



TIGHT PANTS

#6

The Obligatory and Never That Interesting...

INTRODUCTION!

Hello and welcome to yet another dose of Tight Pants! I am proud to announce that this is the first issue produced entirely through the use of prison labor! Forget health insurance and minimum wage! The Tight Pants Enterprise bows to no one! Other changes to the infrastructure have been relatively minor. You can still receive a free lifetime subscription by sending me weird/rare Replacements stuff (check first to see what I have), Sweet Baby bootlegs and boxes of Lucky Charms®. This may be the last issue for about a year - I am taking off college for a semester and then maybe going to France - which means no free xeroxing. So stock up on back issues!

This issue is dedicated to
everyone who hates Larry Livermore,

Enjoy!

☆ maddy madeleine ☆

(circle one)

After 12/10/99, please use my Wisconsin
address.



The Killing Fields:

A Shockingly Gruesome Tale of Woe!

Attention Tight Pants readers! Another rant on transportation-related issues awaits you! Rejoice at your good fortune! Do not rejoice at this stupid intro!

About two months ago, I was brutally assaulted, accosted by a machine so deadly and heinous, it is a wonder I escaped alive.

What follows is a shocking tale of what happened to one innocent girl on a carefree summer night. Send the children to bed. This is not rated G.

The young protagonist, known to many as the force behind a zine by the name of Tight Pants, was in the middle of her usual bike ride home from work. Over the summer she decided to seek employment as a waitress, a most uncharacteristic move on her part; but she made a ton of money, enabling her to purchase



most music on her current wish-list, including those that have been floating around the bottom of the list for about two years (case in point: the Adventures in Hi-Fi album by R.E.M. In fact, she is listening to it right now. Punk credentials be damned!) So she was biking home with her usual T.O.M. (Ton of Money), starting out in the rich suburb of Glendale, home to her workplace, crossing over into Milwaukee proper, where she actually has to cross train tracks, leading her to abandon her thoughts that "the wrong side of the tracks" was at this stage in the game just a metaphorical statement. Immediately after crossing the aforementioned train tracks, the neighborhood changes more dramatically than the early vs. late periods of The Clash. No more rich people. No more white people. But since she lives her life in complete disregard for personal safety, basing

Murder, Rape, & Lucky Charms...

her beliefs on the fact that statistically, she will not be a victim of violent crime, especially not something like murder or rape, (and that most concerns about safety are products of a suburban-induced paranoia) she never before had any concern for her well-being. (Is this third-person style annoying you yet? Because it sure is annoying me...um...her.) So she was biking past boarded-up building after boarded-up building, bar after bar, and she was almost home. Having gained a lot of momentum from an earlier hill, she was in the middle of a sort of mindless happiness (think: the sort of happiness you experience while eating your favorite cereal (Lucky Charms, of course), or finding a dollar on the ground), which is the best kind anyways. Going fast on her bike, done with work for the day, all while listening to "Stay Free" by The Clash on her headphones. And then it



happened. As she was going through the intersection, the light turned yellow; she increased her speed and had successfully gotten through the intersection when the light turned red. She was still biking at a rather fast speed, perhaps 20 miles an hour. And then, the next thing she knew, her entire world came crashing down around her. "Never took no shit from no one; we weren't..." Ack! Ack! "Stay Free" was interrupted without warning, as her headphones and her own body went flying in two different directions. A few seconds later, she was lying in the middle of the road, on a very busy intersection, trying to understand the sudden change in events and location. Her brain being the remarkable device that it is, she concluded after a few seconds that she had been hit by a car (sign her up for Harvard!) and started to take note of the people around her.

Life: Nasty, Brutish, Short

About a minute later, in the midst of people gathering and asking her questions, she realized that she was, in fact, okay. Except that her arm really hurt, and as she looked down, she noted a rather nasty and large cut. She responded to the people around her and a few brief moments later a police van appeared on the scene. By this time she had come to her senses enough to get out of the middle of the road. The crowd of curious folk had

Photographic Evidence:



Exhibit A: The victim displaying some of her wounds.



Exhibit B: The damaged bicycle

grown, and she learned from the police that, from where they were (apparently they saw the whole thing) that it looked quite serious. They expressed doubt that she was, in fact, alright, and suggested that she seek treatment at an emergency room. She rejected their irrational suggestions, but did get a ride back to her apartment with her damaged bike in tow. The vile force behind this outrage escaped from the scene of the crime, in a move known to the proles as "hit-and-run."

The Shattering of Illusions, cont.

Is this story just the fictional whimsy of one bored writer? Nay! The annoying third-person facade will now be broken through! Are you ready for the illusion to be shattered, for your dreams to be crushed? Tis I who was that innocent young lass, struck down in her prime by an apparatus commonly known as an automobile. Maimed almost beyond recognition (see photographic exhibits), I struggled for my life that summer night; but I survived to share my story with the literate public, in the hopes that the world may come to rise up against the worst idea in the history of transportation, with the sole exception of the guy at my school who devoted all of his four years to creating a "flying bicycle." With a license to kill, cars prowl around our communities at all hours of the day and night. [If this were a zine by Jeff Ott or one of his cronies, I would, at this point, insert a long rant about the use and abuse of non-renewable resources, follow it up with a warning about the evils of electricity, and close with a statement about how being punk rock means living in a log cabin with no running water. (Or would that be the Unabomber? Hmmm...) But, fortunately, I am not Mr. Ott.] Despite this rather obvious fact, I DO hate cars, in theory. In addition to the fact, all too well-known to myself in light of recent events, that cars can KILL YOU (And I cannot recall an occasion in which I have seen a bicycle kill a pedestrian. Feel free to send in information to contradict this statement. Enclose some Sweet Baby bootlegs or candy for a speedy response.), cars also are guilty of producing a certain, very annoying tendency on the part of people everywhere. I will refer to this tendency as W.B.N.L.L.S.T.M.M. (Wants Becoming Needs Leading to Laziness and the Spending of Too Much Money). Allow me to explain. I have lived most of my twenty (Ack! Fie on adulthood!) years with a woman, known to some as my mother, who drives absolutely EVERYWHERE. On one particularly memorable occasion, she DROVE her car one block away to pick up a small quantity of Chinese food. She would never let my sister or myself walk home from our place of employment (the library), located a mere five blocks away, on the grounds that it was "dangerous." (Keep in mind that we were suburban dwellers.) She consistently drives to places within a five block radius of

Laziness, Maternal Units & more!

our house. Her "want" to drive a car everywhere thus progressed into a "need" (All hail random quotation marks! And while we're at this hailing game, all hail the glorious s/t Muffs album I'm listening to right now!). So now we have the "Wants Becoming Needs" part down. This need to drive everywhere led her to utter laziness, as exhibited on a fairly recent family trip to go hiking for the day. My sister and I are all in favor of any sort of non-competitive crazy hiking scheme; but when we get to the trail the maternal one walks for about 15 minutes, and then sits down on a rock, citing weariness as the cause. So there's the "Leading to Laziness" part. So we're left with the "Spending Too Much Money," which is perhaps the best argument against owning your own car. About two years ago my mom leased a



brand new car. Falling prey to stupid ad campaigns, she decided on a Saturn. From that moment on, she became a pawn of the Saturn corporation. We would be driving somewhere and she would feel the continual need to point out other Saturns on the road. If I hear, "Look, there's a Saturn," one more time... So my mom became trapped into monthly lease and car insurance payments, eating away at money that she doesn't even have to begin with.

Now, some of you might be saying, "Hey, but I'm not your mom!" (Actually I REALLY hope ALL of you are saying that.); but this applies to everyone, not just to middle-aged suburban women. To everyone who owns their own car, I say to you: Contemplate your decision carefully. Don't you ever feel just a little bit stupid for paying money to own something that will require expensive and oft-times unexpected repairs? Do you really need such a deadly machine? But Maddy, thou doth protest, I need a car to go to shows. You're not saying that I

* MU = Maternal Unit

My Solution to End All Misery

should stop going to shows, are you? Hey, you really ARE Jeff Ott, after all. Traitor to the Punk Rock Cause! Off with her head!

No! Keep my head attached to my body! I am not calling for the complete abolition of automobiles, given the present state of affairs. Rather, I propose to you a car-sharing plan that I have been contemplating for a few months.

What Is To Be Done

Step #1.) Make sure that you are located in a fairly urban area. Death to the suburbs and rural areas, for they shall destroy all of my careful planning! Basically just make sure that you live somewhere that is conveniently located within walking or biking distance to a variety of necessary places (grocery store, coffee shop, record store, etc.).

Step #2.) Find four or five really good friends who you trust at least as much to not steal the car and run away to Mexico to sell heroin. Make sure that none of these friends suffers from an addiction to cars, and that all of them live nearby.

Step #3.) Pool together your money. If there are five of you, you can get a \$2500 used car for a mere \$500 each. See? I even do the math for you!

Step #4.) Purchase the aforementioned \$2500 car.

Step #5.) Allow each person to use the car no more than twice a week, except under extenuating circumstances. This car should not be used unless it is necessary. No trips to the corner Chinese restaurant please! When a show comes around, all five people can pile into the car together and drive there. All for a mere \$500 each.

Step #6.) In the event of damage to the car, all parties split the tab equally, unless the accident was directly caused by the unbelievably extreme stupidity of one member of the car-sharing plan. (For example, if one of your friends decides that it would be a "cool experiment" to observe the car in flight off of a bridge, that innovative individual would be responsible for any and all car repairs.

Step #7.) When or if people in the car-sharing move away, sell the car and split the money equally.

The Obligatory Record Reviews!

100% Subjective! With all of the necessary (and sometimes unnecessarily cheezy) cereal-related metaphors! Alright! To have your band or label's subjected to the same mindless commentary, send in tapes/cd/records. Wow! This is more mean than usual, but I must stand firm! We want honesty in these matters, right? You do want to know whether I honestly like something or am just engaging in some ass-kissing, correct?

In no particular order!

I'm just THAT crazy!

Vaginal Discharge "Froth" cd (Reality Impaired Recordings)—Okay, this is definitely one of those Dead-Milkmen-induced- music-as-comedy albums. Usually its either your thing or it isn't. I myself sit on the fence on this sort of thing; it has its moments of greatness— "Fat Farm Orgy" (in which the singer growls "I DON'T CARE! ARRGHH!") in a moment of transcendent genius) and "It's Dark in Here" (a plaintive cry for help sung by various lost objects—including a carrot, an Oreo cookie, and a condom); but it also suffers from a lack of lyrical creativity on many of the songs. This is one of those novelty cereals—I'll go with Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles cereal. It could never be my favorite cereal, nor even make it to the first tier, but, you know, sometimes you're just in the mood for something not too bright and sorta silly.

The Chantigs "Up With the Chantigs" cd (Rodent Records)—kinda psychedelic, definitely not my thing. Recently I concluded that I hold everything up to the rock 'n' roll standard; one can deviate from this standard at times (The Beach Boys, the Beatles, the Velvet Underground, REM, and Neil Young being prone to, at times, abandon the rock), but, stray too far from the path, and I won't like it. Now that's a guarantee! This is Fruity Pebbles with swirls (available for a limited time only, don't look for them in stores.) Fruity Pebbles because fruit-flavored cereals just aren't my thing, and swirls, well, duh. Colored and swirly=psychedelic.

Bands and Vans: A Compilation cd (Wee Rock Records)—Quite the eclectic sampler. All bands from Missouri or nearby. From hardcore to pop and back again. This is quite cheap, I believe, and well worth your money. I especially like the songs by Honeymoon Habit, Casio Quartet, and the Problem Adicts. Buy this! This is one of those cereal variety packs containing all second tier cereals (cereals that are quite good, but are not over-the-top excellent).

Dimestore Haloes "Revolt into Style" cd (Pelado Records)—Rock 'n' Roll, baby! I love this band! You know that if an album makes you wanna abandon everything and give up your life in the service of rock 'n' roll, it has be completely incredible. Not one bad track on here. But, there is

MORE ROCK! MORE ROLL!

a one (not so slight) problem. They include the "Everybody Loves you When You're Dead" EP on here, in the middle of new songs. Stupid. Downright unforgivable. If you know me well enough, you may already know that I cannot stand it when bands include songs from EPs on their albums, unless the EP came out no more than three months before the LP. Now, that rule applies to the inclusion of a measly one song, so imagine my dismay when confronted with an ENTIRE ep. Had the mighty Haloes recorded four more new (and equally incredible) songs instead, this would have been the best album of 1999. Now I cannot in good faith nominate it for said position. The songs that were previously unreleased are Cinnamon Toast Crunch (one of my all-time favorite cereals), but the songs from the EP are Corn Pops (another excellent cereal)—after I've already eaten nothing but Corn Pops for three straight weeks. I mean, I'll still eat 'em; they still taste great, but I end up looking in the cupboard for more Cinnamon Toast Crunch.

The Grandprix "33mph" EP (self-released?)—Okay. Now you get treated to my rant about pop punk. I do love pop punk; there's no denying that. Screeching Weasel, MITX, the whole Lookout school, plus much more. But, point a.) there is nothing worse than bad pop punk and b.) there is nothing more unpunk than bad pop punk, c.) there is a disproportionate amount of bad pop punk, and d.) by bad pop punk, I mean anything that's not great. There is no middle ground with this genre, says I! So, guess how I ~~feel~~ about this band? Well, to put it simply, it's not great. And so... This is regular Rice Krispies. Take it or leave it.

Charlie Brown Gets a Valentine "Alert Your Captain" ep (Spoiled Records)—See Grandprix review, with these added comments: What ever happened to style in punk rock? I mean, I'm not crying out for everyone to become a bunch of fashion punks or conform to the tongue-in-cheek wardrobe choices of the Dimstore Haloes, but come on! Baggy pants are NOT punk! Baggy pants stand for all that has gone wrong in punk rock! Plus, they are named after a Beatnik Termites song! (This comment should not be misconstrued to mean that I don't like the Termites, for I very much do, despite the fact that the last time I saw them they were quite dull and, well, almost bad. I hold the position that naming yourself after other band's songs is not the brightest policy. Feel free to challenge this assertion. There may be exceptions lurking in the dark corners of my record collection.) Plus, the drummer is wearing a Tricky shirt! (I'm not entirely sure, all I know is that Tricky is somehow caught up in that horrid genre known to the baggy-pants-wearing-masses as techno.) This is unforgivable! And then they cover the fucking Cure! Fucking hell! This is Fruity Pebbles (a cereal which capitalized on a number of bad ideas—Rice Krispies shape and texture, plus fruity coloring. Yuck.).

Lots of Lucky Charms!

Go48 demo tape—Pop punk, pop punk, pop punk. Nothing incredible, but I do see potential. (Oh! Now I sound like a major label scout! "Yes, yes, your early stuff is all quite, well, interesting, but, given some time and a few hundred thousand dollars, perhaps, perhaps...") Seriously though, I would be most interested to hear future releases. Quite Lookout-influenced in a good way, without being ultra-generic. This is regular Rice Krispies, because it later went on to become Rice Krispie Treats cereal—a quite welcome evolution, if I do say so myself.

Day Dreaming with an Empty Station Wagon cd (Dizzy Records)—a compilation of a lot of great stuff (the Decibels, the Rondelles, the Weird Lovemakers, the Shakes and more!). If the poppier side of pop punk is your thing, you will love this. If you're like me, and like really poppy stuff only from time to time, but when you do, you like it a lot (the Yum Yums being a prime example), then you'll still think this is pretty cool. It looks like an EP—with a good-sized booklet, and only costs five bucks. Most enjoyable! More please! This is Frosted Flakes (the sugar content of that cereal matching the sugary level of these songs).

Pinhead Gunpowder "Shoot the Moon" cd (Adeline)—Pinhead Gunpowder can do no wrong. The only problem I have with this is that it's not longer. All of these songs could very well fit on one seven-inch. Minor qualms aside, this is excellent from beginning to (glorious) end. The cover of the Replacements "Achin' to Be" is worth the cost of this (and more) alone. "Poison the reservoir and then, I'm gonna kiss you." Punk rock. This is Lucky Charms.

Dillinger Four "This Shit is Genius" cd (No Idea/THD)—Correct. This shit IS genius. Caution: buying this cd will mean that you will neglect everything else in your record collection for quite some time. D4 manage to combine pop and rock and punk to create some of the most incredible songs I've heard in a long time. Plus, with this cd, you don't need to hunt down all of the out-of-print and thus expensive eps. Buy this! Fall to your knees before the glory that is the Dillinger Four! Send Billy, Lane, Patty, and Eric everything that you own! Sacrifice your firstborn on the D4 altar! This is, beyond any doubt, Lucky Charms!

The Replacements "All for Nothing" double cd (some major label)—The best band of all time. Period. I do not want to hear any argument. No one will ever top the drunken heartbroken genius of Paul Westerberg. This may seem like an emo statement, but I don't fucking care. If, for \$3000, I could make it 1984 and I could see the Replacements back in their glory days, I would fork over the money in a second. Now, onto this release specifically. Of course, I love it. Quite a good bit of rarities (covers and unreleased 'Mats stuff), but all from the Sire years! No Twin Tone at all! Argh! Now, "Tim" is my second favorite Replacements album, but first is "Let it Be" and third is "Sorry Ma" and fourth is "Stink." So this anthology made me a little upset. It's like if you took

favorite Sweet Baby songs ever, plus an incredibly rockin' song by the name of "Stab You in the Eye" from the two-piece Mundt. Plus a TON of more great stuff. Unfortunately, no liner notes, but why complain? This is like finding a box of Lucky Charms from the first pressing back in the day and discovering that it's not stale at all! In fact, it's as good as the Lucky Charms of today, if not better!


Down in Front four-ep-set (No Idea)—Wow. I am in awe. Four whole EPs full of unreleased material from various Aaron Cometbus-inclusive bands (Sweet Baby, Cleveland Bound Death Sentence, Pinhead Gunpowder, Shotwell Coho, Redmond Shooting Stars, and more!). Sorry, no Crimpshrine, but hey, they didn't want you to have a HEART ATTACK from joy when you bought this, right? This contains one of my

Must Destroy the Emo Beast!

Lucky Charms and removed the purple moons and green clovers and tried to pass it off as Lucky-C. You wouldn't fool me! I'd eat it, and love it, but I would know that its just NOT representative of the true Lucky Charms!

Connie Dungs-- "Earthbound for the Holiday" cd (Mutant Pop)--Take a great band. Add emo. And watch it all go to hell. The Connie Dungs have abandoned the genius "Driving on Neptune" stylings in favor of non-catchy emotive crap. I know, I know, one of their dad's died. But, I mean, I endured the same thing, and I've never included a picture of a grave in any of my zines! And the lyrics "Dig my grave on a snow-white hill, my baby queen can come and weep" are just NOT acceptable. We HAVE to hold ourselves to standards! We cannot make any exceptions, or, before you know it, we'll all be rockin' out to the latest Promise Ring release. Argh. This is Apple Cinnamon Cheerios. I can't even eat a spoonful.

The Boys "Alternative Chartbusters" cd reissue (Captain Oi)--For a long time, I've been without any Boys material except the song "First Time," with no way to cheaply remedy the situation. But now everything's back in print. Hooray! And I get to experience the full glory of the Boys for the first time! (har har) Now, all of you older punk rockers may be shaking your head at my youthful ignorance, but I say, what a great thing it is to be able to, in 1999, hear the Boys for the first time! You don't have anything like that to look forward to! You've heard it all! You have to pin your hopes on the music of today (which isn't the worse fate, but, you know.), whereas whenever I hit upon a dry spell, I have countless numbers of great (and even quite well-known bands like the Boys) to fall back upon. An excellent position to be in. So, "Alternative Chartbusters"... I cannot listen to this enough. UK pop at its finest. Catchy, catchy, catchy, with great lyrics: "When Johnny Thunders/Has been forgotten/You will still be special to me." This is Corn Pops!

The Strike "Shots Heard Round the World" lp (Victory--but don't let that dissuade you, I swear!)--Great mod-influenced punk. Definitely high on the list of my favorite albums of the year. "Grab some coffee see a band/the good times had no end/And we never needed anybody/And we never needed any one/Wait for just one second and its gone." (Note: this is paraphrased; my Strike stuff is currently out on loan.) I'm a sucker for "you and me against the world" sorta songs, and  really well-written and intelligent political songs as well. (And, let me tell you, the latter category is not exactly overflowing. How many times do I need to be told "the system sucks" or "fuck the pigs"? It offends my interest in political matters after awhile and turns everything into a cliché.) The fact that the Strike can combine both of these makes me sure to love them. This is Kellogg's Granola, one of my favorite cereals--and definitely the "smartest" cereal I eat. (My other favorites being sugar-filled and serious-substance-less, which is, of course, most excellent as well.)

The State, The Dillinger Four, & more!

See, not so hard now is it? Plus, you decrease the number of death machines terrorizing our roads at any given time, thus reducing the chance that I will be hit by one of them, thus allowing me to bike in confidence once again, thus preventing you, the reader, from having to read another long article about how I was hit by one of these vile contraptions, or, even worse, being denied any future Tight Pantsdom due to my untimely death. (Death from the overpowering mixture of Lucky Charms, giant soft pretzels, my recently acquired (courtesy of Tight

The victim after the incident:
injured, angry, yet not defeated.
BIKES WILL PREVAIL!



Pants columnist Neezer) State video collection, and the Dillinger Four "This Shit is Genius" cd is, of course, still entirely possible, and could happen at any moment. Stock up on back issues now!) I still bear the scars from that cruel night. In fact, before that unfortunate incident, only one scar marred my flesh--a small chicken pox scar on my arm circa 1986. Now I have a number of pinkish scars along my brutally mutilated right arm; I hold them up as battle wounds--a reminder of the never-ending struggle between pedestrian and automobile. I will continue the struggle to my death. Death to Henry Ford and his cronies! All hail Sir Schwinn and Captain Huffy!

TIGHT PANTS DECLARES WAR!

Calling all Tight Pants readers of every rank, class, gender, sexual preference, and punk rock sub-genre! There is an evil force in zine land - a woman who has the audacity to name her pointless & dull publication "Tight Pants" - clearly sullyng my good name! We CANNOT stand for this! We must take action! What follows is a history of sorts of my correspondence with her. I ask that you read it, and then fill out the form letter and mail it asap. Feel free to write your own as well. Tell your friends! Tell your friend's friends! SHE MUST BE DESTROYED!

EXHIBIT A: My initial letter, written after a diligent reader by the name of Seth sent me a copy of the offending zine with the suggestion to "kick her ass!"

To the Editor of Tight Pants:

This is a cease and desist notice. I write a zine entitled Tight Pants. It has a circulation of about 2000 and therefore, the existence of your zine will only create confusion. Furthermore, were anyone to write to you requesting Tight Pants (my version) and receiving Tight Pants (your version), they would be sorely disappointed. For whereas my zine contains wit, humor, punnery, and a love of sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll, your zine contains the stereotypical new school rich kid "punk" - (i.e. Blink 182) and ska drivel, devoid of humor and full of absolutely nothing of import. Allow me to draw your attention to several especially telling parts of your issue #3:

- ① parental funding
- ② really annoying & meaningless (except to your immediate circle of friends) jokes and attempts at humor on pg. 7
- ③ inside-joke photos on pg. 8

There Can Only Be ONE Tight Pants!

- ④ annoying fat-pants-wearing-band-coverage (see pg. 9)
- ⑤ the lament over the anti-piercing policy at Wendy's on p. 13. "This must be some kind of discrimination." Oh no. I too am outraged at this blatantly unfair and utterly oppressive policy. You and your legion of pierced (and therefore oppressed) cohorts should rise up against such fascists.

⑥ sks. need I say more?

⑦ use of a word that does not exist ("brutefully" on pg. 20)

⑧ All of pg. 20. Loss of too many points to count due to your gullibility and general willingness to respond to melodrama and sappy, romanticized Danielle Steel musings. Poor Nick. How tragic. Save your overblown reactions for people you actually know.

⑨ The mentioning of anarchy on p. 28. This may come as a surprise to you, but there are people out there who are actually well-read and give their support to anarchism. Such intelligent statements as "Life would suck with anarchy" clearly demonstrate a lack of reflection about the issue. There are, of course, reasons to reject any or perhaps all aspects of anarchism, but somehow the phrase "Life would suck with anarchy" fails to present a convincing argument.

⑩ All of pg. 30. Reprinting misinformed propaganda from D.A.R.E. merely exemplifies your own stupidity, as do the following sentences "You would think that kids could be taught, once there is a bad result, you stop doing it. But it just isn't so. Even animals can be conditioned in this way."

Boo hoo. Children cannot easily be indoctrinate. How upsetting. First of all, I agree that smoking cigarettes is stupid, but making a blanket

destroy the enemy!

More Hate! More Hate! Alright!

statement about all mind-altering drugs, again without much evidence of serious reflection, only shows a real failure to understand the general concept of drugs. People do drugs for lots of reasons. And addiction is a horrible thing, but to group all drug users in the same category is just ignorant. Do you consume caffeine? How about sugar? Eat chocolate? Go for long periods without sleep? All of these things produce chemical changes in your body, just like drugs. In fact, caffeine, sugar, and chocolate could be considered drugs. Next time don't take the D.A.R.E.-induced stance and try to view things a little more critically.

For those ten reasons, in addition to the aforementioned reason of avoiding confusion, I demand that you change the name of your zine. You are sullying my good name and I will not stand for it.
Cordially,

Madelline

Tight Pants zine

2208 North 72nd St.

Wauwatosa, WI 53213-1808

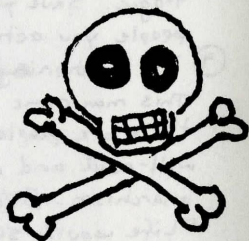
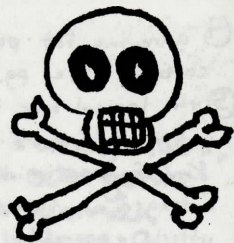


EXHIBIT B: Her response

June 23, 1999

Madelline

Tight Pants Zine

2208 North 72nd St.

Wauwatosa, WI 53213-1808

Dear Madelline:

Thank you for your letter. Whereas your zine is entitled "Tight Pants," the title of my zine is "The World Would Be A Much Better Place If Everybody Wore Tight Pants."

Sincerely,

Elana Epstein
Elana Epstein

Do Your Part for the Boys on the front lines!

EXHIBIT C: My Response
(I have not yet heard
back from her.)



ACT NOW

Now its your turn! Fill out
the form letter below &
mail it to:

Elana Epstein
P.O. BOX 577
St. James, NY 11780
SOLIDARITY FOREVER.

Dear Ms. Epstein-

Although your zine is entitled
"The World Would Be A Much Better Place
if Everybody Wore Tight Pants," you refer to
it as "Tight Pants." (Partly because by
now you may have realized that 13-word
zine titles are perhaps not the best
idea ever.)

Do not try to fool me with details.
I will not be moved. My original
demand stands. My pants are
tighter, my music better, my zine
more important. Cease & desist.

Respectfully Yours,

Madeleine
Tight Pants World Hdqtrs.
2208 N. 72 St.
Wauwatosa, WI 53213-1808

Dear Ms. Epstein:

I am writing a.) to express general distaste for you as a person b.) to demand that you change
the name of your zine.

I am a devoted reader of the original, illustrious Tight Pants zine. On ___ occasions, it has
prevented me from committing suicide, and once it even saved my life when I was addicted to
_____. The wit and humor contained within its pages is unequalled in current
periodicals.

Now, you, kind madame, are another story. Your zine is so awful, I would rather
_____ than read it. If I meet you in person, I would
_____, and then I'd _____.

The name of your zine concerns me greatly. What would happen if I were to accidentally
order the latest Tight Pants (your version) instead of the latest Tight Pants (real version)? I
might just have to _____.

With all of these points in mind, I demand that you change the name of your zine at once. I
will not stand for this outrage.

Cease and desist,

A Most Unwelcome Squatter or: Ack! Ack! Fuck! No! AARRGHH!

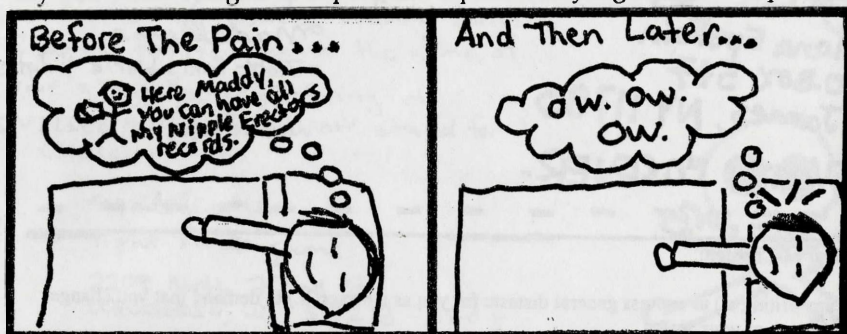
A Q-Tip, an earring, a cockroach.

Which one of these does not belong in someone's ear?

Disclaimer #1, following the all-too revealing question: I am decidedly NOT one of those girls who runs a mile away at the sight of a small spider or bee. I distance myself from such girls, as further explained elsewhere in this issue. I believe in a policy of war towards insects, and I am no Switzerland. Got it?

Disclaimer #2: I do NOT live in a roach-infested hellhole. Is my apartment cheap? Yes. Is it crawling with insects? No.

Having said that, about two weeks ago I was peacefully asleep in my bed when I began to experience a pain in my right ear. This pain



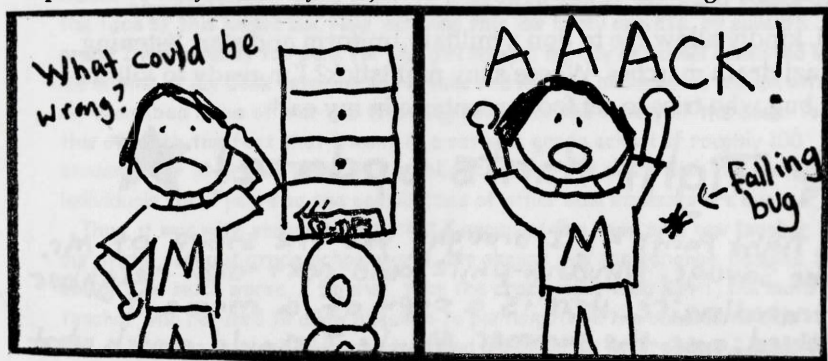
increased to the point where, even though I was still almost completely asleep, I began to take notice of it. Seeing as how it seems that I rarely sleep at all these days, I tried to ignore it, in the hopes of sleeping for at least two straight hours; but no. The pain continued and eventually I had to abandon hopes of attaining much of the elusive r&r (and that's rest and relaxation, not rock 'n' roll, because you ALL know that, unlike Kiss, I rock n' roll all night AND every day). So I stood up and ventured into the bathroom. While on my way (the one flaw of my apartment is that the bathroom is not in the apartment proper, but rather, is located down the hall--a convoluted phrase--oh yes!), I noticed that the pressure in my ear was changing, as though I was on a plane that couldn't make up its mind whether to land or ascend an additional one thousand feet. Needless to say, I was a bit worried, but still half asleep. I entered the non-contiguous bathroom and took a Q-Tip to my ear in hopes of finding answers, at which point I recalled the

Black Bugs Bleed Blue Blood, cont.

only statistic that has ever stuck in my head for any prolonged period of time: In Los Angeles, 75% of the objects removed from people's ears in emergency rooms are cockroaches.

Yes, I did check my ear for any signs of cockroach squatters. And none were found. I became reassured. After all, I don't live in L.A. and my bathroom isn't an emergency room. I MUST be safe, right? So I continued with my Q-Tipping, without any discernible signs of success. The pain was still very much there, and I was beginning to suspect that an ear infection was to blame. And then I discovered that if I tilted my head to the right side, the pressure in my ear changed dramatically. I continued doing this, and then tilted my head as far to the right as possible, and then..... A BLACK BUG FELL OUT OF MY EAR!

For God's Sake, dear reader! A bug simply does not belong in my ear! I mean, I'm punk and all, but I will NOT tolerate insect squatters in my ear! Maybe I just haven't listened to enough Crass,



but I have to take a stand somewhere! To paraphrase the only worthwhile show to ever appear on MTV, The State, I am a human and a cockroach is an insect and never the twain shall meet!

AAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGG GGHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!! Perhaps I am not striking enough fear into your innocent souls. Try this:

AAAAAAAAGHHH HHHHHH!!!!!! A FUCKING BUG IN MY EAR FOR CHRIST'S SAKE! JUST IMAGINE IT FOR A SECOND!

While I was busy yelling AAARGHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

ARRRRRRRRRGHHHHHHH!!!!!! ACK! ACK!, the bug quickly crawled away into a corner of the bathroom and then disappeared. I managed to only get a very quick look at it. A black bug, about 3/4 of an inch long. AAAAAAAAAG

HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

My body is a temple! I only want human things in my body, got it? I

Blatz, Nazis, & Insects...

am a-okay with my finger in my mouth or ear, or parts of other humans in certain parts of me (an act known to some as sex), but insects and all non-human animals do NOT belong in my very human body! A house or apartment can suffer from insect infestation and it can only bother me to a certain degree, but my own person is quite a different story! I never thought that I'd have to worry about infestation in my own body, but apparently I was wrong.

Needless to say, sleep did not come easily after that occurrence. Of course, I worried a little about the possibilities of some sort of bug-egg-laying scheme, a la several urban legends; but when my ear seemed alright, I abandoned such concerns. New concern: this will happen again. The bug will tell his friends and then, when I'm fast asleep, they'll all come into my ear and fuk shit up. No! They'll all come into my ear, start cranking up the Blatz on the stereo, start drinking, smash some bottles, and take up a temporary residency. Punk rock? Perhaps. What does that make me? A pig? Perhaps. Well, kindly allow me to don a military uniform and start listening to Nazi death marches. Where's my nightstick? I'm ready to kill the next bug who tries to set foot or tentacle in my ear!

★ Tight Pants Update! ★

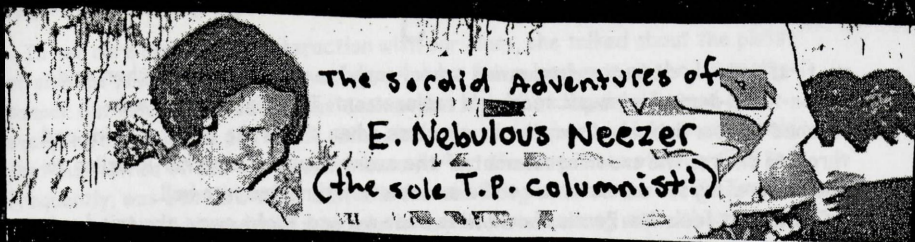
In Tight Pants #1, I brought you the story of Mr. Jake Savage, Nirvana-phile and next-door neighbor extraordinaire. Here is a copy of a memo I received over the summer. Maybe I should watch what I wish for...

MEMORANDUM

It is my sad story to inform you of the death of current student Jacob [redacted] Savage, F97, of [redacted]. Jacob died on Friday, May 14, while on leave, traveling in Africa, from complications of cystic fibrosis. Jacob was a student, writer, and performer of music--he was the songwriter, manager and lead guitarist for his band, Auraphase, which recorded two compact discs in local studios.

I know that you join with me and with students, staff, and faculty in extending our condolences to Jacob's family and friends during this painful time. There are few words that can help us through such tragedies; however, I hope those faculty and staff who worked with Jacob and those students who were his friends will reflect on Jacob's presence in our community and how he touched our lives. Such reflection can be a comfort.

Funeral services are not yet arranged and will be private.



Given that my current life consists of long days at a local bread store making 7.00 an hour and/or the study of meteorology with our local weatherman at a nearby college, it has been necessary to delve into the past for worthy column topics. Not that the proper methods of kneading loaves and the effects of radiation on soil temperature aren't interesting, but you probably are already familiar with these common knowledge subjects. What you probably aren't aware of (note: if you are, I must say I am both disturbed and flattered) is the manner in which I spent my final years in grade school.

Let's begin by the premise that by the time any person reaches junior high, the need to move onto high school is so great that any attempt at learning is futile. Added to this problem is the fact that teachers attempt to fight this force in the face of this known law. Now, applying this law to my own life, by seventh grade I was already too punk for the girl scouts; my day at school consisted of me sitting at my desk listening to Nirvana and REM on headphones hidden within my uncombed mane of hair and traveling down into the safety of the desk. Top this off with the fact that I went to a catholic grade school of roughly 100 students for 10 grades (note: in catholic schools one is stuck with the same 10-20 individuals for 8 years so the possibilities of other cool students are minimal.)

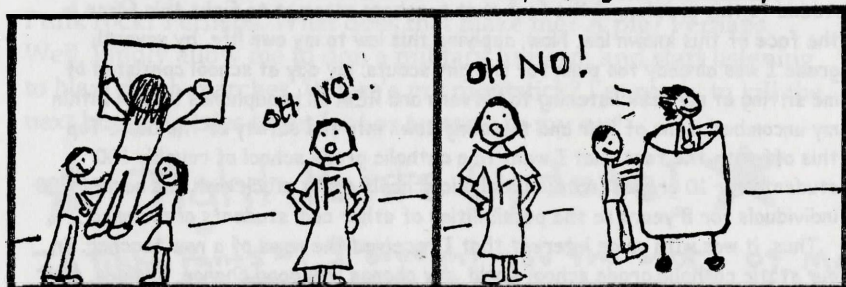
Thus, it was with some interest that I received the news of a new teacher. In our static catholic grade school world, any change was good change. Besides, she couldn't be much worse, I figured, than the crazy right-wing Mr. T, the math teacher who refused to allow his class to participate in the school's winter hall-decorating contest. He instead placed a sign on his wall reading, "Jesus is the reason for the season." Equally unpleasant was the former English teacher, Mrs. Doersching, who spent her last year at my school using up her sick/vacation days to allow her to be at school roughly 12% of the time (Her presence was not all bad, however. Being in her classroom meant plenty of opportunities to raid the cabinets for hidden stores of junk food, used to maintain her engrossing figure). (Editor's Note: I had the misfortune of having class with both of the above-mentioned teachers for a period of two years. More on this in future issues of Tight Pants. You won't be disappointed.) Finally, the new teacher was young, inexperienced, and had never taught in catholic school before.

Her name was Ms. Ferris (probably still is, but doesn't "was" seem to fit better?). She was 27, and despite spending 2 years teaching in the "inner city," she was incredibly unprepared for the horrors of catholic grade school. Anxious to befriend the 16 students in her class, she was unaware of our classes' background. My class of 16 students had a reputation in our school, and it struck fear in the hearts of teachers who knew that as we advanced upwards in grade levels it was only a matter of time before they would be stuck teaching us. Our classes' accomplishments included a ruined art teacher (in whose class I received

Mark Twain & Riding in Trash Cans...

my first and only detention for leaving school early), a ruined music teacher, and a soon-to-be-destroyed music teacher's replacement. This final victory was reached one particularly disruptive music class, when she broke down, sobbing and throwing chairs. The crowning moment of the event occurred with her kneeling to God and praying for our souls not to be immediately thrust into hell.

One almost feels Ms. Ferris should have been warned. Right away, she tried out her new "nice teacher" methods. Six students, myself included, were allowed to sit in a separate room during English doing "advanced work" by ourselves. Bad idea. After walking in on us in the midst of lifting a fellow student out the window onto the roof, that was put to a stop. Still, advanced spelling continued with myself and another boy, consisting of us sitting in the library reading copies of "You," (a right-wing Catholic magazine for kids) and laughing uncontrollably. Then, in the new, combined English class, she decided to let us choose the literature selection to read. The votes went 50% for The Bible and 50% for Stephen King's The Stand. After finally self-selecting Twain's A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court, which she failed to read herself, the class slowly disintegrated, resulting in the squandering of our classes' entire English budget on paperbacks of Connecticut Yankee. For the remainder of the year, English class was spent



with her sitting at her desk in a huff, threatening to "take points off" while we listened to music and talked loudly. A friend and I spent this time more intelligently, dismantling the skateboards of the seventh grade skater clique with various makeshift tools. We also took pleasure in dismantling the church pews with coins, and then pocketing the screws. I still have them today in a special place in my room.

Added to the English class troubles was Ms. Ferris' inability to show up for school on time. This resulted in our riding inside a trash can on wheels, pushed by other students who clung to the sides, until the other teachers stopped us or Ms. Ferris finally showed. One particularly late arrival, we led the class into the cafeteria for a "sit-in," refusing to work or get up until changes ensued. This did not win Ms. Ferris any popularity contests with the other teachers.

When I look back on it, it is surprising that it took so little time to completely destroy this woman's will to teach. By Christmas, we were watching back-to-back movies during class time. The list of said films included: Last Action Hero, Wayne's World, a French version of Les Miserables without subtitles, and taped episodes of Saturday Night Live (supplied by me). Other chunks of time were spent in the gym or outside for "extra recesses." We used one class arguing about abortion—mainly whether monkey children deserved a right to life, until a girl broke down in tears and refused to come out of the bathroom for the rest of the period.

All Hail the Honorable Eric Taylor!

In her rare moments of interaction with our class, she talked about the plots of sitcoms from the previous evening, or about her experience at the inner city school. But mostly, she sat at her desk with a look of undisguised hatred for everyone of us. While one might think this type of teacher ideal, it must be said that our hatred of her was equal to hers for us. She lost it too often, yelled too frequently, was a little bit too unstable for our liking. One student (Eric Taylor, whose name should be posted in revolutionary literature along with other rebel geniuses), will go down in my life as a personal hero. Before I explain the situation, it is necessary that I give you a picture of Eric. Eric was tall, thin, and if you pressed his side he made robot noises. He and I spent at least 50% of the school day drawing squirrels driving monster trucks, and animating the life of "Steve the talking shirt sleeve." He emitted ranges of sound effects that awed the entire class, but also spent large quantities of class time completely silent. After being ridiculed several times by Ms. Ferris for his answers to questions (always sarcastic ones), he took a stand. He refused to speak to her, and from October to her last day he never said a word. He did nothing—never answered a question, read from the book, did in-class assignments, or homework. His grade for the first two quarters: 7 F's. Everyday consisted of her attempting to force



him to talk, failing, and him being sent to the principal's office. The principal, after talking to Eric, could find no problem and would send him back to class. Luckily for Eric, his parents had a great sense of humor and found the whole situation incredibly funny, which it was. (Editor's Note: When I was 12, I had the privilege of babysitting for a ten-year-old Eric Taylor. If only the world could have more men like this noble soul.) As for myself and a few others, we limited our rebellion to contests as to who could get the lowest grade on a test and for the dumbest possible answers. Due to a badly designed "point system" of behavior, unless you practically organized armed militias during the school day, the consolidation of credit points allowed you to fail all three tests and still emerge with an A+ on the report card. I am proud to say that I won quite a few of these contests.

The excitement ended, however, all too suddenly. Arriving in school one Monday morning, we found our principal at the head of the class, looking none too pleased. "Ms. Ferris," he said, "has left this weekend and will no longer be teaching here." From other sources, it was found that she had given up the teaching profession altogether, and had returned to school to get a degree in art. As a class, one gets incredible satisfaction from destroying a teacher, but imagine our pride at being able to boast of having driven one of them out of the profession entirely. For the

Sexual Pictionary & Chicken Stands, cont.

remainder of the year, our principal took over the class, spending most of the class time talking about himself or running out of the room to attend to administrative concerns. I often wondered what happened to her, until one day, I discovered a link just miles from my house. There, in the Mayfair Mall art gallery, hung a painting, signed by J. Ferris. Seeing us eye the painting, the gallery owner proceeded to destroy the piece of art as "childish and overworked." I have to admit this gave me a great deal of satisfaction.

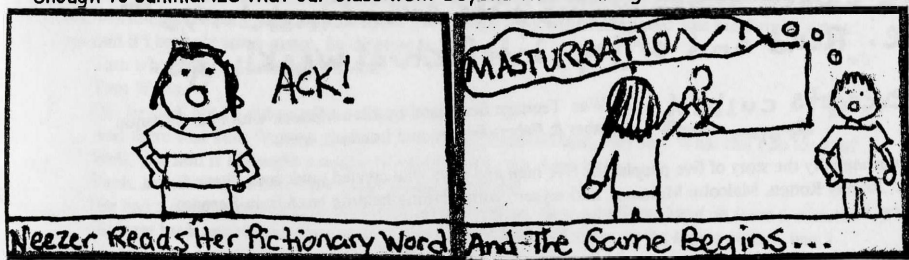
Less exciting was eighth grade year, but it deserves an honorable mention. Perhaps it does not quite fit into the column thematically, but I reserve the right to include it nonetheless. The year was not in itself all that interesting, but because of one day, one solitary day out of the entire year, it has earned the right of special recognition and retelling for all you readers. For those of you who went to public school and always wondered what they told us in catholic schools, here's your chance for answers. In eighth grade, after seven consecutive years of being left in the dark and not knowing that sharing a bed with your little brother wouldn't get you pregnant, (Editor's Note: I actually was afraid to sleep on my parents' bed for quite some time in my youth, due to fears of accidental impregnation. Here here for Catholic education!) it was time for us Catholic youth to be exposed to...sex—for an entire day! Led by our priest, our teachers, the principal, and the religious ministry leader, we were ushered into rooms in the back of church for a whole day of sex. First, we broke up into groups to write out questions to be answered anonymously. These included the possibility of being impregnated in a pool, the mechanics of sex toys (which were discussed in great length by the priest and principal), and how gay sex is performed (and, with graphic illustrations and details). After a break for party subs from Cousins, it was time to test what we had learned—we played pictionary. Doomed to be chosen to draw first for my team, I crossed my fingers and wished desperately for a simple, non-descript word. No such luck. Glancing down at the strip of paper, I read: masturbation. After regaining my will to breathe, I walked slowly to the blackboard and began to draw. Luckily, given the very dirty and quick minds of my classmates, I had barely drawn a stick figure with a hand over his crotch when the word was named. I found the incident (after the fact, of course) very amusing, but my mother was not pleased, and gave a severe look of disapproval when I told her of the pictionary tournament.

Not as fun or cool as sexual pictionary however (but since we are on the subject of eighth grade already, what the heck), was Ms. Ferris' replacement: Mr. Kerwin. The man's most striking feature was his exact likeness to Russell from Wayne's World. He failed to see the humor in this, and became increasingly angry with each reference to this fact. Unlike the angry reaction of Ms. Ferris in response to our unwillingness to learn, he accepted the fact and used the time to tell stories of his uneventful life. One of the more interesting ones went something like this: "My brother, who I always think of as Uncle because my nieces always call him that, owned a large section of businesses. A bar, a shop, a restaurant, all in a row in a block near where I lived. He was a man who would say in his bar, "Hey, don't you think you've had enough to drink?" to a man he had seen have a little too much to drink. In fact, the man was probably drunk. Well, Uncle, my brother, decided to add to this a chicken stand. Nothing fancy, just a stand for selling chicken. Problem was, word got out it was be a slaughterhouse. Big misunderstanding. It was just going to be a chicken stand, but people

More Neezer! More Columnular Fortitude!

thought--chickens? killing chickens? and then it was a big ordeal. My uncle, I mean my brother, Uncle, went to the local council meeting and got the permit and built the chicken stand. Now he owned the whole block. He works a lot. That reminds me..."

And so on. Other stories included an hour and a half discussion of his second job as a head waiter in a hotel restaurant and how he kept telling the band to quiet down but they wouldn't and his customers complained but they wouldn't play softer and they wouldn't listen and people kept complaining and...He also told us how people would eat food and then complain about it and refuse to pay for it, but he could tell they were lying. Oh yes, he could tell. His lack of interest in teaching went so far that we never opened a single book for weeks on end. He too, left after a year to move on. Apparently, the 17,000 a year (the current salary for teachers at our school) wasn't enough to compel him to stay. Other stories could be included to make this column longer (Editor's Note: Ack! No! I already have to lay out at least six pages of this! Neezer and Nate both took quite seriously my statement "Write as much as you want." A good or a bad thing, you tell me.), such as the rise and fall of no less than 7 Spanish teachers in a two-year period, including Pedro Lopez with a record stay of three days. It is enough to summarize that our class went beyond the normal grade school call of



duty in our efforts to thwart learning. At our graduation, they didn't even have us sing a class song, do a class musical, and wrote us out of as much of the spring concert as possible. I believe they probably wake up at night, shivering and screaming, "Learn! Stop that! I don't want to explain that to you!" and only slowly fall back to sleep with the comforting knowledge that it was all a dream.

Columnist's Note: In the previous installment of my column on the existence of crack houses in my neighborhood fronting as candy stores, new information has come to light. This summer, the shut-down crack house near my house resurfaced as "Shayla's Gifts and Sweets" downtown, only two blocks from the apartment of one Tight Pants editor. Needless to say, when I walked into this new store, expecting candy, and was instead greeted with a knowing stare from the former crack store owner from my neck of the woods, I was a bit startled...and overjoyed at finding all of the old brands of candy intact, along with the addition of gummi hamburgers. Unfortunately, after a summer spent in which hardly a day went by without a trip to the store, it appears the authorities may be at work again. Recently, the store has been closed at 3:00 in the afternoon, and has not been accepting calls for three days. Given the bars on the windows, I have been unable to get a clear view of the store's inside. It may be that crack house #2 has met its demise so soon after the end of crack house #1. I only know that right now, the need for individually-wrapped swedish fish is pervading my body with an urge previously unknown in first world countries.

Glen Matlock Unleashed!



I have taken upon myself the duty of introducing Tight Pants readers to criminally overlooked writings by some of the most intelligent men of our time. With that, I introduce the writings of Glen Matlock, Sex Pistols bassist (before Sid), a man whose sheer genius puts even Einstein to shame. Read and enjoy, intellectual weaklings.

Excerpts culled
From →

I Was Teenage Sex Pistol by Glen Matlock with Pete Silverton
(Faber & Faber: Boston and London), 1990.

"This is unashamedly the story of five people, the five men and boys who created punk rock. Steve Jones, Paul Cook, Johnny Rotten, Malcolm McLaren, and myself, with a strong helping hand from Bernard Rhodes." pg. x.

"If Bernie hadn't have been around we would have been a band, and we would have been a good band, but we wouldn't have been *the* band. He had a real ability for making people decide exactly what they were trying to say and do.

He put it all into practice with The Clash. When he got Joe Strummer into The Clash, he asked me what I thought of him. He's alright, I said, but he's a bit old. Don't you worry about that, said Bernie, I'll have 10 years off him. And he was right, he did. Next time I saw Joe he looked maybe not 10 years younger but certainly a totally different man and ready to rock.

What Bernie gave The Clash and us was an understanding of the importance of being clear-cut. If you are, it's a real strength. It's like going to buy a packet of peas: you know exactly what brand you want, you go right to it without dithering around." pg. 22.

"Some time before, Malcolm had come up with a list of half a dozen names. The Damned was one. Kid Gladlove was another. A third was Creme de la Creme. Blimey leave it out Malcolm, said Steve when he heard that one, that sounds like some poncey wine bar." pg. 54.

"About half way up Tottenham Court Road there was, and still is, a Scientology centre. They have people hanging about outside on the pavement trying to entice gullible idiots in. We had nothing better to do so we all piled in.

They gave us a questionnaire each to fill in. And the results really showed the four different characters in the band. Well, three different characters really because Steve and Paul always kind of lumped themselves together. They were like Fred Flintstone and Barney Rubble, that's how I used to think of them.

I went into another room to talk to a Scientology person. He started telling me that I was an emotional cretin and to improve I'd have to pay them a load of money to get into their reading room--at 10 pounds an hour. I said, hang on a minute, you haven't even read what I wrote. I thought it was all a joke, you've really got to be some schmuck to fall for that one. And I walked out.

A Scholarly History of UK Punk

Sir Matlock today →

I hung around outside, waiting. After a few minutes, Fred Flintstone and Barney Rubble emerged. They were really worried. They believed everything they'd been told. Straightaway Steve got on to Malcolm and told him they needed all this money to join up with Scientology. Malcolm told him not to be so stupid.

For ages afterwards all these letters kept arriving at Denmark Street from the Scientologists. They'd say things like, 'Glen, you've been a really naughty boy. You didn't turn up for a meeting two weeks ago.' Malcolm just used to screw them up and chuck them in the bin.

John, however, coined out of it. He conned them into believing he was really into Scientology. So they gave him a job. And, as far as I can remember, he did it. He went up there a couple of times and stood outside on the pavement forcing leaflets on people, trying to get them to come inside. I said to him, don't you think it's morally wrong trying to con people like that, getting them to shell out all that money? It's exploiting those who are least able to handle it. He said, it's not my fault if people are stupid." pg. 75

"It was after one of those shows [at a local art school] that I introduced Mick Jones to Joe Strummer for the first time. A whole crowd of us were walking back to Denmark Street: me and Rat Scabies and Brian James--two founders of The Damned--and Mick Jones and some others. We bumped into Strummer on the corner of Old Compton Street and Frith Street, just down the road from Ronnie Scott's. Which was where Strummer was going.

What you doin'?' he said. I went to see this bloke play at Ronnie Scott's last night. He was fucking great. You should go. In fact, he said if I wanted to bring along some mates, he'd get us all in free.

So we checked it out. This being the early days of punk we looked like complete urchins. So everyone working on the door at Ronnie's had a good laugh at us while Strummer was hustling to get us in. Tom said if I brought some mates, he'd get us in.

Tom who? said the bloke on the door.

Tom Waits.

Oh, he said, but he did go off and fetch him.

And there was Tom Waits at the door, in this big Crombie coat. Hey Joe! What can I do for you?

Well, you said if I brought a couple of mates down, you'd get us in.

Yeah, that should be OK. How many of you are there?

We had a quick count up and there were about 10 of us. Hey! said Tom, hang on there a minute.

He leant back against the door, opened this big overcoat and there, in the inside pocket, was a pint of Guinness with a perfect head on it.

He can't have put it there for effect because he didn't know who was going to be there. He just happened to have a pint of Guinness with a perfect head on it in his pocket. How he managed it I don't know. I've tried to do it endless times since but the drink just goes everywhere." pg. 76.

"So I wrote the lyrics to 'Pretty Vacant'--all of which are mine, apart from a couple of lines that John later changed in the second verse. I wrote something along the lines of 'If you don't like this, up your bum, we're going down the pub.' John changed it to, 'Forget your cheap comments, we know we're for real.' Which is a far, far better lyric." pg. 80-81.

"For some reason, though, nearly all of the other younger punk bands didn't try and copy us but the New York band. The Ramones and their speed thrash. The Ramones had got it together before us and developed in parallel to us but although The Pistols had all trooped along together to check out their London debut at Dingwalls, we really didn't feel we had that much in common with them. We considered them more of a comedy band. I always reckoned the reason all those other bands copied The Ramones was because they couldn't afford that much rehearsal time so they had to hurry through their set and finish it before they got slung out of their rehearsal rooms." pg. 88-89.

"Caroline Coon would call us punks and we'd say, we're not fucking punks, let those Herberts The Clash be punks. We always saw ourselves as above the rest of them, all those second division bands like 999. But without them, of course, you wouldn't have had a movement. So, in so far as it furthered our aims, we tolerated it." pg. 103.

"John would always say, I hate eating and I refuse to eat, I'll only eat lettuce. And that's what he'd do. But this night we'd been out on the piss and as soon as we got back to his place he was straight into the kitchen, straight into the cupboard and stuffing his face." pg. 105.

Sarcasm Revealed: Death to the Pistols! All Hail Everything Except Malcolm & Col

"Nancy was funny, though. She insisted on being on stage right through the show, and singing--which was not the most melodious of noises. When I heard her bleating away at the soundcheck I was really worried about it. I had a word with Henry. Don't worry, he said, I had no intention of turning her mike on.

Actually I used to see a lot of her, much more than Sid. She was always round at my flat. She'd come round to the flat to get my girlfriend, Celia, to take her Levis out. She was always getting fatter. She seemed to put on weight as you looked at her.

Every now and again Celia would try and explain tactfully to her that there was only so much fabric in the back of a pair of jeans. You couldn't let them out forever. As it was, the arse looked like a sergeant's stripes with all the lines of different coloured denim where it had faded unevenly.

Nancy was a total pain. One time I came in and she was sitting in my kitchen with her wrists slashed, dripping blood into a plastic bowl while eating ice cream. (And ice cream, of course, is why Miss Fat Arse always needed her jeans taken out.)

What are you up to, I said.

I cut my wrists. Sid doesn't love me any more. Ans she's still sitting there eating the ice cream. I thought, I don't need this fucking stupid play-acting, and went to the pub." p.167.

"Recently I was thinking about what Malcolm had brought to the world. In the movie he says, I brought you this and I brought you that. Yet, when you come right down to it, apart from making a few comedy records, I think the main thing he brought this world is peg trousers. Which is no shameful achievement. Peg trousers are peg trousers. But they are a total sideline to what he set out to achieve. Still, lots of great achievements are sidelines. Penicillin, for example. And peg trousers." p.179.

"When Malcolm returned from the States he called me up and told me that they'd been rehearsing with Sid. I said, look, it really doesn't bother me. If they want I'll give Sid some bass lessons. Malcolm said, let's have a meeting.

So, in late February 1977, we met in The Blue Posts, a pub behind The 100 Club and had a long discussion.

Aren't you annoyed about them rehearsing with Sid? he said.

No, not really, Malcolm. I've had enough.

Then he started to give me the lecture about The Rolling Stones and went on: Glen, I want you to be strong. I want you to go back and kick the door down and prove that the job is yours and...

I said, Malcolm, I'm just not interested any more. I can't be bothered with that bloke's attitude. And I can't be bothered if they're rehearsing with someone else behind my back. I don't think it's on. I knew about it already and, although I don't actually care, they should have said something to me. So let's leave it at that.

Yeah, he said, I suppose so if that's your decision.

Look, I said, if there's any way I can help out, great. I don't see why there should be any animosity. It's come to a natural split. You lot can go off and do what you want. But I don't like the way things are going. I don't like the fact that we are beginning to be seen as puppets at your beck and call--that's why I said on leaving that being in The Pistols has been like being in The Monkees...

So after I'd had my say, he said, OK, fine, if that's your attitude. Shake hands and we'll leave it at that. He told me that they were going to do some recording--obviously for A&M, although he didn't say anything to about that at the time--and asked me if I would help out because Sid wasn't too good. I agreed. When we parted his whole attitude was: great, good luck to you, it's good that we can part of these terms, it's a shame but that's the way it is.

But he also soft-soaped me into not telling anyone that I'd left the band. Then a couple of days after that meeting in The Blue Posts Mick Jones called me up and said, what are you doing tonight? Fancy coming down to the Marquee?

OK, but why?

It's your going away party, leaving The Pistols and all that.

He and Joe were seriously thinking of asking me to join The Clash instead of Simonon. Which made sense because much as I like Paul he's not the best bass player in the world. But, of course, dickhead Matlock told them nothing. No, it's not definite between me and the rest of the band yet. I was just trying to help Malcolm out and keep it all sweet. Then he went and did the dirty on me.

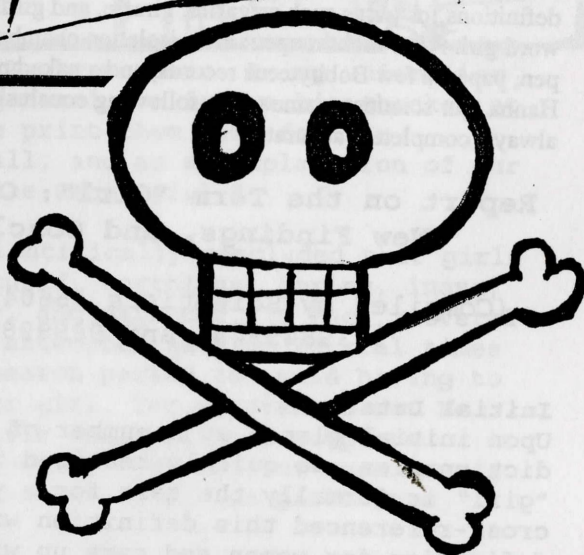
Three days later he sent a telegram to the NME saying I'd been sacked because I liked The Beatles, that Sid was my replacement and that was a jolly good thing because Sid was such a hard man--he'd whacked Nick Kent, the NME journalist, and that was what Nick deserved. He just totally turned the truth around. It was like something out of George Orwell's 1984, rewriting history as he went along." pg. 159.

tight pants® merchandise!



Finally! What you'll all been waiting for! Tight Pants patches! Here's the deal: the two drawings here are both available. I have pink, red, and white patches for the skull & white patches for the other design. Supplies are very limited! Act now! 50¢ each!

GIVE ME
YOUR
MONEY!



Tight Pants!

I Hate Girls!

I hate girls. Yes, you heard me right. I hate girls. As a clitoris-toting member of society, I must come forward from within the proverbial female "scene" to expose girls for what they are. I must venture out of the belly of the beast and deliver this crucial information to all males and all anti-girls. (More on the phrase "anti-girls" later.) But Maddy, you ask, aren't you a girl? And, hey, you own a couple of Bikini Kill and X-Ray Spex records. What gives? Well, observant reader, you are correct. I do indeed possess the necessary reproductive organs and hormonal levels to technically classify me as a girl. And I do own records and books by others who possess the same organs and hormones. But I don't hate myself, of course. Heck, I kinda like myself. No Cure records for me. So, of course, you ask, "Well, how can you hate girls, and still be a girl and not hate yourself?" Is this some kind of slight of hand? Some trick of the game of logic? Well, no. Because here at the Tight Pants Headquarters in Katmandu, Nepal we create our own definitions. A team of experts weeds through the mainstream plebeian dictionaries and deals with each term on a case by case basis. This is done at great personal cost, seeing as how this zine only costs two stamps an issue, but I figure that its the least I can do for humanity. Recently, our scientists, after finishing up the newly-fashioned definitions for terms such as gaffer, giraffe, and girdle, came upon the word girl. After months spent in an isolation chamber, armed only with pen, paper, a few Bobbyteens records, and a naked picture of Kathleen Hanna, our scientists came to the following conclusions. They are, as always, completely accurate.

Report on the Term "Girl": Observations, New Findings, and Conclusions

(Compiled by Scientists 456048B, 9899%3H,
98398493##, and 9898989**0)

Initial Data:

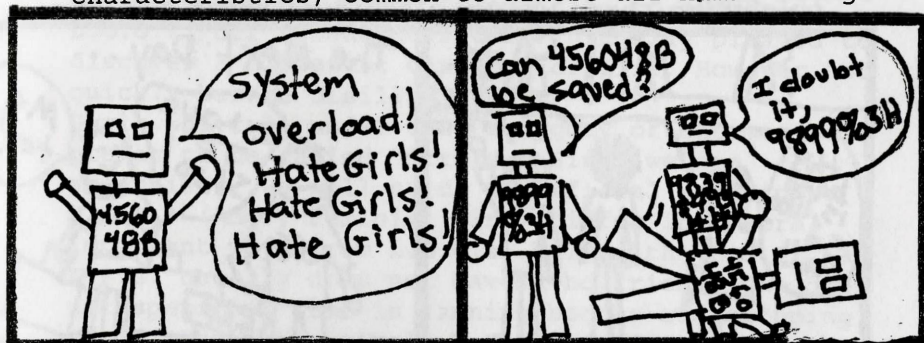
Upon initial glance at a number of civilian dictionaries, we quickly realized that the term "girl" is formally the term for a young woman. We cross-referenced this definition with the definition for woman and came up with the following: The term "girl" refers to those members of the human race who possess two X chromosomes, and the accompanying reproductive organs--ovaries,

Hate! Hate! Science! Hate!

breasts, vagina, et. al. We further discovered that the term has a slang meaning as well; it is commonly used to refer to women of any age, for example in phrases such as "that girl is poison" and "girl, you ain't all that."

Observations:

When we sent several scouts into the field to investigate living examples of "girls," we quickly reached a number of vitally important conclusions. We soon learned that the term "girl" connotes a great deal more than just a collection of genitalia stuck onto a human form. Indeed, there appears to be a number of additional characteristics, common to almost all human beings



found with double X chromosomes. Being unfamiliar with humanity in general, we were a bit shocked at these findings. We print them here for the enlightenment of all, and as an explanation of our re-definition of the term "girl."

Our study has scientifically concluded that girls are lame, dumb, stupid, worthless, boring, inane, superficial, petty, and pathetic. In fact, several of our scientists attempted suicide several times throughout the research period to avoid having to observe yet another girl. Yet we pressed on. We discovered that girls suffer from a complete inability to do anything memorable or even have a personality. We can safely divide girls into several categories:

Category #1.) Lame, Generic Girl

This category was by far the largest. Girls in this category are characterized by their general boring nature and lack of personality. Their

Tans, Dance Clubs, & the Radio

favorite activities usually include: shopping, painting their nails, and listening to the latest Backstreet Boys cd. They can be found hanging out at their boyfriend's house, talking on the phone, or getting a tan. At night they can be seen at local dance clubs (especially those that feature swing music). Occasionally, girls in this category become upset over problems relating to their boyfriends or female friends. When this occurs, they are known to sit on the phone for hours. None of the girls from this category has ever done anything interesting or even thought about something besides their own personal problems. Interestingly enough, these girls had no problem finding boyfriends; many an intelligent gentleman (including those who we classified under the



category of "Punk Rock") pursued these girls, and many of them even got married. In the case of a P.R.M. (Punk Rock Male) mating with a L.G.G. (Lame Generic Girl), the L.G.G.'s daily rituals changed slightly. Once a week or so, she has been known to follow her boyfriend to a show, especially if his band is playing. Our statistics have found that girlfriends almost universally think that their boyfriend's band is "really cool," even though all of these girls would rather listen to the radio. Some L.G.G.s have been known to occasionally listen to a tape made for them by their boyfriend featuring "some music he really likes." In every single case, the L.G.G. immediately loves every song on the tape, regardless of genre. When the L.G.G. goes to these shows with her boyfriend, and oftentimes, his friends, she does not talk, except to compliment her boyfriend's band. Our researchers have observed many a L.G.G. standing lifelessly next to a stage, looking around the

Hello Kitty, the Patriarchy & Vomiting

room for her boyfriend while a band plays. After the show, the L.G.G. goes home with her boyfriend, and they perform a ritual known to humans as sex. The L.G.G. does not ever have an orgasm; instead, she prefers to lie to her boyfriend and tell him how much he pleases her and how "good he is in bed." Sometimes after sex, the L.G.G. talks about how, someday, she'd like to raise a family. After witnessing one too many of these situations, one of our most dedicated scientists had to leave the observation room to vomit.

Category #2.) Angry (Pseudo) Feminist Girl

Having devoted so much of our time to examining L.G.G.s, our researchers were initially pleased to discover a different category of girl. However, we quickly became disillusioned.

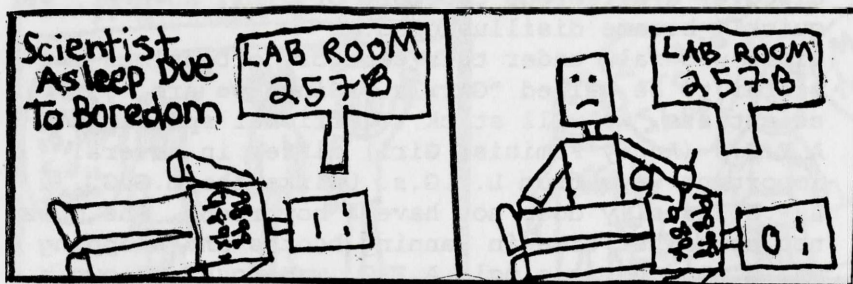
Girls who fall under this category oftentimes prefer to be called "Grrrls." Since we are scientists, we will stick to official spellings. A.F.G.s (Angry Feminist Girl) differ in several important ways from L.G.G.s. Unlike the L.G.G., a A.F.G. usually does not have a boyfriend. She does not spend her time in tanning booths and shopping malls. And not a single A.F.G. was found to own a Backstreet Boys cd. At first, our researchers were impressed with these findings; but, as our research progressed, we came upon some troublesome facts. The A.F.G. only listens to music by bands composed entirely of girls. She dresses like she did when she was twelve. Our researchers discovered an abundance of Hello Kitty merchandise, baby doll shirts, plastic barrettes, and retro items. This curious collection of items led our scientists to examine further. We discovered that, underneath the tough anti-male veneer lurks a young girl essentially afraid of the opposite sex. Most of these girls were found to giggle when the word "penis" was used in a classroom setting; and every single one referred to oral sex as "gross." This girls do attend shows; but they must be accompanied by at least five other girls of their ilk, and at least three of these girls must accompany them to the bathroom. On occasion, these girls, unlike L.G.G.

The Glorious Progress of Science!

actually accomplish things; a few form bands, and a few more have their own publications, referred to as "zines." However, every single one of their enterprises is characterized by a complete lack of skill. Our researchers could not find a single A.F.G who could play any instrument decently; nor could we locate a A.F.G. who could write clearly and intelligently about any subject for more than two sentences. Although our researchers found the A.F.G. quite more interesting than the L.G.G., we were glad to discover that yet another category existed.

Category #3.) New Age Girl

In many ways, girls in this category overlap with the girls in Category #2. Like the A.F.G., the N.A.G. (New Age Girl) rejects the trappings of the



L.G.G.. However, the N.A.G. does not find pleasure in Hello Kitty pencil cases or punk rock in any form. Rather, the N.A.G. prefers a more gentle, loving atmosphere. Our researchers discovered that her favorite activities include: burning incense, knitting, listening to the Grateful Dead, and gardening. The N.A.G. usually has a boyfriend, occasionally even a decent one. She dreams of having her own organic farm. Frankly, our researchers were glad to find that there are not that many N.A.G.s; half of our scientists fell asleep in the observation room and had to be injected with liquid speed in order to continue the study.

Category #4.) Crazy Girl

This category had very few members; however, all were very memorable. C.G.s (Crazy Girls) do not have any specific set of characteristics except for a generally long list of mental disorders, including, but not limited to: depression,

Suicide in Public Places! Alright!

anorexia, bulimia, manic depression, and just plain weirdness. C.G.s have been known to attempt suicide repeatedly in public places. In fact, we found that C.G.s do almost everything in the public sphere. Our researchers quickly concluded that C.G.s are, essentially, desperate attention-seekers. Although we were amused, and laughed at their stupidity, we were more annoyed than anything else, and even began to doubt the sincerity of their craziness.

Category #5.) Puritanical Girl

Our scientists debated about the creation of this category for some time. Several of our top researchers felt strongly that P.G. (Puritanical Girl) is not a separate category; but rather, can be found in many of the girls in each category. While our findings do support this notion, we reached a consensus to include P.G. as a separate category in order to map out for you, the public, all of the specific traits of the P.G. Look at the P.G. as a sort of subset of all of the other categories. Our initial observations of the P.G. proved confusing. While some P.G.s would explain their actions (or non-actions) with phrases like "I'm saving myself," and "I'm just respecting myself as a woman," other P.G.s would talk about "being responsible" and "being safe." At first, our scientists were unsure as to how to classify all of these seemingly different women; but then one of our most intelligent researchers made the shocking discovery that all of these phrases actually meant the same thing, "I am trying to rationalize a way to deny my urge to have sex." (This researcher was later awarded several medals and plaques for his ingenious discovery.) Having unified all of the various statements, we were able to proceed in the categorization of the P.G. The P.G. can be found in a church, in a school, at a punk show, or, well, anywhere. At times, she becomes quite defensive when asked to defend her position. She has never had sex. Often, she has never had a boyfriend. When our researchers played the Bobbyteens LP for these women, they were painfully unable to "rock out." Our researchers, being the non-human robots, are quite jealous,

All Hail the Anti-Girl!

generally speaking, of the human ability to copulate; the P.G.'s denial of this coveted ability frustrated and troubled many of us.

Having thus created five categories, we still had a few specimens left unclassified at the end of our study. We were puzzled by these specimens; they shared few of the characteristics of any of the girls in the four categories; they did not induce boredom, rage, "or irritation in any of our scientists; they failed to conform to any of the established traits of the human being known as "girl." We consulted the head scientist #495998UOL5% to make sure that these were indeed "girls." He confirmed that they did possess two X chromosomes, and the necessary genitalia. We were



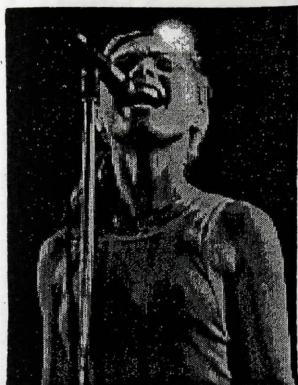
shocked. In a series of late-night discussions, we decided that, as a research term, we could not in good faith call these specimens "girls." We decided to tentatively name them "anti-girls." What follows is our best attempt to describe these "anti-girls." Please do keep in mind that this category had by far the fewest members.

Category #6.) The Anti-Girl

This girl is not lame or generic. She does not prefer to be called a "grrrl." She does not knit. She has never thrown up in an effort to lose weight. She does not wear a chastity belt. She DOES "rock out" to the Bobbyteens LP. She desires sex or fucking, NOT making love. When she does 'fall in love, she doesn't talk about marriage or kids. She spends a fair amount of her non-rocking and non-copulating time reading, making her quite a bit more intelligent than the girls in categories 1-5. While she is at least relatively attractive, she does not spend more than 5 minutes

Solidarity, anti-girls! Solidarity!

getting ready for anything. The perm is not known to her, nor is the manicure. When she does decide to be "girly," it takes the form of tight shirts and pants, in an effort to appeal to the rock 'n' roll aesthetic. The anti-girl is also confrontational; some might even call her mean. She is not afraid to say what she thinks, and, unlike the A.F.G., what she thinks is actually intelligent and coherent. She can drink more coffee than all of the "girls" combined, and she loves the Ramones.

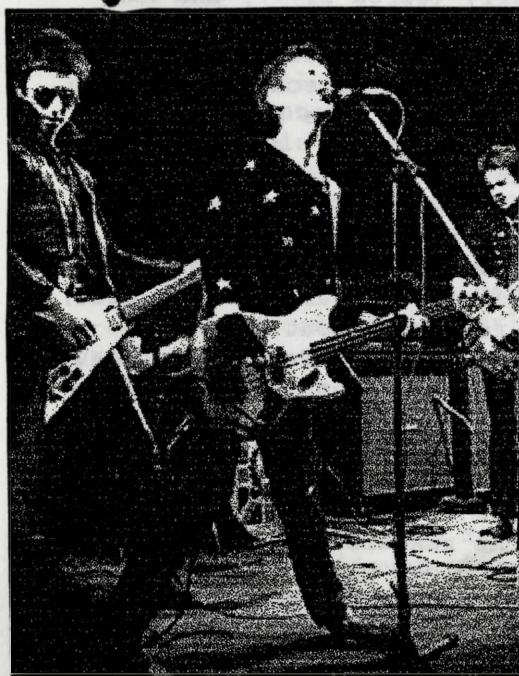


Examples of anti-girls include: Penelope Houston, Patti Smith, Debbie Harry (circa 1977), and Kim Shattuck. During the course of our research, less than 1% of the specimens we encountered were classified as "anti-girls." Their scarcity often leads the anti-girl herself to make statements such as, "There are no cool girls!" and "I hate my gender!" Our scientists have concluded that these statements are perfectly valid, for there ARE no cool girls, only cool anti-girls. While our researchers salute the anti-girl, we are dismayed at their low numbers in most, to use a human-word, "scenes." We sent one researcher out into the field, and he came back with the dismal news that each "scene" had no more than 5 anti-girls; and oftentimes it was far less. Some "scenes" did not have a single anti-girl, and instead were flooded with A.F.G.s and P.G.s. The horror. Sadly, anti-girls are self-made; our attempts at cloning did not prove successful. As researchers, eventually all we could do was sit back, crank up the Avengers, and curse the world. Not too scientific, but hey.

tight pants wearer of the issue!

Screw all of you! You were too busy sending me porn, requesting back issues, and making me tapes to even bother sending in photos for the Tight Pants Wearer of the Issue contest! With that, I give you pictures of the tight-panted Boys. How does it feel to be beaten by a bunch of guys who haven't done ^{anything} great in at least 15 years?

The Boys



THE CEREAL CORNER

In the interest of presenting a wide range of opinions, I have begun to allow guest columnists to write for the Cereal Corner. Neezer previously graced us with her presence on the topic of oatmeal; and here we have Nate Disgusting, a.k.a. Nato, on the topic of Pop Tarts. And here I must caution you; some of Sir Disgusting's opinions are a bit renegade. In particular, I trust that all of my most loyal readers will recognize his error in choosing unfrosted PopTarts over frosted. Sugar, sugar, and more sugar, says I! The PopTart is NOT a nutritional food item. Down with all nutritional items! Up with sugar-coated-dessert-items-eaten-as-meals! Do not be fooled, dear reader! Do not be fooled!

Before I begin my somewhat inappropriate for a "Cereal"-anything foray into the world of brand-name toaster pastries, let me pay lip service to the idea that this space is usually occupied by a body of writing that actually deals with cereal, and is called The Cereal Corner (no, not the Serial Corner; that would be too Answer Me). I've got a mere two points to make regarding cereal of today that perhaps the editor of Tight Pants has yet to make in print. Hopefully, not a jot of this will be censored unduly for, say, flouting the Tight Pants Body Politic Party Line (you know, like, if I were to slander that hot, sassy new "alternative lifestyle" brand of cereal Hom-O's, or even worse, if I were to endorse the popular Ku Klux Krunch [obviously with marshmallows, obviously NOT with Lucky Charms-esque rainbow-colored marshmallows. Kill whitey!]). Right then.

1. Honeycomb is a GREAT FUCKING CEREAL. I simply cannot see where Maddy's coming from, defaming this crunchy, puffed-wheat and oh-so-honeysweet Breakfast Food Item! Of course, it could be our fair editor's deep-rooted antipathy towards hardcore punk (you don't believe me? Ask her how many Husker Du songs from 1981-83 that I had to leave off a Husker Du mixtape for her, and she'll say "several." Exactly! It Makes No Sense At All...Hom-O's, anyone?) that causes this inexplicable chink in her cereal bowl's plastic. I mean, both Honeycomb and Hardcore (as a noun, it's proper. As a verb, it's not. Observe my two uses so far in this paragraph. Learn your lesson or take a hike, chump) are compound words featuring the initials H and C for the words compounded. So you could say, perhaps, that Honeycomb is the Hardcore of breakfast cereals. And while Maddy is something of a pop extravaganza, I've been known to dabble in thrash, crust, and even grind (the latter third of the troika being the coolest, of course, because all those sleazoid, sexist, tit-fucking, cock-cunting garage bands call their annual festival in Las Vegas the "Las Vegas Grind" of the year in question [after a series of comps Crypt Records put out, none of which I own because...I dunno...I must be too into Sleater-Kinney or something. I'll do better next time, fellow male oppressors! I promise! I swear by all my phallic symbols of oppression! I swear by my FUCKING COCK, EVEN!][weren't you wondering how I was going to make a reference to my cock in

Nate's Genitalia, Brand Loyalty & more!

an article written for "The Cereal Corner?" Me too], thus giving me creative license to hand out Raunch Hands/Spider Babies/Devil Dogs mixtapes at the local anarcho-collective shows and call them "grind" in the hopes of subverting the subverters, if you follow me). Yes, EVEN GRIND. So I dig HC; Hardcore AND Honeycomb. And Maddy digs neither to any appreciable extent (yeah, she likes Minor Threat. Tipper Gore probably likes Minor Threat. That doesn't mean ANYTHING). Who is right and who is wrong? I'll leave it to the reader to decide (I am right).

2. In England (where I lived for some two-point-five angst-fueled adolescent years), they have a cereal called Wheatabix which comes in a form that I believe is entirely unknown to American cereal-eaters. It takes a broad, thick shape similar in appearance to a sponge with the corners rounded off. It tastes like English food, by which I mean bad. Nevertheless, it is extremely popular over there and, to the best of my knowledge, unmentioned until now in the Cereal



Corner (send in your Cereal Scene Reports! The Cereal Corner must document the different flavors and colorings and vitamins and minerals and metals of the global Cereal Scene! Submit your Cereal Scene Reports to the address on the box). So there you go.

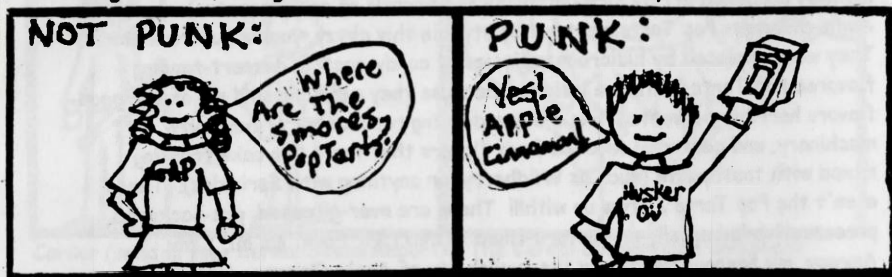
With those two dingi (dingus, plural [actually, DUAL, but I won't explain the Dual Tense just yet]) out of the way, I feel confident that I can tackle what is likely to be the most serious subject in this entire issue of Tight Pants (unless Maddy has decided to write about Brian Wilson some more...WHICH WE ALL HOPE SHE HAS!!!): toaster pastries. I'm a toaster pastry connoisseur, and have very discerning taste (I don't go for every pastry-come-lately that crosses the shelves at my local supermarket, you know). I've been toasting and eating twin packets of Pop Tarts since I was a wee bairn, and I'm not stopping anytime soon. I'll state right now that I've also been a very LOYAL (read: conservative and reactionary) toaster pastry consumer. For starters, I only eat Kellogs Pop-Tarts, and you should too. All other brands are imitators, albeit occasionally cheaper. But hey - they don't call 'em CHEAP IMITATIONS for nothing. Toaster Strudel, Toast 'Ems, etc. are suckage manifested in vaguely Pop Tart-ish form. They're like that band in your town that sounds like a REALLY bad version of "Stupid Over You" by Screeching Weasel (for some reason, this is the song they always imitate [think about it for five seconds and you'll agree. Why "Stupid

Cow Placentas, Ben Weasel, and PopTarts!

Over You?" I dunno. Anyone think it's because the wit and intelligence of tunes like "I Wrote Holden Caulfield" or "Degenerate" or "Hanging Around" entirely escape the kind of dolts who would deign to even start a band for the sole purpose of paying indirect homage to Screeching Weasel? Hey, this guy might be ON to something...], and "Stupid Over You" isn't that great a song in the first place, anyway). If those kinds of bands were cereal brands, they'd be called Whuh-Uh-O's or something (haw-hyuck!)...but I digress (note that this digression was actually moving CLOSER to the intent of a Cereal Corner than the rest of this column is located, but who's measuring?). Pop Tarts are like the real deal, anyway (the GOOD incarnation, from 1991 to 1993, 1994 if a studio band counts). Kellogg's Pop Tarts come in a variety of flavors, all of which I've tasted and one of which I eat regularly: Regular Unfrosted Strawberry. It wasn't always this way; up until about the autumn of 1997, I ate Regular Unfrosted Apple-Cinnamon Pop Tarts only. However, those got harder and harder to find as got older. I grew up in a town that had been verily crotched on the fence that divides "suburb" from "rural town" (I was clinging to the suburb leg, because it was closer to Milwaukee. Please do not interpret this leg-clinging as a vote in favor of suburbs uber alles; look at it as a vote in favor of suburbs over rural towns because one has a freeway to get you out faster, whereas the other has every highway cordoned off by pick-up trucks and barrels of cow placentas). Apple-Cinnamon Pop Tarts went out of style in this glitzy, yuppie suburban world. They were replaced by ludicrous varieties of candy-coated, dessert-topping flavored Pop Tarts, or (more insidious because they eerily remind me of the good flavors horribly perverted, like a Giger drawing reminds me of humanity, machinery, and genitalia) frosted fruit flavors that taste like cake frosting mixed with toothpaste (such as Wildberry, or anything with Sprinkles). These aren't the Pop Tarts I grew up with!!! These are over-glucosed, pre-packaged, preservative-laden jelly-or-custard-filled DONUTS!!! Fuck 'em all, I say. Anyway, my teenage years saw the availability of Apple-Cinnamon Unfrosted Pop-Tarts slowly decline, until one could only find this particular brand at a certain couple of stores where previously, even the most piddly-dink of gas stations would carry them. Then only the three huge supermarkets in my town had 'em. And then...the unthinkable. I remember the night that I could not find Apple Cinnamon Pop Tarts in my hometown for the first time. It was a cold autumn evening, and I was making a late-night grocery run to buy milk and Pop Tarts (what, you thought I was looking for cheesesteak?) for the ol' Nuke-you-lar Family. I remember feeling somewhat unnerved by the absence of Apple-Cinnamon Pop Tarts from the first supermarket I stopped at, as their supply had been the most consistent of the supermarkets in my city. I remember becoming increasingly worried as I went from supermarket to supermarket to convenience store to convenience store (yeah, the ones who had manifested the slow disappearance of my favorite flavor by dropping Apple-Cinnamon from their selection of Pop Tarts some long time before the other stores in town did the same. You can't blame a guy for trying, can you? Well, I suppose you can blame The Family Guy; that show is a veritable anvil in the face for all self-respecting prime-time cartoon sitcoms) and was by rows of the more "modern" Pop Tart flavors like Sugar Chocolate, and Frosted-Sprinkled Nutrasweet Smore Low-Fat, and Double-Frosted Glucose, and Maniacalberry...but

Cheetah Chrome & Culinary Fluff, cont.

no good old, working-class, \$1.99 for a six-pack thereof, Apple-Cinnamon Unfrosted Pop Tarts. And I am not ashamed to admit that, as I left the final gas station open past 11pm (yes, I searched for a couple hours until well after 11pm, having started when my family was still awake. YES, I EVEN CHECKED THE GAS STATIONS) that fateful night, I shed a tear or two. A tear or two for a better, more simple era that had now undeniably passed from this world. A tear for innocence lost. Oh sure, I knew that, given time, I could adjust to a new flavor (I went with Unfrosted Strawberry, as this had long functioned as a sort of second-string to Apple-Cinnamon [everyone needs a change of pace sometimes], as well as the "Guest Flavor" of Pop Tarts in my house because, I suppose, I was definitely in the minority back then when it came to Pop Tart preference. But I made up for it with quantity and enthusiasm...kind of like buyers of punk rock as opposed to the more mainstream brands of musical THAT'S RIGHT, MY POP TART EATING HABITS ARE MORE PUNK THAN YOURS ARE!!! "Tonyage" is about YOU!!!). Also, I saw the winds of change blowing against me (ever notice the subtly peculiar, oft-times almost unnoticeable coloration of my face? That's burn from the winds of change, man. No photo available, I think. Check the picture of Cheetah Chrome on the cover of the Dead Boys first album, he's been burned by the winds of change in a similar way), and decided to bet on the horse that looked like it might still have a chance of finishing the race, taking into account the current trends in Pop Tart flavordom



aiming towards low-brow, candy-floss regions of decrepity (new word!). Of course, the smaller convenience stores don't even carry a single unfrosted variety of Pop Tart, but I remain confident that the larger grocery stores will no doubt maintain at least one type of Unfrosted Pop Tart, if only to mainly serve the paranoid health freak contingent of our population (also, Strawberry was and is by far the most popular flavor of Unfrosted Pop Tart. Hey, who are you to disagree anyway? I've eaten more Pop Tarts than you and your children, and your children's children. Do you have the ability to distinguish at a glance the three distinct sub-types of each pre-cooked flavor [rare, medium, and well-done]? They exist, and I do. I am in control here. Kill The Man Who Questions). Anyway anyway ANYWAY, back to the whole Getting To Know My New Flavor issue. I knew the period of adjustment from Apple-Cinnamon to Strawberry would be a time that tried Nato's soul indeed. And it was...but I made it through, and I'm here to warn you all: do not support frosted, dessert-flavored brands of Pop Tart! They are transforming Pop Tarts into just another sweet piece of culinary fluff, devoid of any real substance or content! They are Limp Bizkits to Unfrosted Strawberry's...um...Jam? Realistically, modern super-sweet Pop Tart types are to the unfrosted sort what modern bubblegum such as the Backstreet Boys and Brittany Spears are to groups from the old-school, Phil Spector-era girl

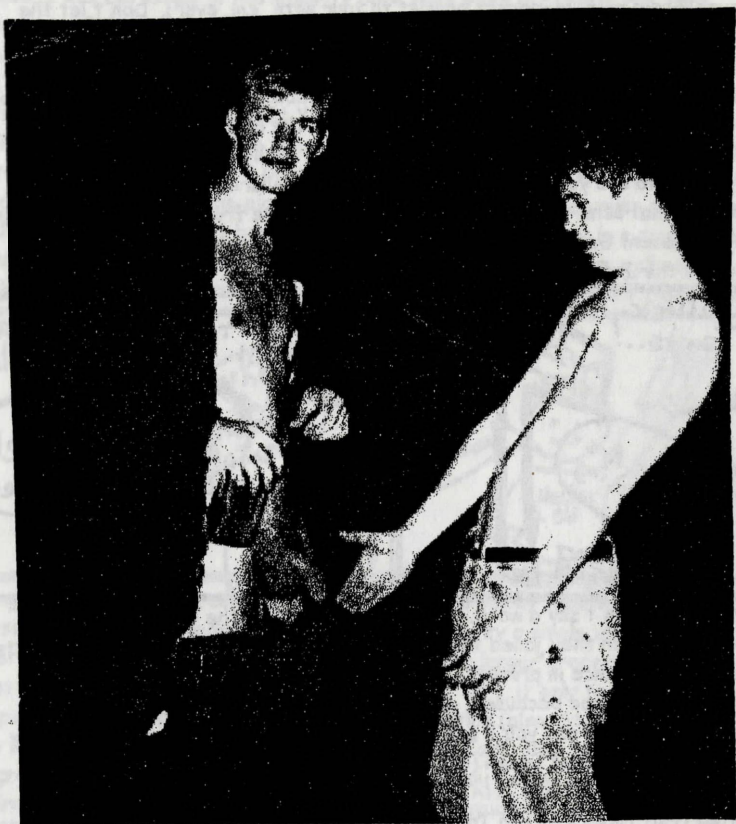
Adolf Hitler, temporal physics...

group bubblegum age. You know, groups like the Crystals or Shangri-Las or whomever (i.e. groups that actually did cool songs, as opposed to newer bubblegum groups that totally blow [of course, in a perfect world with slightly-different laws of temporal physics, I'd have likened unfrosted Pop Tart flavors to modern poppy-pop punk of the Fucking Cool variety, except that would screw over my time-specific extended metaphor. Plus, I could really only use the Beatnik Termites [the Queers would have lost their qualification as a "Fucking Cool" Pop Tart flavor right about when Apple-Cinnamon went off the market in my town], so it's not worth sacrificing the fabric of the universe for a band that can't even find a halfway-decent bassist to tour with 'em, ever). Don't let the unfrosted Pop Tart die! Apple Cinnamon today can only be found in remote, isolated mountain communities like Lander, Wyoming (where I vacation every summer and enjoy some nostalgic Pop Tartage, although in truth I am already too adjusted to Unfrosted Strawberry to truly enjoy the availability of Apple Cinnamon as I did in the days of yore. I guess you really can't go home again). Would you like to see your favorite flavor become similarly exiled, too? I'm reminded of that semi-famous World War II-era quote from some intelligent but all-too-complacent German guy (I will paraphrase, of course): "When they arrested all the Jews, I didn't complain. When they came for the homosexuals



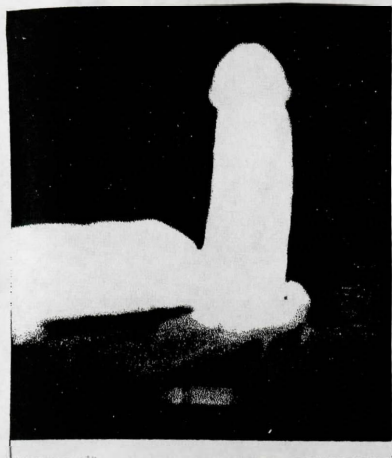
and cripples, I didn't say a word. When they took away the Catholics, I didn't make a fuss. When they jailed the professors and newspaper editors and artists, I didn't raise my voice in protest. Then, when they came for me, there was nobody left to save me because I didn't save them." Substitute ethnic groups with Pop Tart flavors and you'll see what I'm getting at. Pretty soon, we'll only have one flavor: Soylent Green (it'll probably be frosted, too. Such is my luck)...and you all know what THAT means. So fight the power, and save the unfrosted fruit flavors of Pop Tarts from an undeserved fate of slow fading into obscurity as the false idols of more dessert-tasting Pop Tarts shine with a sickening flourescent glow! If the kids are united, they can always eat unfrosted! But if you MUST eat frosted pop-tarts, then for Dr. Kellogg's nutty health-food endorsing ghost's sake, PLEASE pick a fruit flavor. Oh, and ALWAYS TOAST. Eating untoasted pop-tarts is a lazy and shiftless habit that leads to hairy gums, kidney rupture, and joint atrophy; it's a scientific fact, proven by scientists from all over the scientific community. You should all thank Maddy for letting me warn you before it's too late. Or have they gotten to you, too? Are you a Pop Tart Traitor...or are you on the side of good, clean, unfrosted Pop Tarts? You better "shut up or get cut up." Man, what did Elvis Costello ever do to you?!? That is all.

THE PAGES OF PORN!



Tight Pants depends on its readers to send in the porn. So don't disappoint, send in some today! However, when doing so, one should keep in mind the purpose behind the Pages of Porn. It is not a showcase for stupid Playboy or Penthouse crap (except for the Drew Barrymore clause). It is not a venue for any mainstream crap. This is D.I.Y! This is weird porn! This is you and your friends getting drunk, taking off your clothes, and sending me the photographic evidence! Be creative!

MORE NAKED PEOPLE! HOW INNOVATIVE!



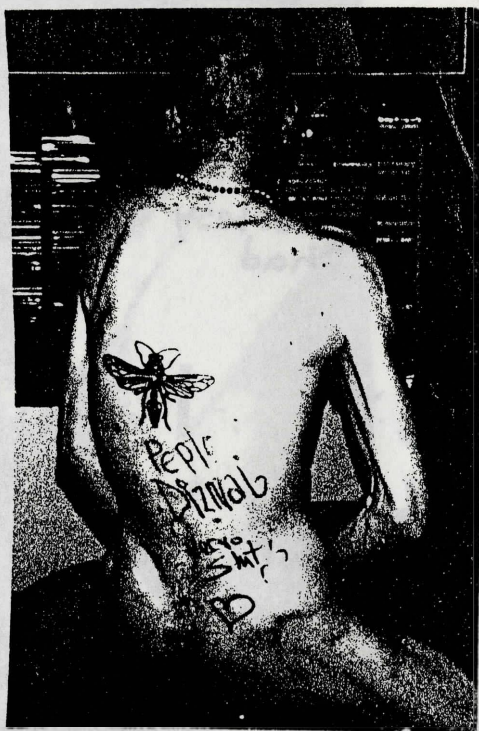
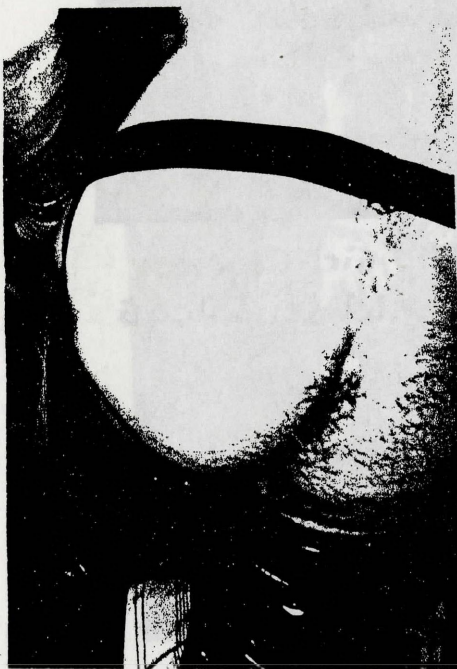
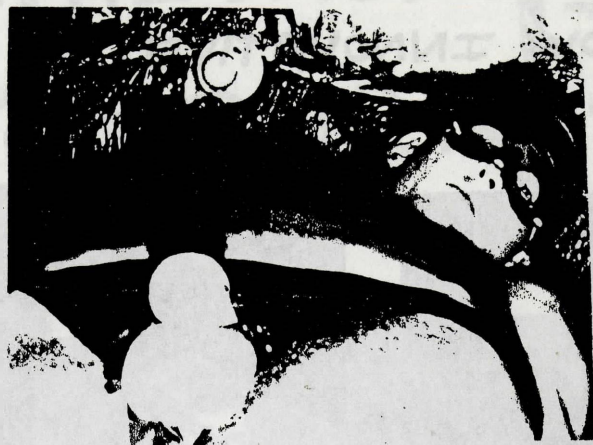
Penis Courtesy of
Thad



Pin-Up Girl Courtesy
of Michael Lucas



SEX SEX SEX SEX SEX



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HA! THE STRANGE PLEASURES OF MORTALS...

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of Seth (Super 8 / Puberty Strike)



(Hustler is the only porn mag we here at)
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THE END.

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