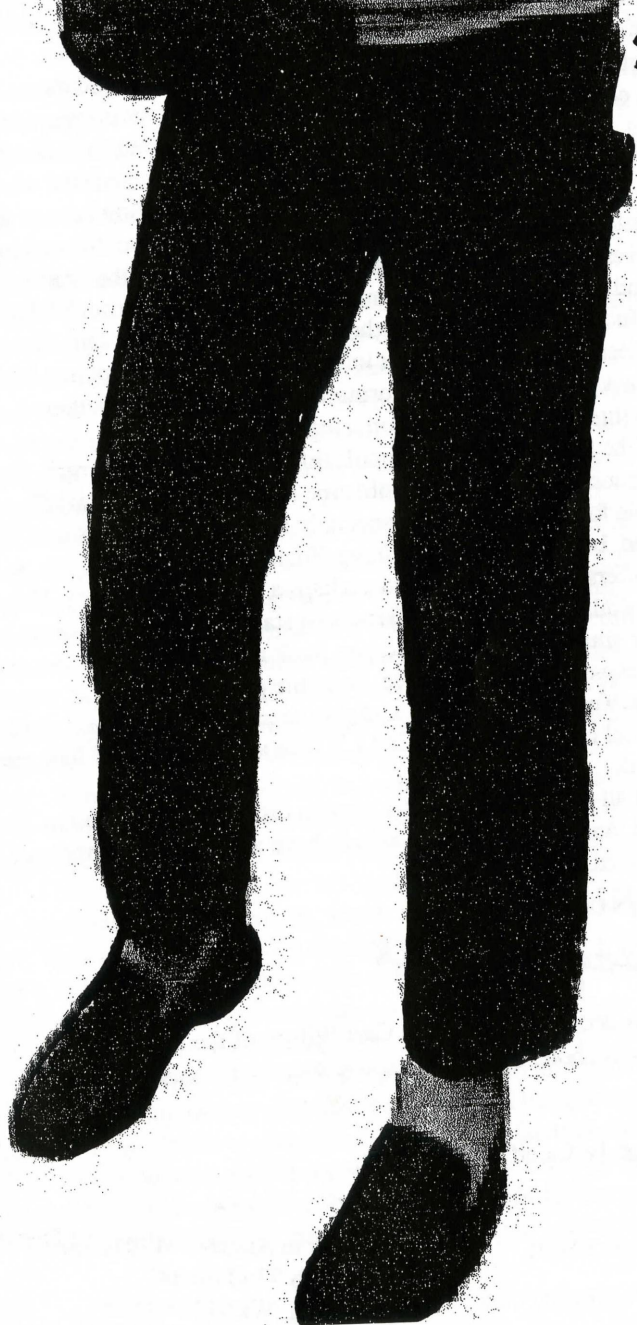


# TIGHT PANTS

#2



# GREETINGS SUBHUMANS!

ack! Not the band!

I am currently consuming my sixteenth Pixie stick while listening to the Queers cover "Murder in the Brady House." Now gentle reader, do NOT tell me, "You shouldn't like the Queers. Joe Queer is an asshole, drug-addict, anti-Semite bastard." To those of you who would dare defile the throne of one of the best poppunk bands in the last seven years with such words, I say to you, "Who the fuck really cares?" We're talking about POP punk here. And pop punk prides itself on its odd cast of characters. You have a number of men obsessed with young boys, a guy who is a little bit TOO into zoos, and people that everyone, for various reasons, loves to hate. And I say that all of this is only in the grand tradition and precedent set by the mighty Brian Wilson. Brian WHO? you say. Brian fucking Wilson, says I, thou unworthy pop punk fan! However, you can redeem yourself or at least increase your non-punk points (an important task) by reading the informative article on Brian Wilson included in this very issue. How convenient.

The rest of the zine is the usual stupid stuff you've come to expect. Back issues of the last two issues of my old zine ("We Aren't the World") are still available for 2 bucks each. I especially recommend the last one. Both are full-sized, but the final zine is huge. Fuck eight page zines. We Aren't the World offers you quantity! (and perhaps a bit of quality, too). This zine costs a dollar or two stamps (send two stamps and save 38 cents.) I do trades for similar-type zines and pop punk music zines. You can also get the first issue for the same price. Send me porn or pictures of you or someone else wearing tight pants and get the zine for free. If you send me something cool enough, I'll be REALLY nice and send you all four zines. So get to work.

That's about all for this time. If you want to distro this, write to me. Every man, woman, and child should be able to have access to this important scholarly journal.

Kill Nick Fitt-  
Maddy Dental

P.S. This issue is dedicated to the late Carl Wilson of the Beach Boys. Maybe he was an asshole, but, for the above-mentioned reasons, we can still love him.

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# COFFEE & CROTCH-STARING

You never know what can happen when you go out for coffee. Especially when you deviate from traditional norms. Such was the case last summer when my friend Maureen and I ventured into Brewed Awakenings. The name alone is fairly descriptive: Brewed Awakenings is the hip spot for all of the coolest suburban kids who like to hang out on the East Side. Particularly popular segments of their clientele are the hippies and the people who still haven't figured out that "alternative" music isn't cool. Usually Mo and I stick to the Fuel Cafe, which is plagued by the same problems, but to a much lesser degree. And the cute factor on the employees is insanely high. And the Fuel clientele tend to wear tight black jeans--a fact not to be overlooked by yours truly.

In contrast, the crowd in Brewed Awakenings on any given night looked like a vomiting up of teen culture. So why did Maureen and I go there? Well, they have this really cool window seat that's elevated a few feet off of the floor and you can sit there and watch all of the stupid East-siders and possible neat-o or cute people walk by. So we drove to Brewed Awakenings, found a parking spot after much difficulty--owing to the fact that Milwaukeeans and suburbanites have discovered the secret formula: East Side>West Side, which still holds up, despite their presence.

We walk into Brewed Awakenings, order the usual "regular coffee" and claim the cool seat along the huge window. After a bit of talking and people watching, a decidedly drunk guy, probably in his early thirties, approached the glass window and knocks on it a couple of times. We look over at him, and gave him a little smile, cos drunk people are pretty funny. Then we continued talking. And the drunk guy continued knocking on the glass and waving at us. We waved back and resumed our discussion, thinking that he had left. But when I looked over to my right side, right along the glass, I realized that he had definitely NOT left. His face was pushed up against the window and...he was staring at my crotch. I looked at Maureen, who had also realized what was going on. The drunk guy continued staring at my crotch, which left me with an interesting dilemma. On the one hand, it was kinda funny. I mean, here I am talking to Mo at a alternatene coffeeshop while getting my crotch stared at. I wonder how that would affect everyday conversation if everyone had to talk while having their crotch stared at. Its a lot more unusual than having one's breasts stared at (a fairly common phenomenon) and perhaps it will become the next thing in everyday flirting, instead of being condemned to the sidelines. I say--Institute crotch staring for girls! Girls should have their crotches stared at in equal proportion to their breasts. Of course, in order to make this more appealing for the male sex (or for our girl-liking female readers) girls should all start wearing tight pants. I know, I know,



# STARE AT KATHLEEN HANNA'S CROTCH!

(But I take no responsibility for your death.)

it all comes back to the same point. Tight pants. Tight pants. Tight pants. But we're talking about crotch staring here! And who would want to stare at a crotch whose outline is obscured by baggy fabric around the genitals? You might as well stare at someone's sweated elbow. And screw those riot grrrl feminists who denounce the importance of sex appeal. "I don't want to be reduced to merely an object!" "I am an individual with a brain. I am NOT a sex object." To you I say, "Oh well. I guess while the tight panting girls are enjoying some action, you'll be in your room reading Backlash: The Undeclared War Against Women (A book all truly intelligent and cool readers will want to stay far, far away from.)

Back to my encounter with the guy, who, by complete drunken accident, had provided yet another point for me to use to defend the wearing of tight pants. Well, I kept wanting to look at him, but I didn't want him to think I was looking at him, so I kept trying to carry on a normal conversation, but after awhile the conversation only appeared normal from the drunk guy's position outside the glass.

"Is he still looking at me?"

"Yep."

"Is he still looking at me now?"

"Uh huh."

Eventually the drunk guy made a motion of appearing to leave the window, but instead he just moved over a few feet and started staring at Maureen's crotch.

This continued for a few more minutes, and Maureen and I were beginning to wonder how we were ever going to leave this alternately hell when a confirmed crotch-starer awaited us right outside. I mean, this guy could be DANGEROUS! Only joking. I may have grown up in the suburbs, but I'm not a complete paranoid idiot. We were basically just concerned with avoiding some kind of direct encounter with such a drunken sexual pioneer because drunken thirty-something guys usually do not make the best company. But a few seconds later the manager of Brewed Awakenings came into the back room where we were and saw what the drunk guy was doing. I guess that some people leaving had seen the drunk guy and told the manager. Well, the manager took the whole thing a bit too seriously. I mean, here you have this drunk guy, who is walking around the East Side, and, so, he starts staring at Maureen and I, with a particular focus on our genital region. It was funny.

But the manager was not amused. And, after assessing the situation and questioning us, he called the police. I began to get really excited. a.) I would get to talk to a police officer for reasons besides drug education for



# MENTIONING YOUR GENITALIA TO A POLICE OFFICER WOULD BE FUN!

only the second time in my life. and b.) I would get to say "crotch-staring" to that police officer!

Unfortunately, when the police pulled up, they weren't interested in talking to either Mo or me. Instead, they just harassed the drunk guy and finally got him to leave. All of this over just a little bit of crotch staring! And I was kinda enjoying the general silliness of having my crotch stared at while I talked to Mo. Oh well. All good things must come to an end. And, all you girls out there, put on some tight pants! And guys and girls, fight this stupid puritanical country! Start staring at crotches!

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## I'm gonna get, get, get, get rid of that band tonight...



When, in the course of human events, a band of true greatness produces an album that does not represent the people's interests, nor does it represent why they were supported in their original rise to power, it is not only the right, but the duty of the people to overthrow said band—and appoint a new band in its place. Constitutional arguments aside, the time has come, my friends, for drastic measures. I know they're cute

(except for Donna F.). I know they wear tight pants. But they must be destroyed. In their place, four new Donnas will emerge, so that the people can once more listen to the glorious line "I'm gonna get in his pants tonight and I'm gonna make him mine" with pride!

KILL

# THE DONNAS!

# THE FACTS ON THE BEST DRUG EVER...

Note: Don't believe the bad stuff. Propaganda,  
I tell you!

## Kinds of Stimulants

### Coffee and Other Caffeine-Containing Plants

Caffeine, the most popular natural stimulant, is found in a number of plants throughout the world. The drug was first isolated from coffee in 1821 and was named for that plant, but the effects of coffee and caffeine differ. In many ways coffee seems to be more powerful than refined caffeine or other caffeine-containing plants.

A shrubby tree native to Ethiopia, coffee is now cultivated in many tropical countries throughout the world. Its bright red fruits, called cherries, each contain two seeds, or beans. The raw beans are gray-green and odorless, but when roasted they turn dark brown and develop their characteristic aroma and flavor. Legend has it that coffee was first discovered long ago by Ethio-

pian nomads who noticed that their domestic animals became frisky after eating the fruits of the trees. When people tried eating the seeds, they got frisky too, and eventually they learned to make a flavorful drink from the roasted seeds.

More than a thousand years ago, groups of Muslims in the Middle East began using coffee in religious rituals and ceremonies. Groups of men would meet one night a week, drink large amounts of coffee, and stay up all night praying and chanting. These mystics confined their use of coffee to occasional ceremonies, but as coffee became more widely known, other people began to use it, not for religious reasons but just because they liked its stimulant effect. When people started to drink coffee every day in large amounts, many of them found they couldn't stop.

When it first came to Europe in the seventeenth century, coffee stirred up great opposition as a new and unapproved drug. Authorities tried to prohibit its use, but of course their efforts were to no avail; coffee soon established itself there and all over the world. Coffee houses sprang up in all European cities, and whole populations became dependent on the drug almost overnight. Johann Sebastian Bach is rumored to have been a coffee addict. He ex-

# Go Caffeine!

# CAFFEINE 5, GOD O!

told the virtues of the new drink in his famous Coffee Cantata. The French writer Balzac could not work without coffee. He drank larger and larger amounts of brews so strong they looked like thick soup, then complained of the stomach cramps they gave him.

Today coffee is a thoroughly approved drug — so approved, in fact, that many people who drink it regularly are surprised to learn it is a drug at all, let alone a powerful drug that can cause dependence and illness.

The truth is that coffee is a strong stimulant, one that is hard on certain parts of the body. It is irritating to the stomach, for example, and many people who drink a lot of it have indigestion most of the time. (In the United States, where coffee is regularly consumed in large quantities, there are nearly as many brands of antacids as there are brands of coffee.) It is irritating to the bladder, too, especially in women, and is a frequent cause of urinary complaints. Coffee also makes many people shaky by upsetting the delicate balance between nerves and muscles. It is a common cause of headaches, heart palpitations, anxiety, and insomnia.

Today dependence on coffee is very common in Western society. Many regular users cannot think clearly in the morning until they have had their first cup. Without it they can't concentrate, move their bowels, or do their work. Also, they suffer real withdrawal symptoms if they stop using coffee suddenly. The withdrawal reaction begins 24 to 36 hours after the last dose. Symptoms are lethargy, irritability, and a distinctive throbbing (vascular) headache that is often severe. Nausea and vomiting may occur. These symptoms will last from 36 to 72 hours. They disappear rapidly if the user takes caffeine in any form. Such problems all come from using coffee too frequently so that the body never gets a chance to replenish its stores of chemical energy and comes to rely more and more on the external drug.

Coffee and caffeine have been accused of causing birth defects. There is no agreement on this possibility among scientists, but pregnant women should remember that coffee and caffeine are drugs and should not consume them in large amounts. Coffee and caffeine may also raise serum cholesterol, increasing risk of heart attacks. The evidence for this effect remains contradictory.

Note that decaffeinated coffee is not inert. In addition to small amounts of caffeine (enough to stimulate sensitive individuals), it contains other active substances from the coffee bean that can be irritating to the nervous, gastrointestinal, cardiovascular, and urinary systems. This is true of water-processed decaf, as well as the less safe solvent-extracted brands, which may contain residues of toxic chemicals.

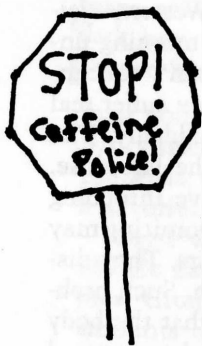
Taken from: From Chocolate to Morphine  
by Andrew Weil.



# CONFESSIONS OF AN ADDICT...

Three weeks ago I gave up caffeine. Caffeine, my drug of choice for the past three years. Caffeine, under whose influence I have pogoed, stayed up all night, written various zines, jumped into a closed swimming pool, and had long, manic conversations.

I know, I know, you plea! Give up heroin! (Hey, who do you think I am? Joe King?) Give up cocaine! (Don't worry. I never started in the first place.) Give up marijuana! (yes sir! Willingly! I hate that stuff!) Give up speed! Give up LSD! Give up your addiction to pop punk albums on colored vinyl! (NEVER!) But do NOT, I repeat, do NOT, give up caffeine. It is the nectar of the gods! The stimulant of choice for countless cool punk kids! Give it up under penalty of death!



Yes, caffeine police, I hear your plea. And I understand the severity of the charges being raised against me. And I plead guilty on all counts. I have forsaken thee, oh mighty caffeine! I have sinned against you! May you strike me down into millions of tiny pieces and sprinkle my remains over the pit at a strife show.

But before you do all that, at least allow me to explain. Over winter break, when

I was home in Wisconsin, my stomach started to hurt really badly. This had happened before, but not in a long time. I ignored it, but when I arrived back at Hampshire College the pain persisted.

Simultaneously, I began to wonder if I was perhaps addicted to caffeine. (Obvious answer: YES.) So I conducted a scientific experiment. I abstained from caffeine.

After three days, I developed a rather severe headache and the day after that I felt very tired all day. At 3pm, I lied down on my bed and almost went to sleep. So yes, I was addicted. But after two days, all withdrawal symptoms went away and I was fine.

At that time I noticed an unexpected side effect of my caffeine abstinence experiment: My stomach



no longer hurt. At all. Curious. I decided to abstain from caffeine for a bit longer. And after two weeks, I still had yet to experience any stomach pains. But then I realized that I was in grave danger of becoming a non-coffee drinker (a horrible fate, indeed) and so I decided to drink coffee again. So at dinner one night I drank two cups. And I felt fine. Until about three hours later when my stomach started to hurt - a lot.



Honoré de Balzac (1799–1850), the great French writer, was also a great coffee addict. (Paul Thompson, Photo World/Free Lance Photographers Guild)

Scientific conclusion: coffee causes severe stomach pain in Maddy Dental's belly. Proposed course of action: I don't know! That's why I'm pleading to the caffeine police for leniency! I have tried drinking decaffeinated (yuck!) coffee and that does not cause stomach pain. But seeing as how decaffeinated coffee removes the one key ingredient to coffee, it cannot properly be called coffee at all. So, even if I did drink decaf, I would be, at best, a coffee poser. The only thing that I can think of to do is to say a mantra to my stomach every night, "You are the stomach of none other than Maddy Dental, confirmed Caffeine Freak. Your insolence will NOT be tolerated. You will brave the disruption that caffeine causes to your apparently delicate tissue. If you do not, I will rip you out and stomp on you, screaming, "DIE

**BASTARD STOMACH!**" I hope this mantra will work. I always like to incorporate Non-Western medical techniques into my lifestyle.

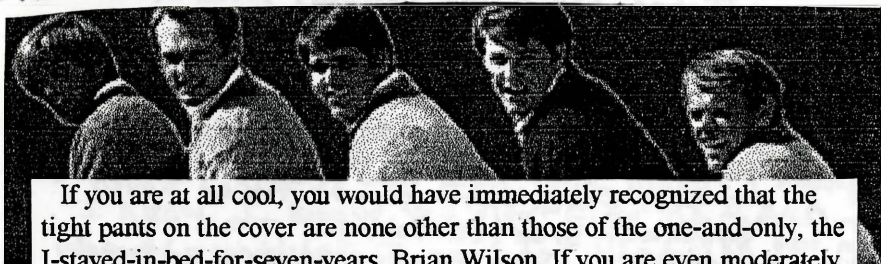
Update: My stomach no longer doth protest too much. All is well. I blame the pains on evil spirits, who are the cause of all of my misfortune. Screw you Lucifer! I will battle you to the death armed only with a thermos full of scorching hot coffee! My stomach and I are ready!

Far beyond all other pleasures,  
rarer than jewels or treasures,  
sweeter than grape from the vine.  
Yes! Yes! Greatest of pleasures!  
Coffee, coffee, how I love its flavor,  
and if you would win my favor,  
yes! Yes! let me have coffee, let  
me have my coffee strong.

— from the Coffee Cantata, by  
Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)



# THE GENIUS UNDERNEATH THE PANTS



If you are at all cool, you would have immediately recognized that the tight pants on the cover are none other than those of the one-and-only, the I-stayed-in-bed-for-seven-years, Brian Wilson. If you are even moderately cool, or maybe just if you are not incredibly stupid, you also know that Brian Wilson was the genius behind the Beach Boys. And if you want to be my friend, you had better appreciate the Beach Boys...or I won't appreciate you. And your appreciation should be all the more profound if you listen to pop punk. The Beach Boys fucking created pop punk! Why do you think that the likes of the Beatnik Termites and the Queers have covered their songs? Surely it was not out of hatred. Of course, I'm still waiting for the Queers to cover an entire Beach Boys album, but given the current state of affairs, I doubt that ANYTHING from the Queers will be forthcoming.

Anyway, more about Mr. King later. For now it's Mr. Wilson we're talking about.

Born on June 20, 1942 in Inglewood, CA to Murray and Andrea Wilson, Brian grew up listening to fifties rock and roll. He was never well-liked as a child, and in high school he would come home and play the piano for hours on end. He taught himself all about harmony and melody, two elements that, despite what some currently popular bands seem to suggest, are acutely necessary for any good song. Murray Wilson, Brian's dad, a failed songwriter, was jealous of Brian's seemingly natural talent. His jealousy would manifest itself in many ways, including the following, which was taken from the Brian Wilson web page (<http://www.cabinessence.com/brian>):

"He tells of a time when he was a young child and his father had come home from work tired and angry at the family. Deciding to take some of his aggression out on Brian, Murray removed the newspaper from under his arm, unfolded it, and placed it on the kitchen floor. Then, for no apparent reason, he commanded Brian to defecate on the paper while the family watched. Knowing that a refusal would result in a severe punishment and sobbing uncontrollably, Brian complied while his mother and brothers watched idly. His father then made him stare at it for a long while before making him dispose of it himself. As he now relates, "I felt beaten, soiled, humiliated."

Hmmm...Maybe that explains why he later took to drugs. At this point I'd like to venture a careful hypothesis: People who have shitty experiences in their childhood or adolescence (and I'm talking about REALLY horrible experiences here, not some stupid pre-pubescent angst or something else along those lines) end up being at least more



# FORCED DEFECACTION & ITS CONSEQUENCES

interesting, if not cooler, people than those who just went through some boring idyllic first eighteen years. Anyway, Brian Wilson is cool as fuck. Maybe that should be my hypothesis.

Okay, so he had to defecate and then stare at it. In the documentary, *I Just Wasn't Made for These Times*, (a must see!) he relates how his father also would verbally and physically abuse him.

Eventually he got his brothers to sing some of the songs he'd been writing. And they then started a few high school bands. It was at that time that Dennis Wilson had the one good idea of his life (Actually, I like Dennis a lot, mostly because he realized the necessity of complete and total subservience to Brian.). Dennis suggested that they adopt a surfing theme. The other members were skeptical; Dennis was the only one who surfed, and Brian was (and still is) terrified of water. But eventually Brian began writing the surfing songs that made the Beach Boys famous. They

were soon signed and, with father Murray as their manager, they began the climb to international fame and fortune. This was a particularly

productive time for Brian, and their albums came out one after the other. The Beach Boys eventually fired Murray, finally severing their ties. And

Brian had married Marilyn Rovell.

However, after many years of success, money, and girls, things began to fall apart. Brian Wilson began taking a lot of LSD and other drugs, and

starting getting more interested in the growing hippie movement. In contrast, the rest of the Beach Boys remained staunchly opposed to this

new influx of pot smoking vermin. Here is where one must criticize Brian. The Beach Boys knew that it was all about drinking beer, sleeping with good looking, well-tanned girls, and having fun. Brian, however, began to be interested in Eastern religion and hallucinogenic drugs. Bah.

He separated himself from the rest of the Beach Boys and retreated to his mansion, which contained all sorts of toys, a swimming pool, and a huge bed--where Brian was to spend the next seven years of his life. Also around this time, his wife gave birth twice, and Carnie and Wendy came into the world. (And would later form the "band" Wilson Phillips.) Of course, Carnie and Wendy saw little of their father, for most of his time was spent alternating between sleeping, taking drugs, eating, and listening to "Rhapsody in Blue"--which he did faithfully every morning. Now, Brian was never skinny; but when he reached 340 pounds, his bandmates and his wife began to get a little concerned. But Brian would not be moved (literally). He continued on his cycle of drugs, food, sleep, and

## DRUGS, PET SOUNDS, & FREUD



"Rhapsody in Blue," which I think redeems him a bit, because unlike the hippies of the day, Brian was never about using drugs as a way to connect to others. Rather, he did drugs by himself and told other people to leave him the fuck alone. Punk rock.

The album "Pet Sounds" came out while he was in his early stages of decay. Brian did not bother to consult the other Beach Boys until the album was written. They were not pleased. This displeasure can most explicitly be observed in Mike Love's classic statement, "Brian, don't fuck with the formula!" But fuck with the formula Brian did, producing an album that did not center around surfing, and which featured a decidedly odd cover photo of the Beach Boys feeding a number of animals. This, of course, contrasts sharply with their earlier surfing-themed albums and cover art composed mainly of girls, the beach, and, naturally, surfing. Brian thought the album was sheer genius (as does yours truly); but the press and the public felt otherwise. The failure of this album only further drove Brian into his bed-ridden lifestyle. It was this period that caused later critics to formulate some, um, "interesting" theories about Brian Wilson, many of which can be found on the Brian Wilson web page; but out of respect for those of you who do not support the evil technological forces, I will take a little bit of space here to reprint an excerpt from a Freudian analysis of Brian.

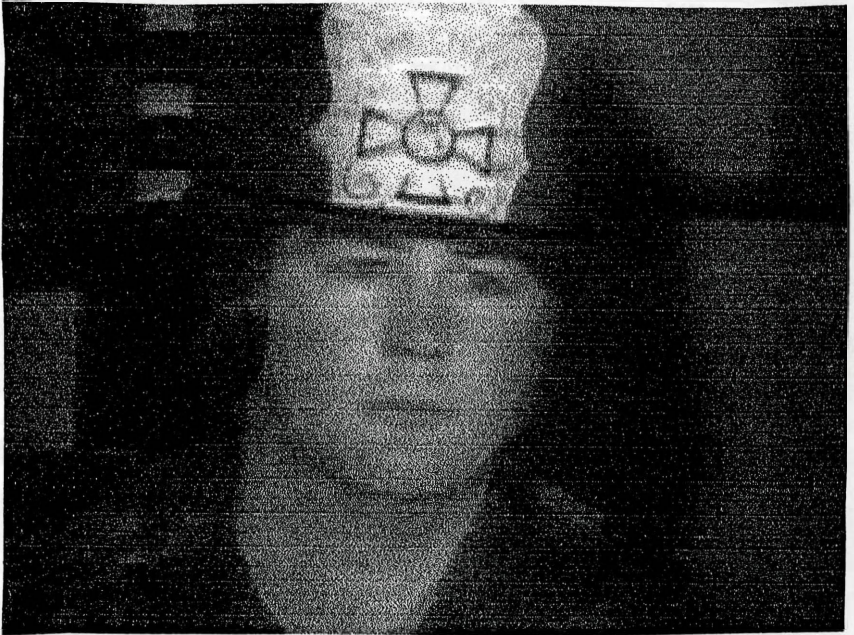
"One interesting encounter took place in the summer of 1969. Having grown up listening to and imitating the records of Elvis Presley, Brian finally had the chance to meet him. For much of his professional life,





# BRIAN MEETS ELVIS, AND MORE!

Wilson had been driven to be at the top of his profession, and Elvis represented the force to be toppled if Brian was to claim the throne. Brian is known to have been one to resort to jokes and humor as a means of dealing with stressful situations, and meeting such a rival was exciting, yet disconcerting. Led by a number of bodyguards, Elvis strolled into the recording studio, and Brian, having heard that Elvis was a karate expert, delivered a series of pulled punches and chops instead of shaking hands. Elvis, obviously not amused, answered by saying, 'Hey man, don't do that!' The two talked for awhile, but at one point, for some reason, Brian jumped up from his chair and threw a few kicks in Elvis' direction. Elvis



*Brian, in his decline, wearing a Fireman's hat*

simply replied, 'I told you not to do that,' and walked out of the studio.

Here we can see by example the second of Brian Wilson's id drives in action, his aggression. While Brian had always respected and admired Elvis, he also saw him as the barrier between himself, and his idealized position in popular music' hierarchy. His id wanted nothing more than for Brian to 'transcend' Elvis, and the only way this could be achieved was through aggressive action. Of course, to assault Elvis would have been a mistake considering the bodyguards present, so Brian's ego defended against these unacceptable drives by using humor for gratification. The aggressive impulse was unmistakably present, but the ego was strong enough to hold it back and gratify the id by the joke."



# MANIC DEPRESSION AND ANOREXIC BLONDE WOMEN

Anyway (!), Brian had married Marilyn Rovell and another album,

"Smile," was worked on, but never finished. The Beach Boys continued to perform without Brian and even tried writing and producing their own

songs. However,

as Dennis Wilson once said, "Brian Wilson is the Beach Boys. He is the

band. We're his fucking messengers. He is all of it. Period. We're

nothing. He's everything." This sentiment was echoed by Brian himself,

who stated, "Musically, I am the Beach Boys."

The band lost popularity and eventually broke up, after several

unsuccessful attempts to "rehabilitate" Brian.

Another few years passed, and finally in the early 80's, Brian's family and his managers hired the psychologist Eugene Landy to cure Brian of

his various psychiatric ailments. (By this time, Brian was a diagnosed

manic depressive, and may or may not, depending on who you believe,

have been a schizophrenic as well.) The treatments initially appeared to be

successful, but later Brian's family would sue Landy, for Brian's

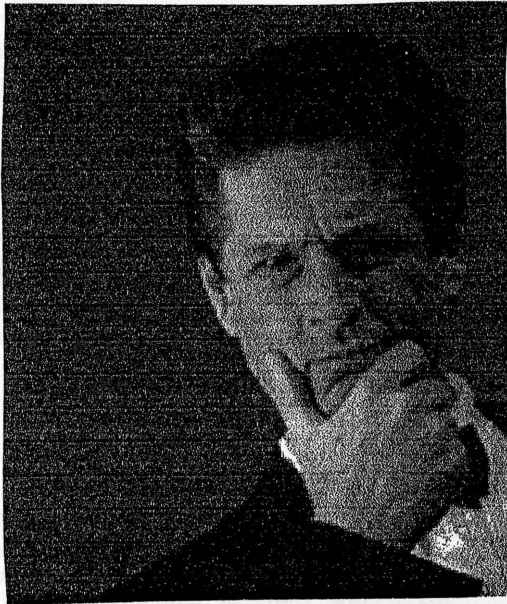
improvement was not long-lasting. By then he had divorced Marilyn and



# KILL MIKE LOVE!

married an anorexic blonde woman named Melinda. It was at this time that Brian attempted a comeback. He went on a solo piano tour, playing old Beach Boys songs and some others. The afore-mentioned documentary also came out at this time. Unfortunately, Brian's voice...well...it really sucked. He couldn't hit any of the high notes that he had been so well-known for. And his new songs were horrible. The comeback failed and Brian returned to his "normal" patterns.

The Beach Boys also attempted a comeback with the song "Kokomo," written by the idiot Mike Love. I must editorialize here, for Mike Love later sued Brian Wilson (I am unsure as to the outcome of the lawsuit) for back royalties, claiming that he wrote many of the Beach Boys' songs, including the huge hit "Good Vibrations." In fact, Mike Love DID write "Good Vibrations," but his version of the song sounds completely different from the version that Brian fashioned in the studio. One can firmly state



← A recent publicity photo of Mr. Wilson.



that Mike Love's song, as it was written, would not have climbed to the top of the charts. Love's other claim to fame is that horrible song "Kokomo." Fuck Mike Love and everything he stands for! He continues to claim that HE was responsible for the Beach Boys' success, despite all evidence to the contrary, claiming "Look, the history of this band is like the history of Russia. It's been written under a regime that distorts the past." Fuck you, Mr. Love.

# ABOUT THE DEATH OF CARL..

Hot News! Two Down and Three To Go!  
Maybe Brian Can Finally Work In Peace!!!!

Yea!!! I'm so happy, I'm jumping up and down.

Here's the deal: I'm offering \$100 each for the heads of Al Jardine, Mike Love and Bruce Johnston. These assholes systematically destroyed Brian Wilson's career, rejected Smile (the greatest record of all time), and ruined his professional reputation by missing Monterey Pop and playing baseball games (I still can't believe they something that moronic). Of course, if any of the three would like to publically apologize, give Brian back all the money, and promise never to appear in public again... I'll give them the hundred dollars.

Imagine where Brian would be now if he could have shut down the Baggage Boys and continued as The Beach Boys as a solo artist - the way he was working from 1962-1967. Without these morons around, without having to be nice to his stupid no-talent relatives, Brian could really start working again.

And wonder about this - I do - why would Carl Wilson need a publicist? Is there some demand for his work? No. Is there something he has to offer that I've overlooked? No. He sucks shit. It's time for reality to set in around The Beach Boys camp. Wake up! It's Brian and Brian alone - he's the star, forget the baggage boys.

Long Live Brian Wilson!

So the Beach Boys had a fairly successful comeback, without Brian. And they did a number of tours. However, a few weeks ago, Carl Wilson died. I feel as though I must take a few sentences here to remember Carl. Sure. Carl wasn't perfect. Yes, he did hate "Pet Sounds." But pull out your Beach Boys' records (You better have some!) and listen to the song "God Only Knows." That's Carl's voice. It doesn't get any better than that.

Okay, so that's the (fairly) long and sordid tale. I could have made this into an entire book, so consider yourself lucky. I will end with a quote from that surfer Dennis, who died in a car accident in the early 80's, "Brian Wilson is not a good looking human being, yet his music is beautiful." Here, here Dennis.



# THE DETACHABLE CAPITALIST

## CONSUMER SECTION OF TIGHT PANTS

### a.k.a. Records Reviews and ads

Black Army Jacket/Hemlock split CD (Go Kart/Sound Views)-Ack! Curse you bastards! In music there is a small thing, maybe you've heard of it, maybe not. Its called melody. There's another small thing, too. Its called harmony. Put the two of them together and you get a song that Maddy Dental might like. Remove both of them and you get a song that Maddy Dental will hate. Maddy Dental does not like this. This is Honey Crunch O's cereal. (a now defunct cereal resembling large Cheerios with indiscernible shit in the middle). Yum Yum.

Connie Dungs s/t CD (Mutant Pop)-Okay. I put this one in the reviews last time. And its in here again because it still rules every bit as much as it did before. This is the kind of music Maddy Dental likes, for the record. This is what I mean by pop punk.

Diesel Boy "Venus Envy" (Honest Don's)-If you like Fat Wreck Chords, you'd probably like this. Maddy Dental, however, greatly DISLIKES Fat Wreck Chords, and, therefore, M.D. does not like this album. This is Total, because all of those Fat Wreck Chords-type bands need to eat healthy so that they can get big muscles and look tough.

Dimstore Haloes "Thrill City Crime Control" (V.M.L.)-This rules. I like this oh so much. If you do not like this, then I do not like YOU. This is Frosted Flakes with milk.

The Donnas "Rock 'n' Roll Machine LP (Lookout)-This fucking sucks. I hate this album so much that its hard for me to even put into words. Imagine, if you will for a moment, that you have a delicious bowl of Lucky Charms in front of you. When you finish eating it your mom says, k"Okay son/daughter, I'll go get you some more." And then they bring back a bowl full of Berry Berry Kix and you eat it and throw up. The Lucky Charms, in this case being the Donnas first album, which every semi-sentient being knows was the best album of 1997. And the Berry Berry Kix being this horrible piece of crap that results in dry retching. I am fairly prepared to say that this will go down in history as the worst album of 1998. Reason being: the potential is so high! And the new album so dismal!

Lunachicks "Pretty Ugly" CD (Go Kart)-Once upon a riot grrrl time, I liked a band called the Lunachicks. I thought they really rocked in a really non-shitty lo-fi girl band way. Now I don't know. It's not the kind of music I usually listen to. But it still rocks in a Lunachicks kind of way. Although some might think I'm not so cool for saying this, there are two really great songs on this album. Buy it to figure out what those songs are. I like the cover lots. Um...They have lots of tattoos. What else can I tell you that doesn't pertain to the album? This is Apple Jacks, because in the same way that Apple Jacks doesn't taste like apples, the Lunachicks don't sound like most "chick" ur... "girl" bands. Okay, so that was a weak metaphor. Write in and give me a better one.

Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen "You're Invited to Mary-Kate and Ashley's Sleepover Party" CD (Dualstar)-Yep. THE Olsen twins. The ones from that horrid show Full House. My brother got me this cd for Xmas and...um...you'll think I'm weird. You'll doubt my musical judgment in the future. But this rules. Okay. I'll go crawl into a dark hole somewhere and come out when all of you reading this have given up pop punk for sXe metal. Songs include "Pullin' an All Nighter," "I'd Rather Be Surfing," and "Why Can't We Live in a Hotel All the Time?". Okay, so one of them does rap on one song. I still like this album lots. Its Frosted Cheerios.

Ramones Songbook Vol. II (Vital Music Records)--This is REALLY cool. A brass quartet performing Ramones songs. This is one of those novelty cereals that is only around for a few months. You know what I mean. Like the cereals they make for t.v. shows or movies. (Not Urkel O's, however! Remember, I said I LIKED this, not HATED it.) Now I'm waiting for the full Ramones cover album. Hey, if the McCrackins get to cover the Ramones, ANYONE should be able to!

Sweet Diesel "Search and Annoy" CD (Go Kart/Sound Views)-Um. This is okay. Um...its alright. Um...I don't really like it that much. Um...I think its kinda mediocre. They thank Screw 32. This is regular Alpha Bits.

# CONSUME! CONSUME! CONSUME!

The Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black s/t CD (Soapbox/ Go Kart) -Um...I can't really figure this one out. Nudity always gains points from Tight Pants. I guess its kinda like the Lunachicks. But I never liked the VHOKB, so whereas with the Lunachicks I allow a little bit of leniency due to some nostalgic sentiments, with this band I can only say, "This is music of a genre that I do not like." If you currently like and are into the Lunachicks, I bet you'd like this. This is regular Shredded Wheat (without the sugar coating of nostalgia that the Lunachicks provide). I bear no ill will towards Shredded Wheat. I just don't like that kind of cereal, if you know what I mean.

Weston "Got Beat Up" CD (Go-Kart)-I know this is really old. But hey, I review what I get. For the record, Maddy Dental does not like Weston. There are those who like Weston and those who do not. The beliefs of both camps are firmly entrenched. It is no use to argue with me. Maybe I should just quote Weston "You gave me a heartbreak sandwich when you went away to college to learn about the environment." Or something like that. This is Frosted Mini-Wheats. You may think that because they have that nice sugar coating (attempting to be poppunk) that they taste (sound) good. Its all deception. Listen to the Beatnik Termites and observe the contrast.

Yum Yum Tree "Riot Up Your Ass" (Vital Music Records)-

This is okay. The best things going for it are the bright blue vinyl and the first song, which makes fun of St. Mark's Place in NYC. A few months ago, I would have said, "St. Mark's what?" but now, being such a trendy east-coast college student, I got to visit NYC for the first time, and spent some time on the aforementioned street. This is regular Shredded Wheat.

Any record labels who want their releases to be compared to cereals, send in that vinyl. You may be the next Lucky Charms, who knows?



This is where the SXE reviews were supposed to go, but Earth Crisis came and beat me up and stole all of my SXE records.



# PUNK UPRISINGS Vol.2



Almost all unreleased or live tracks  
from Bouncing Souls - A.C. - Snapcase  
- Lunachicks - H2O -- Against All  
Authority - Lifetime - Catharsis - I Hate  
You - Neurotiks - 97a - Submachine - Time  
Bomb 77 - Anti Heros - Anti Flag - Kill  
Your Idols - Martians - I Farm - Buzzoven  
- The Boils - The Bruisers - Ensign -  
Inquisition - Wifebeater - Damnation AD  
- The Shoplifters - Fastbreak - 9 Lives -  
Boiling Man - Hatebreed - The Scabs -  
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Generation - and more out now on CD  
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SHAKE APPEAL

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LUNACHICKS

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CD AND LP*

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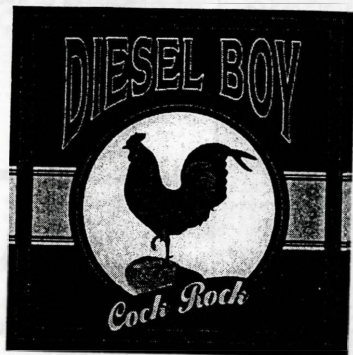
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# diesel boy

**OLD**

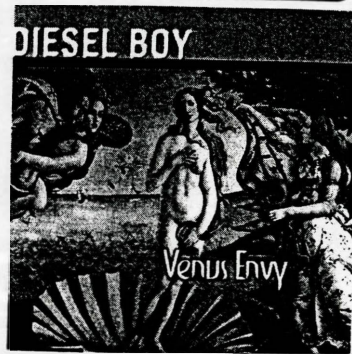


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# INSIDE THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE SYSTEM



I narrowly escaped being urinated on. There, I caught your attention. I was in the seventh grade and my teacher thought it would be really educational if we participated in Junior Business Achievement something-or-other. How it worked was some fat, middle-aged guy who was in the middle of a mid-life crisis (hey! that's two middles!) and had therefore decided to do some community service to "find himself" comes to your classroom once a week and talks to you about random business stuff. Actually, there was only one fat, middle-aged guy in question. His name was Thom. Yep, Thom. And yes, you pronounce the h. Every week he would come talk at us for about an hour. I don't remember really what he said; I DO remember that he gave us green pens from his job - kinda like those pens with the names of different prescription drugs on them. By the by, do you ever wonder why the proverbial (using a word that makes me seem smart! woo hoo!) "they" find it necessary to advertise prescription medication? As if you had a choice. Especially annoying are the commercials that have been occupying ad time during the Simpsons, advertising prescription drugs. Because of a fairly new law, they can advertise, but they have to name the side effects. So you have this peaceful music playing in the background while a family jumps into a huge pile of colorful fall leaves and then a voice comes on saying, "This drug may caused blindness, increased heart rate, vomiting, and/or death. Consult your doctor." Now, yes, I do fall for the free pens. But there's no way any amount of "peaceful music" is going to make me feel good about vomiting and death. But, pens notwithstanding, Thom wasn't a very memorable guy. I just remember him coming into the classroom covered in sweat from moving his three-hundred lb. frame up a flight of stairs.

# FAT MEN, PRISONS, AND BUSES...

But Thom redeemed himself when he proposed a field trip. Field trips are the grade school version of road trips. Of course, since you're in grade school, it's nowhere near as cool.

But your parents pay for it, which is more than I can say for any road trip I've been on.

Plus, Thom wasn't just suggesting any regular field trip. The

field trip he was suggesting would kinda be like me and my pop punk friends going to

an Assück show. Thom was suggesting that we venture downtown to the scary and potentially dangerous Milwaukee County prison, a bunch of suburban white kids getting a look at all of those "dangerous criminals." Punk rock!

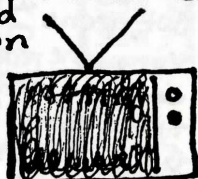


The day after the guys at CNN, who secretly rule the world, declared Clinton to be our new president (for those of you disinterested in electoral politics, that's 1992.) we loaded ourselves in the bbs and made our way downtown to the newly-constructed prison.



We were greeted by a tour guide. Yep. A tour guide for a prison. What will they think of next? Tour guides for punk rock shows? "Here, to your left, is an anarchist punk getting in a bit of a physical fight with an apolitical crusty punk. And to your right we have the pop punk kids trying to avoid them while dancing to the popular Groovie Ghoulies."

As we walked through the various hallways, we saw a few prisoners being led from one place to another and eventually we got to the actual prison cells. First we walked through the minimum security section. There was a t.v. in the hallway and a bunch of people were watching it from their cells. They had it on some news program and when they reported that Clinton had won the election last night, a toothless, crack-addict-skinny woman started screaming "CLINTON WON! CLINTON WON!" And to this very day, every time I think about the elections (which is not very often) I





hear this woman's voice.

So we continued walking through the prison, much like people walk through a zoo (Hey! Maybe Nikk! Dave Parasite would like this!) and most of the "incredibly dangerous prisoners" that we had been so anxious to see, were just sleeping or watching t.v. Come on! Stir up some trouble! This most likely will be the only time us poor, disadvantaged middle-class white kids will be able to see the criminal element in captivity. Not to overuse the zoo simile, but it's as if you were at a zoo and you saw, say, a lion or a bear and they didn't do anything. (Of course, if you were M/D. Parasite, you might prefer that the zoo animals you encounter just sleep peacefully in a far-away corner of their cell.) Well, the tour guide must have sensed our desire for danger, because he soon led us down into the basement of the prison. As we congregated in a dark, somewhat smelly hallway, he started to explain why he had brought us to the sublevel.



"So now we're going to go into the hall where we keep our most dangerous criminals. These prisoners are violent and uncontrollable and have been locked up into individual rooms to prevent them from causing harm to other prisoners."

We all looked uneasily at each other.

"Many of these prisoners have hurt or killed other prisoners. They are kept in complete darkness 24 hrs. a day. They are fed in their cells and are only allowed to leave their cells once a week so that they can shower. Who wants to take a look?"

Everyone looked at each other a bit more uneasily. Finally, a boy named Pete stepped forward. And, after a few seconds of hesitation, so did I.

"Just you two? Okay. We're going to walk down the hallway and into a room at the end. It's empty and you can go inside and have a look at what the cells are like."

We looked down the hallway as the tour guide pushed open the four foot thick metal door. He flicked on a light in the hall and I could see vague outlines of faces pressed up against

# PENIS SIGHTINGS, SPITTING, & MORE!

the small hole they were allowed in the door that separated them from the hallway. (Rather than a normal cell with bars, they had separate rooms with doors.)

I quickly realized that, although we could barely see them, they could definitely see us. And then it started. Unexpectedly, we got the show we had been requesting all along! The prisoners started pounding on their metal doors, creating a sound louder than my next-door neighbor's alterna-grunge band practice! And that's loud! And they started screaming, too! And then they started spitting! We ran down the hall and ended up in the empty cell.



Taking a few minutes to calm down from the fearful adrenaline rush, we settled our seventh-grade nerves and looked around the room. It was about the size of a bathroom, with only a bed chained to a wall.

Our twelve-year-old sense of liberal faith in the government was slowly being eaten away, but a far more serious issue was the journey back down the hallway that awaited us.

I don't mean to say that Pete and I were scared. I mean, we were tough seventh-graders. We were just a bit... just a little... aw fuck it. We were really fucking scared.

The tour guide didn't seem to share our concern and so I figured that breaking out into a mad dash for the four-foot-thick metal door at the end would not be appropriate, and so, a few minutes later, Pete and I emerged cautiously from the cell, and of course, we had no sooner done so when the screaming, banging, and spitting began all over again. We walked quickly behind the amazingly calm tour guide and were almost to the magical four-foot-thick metal door that separated the youth from such unpleasantries, when one of the prisoners stuck his penis up through the hole in the door and started peeing. I narrowly escaped, but I think Pete was subjected to a few drops. The tour guide





## PRISON URINATION AND THOM, CONT.

turned around, saw what was going on, and picked up his pace. We finally reached the door, and in a few seconds, we were on the other side, safe, and celebrating our survival with a bunch of admiring classmates.

We had survived an encounter with society's "most depraved criminals," and, for a few days, people forgot to tease me about my 300 pts. worth of math extra credit. Punk rock.



*Alleluia!*

---

## THE JOYS OF HAVING A PENPAL... AND THE HORRORS OF WAR (A tear-jerking true story)

"The entire village was wiped out. Not a single person was found alive. The civil war has indeed decimated this area."

It was the summer between 3rd and 4th grade. July 29th. My birthday. And I had just received a super cool present from my parents: the World Friends penpal package. The World Friends concept came out of the indeed that now that the Cold War (being an almost-fourth grader, I was proud to know that Russia had finally warmed up.) had ended, we should use the youth of the two countries to bridge new...ur..bridges of unity and friendship between the two countries, because, after all, we're all human, right? (Except for those bastard Asians and maybe Mikael Gorbachev's birthmarked head).

So the World Friends program was born. For ten or fifteen dollars you got a cool World Friends t-shirt which proudly juxtaposed the flags of the United States and of the Soviet Union. And, more importantly, you got the name and address of a child in the Soviet Union who wanted an American penpal. As Americans, we were to write to these troubled youngsters, offering them consoling visions of world peace, Garbage Pail Kids, and Nickelodeon.

So I opened up the package and found the thick piece of paper inside, which gave the name of my very own Russian penpal. Her name was Yana and she lived in the southern Soviet Union somewhere. That night I put on my cool new t-shirt and sat down to write her a letter. My memory fails me, but I'm sure my letter went something along the lines of "I am very excited to have a Russian penpal. I hope we will become very good friends. I like to read and to watch Punky Brewster, etc. etc." Since my dad could speak Russian, he translated it just in case she was one of the few Russians who had escaped indoctrination into the English language. I

# RUSSIA, BREAD LINES, AND YANA...

went to the post office the next day with my dad and proudly told the postman that "this is for my penpal who lives in RUSSIA," carefully pronouncing the name of the country for special emphasis. I felt very grown-up. No one at my school had a Russian penpal.

Starting the next day, I would check the mailbox faithfully, anxiously awaiting a response. The weeks past into months and I began to be concerned. But my dad assured me that mail took a very long time to get to Russia and that I would eventually hear from her.

And sure enough, about four months later (the approximate length of a Led Zeppelin song) I peered into the mailbox and found an envelope addressed to me with the letters U.S.A. written carefully on the bottom. Yay! I opened up the envelope and pulled out the letter. It was written in Russian, so I had to wait for my dad to get home from work to translate it for me. When he got home, I ran outside with the letter, yelling, "Yana wrote to me! Yana wrote to me!" He was pretty excited, too and so we went inside and he translated the letter right away. It went something like this:

Dear Madeleine,

I am very happy to have an American penpal. I think America sounds very nice. I would like to go there some day. I hope we can be really good friends. I like to wait in ten hour bread lines and read the Communist Manifesto.

Love,

Yana

Okay. So the last line wasn't true. Anyway, I was really excited to have heard from her. We began to write back and forth a lot. As it turned out, she had taken English lessons, so she started writing her letters in English. These letters usually went something like this:

Dear Madeleine,

I go school to-day. I like go to school. I like read book about America. America is nice place. Everyone has many things. In Russia, mother wait in line to get bread. I very sad for her. Someday I will come to your country and meet you. You are good friend. I love you,  
Yana

"Poor Yana," I would think, as I wrote her another letter. I would lay in bed at night and think about the day that I would finally meet her. I imagined that she would get off of a boat or plane and I would run up to greet her and we would hug. As I was known to do around this time in my life, I would make up all kinds of elaborate scenarios in which Yana and I would meet. And I continued to write to her.

After a while, her letters took on a decidedly darker tone:

"There are problem in my country. People are fighting. I am scared."

I got more and more concerned. I worried about Yana before I went to bed and sometimes at school. I imagined Yana, my poor Russian penpal who loved me, in the midst of rubble and gunfire.



# CARNAGE, T.V., AND MY MOM...

After awhile, I stopped hearing from her. At first I thought that it was just a delay in the mail, as had happened many times before. I continued to check the mailbox everyday, but to no avail.

Then one night my mom and I were watching the world news with Peter Jennings.

The name of a foreign city appeared on the screen and my mom said, "Look Madeleine! They're going to talk about the city where your penpal is from!"

I got REALLY excited and moved closer to the T.V. in anticipation. A burnt down city appeared on the screen and the foreign correspondent droned, "The entire village was wiped out. Not a single person was found alive. The civil war has indeed decimated this area."

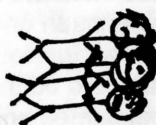
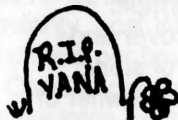
I felt a sinking feeling in my stomach. The reporter went on, "Again, no survivors have been found. The rival army came in and massacred every man, woman, and child in a brutal display of violence."

I watched in dismay as pictures of dismembered bodies, bloody streets, and general carnage filled the screen.

Yana was dead. Yana, my beloved Russian penpal who I had faithfully written to her all of those long months. Yana, who had assured me that one day we would meet each other. Yana, who once wrote, "I love you very much. You are nice person."

And now she was lying dead, most likely dismembered on the streets of some Russian city.

Poor dead Yana.



## College News

A Brief Update on the  
Physical State of My  
Next-Door Neighbor Who  
Plays Nirvana Songs on

His Guitar (Loudly) and Breaks up With  
His Girlfriend (Loudly) Every Other  
Week And Who Throws Unidentifiable  
Items Into the Garbage in the Hall,  
where They Slowly Rot and Decompose.

He's still alive.

# THE CEREAL CORNER

With 0% of those  
annoying vitamins!

Okay. Time for new developments on the cereal scene. My access to the scene has not been as good as usual for a number of reasons. 1.) The only TV show I watch is the Simpsons, so I miss out on cool cereal commercials. 2.) I go to college, which means that I eat in a cafeteria (or what is otherwise known as a "dining commons") so I can't see what/if any new cereals there are. But I can tell you that Lucky Charms came out with a special Olympic Lucky Charms, which is an abomination. Reason? Because in cereal, as in bands, as in life, there are formulas which must be firmly stuck to. Now I don't want any hippie drivel letters about making changes, trying new things, etc. (Nor do I want to hear this explanation (or any explanation for that matter) given for the new Donnas album.) I want my Lucky Charms in their original format. I don't want swirly colored marshmallows or Olympic themed boxes. I want the leprechaun on the cover and I want plain colored marshmallows inside. End of story. In other news, my sister is about to be the proud owner of all seven General Mills cereal stuffed animals. Jealousy stirs within me, leaving me with a desire to smash all of her out-of-print Queens seven inches and melt her extensive Pez collection down into molten...um...Pez plastic. But I will refrain and instead focus my energies on trying to figure out how to procure these stuffed animals for myself. You see, about a year ago, Lucky Charms ran an ad on the back of their box for the above-mentioned stuffed animals. For the entire collection you had to send in 14 UPCs within the next two years or something like that. And you have to use the mail-in coupon that they provide for you on the back of the box. Alack! Maddy Dental was unable to obtain said coupon in time before they moved on to yet another marketing gimmick, leaving me without the needed mail-in-coupon. In other Lucky Charms news, the current marketing ploy is the "Dino Chomping Spoon." I was able to obtain this



# MORE FROM THE CEREAL FILES...

information because I received a box of Lucky C. for Valentine's Day from my boyfriend. Is he cool or what? Unfortunately my "Dino Chomping Spoon" is still in its blue plastic pieces, owing to the rather cryptic instructions (or to my utter stupidity, as demonstrated by the fact that I can't even assemble cereal toys with the aid of three-step illustrated instructions). Further, the "Dino Chomping Spoon" appears to be intended for five-year-olds (main mistake made by Lucky C. ad execs: ignoring the 18-25 age bracket) and, even though I may bear closer resemblance to a five-year-old than I do to a eighteen-year-old, I still cannot operate the spoon with any great amount of proficiency. However, now as I glance more closely at the back cover, I realize that this is not just any "Dino Chomping Spoon," but rather, this is the official "Dino Chomping Spoon" of the movie "The Lost World," which reminds me of the now-defunct-but-glorious-in-its-day Lost World cereal. Lost World cereal was EXACTLY like Lucky Charms, the only differences being: a.) the cool Lost World hologram

cover, and b.) the price. Lost World cereal, due to (at least as far as my sister and I can discern) overestimating its popularity, Lost World cereal soon dropped to a price of two dollars per box. And, as you cereal buyers know, Lucky Charms can be as much as four dollars a box. A few weeks later, Lost World cereal had dropped to one dollar a box! One dollar a box! They were practically giving the stuff away! A few days later I was again in the supermarket, and all of the Lost World cereal was gone. (Insert stupid joke about how Lost World cereal was doomed to extinction, just like the dinosaurs. ha ha.) And since then, I have not seen any Lost World cereal anywhere. And now I see that the Lost World honchos have decided to throw in the towel and admit defeat to the mighty Lucky Charms. Obviously a cereal like Lost World could not win out over the leprechaun-induced madness of Lucky C. Of course, there are those who, like Cuba, are in close proximity to the imperialist power and yet are still holding their own. (I've always wondered WHAT that expression implies is being held. Of course, there is the obvious answer for those of you with your mouths in the toilet. I hold myself above stuff lines of discourse, of course, preferring light-hearted humor that does not discriminate on the basis of gender, race, age, sexual orientation, past military service, or criminal record.)

# THE CEREAL DEBATE CONTINUES

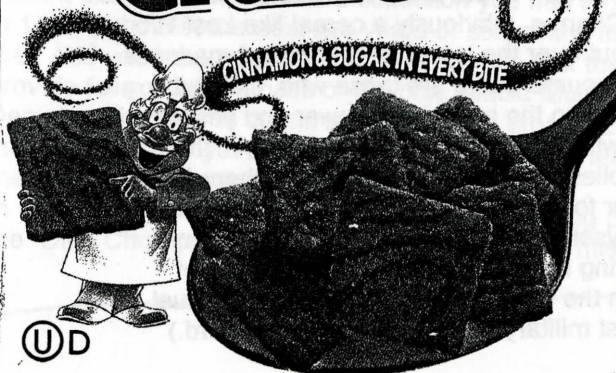
Anyway, I give the salute to the most excellent Marshmallow Maties in particular, for being the leader of the pack as far as generic Lucky Charms are concerned.

Others in contention include Quaker something or other, which my mom bought while I was home over winter break. The main thing going for the Quaker rip-off was that the non-marshmallow pieces tasted like Frosted Cheerios, which is a good thing. The other contender is Marshmallow Alpha Bits, which besides the cool alphabet gimmick, simply do not compete. Plus, the people who are behind Marshmallow Alpha Bits are also the idiots in charge of regular Alpha Bits, which is one of the worst ideas in cereal history. (Why do the masses buy Marshmallow Alpha Bits? For the MARSHMALLOWS, you idiot! Remove the marshmallows and remove the appeal!)

Okay. That's all. Hey, at least it wasn't as long as last time. Expect a bit of a change in the next issue, when my sister appears as a guest writer for this section. The topic? Oatmeal.

## Cinnamon Toast Crunch

Crispy, Sweetened  
WHOLE WHEAT  
and RICE Cereal



And a special  
Shout-out goes  
to Cinnamon  
Toast Crunch,  
which I recently  
ate for the first  
time in a much-  
too-long-time.  
I salute you  
Cinnamon  
Toast Crunch!  
I appreciate  
your blend of  
cinnamon  
and sugar!



# MEAN PEOPLE ARE MEAN or: Dude! Fuck! Wicked! Dude!

Okay. It was a few days before my flight was due to leave to fly back from Boston to Milwaukee and I had planned to spend a few days with a girl who I used to be really good friends with. (Note the use of the past tense.) Anyway, I left from Hampshire College with my boyfriend Alex. Like an all-male pornography collective at a feminist convention, little did we know what the next few days would bring.

We get into South Station in the afternoon and the above-mentioned girl we'll call [REDACTED] was waiting with her new boyfriend Peter. We lugged our suitcases to a

taxi and in a few minutes we were at Emerson College, where [REDACTED] goes to school. We dropped off our stuff and went out to eat. At this point things were

still okay. Of course, in retrospect I should have paid closer attention to [REDACTED]'s choice of clothes: Adidas and skater apparel. Bah. And Peter had brought along

his "board." Dude. Double Bah.

So we go to one of those look-how-punk-and-trendy-we-are type eating places and after being served by an appropriately punk-looking girl, we started talking.

Peter, as it turned out, used to live down the street from Joe King and every other sentence out of his mouth was, "When JOE KING from THE QUEERS and I were

hanging out, HE said..." So we learned all about Ursula and how she still doesn't have tits and about how "fucking cool" Joe is. And I guess, for whatever reason,

[REDACTED] had told Peter about this Queer's patch that I had made. (I don't know exactly how THAT would ever come up in conversation. "Hey, my friend made a

Queers patch for herself once." "Really? What's your point?") The patch was just an exact copy of the version of the cat that appears on the cover of "Move Back

Home." Nothing exceptional. Nothing even worthy of discussion. But Peter told me, "You should send a copy of that patch to JOE. He would fucking orgasm over

it!" Dude! Do you think? I know that if someone sent me a homemade patch of the cover of my zine I wouldn't be able to contain myself. I would most definitely orgasm right then and there. Dude.

Peter then began to relate some of his life lessons, "Like, man. I used to be all straightedge and shit. I mean I was REALLY straightedge. I didn't swear or drink or do drugs or have sex or anything. I used to be so smart. I even read the whole dictionary and shit." Point a.) I'm sure that Peter did NOT actually read the entire dictionary. Point b.) Reading the whole dictionary does not make you smart. In fact, anyone who wastes their time reading the dictionary is probably pretty fucking stupid, dude.

# DON'T FUCK WITH DR. FRANK!

Despite receiving little to no encouragement from either Alex or myself, Peter continued, "But now, I get fucked up all of the time. And when I get fucked up I just go out with a bunch of guys and do crazy shit. This one time we were at this Boris the Sprinkler, Queers, Mr. T Experience show and Mr. T came on to play and we were drunk as fuck and we just fucking hated their set. And when we get drunk, we get all violent and shit. So, like, we jumped up onto the stage and knocked over all of their microphones and equipment. It fucking ruled. And then the assholes kicked us out. It ruled." Ack! Those idiots who come into a show and knock everything down are...well, idiots. Okay, maybe I should try a different approach. You see, I REALLY like Mr. T Experience. A lot. And if I was at a MTX show and someone knocked everything over, causing the show to be interrupted, equipment to be potentially damaged, etc. I would be REALLY angry. Dr. Frank is a genius. Give him a little respect, okay?

But that wasn't all. Peter apparently felt as though he was on a roll and should continue telling us all about how cool he was. So he started talking about "stealing shit." Maddy Dental's theory on stealing "shit" is pretty standard: Stealing from individual people is wrong, with very few exceptions. Stealing from chain stores, corporations, blah blah blah, is to be encouraged. Okay, with that in mind, Peter started talking about stealing some d.j. mixing equipment from a guy who lives in one of the Emerson dorms, who "is a big dork." (Not like you, right Peter?) Now I don't know a lot about d.j. mixing equipment, owing to my hatred of techno and all solely computer-generated music; but I do know that it's pretty expensive. And so Peter was sitting there planning how he could steal this guy's expensive equipment. And, from the conversation, I gathered that this guy had saved up to buy all of the equipment and it was basically his pride and joy. Now, stealing from this guy would just be MEAN. There are no two ways about it. That would just be a MEAN thing to do. Don't get me wrong, I'm not against meanness when I think that it is justified. But this poor guy didn't do anything. Grrr.

Eventually we left the trendy punk diner and returned to the dorms. There, Peter got this "really fucking cool idea" and he sat down for about half an hour with some markers and a piece of looseleaf notebook paper. After tearing up a few pages while exclaiming, "Dude, fuck," he held up his work for all of us to see. It said, in bubble letters, "East Coast Fuck You! Oi Oi Oi Oi!" At which point [redacted] starting talking about how cool that was and how much it ruled. The guy just copied a line from a Bouncing Souls' song onto a torn piece of looseleaf paper. No wonder he thought my Queers patch was so cool. Dude.



See, I can  
make signs,  
too, dude!

**PETER, FUCK  
YOU!  
FIE! FIE! FIE!**



# MORE WHINING, MORE MEANNESS...

After he had completed his artistic endeavor, he proceeded to jump around the room yelling about "how much I fucking want to go skate." He then asked Alex and I if we "skate." Upon hearing our negative response (Well, mine was slightly less negative than Alex's, because I said that I WOULD skate in theory, but only as a means of transportation.) he called up some friends and went out to "fuck some shit up" and "do some tricks." Dude.

While he was gone Alex and I hung out with this cool guy named Caz. I would like to take this moment to salute him, because had he not been there, I think that the stay would have been even less bearable. [REDACTED] hung out in her room and later with Peter while Caz, Alex, and I walked around Boston and then returned to the dorms, where I learned to play chess. Punk Rock. Chess was the best part of our entire stay.

Later on Alex and I went out to walk around Boston by ourselves. Soon after we returned, [REDACTED] and Peter came back. Both of them were visibly upset and soon told us of their troubles. Before they left to go out, [REDACTED] went to the bathroom on her hall. She found the wallet of one of the ten people on her hall, who she knew, and proceeded to steal it and run around Boston in the freezing cold trying to get an ATM to take it. Of course, that didn't work; but eventually [REDACTED] called the ATM place and found out that the card had a grand total of sixty cents in it. Ha Ha. But trying to get money out of this guy wasn't enough meanness in one day, so they decided to keep his wallet because "then he'll have to get a new drivers license and i.d. and all that stuff." Assholes. Also, while Alex and I were out, this guy had apparently gone by every room to check if anyone had found his wallet or knew anything about where it was. When he came by [REDACTED]'s room, only Caz was there, and he didn't know till later what happened. Conclusion: [REDACTED] and Peter are mean.

Eventually we fell asleep around 4a.m., with our coats and a towel over us, on [REDACTED]'s bed. ([REDACTED] let us have her bed and she kept the sheets and slept on the floor, which I think was fair.) The music was still loud and people were still talking until much later than that, and every few minutes Alex and I would wake up, emit a mutual silent groan coupled with a look of annoyance that later turned to despair, and then we would attempt to fall back asleep, until we repeated the above a few minutes later.

We had to wake up at around 8am, because [REDACTED] had to sign us out of the dorm when she wasn't there. (She had a 9 o'clock class.) So we got up; but didn't get a chance to shower. I forgot to mention that the entire room reaked of cigarette smoke. I can stand to be around smoke, but I cannot stand smelling like smoke. But, due to time constraints, smell like smoke I did for the rest of the day.

That day was actually kind of fun. Alex and I wandered all around Boston and i managed to locate a number of records that I had been looking for. We had established a plan whereby we would call [REDACTED]'s dorm room and leave a message when we were about to take the subway back to her room. She would check her messages every half hour from Peter's house and when she got out message, she would come back to the dorms so that she could let us in. So at around 5pm, we called, left a message, and then ventured back to Emerson. When we got there, we called [REDACTED]'s room and she wasn't there. So we waited in the lobby (Emerson

# SHOW NO MERCY!

doesn't let you into the dorms unless a student signs you in.) for about an hour and a half. At that point we were getting kinda hungry. We called [REDACTED]'s room again and left a message on her machine that we were going out to get some food

and that we'd be back in about an hour. When we returned from Subway, we called again, and she still wasn't there. We waited another half hour and then decided to try to find Caz's number. We did, but when we called, he was out. We then remembered that we had Peter's number, so we called his house. [REDACTED] apparently had just gotten there and she said that she'd be over right away to let us in. "Cool," we thought. By then it was around 8:30. We waited for half an hour, then another half an hour. Finally, we left a note saying that we would be in the campus coffeeshop next door, and to meet us there. It was then about 9:30, and we were super tired from walking all around Boston. The coat and towel ridden bed was actually beginning to sound appealing. Eventually, we went back to the lobby around 11:30 and tried calling [REDACTED]'s room. Her roommate had just unexpectedly returned and she let us in. Fie.

The rest of the night was uneventful and the next day we got up on time by chance, [REDACTED] having forgotten to set the alarm, and left for the airport. Really, my standards are NOT that high. I mean, I went out with a guy who thought he was the vampire prince of Milwaukee. (It was only for two weeks, but still...) I just don't like inordinate meanness and stupidity. Yes, this is coming from the same person who once published excerpts from her cousin's diary (still available for one dollar and two stamps!), but there's mean and there's MEAN. I may be mean sometimes, but I'm not MEAN. (MEAN being defined by stealing from people who can't afford to be stolen from, knocking down Dr. Frank's equipment, etc. Mean with a small "m" is all about making fun of stupid people (i.e. Peter), advocating the death of the Donnas, and refusing to share my Lucky Charms.) Got it? A-okay.

Redundant moral of this story: Mean people are not nice.

And if you see a boy named Peter with bleached-blond hair in Boston carrying a skateboard and talking about Joe King, do not practice mercy. Do what you will.

## Example of MEAN↓

### Wife accused of battery over sex faces trial

Beloit — A 24-year-old Beloit woman who allegedly hit her husband in the head with a wooden plant stand when he was unable to have intercourse with her for the fifth time that day was ordered to stand trial Thursday.

Torina Cooks waived her right to a preliminary hearing on a charge of substantial battery. Her attorney told the court Cooks is pregnant and entering a drug treatment facility. No new court date was set.

Cooks was arrested in December after police were called to the couple's apartment. They found her 42-year-old husband bleeding from a gash to the head. He needed six stitches to close the cut.

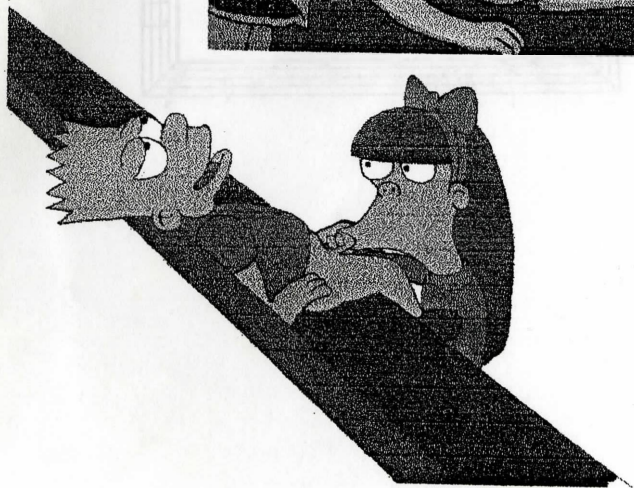
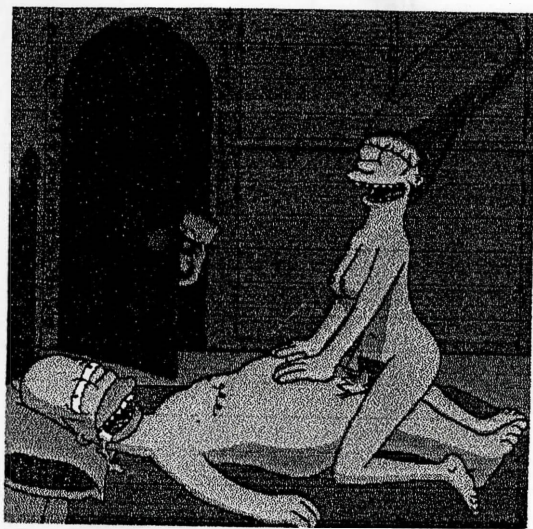
He told police his wife demanded sex several times a day and fought with him if he refused, the complaint says.



# PAGE OF PORN!

- For your viewing pleasure -

I know this issue's offerings are not as erotic or sexually satisfying as the previous issue's layout of naked Drew Barrymore pictures. My apologies. or maybe you secretly enjoy using Simpson's porn in your sex play?



# Tight Pants!

Box 23

P.O. Box 5001

Amherst, MA

01002-5001

Send this to:



Wife accused of battery  
over sex abuse trial

...a 24-year-old Belfast  
...why allegedly his law  
...at one head with a  
...stand when he  
...intercourse  
...with time that  
...stand trial

...her right  
...on a  
...a

...the couple's apartment  
...found her all-year-old head  
...bleeding from a gun to the  
...near. He needed stitches in  
...the neck.

...He told police he and the  
...separated for several days  
...and fought with him if he re-  
...the complaint says.