okay?) and with bands I've never heard and want to avoid, like the Strokes, being all the rage, the Pattern should fit in nicely. Ack! I just looked at the Lookout promo sheet, and they mention both the Stripes and the Strokes! No! Now I'm gonna seem like one of those reviewers who just copies stuff from the promo sheet right into the review. Enough! Avert course! Avert course! This is definitely in a 70's bluesy rock vein, with the appropriate vocal stylings and all that. Plus, they have breakfast-related lyrics: "You don't fix me breakfast. You don't, no. C'mon fix me breakfast. Then please go." Exactly! Bring me a bowl of Lucky Charms and then get out! This, however, is nowhere near the level of Lucky Charms. I'd say Cheerios is more appropriate—it could become great one day, if it develops in the right (Honey Nut Cheerios) direction. Sick of stupid cereal allusions yet? I'm not!

The Half Empties "Full Bore" cd (Out of Step)—Quite decent, in fact. These guys are probably fun live, in some small basement somewhere, playing before twenty of their friends. Straightforward punk, with the basic Clash and a little bit of street influences. The main problem is that this cd is definitely too long. I have no idea how long it is (that would be too in-depth for this reviewer!) I just got to about half-way through and had enough. This is Raisin Bran. Hard to mess around with. Decent.

The Locust "Flight of the Wounded Locust" cd (Gold Standard Laboratories)—Um, yeah. Have you ever overheard people on a bus discussing the pros and cons of a certain type of car part? Have you ever listened to such a conversation without being able to contribute the slightest bit of useful information? Well, that's the way I feel about this cd! Like I feel about a conversation about car parts! Alright! Let's hear it for music from a genre I know nothing about! And ya know what, it doesn't matter! There are 8 million zines covering this kind of music (an approximate count) so go read something else for more information about the Locust. What I can say about this release: a.) its about twelve minutes long, b.) its screamy, fastm and my roommate HJ thinks that its not as good as their other releases. So, this is Apple Cinnamon Cheerios—a cereal I'm not really interested in, and have, in fact, never tried!

The Actual s/t cd (Missing Sequences)—Boring pop. The only good thing about this is that is came with a red lollipop. Yum! This is Total. Yawn.

The End! Throw this away!

v/a Lookout Freakout Episode 2 cd (Lookout—duh)—Wow! 72 minutes of rock and roll! There's a lot of good stuff on here—even though I do continue to hate comps, with rare exceptions. Ignoring the format for a second, the best stuff on here is from Yesterday's Kids—there's even an unreleased Y.Kid's song for those of you who aren't lucky enough to have already heard all their songs live a million times! There's also good stuff by the Eyeliners, Gaza Strippers, American Steel, and more. Of course, you have to sit through stuff like Bis, Ted Leo, and Black Cat Music. But it wouldn't be a comp if there wasn't stuff on it I didn't like! This is one of those variety packs with lots of different kinds of cereal in single-serving boxes. This pack includes everything from Cinnamon Toast Crunch (Yesterday's Kids) to stale Kix—something that used to be good, but now stinks (Bis).

Contact Info:

Missing Sequences/7095 Hollywood Blvd. No. 626/Hollywood, CA 90028
Gold Standard Laboratories/PO Box 178262/San Diego, CA 92177

TKO Records/4104 24th St. #103/San Francisco, CA 94114

Spirit of Orr Records/PO Box 381869/Cambridge, MA 02238

Chainsaw Records/PO Box 1151/Olympia, WA 98507-1151

Fear of Working Records/PO Box 2905/Fullerton, CA 92837

Lookout Records/3264 Adeline St./Berkeley, CA 94703

Panic Button/ see Lookout Records

Just Add Water/PO Box 420661/San Francisco, CA 94142

Adeline/5337 College Ave. #318/Oakland, CA 94618

Lipstick Records/1154 Powell St./Oakland, CA 94608

Epitaph/2798 Sunset Blvd./Los Angeles, CA 90026

Wee Rock/PO Box 333/Springfield, MO 65801

Rip Off Records/www.ripoffrecords.org

Blood of the Young/PO Box 14411/Minneapolis, MN 55414

This Here/PO Box 481/Chattanooga, TN 37401

THD Records/Jason Parker/PO Box 18661/Minneapolis, MN 55418

Out of Step Records/PO Box 509/Vineburg, CA 95487

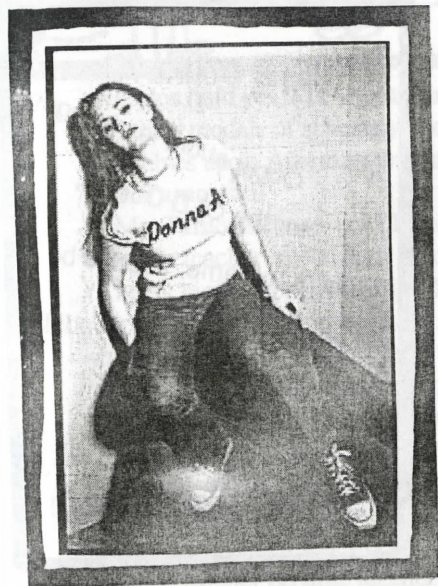
Reckless Bastards/1011 Boren Ave. #114/Seattle, WA 98104

Good place to buy records: www.undergroundmedicine.com

And, I don't do zine reviews. But if you wanna check out some good zines, try: Razorcake, Go Metric, Puberty Strike, Desperate Times, Burn Collector, and, of course, Cometbus.

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Name: Kim Shattuck

Occupation: genius

behind the Muffs!

Claim to Fame: Can

scream well!

Likes: The Devil Dogs

and knee high socks!

Dislikes: sad tomorrows

Name: Tina Lucchesi

Occupation: lead singer

for the Bobbyteens!

Claim to Fame: Has coolest
clothes

Likes: playing with your
baseball bat!

Dislikes: being denied the
right to be a boom boom
boom boom maniac

Name: Exene Cervenka

Occupation: singer for X

Claim to Fame: really

weird face!

Likes: adult books!

Dislikes: nausea!

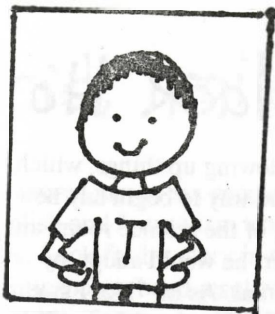
Name: Donna A.

Occupation: lead singer
for the OLD Donnas

Claim to Fame: used to be
in one of my favorite bands!

Likes: cheeba and
purple green pez!

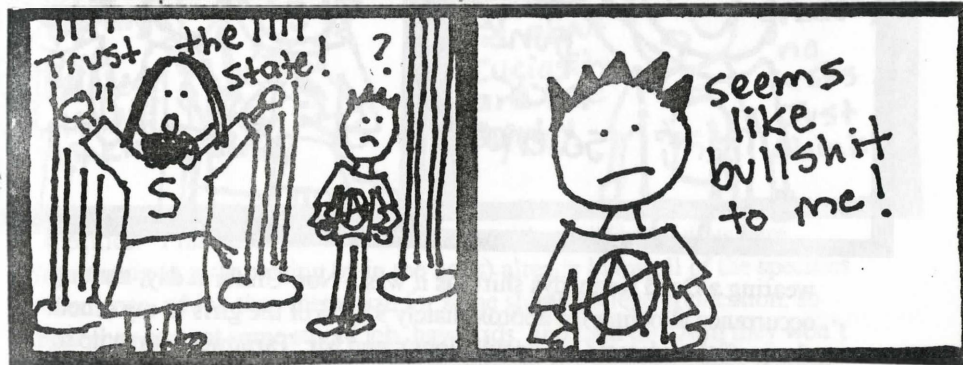
Dislikes: going to school!



Tales From the School Front: MR. TARNOWSKI

***Note: Inability to draw people who look like adults. Note: Inability to draw.**

What follows is the story of the greatest teacher I have had in my twenty two years of existence. Of course, in this stupid world of ours, we hold up people like Socrates as the greatest teacher in the history of the world. Socrates? A guy who was so stupid as to willfully be executed by the state for "corrupting the youth" because he said that the state was like a parent to him, and therefore he had to do what it commanded? THIS is the guy we respect? Come on! It is the duty of all of us punks, anarchists, and



wierdos (and yes, Ms. Tight Pants is all of the three!) to hold up other, brighter models of scholarly excellence, lest we start purposely locking ourselves up in Athenian prisons! Behold the man I bring before you... Mr. Tarnowski!

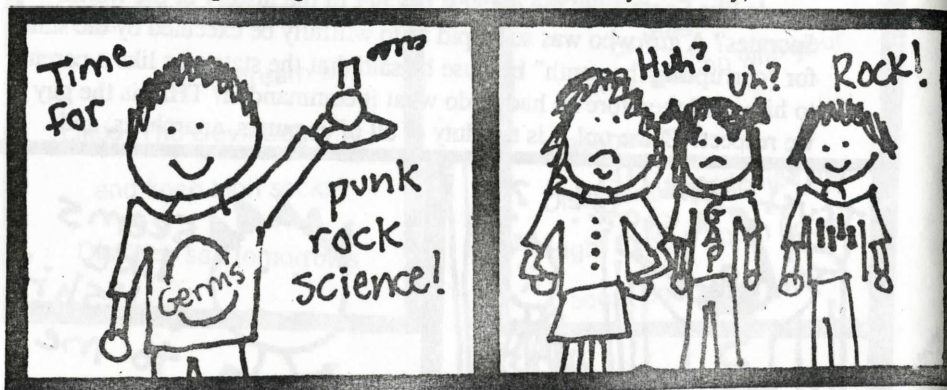
Mr. Tarnowski was my Chemistry teacher in tenth grade, and my Physics teacher in eleventh grade, at the dreaded Divine Savior Holy Angels high school. Sticking Ms. Tight Pants into a school containing even ONE of the four words in its name would have been bad enough! But come on! Divine? Savior? Holy? Angels? Overkill, says I! Out of this climate of all-girl Catholicism came one brave soul to liberate poor punk rockers like myself from the boredom of secondary education!

Mr. Tarnowski came to DSHA after leaving being his lucrative job as an engineer, out of a desire to enter the teaching profession. A thirty-something man, average-looking, at first he did not attract much attention. But in a few weeks time, the controversy surrounded this science teacher became legendary!

Kids of the Black Hole!

Initially, he attracted attention mostly for blowing up things, which, when you think about it, is a pretty damn good way to begin any new job. Huge black holes would appear in the ceiling of the science room, and all signs would point to Mr. Tarnowski. However, he would adopt my favorite lying strategy--complete and total denial. As in, "No, I swear, it wasn't me. It ABSOLUTELY WAS NOT ME." Repeat. After awhile, the administration gave up trying to solve the mystery of who was behind the willfull destruction of their beloved ceilings. But by that time, Mr. Tarnowski had entered into much more risky territory!

Now, at the point at which he started blowing up things, I took interest, and starting talking to him after class occasionally. One day, I was

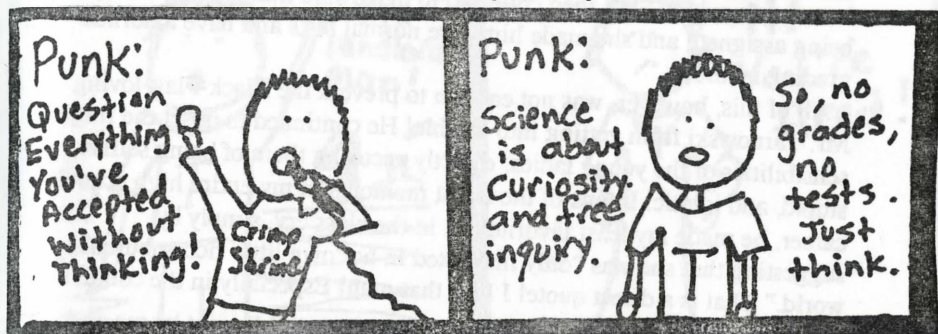


wearing a Dead Kennedys shirt (as it was a Non-Uniform day, a monthly occurrence allowing for approximately 97.5% of the girls in my school to show off their latest Gap acquisitions), and Mr. Tarnowski came up to me in the hallway and asked, "So, people still like that band?" I informed him of their immense popularity amongst the 15 year-old skater boy subculture, to which he replied, "I used to be into those guys, but around 1984 they got really popular and I stopped paying attention." This man got OUT of the Dead Kennedys before most people ever heard 'em! Wow! I was impressed! We talked for a little about punk rock, and I found out that he had been very into punk/hardcore in the early 80's, but lost interest when it became all about "the pit" and beating people up. Rock and roll! A friend of early 80's hardcore is a friend of mine!

From that day forward, the two of us had an understanding, an unspoken pact, contract, or bond. We were both members of an elite group: people at my high school who were not worthy of having our limbs individually tied to four different horses, and then ripped from our torsos. (Without sounding "judgemental"--oh no! Not THAT!-- I must say that, without exception, all of the cool people in my high school, which

Acid, Trailer Parks & Death!

numbered maybe six people total, were punk, with the exception of my English and Journalism teacher, who did a lot of acid and lived in a trailer park. Look for his story in an upcoming Tales from the School Front!) Our unspoken bond resulted in some much needed support and favors from Mr. Tarnowski. He allowed me to skip his class as many times as I felt like it, and would never mark me absent. If I got a detention for skipping another class, he would sign it, and indicate that I was talking to him about some sort of Chemistry-related problem. If I did come to his class, and felt like reading, sleeping, or writing a letter, that was fine, too! His reasoning was, "You already know the basic principle of science--Always question everything--so you really don't need to know the



specifics." Pressed for more details, he would say, "These idiots here (gesturing to girls passing by in the halls) already know all of the specifics of science, which they memorize for some stupid college application, so that they can get some stupid job, have kids, and then die. And they won't ever know the most basic principle of science! It's so frustrating! Almost everyone here is unbelievably self-centered and stupid!" (Let me say right now that any teacher who wants to openly mock the other students in the class has never failed to become a close personal friend of mine!)

Mr. Tarnowski's basic philosophy resulted in a number of innovative teaching methods. We didn't have homework. We all took the same test over and over again until we got a 100%. There was no clear-cut grading policy. He just graded you on how well you understood and lived the "basic principles of scientific inquiry." Which meant that most of the girls failed the class, even though they knew all of the elements on the periodic table and could recite in their tanning salon of choice the basic safety procedures for a Chemistry lab. And then there was Ms. Tight Pants! I knew NOTHING about Chemistry or Physics! For some inexplicable reason, I CANNOT do word problems. When you start confusing letters and numbers, I get a splitting headache (Ooh! Dickies references galore!) or maybe I get so down I give myself a headache (Ack! Even an unsolicited Frank Black reference! Whatever will I think of next?!). I

Fuck School! (x2) Fuck My High School

definitely would've failed both Chemistry and Physics if Mr. Tarnowski had not been my teacher for both of those classes. Just think, Ms. Tight Pants could have had a low grade point average! I might not have gotten into, uh, zine college. Oh wait, it really wouldn't have mattered at all! But don't tell that to the nation's youth!

Instead, I consistently received an A+ in Chemistry and Physics, and rarely attended class. Punk rock!

Sadly, the administration did not view Mr. Tarnowski's unorthodox-early-eighties-hardcore-inspired teaching methods with approval. After about two dozen too many complaints from girls who were failing his class, the principal stepped in. She sat in on his classes to make sure that he was teaching what was in the book; she ordered him to assign homework, which SHE then collected to make sure that it was actually being assigned; and she made him give normal tests and have a normal grading method.

All of this, however, was not enough to prevent the Black-Flag-loving Mr. Tarnowski from getting into trouble! He continued to upset the fragile sensibilities of the young ladies, directly accusing them of being selfish, stupid, and idiotic. In one of the finest moments in my entire high school career, he made my least favorite girl in the class cry, simply by suggesting that she was "only interested in her own little rich suburban world." That is a direct quote! I love that man! Especially in the context of my crappy high school, these things were not said! Except by me and two or three other students! Never by a teacher! Until then!

So, up to that point, Mr. Tarnowski had been responsible for the following: blowing up the science room ceiling, violating the school attendance and detention policies, betraying the loyalty to traditional grading and testing systems, and directly insulting his students. What could he possibly do to top all of the above? You shall see!

One normal (read: ungodly early and horrible) morning, I woke up to go to school, only to find out that...the school had been flooded! No school! For THREE DAYS! The entire library had been destroyed, as had the entire administrative offices! Not to mention countless student lockers! Millions of dollars of damage! The cause: Mr. Tarnowski failed to close the windows to the science classroom before leaving for the night, causing the water pipes in the room to get so cold that they burst! The single greatest act committed against my school! Of course, he denied any of my accusations that it was intentional, and blamed the whole thing on sheer forgetfulness. However, I knew better.

Especially when, not more than two months later, he did the same exact thing again! Forgot to close the window, the pipes burst in the middle of the night, and there was more flooding! Only this time, the flooding was

Guns, Deviancy, & Cursed Places!

nowhere near as extensive, and the school didn't even close for a day. But still!

At that point, complaints against Mr. Tarnowski were rising. The pressure was on him to tone down his teaching methods and end his harassment of students. But he refused! At the end of the year, he was asked not to return. He accepted, because it was clear that it was either that or being fired. (And, all of us shitworkers know, it is better to quit a job than be fired, so as best to obtain yet another shit job in the future.)



So Mr. Tarnowski was no more. A few months after he left, someone in my class saw him at some sort of WalMart type store...buying a gun. I took this as a positive sign that perhaps he would return for some sort of retribution on all of his enemies, but that day has yet to come.

And then, about two years after graduating high school, he came into eat at the restaurant where I worked! A grand reunion was had, with lots of talking about how much we both hated Divine Savior Holy Angels, and how glad we both were to be far, far away from that cursed place! I told him that he was, without a doubt, my favorite teacher of all time, and he thanked me and left me a big tip! Alright! Let's hear it for Mr. Tarnowski, flooder of Catholic all-girls high schools and a fan of 80's hardcore from Back In The Day (B.I.T.D.)! Let us raise him up as a living example of punk rock teaching put into practice! Let us encourage his brand of deviancy in hopes that it may multiply, and soon everyone will have a science teacher who knows all the lyrics to "Let's Lynch the Landlord"! Punk rock!

The Cereal Corner!

For the past eight issues, Tight Pants has offered you an in-depth look at cereal, from the history of the breakfast treat to statistical surveys of the approximate marshmallow count in leading versions of Lucky Charms! Through it all, we were hampered by the lack of inside knowledge. Like the rest of the Ramones, while Joey was recording End of the Century with Phil Spector in California, we were left completely out of the loop and the inside track! We had to break through (Note: NOT a poorly constructed Doors reference!) the corporate prison gates, and tell the story of cereal from the inside! But, we had problems. We couldn't access the



09/04/2001 2 13541 28240

CEREAL ADVENTURE
WHERE YOUR FAVORITE CEREAL
COME TO LIFE!

3.95
ADULT
VALID 09/04/2001

4:04 PM

1002 ADULT



Exhibit A: Cereal
Adventure ticket &
C.A. Cereal Expert
Card!

higher echelons of the cereal world. Our calls to the CEO of the Kellogg corporation went unanswered! We banged our heads against walls in an effort to a.) bruise our heads and b.) come up with ways to make the Cereal Corner more informative and ground-breaking!

And then, everything changed. Whereas many Americans nowadays are claiming that their lives have been changed by "recent tragic events," we here at Tight Pants are claiming that our lives have been changed by recent incredibly punk rock events!

It all started with moving to Minneapolis, where, within the first two weeks, E. Nebulous Neezer and I paid a visit to the testament to American culture that is the Mall of America! (Hey, some countries have the Great Pyramids, some (uh, one) have the Great Wall of China...it all equals out in the end!) And then we saw it. "Behold," said Neezer, "There is the temple to our god." I looked up, and found myself staring at huge colorful signs that read, "Cereal Adventure!" Next to these signs were twenty foot

Howard Zinn, Kathleen Hanna, etc !

tall depictions of Count Chocula and Lucky the Leprachaun! No way! It can't be! An entire section of the mall devoted just to cereal? Bless this great nation! This more than makes up for 400 years of imperialism! I immediately felt no less than a 200% increase in patriotism and an approximately 65% more positive outlook on life!

Naturally, we had to go inspect it! After paying the \$3.95 admission fee, we entered into Cereal Adventure. It turned out to be a giant educational (read: propaganda) center and amusement park! All devoted to cereal! And not just any cereal---General Mills cereal! Now, I know that all of you cereal experts are gonna hang your heads in shame, because you all



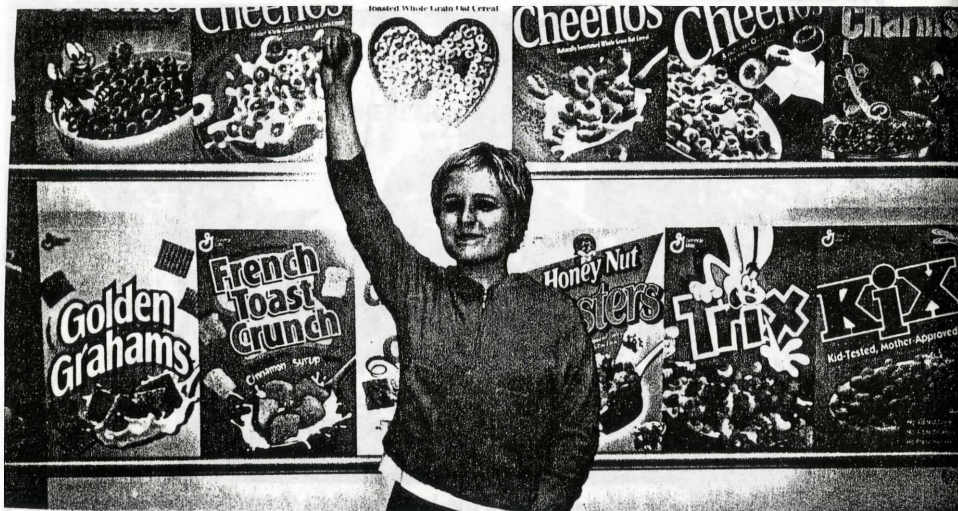
know that General Mills was quite the latecomer in the world of cereal, following well after such giants as Kellogg and Post, and therefore General Mills should be the last company trying to tell the history of cereal! Of course! Of course! But we're not concerned with the historical origins of cereal right now! This isn't a Howard Zinn lecture! This is Cereal Adventure! We don't wanna be told about the origins of cereal! We wanna revolution, cereal style! (Kathleen Hanna, take that!)

The first section of Cereal Adventure is called "Farm/Factory." Some of our more cynical readers might call it "Lies General Mills Likes to Tell the Public." Before entering Farm/Factory, you get a "Cereal Expert" card, which you get stamped at different points in the Farm/Factory, until all stamps have been obtained and you are...a cereal expert! Alright! Shameless self-promotion at its best! And cheezy, too! The Farm/Factory walks you through the process of making cereal, from growing the grain to putting it in a box. Throughout your journey, you get to watch/are subjected to propaganda videos containing phrases such as "And now you know that cereal comes from the goodness of nature" and "cereal is made almost by instinct." In addition, there are such inexplicable phrases as

Indoctrination & Count Chocula!

"You probably love to make popcorn at home." (Note: these are ALL exact quotes, 'cause I am a professional journalist! Why bother with all that corporate brouhahah to work for the New York Times, when you can do the same thing with a pen and paper at Cereal Adventure? Conclusion: NY Times reporters are fools!)

Upon leaving Farm/Factory, the visitor is treated to a timeline of the history of cereal, which manages to leave the viewer with the impression that cereal was invented in the early 20th century by General Mills. Lies! For shame! More specifically, they claim that Wheaties was invented "almost by accident" by some random General Mills scientist,



when anyone who is even moderately obsessed with cereal (to say nothing of the staff of this zine!) already knows that the corn flake was the first cereal ever invented, way back in the 19th century, and that General Mills was a mere imitator! Phew! Like I said, lies! lies! lies!

After being thoroughly indoctrinated, General-Mills-style, you get to relax, unwind, and have a wild time in the playground/amusement park section of Cereal Adventure. (See photos.) If you ever wanted to slide down a giant spoon into a bowl full of enlarged-and-definitely-not-edible Cheerios, this is your chance! Wanna play a simulated game involving the space age and Count Chocula? Wanna color in pictures of the Trix rabbit? You've come to the right place! And, if you're rich, rich, rich, for \$6.95 you can make your own cereal! (You pick three kinds of cereal to mix together and then design most of the box yourself!) Or, for a poverty-inducing \$14.95, you can have your photo on a Wheaties box! Punk rock!

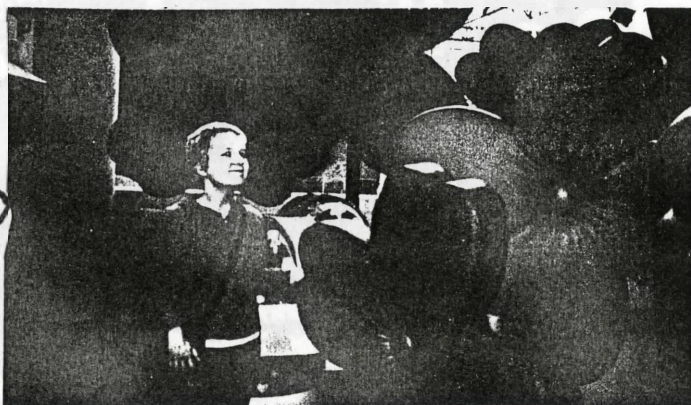
Having explored all of Cereal Adventure, I already knew that I was gonna be able to write a pretty good Cereal Corner column. Ya know, its

Cometbus, the Dickies & more!

like Aaron Cometbus moving to a new city, or Janelle Tales of Blarg making out with a new boy! But I demanded more! I needed a better story, closer connections, and more in-depth reporting!

So I did what any reasonable person would do, and...applied for a job at Cereal Adventure! Neezer also submitted her application, and in no time at all, we were hired! We are now official employees of Cereal Adventure! Neezer even broke with her longtime ethical belief that one should never subject oneself to a drug test in order to gain employment! Alright! Betrayal of morality in the name of breakfast cereal! What could be cooler than that?

Ms. tight
pants
in the
Lucky Charms
Clovers
Forest!

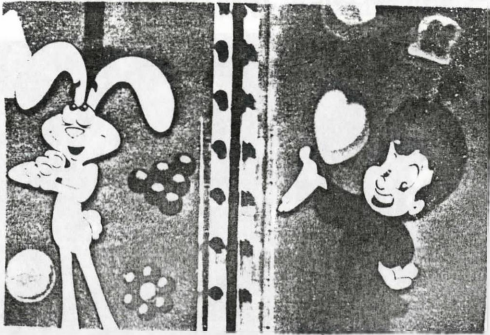


Answer: getting to dress up as Lucky the Leprechaun and walk around the mall getting kids to come to Cereal Adventure. Or how about taking countless ridiculous photos of yourself on the cover of a Wheaties box? What about hanging out in the "Cereal Room" (where the Make-Your-Own-Cereal boxes are assembled) and eating Lucky Charms until you puke? So what if I did have to take a drug test and sign a loyalty oath? So what if I havta take a one-hour bus trip each way to get there? I work at fucking Cereal Adventure! It is all worth it, dear readers! This is paradise! I cannot stress the coolness of this job enough! Point A.) Except for maybe the Dickies and sex, there are few things in this world that I love as much as cereal! Point B.) I get PAID to do this! Insane!

My overly-enthusiastic demeanor was more than apparent at the job interview, during which I said AT LEAST ten times, "I don't think you understand how much I really LOVE cereal!" Ya know how when you go to a job interview, you always have to bullshit about how you really like the company, and gee, you're so excited to be a part of the team, and golly, won't it be swell to see how the company works on a day-to-day basis? Well, it was the same thing here, except there no absolutely no bullshitting involved! I meant it! For the first and only time in my life, I actually found a company whose work I could firmly and proudly stand

Rush Limbaugh & Missing Limbs!

behind! I think that Kyle, the fat and rather gay manager who interviewed me, thought I was a little bit of a loon, but never mind that! So what if when he asked for my email address, it happened to contain the word "cerealcore"? Is that something to be ashamed of? Needless to say, the fact that I didn't have to bullshit to get the job, probably made me all the more convincing (while simultaneously making me seem insane--because no one really thinks that the shitworker ever honestly likes the company for which they work--and who could, when the wages aren't enough to pay rent, let alone buy candy! But enough of these socialist rants! Now is now the time nor the place! As Rush Limbaugh once said, "Nyet is the



Ms. Tight Pants plays in the "Cereal Factory"!



Communist word for no!" And then there's Reagan, who said, "In Russia, they don't even have a word for freedom." So, we gotta keep the politics in check, or else this zine will be printed in "Communist" and, consequently, I won't be able to use the word "freedom"! Ack!)

So, now Neezer and I are proud employees of Cereal Adventure. We get to give tours of Farm/Factory and expose the lies of the General Mills corporation to the paying public! We get to sit by slides with a walkie talkie and make sure that kids don't get stuck! We get to purchase items from the cereal store with a 25% discount! Every day when I go to work, I can't stop thinking about how I have the coolest shit job ever!

Since I've only had this job for about three weeks, I don't have very exciting stories just yet. The highlights so far are limited to: 1.) climbing up 20 foot high netting to rescue five year-olds who got stuck while climbing up to go on the slides again, and 2.) hearing about how an employee got her finger stuck in the the air-tight sealer (used to seal the cereal bags for Make Your Own Cereal), and instead of releasing the sealer, she decided to pull her finger out, resulting in the loss of half of her innocent, cereal-manufacturing finger! Yuck! (Note to Cereal Buyers: Always doublecheck your cereal boxes for any and all missing limbs!)

LONG LIVE CEREAL!

I will, of course, keep all of my Tight Pants readers up-to-date with the latest Cereal Adventure news in future issues! I will break my loyalty and confidentiality oath to bring you the late-breaking cereal news! In addition, if any Tight Pants readers are gonna be in the Twin Cities, let me know and I'll give you your own personalized Cereal Adventure tour! Rock and roll! And long live cereal!



AN IMPORTANT SURVEY!

Originally this issue's cereal corner was gonna feature the results of an extensive survey with the punk rock community about cereal. The problem with this "extensive" cereal? As of a week before finishing this issue, I have only bothered asking about 15 people to fill it out. So, the survey results will have to wait for the next issue, lest they not be statistically significant. The good news is that now all of you will have a chance to participate! Just fill out the little cut-out box below and mail it to me, and your answers will be included amongst the other plebes and proles in the next Cereal Corner!

Name _____

Claim to Fame (zine/band/names of diseases cured) _____

Punk Subculture with which you most identify:
(circle only one! just like the census!)

Pop Punk

Riot Grrrl

Emo

Garage Punk

Crust Punk

Mod Punk

Good Hardcore

What Passes for Hardcore These Days

Straightedge

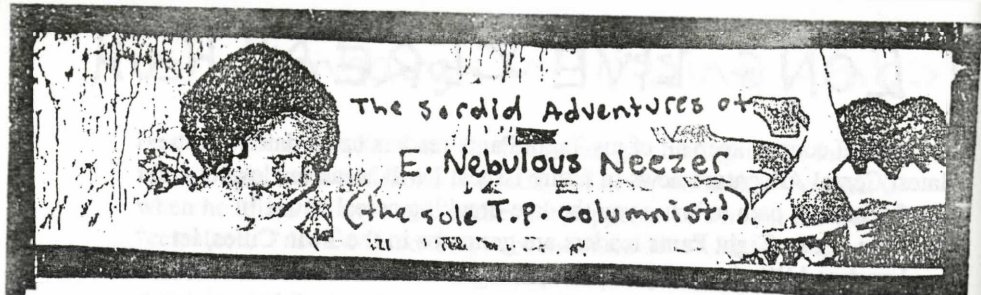
Favorite Cereal _____

Why?

Least Favorite Cereal _____

Why?

Extra bonus question!: In what year did the Kronstandt Uprising occur?



Water: I Defy Thee !

Editor's Note: File Under: "Why Does She Give Her Sister a Column?"

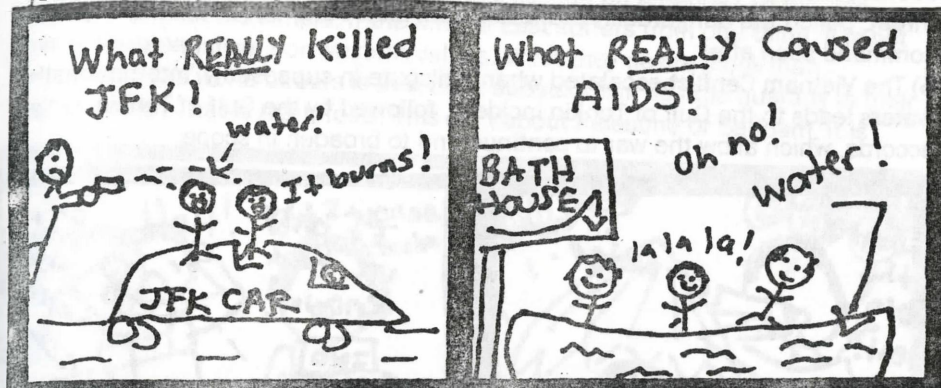
Do all you readers out there remember the story of how the meat and dairy industry conspired with the food pyramid back in the 1950s to make a largely meat and dairy-based guide to eating right? We all look back on this and think confidently to ourselves, "What fools people must have been back then, not to see through this dietary scam!" But, perhaps we should not be so quick to judge. It seems to me that the forces at work back then may perhaps be at work today, and yet (until now) no one has sounded the alarm. Now, this is not a means of launching into my theory about the so-called "diabetes" disease, which is purportedly caused by excessive sugar intake in many cases. (But, doesn't it seem a bit convenient that there appears a disease which makes it dangerous for us Americans to eat a lot of sugar? Everyone knows sugar is the lifeline of society. It giveth us candy, sugared cereal, and fuel for power pop bands. Can it really be that a substance so good is in fact, bad? I think not, and I think that any discerning person can detect the falsity in this "danger." Sounds like some people in the anti-candy lobby got together with the folks down at the anti-cereal lobby and decided to create a national disaster. Don't believe it for a second. Keep right on sitting on your couch in an immobile state, pulling the wrappers of individually wrapped swedish fish and drinking a 100 oz. soda.)

Now, as I said, this piece is not about meat and dairy, and it isn't about candy either. It concerns a substance that, unlike the beautiful sugar cane (a moment of silence, please, for all those hardworking men and women who devote their lives to the production of this substance, a testament to man's subjugation of nature for the betterment of humanity), is a worthless, nutritionless, tasteless, and yet enormously popular part of the American diet. Have we allowed ourselves to be so duped? Even the punk community has had the wool pulled over its eyes on this one. It seems that within our ranks we are able to see clearly the evil of Jeff Bale, emo and other threats to our punk existence, and yet miss those that are an even closer danger. The item I call to your attention today is perhaps the most basic substance known to man. The substance I speak of is none other than water.

Soda Punks vs. H₂O! Alright!

(the liquid and the band!)

I know that we all learned about how we need to drink 8 cups of this liquid a day in order to live a healthy life. We were told that without water, we would not be able to live at all. In case we harbored any illusions about substituting other liquid drinks, they also warned us that items like soda only remove water from the system, making it necessary to drink even more water to maintain the balance. This "life-giving" liquid, which has no color, no sugar, and no taste, is something we Americans have been told we cannot live without. I stand before you today to say, "They are wrong!"



How can I say this so certainly? Because I have seen through their lies and I have not drank water in ten years! That is right! No water for this punk! Only good, old-fashioned soda, and lots of it. Dehydrating-ha! I drink 6-10 sodas a day on average, and I am doing just fine. In fact, during those ten waterless years, I never got sick once. No flu, no ear infection, no nothing. If this so-called science were right-I would be dead! Conclusion: science is wrong!

Why, you ask, would the water manufacturers do this? It is too involved to be simply over zealous advertising. You are right, my careful reader. You have to see the bigger picture. Water is a substance that lays at the very heart of the greatest conspiracy of all time. No, water did not kill JFK (as far as I know). It did not transport the AIDS virus (I think...). Its crime is far worse. After what I am about to present to you, you had better put the Hague on speed dial because the acts are both international and devastating.

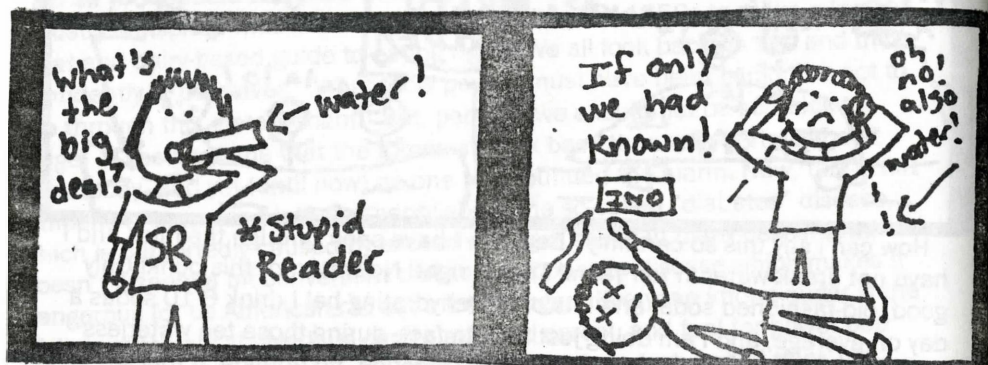
WATER IS THE CAUSE OF ALL OF AMERICA'S WARS.

Don't ever say that punks never change anything because after this column, I don't think you will be pouring a glass of water anytime soon. I give you the following unquestionable facts:

- 1) The Spanish-American War occurs over the disputed attack by the Spanish on the American Battleship Maine, which was anchored in the Cuban waters at the time.
- 2) World War I spread to America over water because Germans in said water refused to follow agreements not to use submarine warfare. After the Laconia is sunk in water, of course, America enters the war.

Gulf of Tonkin & Grape Soda!

- 3) World War II again spreads to America over two *water*-related incidents. After the US Greer and the Reuben Jones sink due to German submarines (in *water* again!), the US agrees to allow merchant ships to arm, and to carry military supplies to the Allies. Then, after Japan bombs our strategic *water-surrounded* Pearl Harbor, we enter the war. It is said that Hitler was known to drink a great deal of the substance himself.
- 4) The Korean Conflict became a near-war with China after American troops set foot in the Yalu River on the Korean-Chinese border. America, realizing the threat, pulled the dangerously *pro-water* Gen. MacArthur out of the military command soon after.
- 5) The Vietnam Conflict escalated when a dispute in supposedly 'international' *waters* leads to the Gulf of Tonkin incident, followed by the Gulf of Tonkin accords, which allow the war to continue and to broaden in scope.



These facts are not in dispute. Why is it that today's punks and leftist activists talk about the dangers of genetically-altered foods and yet fail to mention the biggest threat to our nation's peace? It flows like a deadly virus through all of our cities, our plumbing, and our natural wildlife. We have become so enamored of this vile substance that we are willing to kill for it. This cannot go on much longer! Will we one day be so addicted to water that for a mere tributary, pond, or stream, we strap on a loaded weapon and march to battle? I certainly hope not. The time has come to act! Tell your friends and neighbors the deadly truth. Start a local chapter of Water Addicts Anonymous. Set up a water exchange drive where water addicts can exchange a case of bottled water for a 12-pack of grape soda. Write to your state and local elected leaders to have water labeled as the danger it in fact is. And, first and foremost, when the next waiter asks you if you want water with your meal, just say no. Not just for yourself, but for the peace and prosperity of the entire nation.

Writer's Note: In wake of recent events, it became necessary that I review what I had previously written on the subject of water-related violence. I could not in good faith allow my article to go to publication, without placing it in the context

Jihads, Pepsi® , & Saddam !

of the tragic terrorist bombing of the previous weeks. Now, you may hear reports from Ms. Tight Pants that the cause of these attacks can be linked to "emo," but don't believe it for a second. Do I even need to mention that this alleged "emo explanation" comes from a lady who is known to use water to brush her teeth at night (nothing but crystal clear Pepsi for me and my teeth!). No, the reasoning behind these incidents is not about emo. Instead, as I like to point out, where there is war, there is water.

Now, why would water be involved in this assault on America? To me, the answer is almost too simple. If the Middle East suffers from one thing, it is not American imperialism nor Western values. What they desire more than anything in this world of ours is that clear substance in so little quantity in their region: water. That is right, folks. This isn't about Palestine or Saddam. It is



about a group of countries, sick of being stuck in the desert without any means of obtaining this incredibly addicting and violence-causing substance. We are talking about a jihad over which religion controls the water supply! This sand-strewn region simply cannot hold back its cravings for our abundant lakes and streams any longer. People who live near water: You are in DANGER! Move inland immediately!

There is one and only one solution in these trying times of ours. My previous solutions have simply not gone far enough. Terrorist attacks and other violent actions will not stop occurring until we cut off their cause at its source. And so, I write to you today saying: Drain everything. Even a filled toilet may be the next site of a terrorist assault. We must cure ourselves of this addiction cold turkey- it is the only way our nation can ride out this water-crazed storm of events. All water currently being held within our borders must be confiscated and returned to the oceans where it can no longer harm American citizens. This may be hard at first, but if there is one thing I have learned from the events of September 11, we are strong enough and we will endure. Thank you, and God Bless America.



Ms. Tight Pants Talks Dirty!

Fellow girls! Fellow anti-girls! I come before you today with an important message! Time to turn on the Bikini Kill records and take off your bras, 'cause this is a message of liberation for rock and roll girls everywhere!

Sometimes I make the mistake of assuming that everyone's early adolescence was like mine, which in the grand scheme of things is a huge mistake. When I wasn't busy engaged in personal acts of self-destruction and contemplating the general miserable conditions of my teenage existence, a good amount of my early adolescence was spent making out with girls and listening to Bikini Kill and X-Ray Spex. Now I am firmly back on the boy end of things, and have been for sometime, minus a few drunken make-out sessions, but hey, that's just the sort of life this zine editor lives, okay? Anyway, anyway, ANYWAYS, since I spent a lot of time hanging out with



girls who made out with other girls and were quite sexually active, it was with great surprise that I read the following statistic (provided for me by the kind folks at Cosmo--the only mainstream girly girl magazine that I feel compelled to read when I get a chance, because basically all that stupid magazine talks about is sex, and occasionally includes cool tips like how to avoid ever getting your period --seriously!): Only 20 percent of married women aged 30 have had an orgasm. This is insane!

As good Tight Pants readers, you must understand the ridiculousness of this statistic! Imagine someone who had reached age 30 without hearing the Rolling Stones! Or eating candy! Or getting drunk! To say nothing of no orgasms!

Allow me to make the following statement to my female readers: Ms. Tight Pants demands that you work actively to increase this

Tom Verlaine, Groundhog Day, etc!

statistic! This is a failure to the female race! Can you imagine how many guys have not masturbated by the age of 30? In case you were wondering, the official statistic is .5%.

We cannot stand idly by while boys have all the fun! Unlike other feminist zines that just rant and rave and do nothing, here at Tight Pants we take action! To encourage female masturbation, we are offering actual incentives! Fill out the form below and send it in to the Tight Pants Headquarters and start reaping extra benefits from masturbation, all while aiding in our attempts to raise that dismal 20% statistic.

Come on girls! Put on the Shangri-las or the Bobbyteens and get busy!

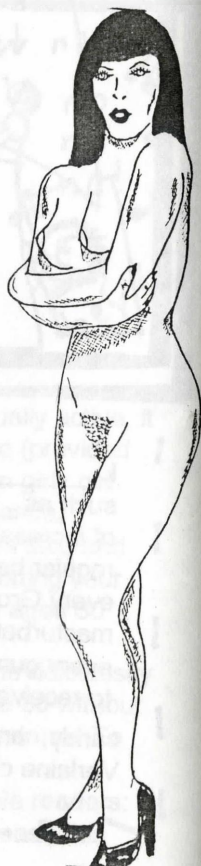
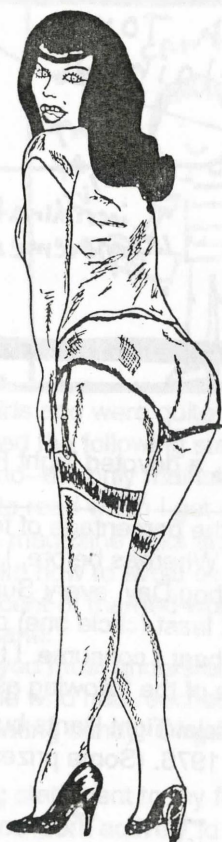


I, _____, a devoted Tight Pants reader who hates other zines such as _____ and _____, have risen to the challenge of increasing the percentage of females who masturbate on a regular basis. Whereas before, I masturbated (circle one) never every Groundhog Day every Sunday each half hour, I now masturbate at least (circle one) once a day, once a hour, once for every gummi bear I consume. I take pride in my activities, and wish to receive one of the following as a reward for my self-gratification: candy, an Official Tight Pants button, a night alone with Tom Verlaine circa 1976. (Some prizes not available in certain states.)

Pages of Porn!

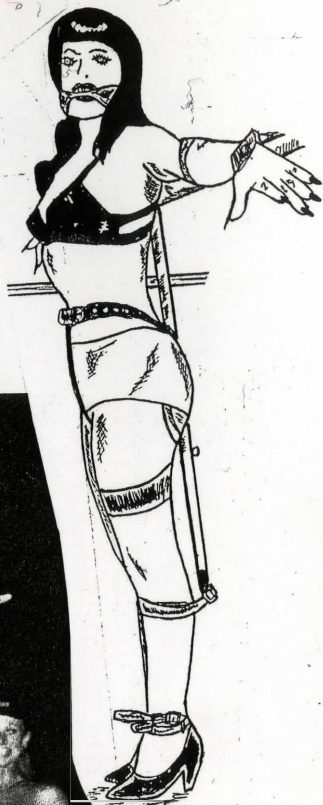
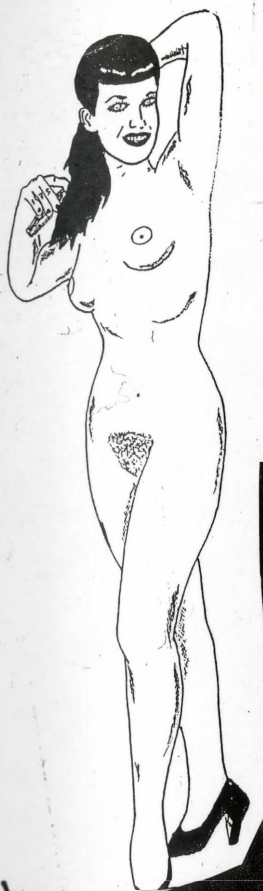


crappy preppy
girl porn courts
of Pat Tsai!



The Horror! The Horror!

These Betty Page drawings were given to me by a devout TP reader. They are, without a doubt, some of the worst attempts at art in the history of America U.S.A.



not
naked
↓



Why no
naked boy
photos this
time? What's
wrong with
my readers?

JT592407
J180332
30298041
E CARRIERS
FOR HIRE

↑ breasts courtesy of ↑
Scott/Limp zine

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