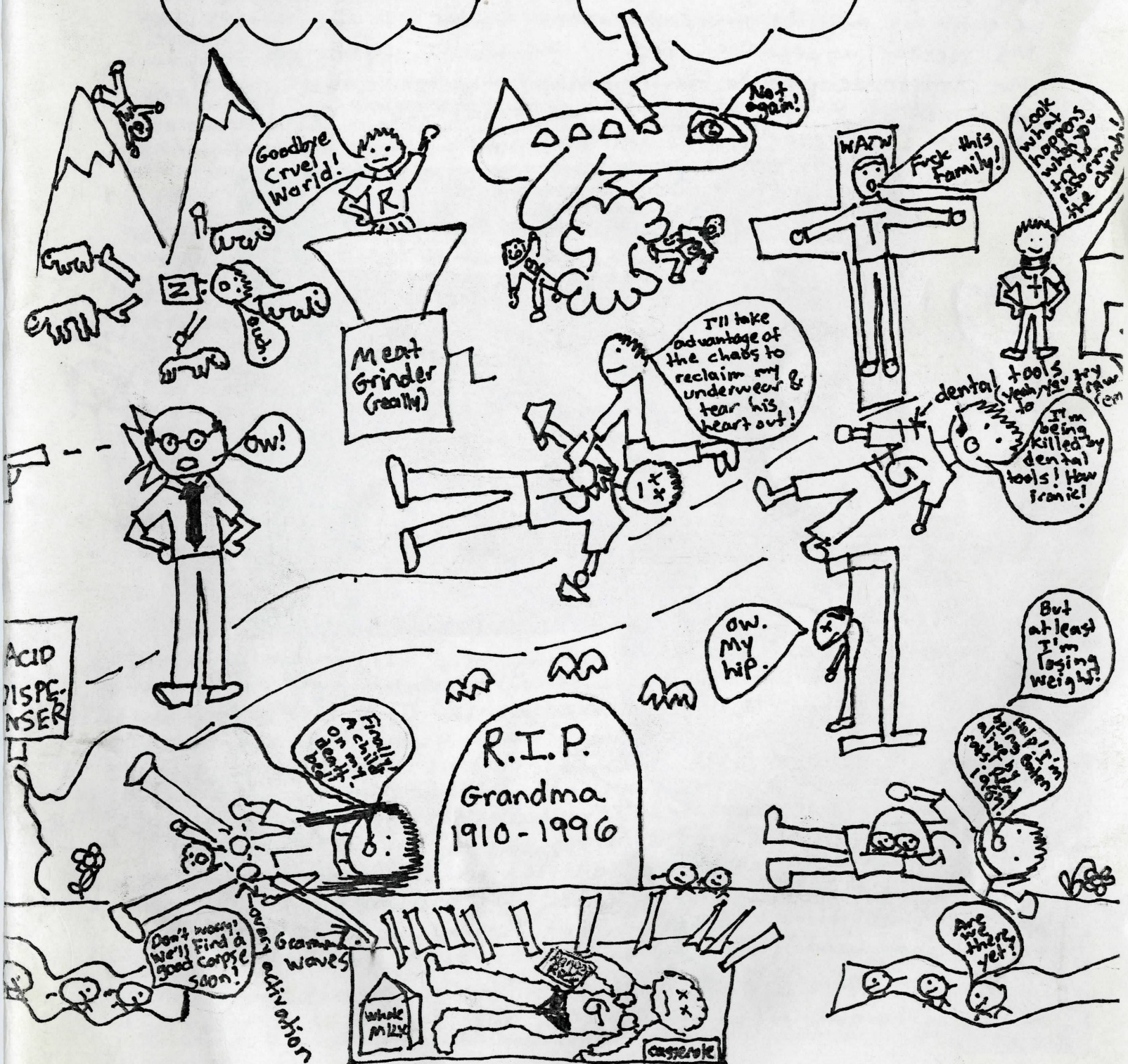


Back From the Dead and Dumber Than Before!

March 2000  
Issue #10





# Le Retour de...

# We aren't the world!



Ms. Dental says...

Bow down on your scabbed and arthritic knees, dear readers, For we Aren't The World has returned from the grave! No, we were not content to go quietly into that cold, dark night (or whatever. Poetry's still not punk! But Dostoevsky and Gogol sure are!), only to be eaten by maggots and cockroaches! Oh no! A few weeks ago, Ms. Neezer approached me, or rather telephoned me, with the desperate plea to finally make the zine we had long dreamed of. A zine all about our relatives. After much boredom (on Neezer's part) and over-work (on my part) we have



"rediscovered our roots." After a long trip to Africa, and tours of several concentration camps, we finally got things right, and decided to bring back We Aren't the World! This isn't just another piss-in-your-pants-while-consuming-mass-quantities-of-sour-gummi-worms-funny-issue; this is relative humor! And no, I'm not referring to the age old question of whether truth is subjective or objective, relative or absolute! I'm talking about our ancestors! The genes that created the two super-humans behind this zine!

Somehow, all of their collective oddities have combined, centralized, and distorted themselves to create two individuals who spend most of their time talking about Russia, drinking coffee, eating candy, and listening to the Groovie Ghoulies! Go figure!

So grab a Tootsie Roll Pop, torture some animals, and then sit down to enjoy the Return of We Aren't the World!



# (still) MORE INTRODUCTORY REMARKS!

For the Purpose of Encouraging Literacy!

Ms. Nebulous says...

Now that I am in the intellectual world of college, I have a lot of time of my hands which previously was devoted to work and punk rock activities such as:

- 1) the use of large amounts of time in record stores
- 2) the discussing of minute points of records purchased as a result of #1
- 3) minimum wage labor
- 4) watching of simpsons episodes in 6 hour long intervals
- 5) the consumption of unhealthy amounts of coffee and cheap pizza

Currently, however, life consists of:

- 1) tetris playing (a skill which seems to be decreasing in proportion to my length of stay)
- 2) going to classes
- 3) consumption of food stuffs

Thus, given that I have narrowed my range of possible time-consuming events from 5 to 3, a difference of 60%, there occurs entire days in my week void of any activity at all. (Note: originally, item #5 part 1 was initially maintained at college. However, given that the last time I made coffee in my room I blew out all the lights in the dorm, and just now, when I tried to make coffee from a hall outlet, the pot made belching noises and a rather syrup-like substance resulted, #5 has been eliminated). This extra time, which I previously used to stare at my ceiling and plot means of bringing about the downfall of one of my roommates, has now been harnessed for good purposes. Yes, I am using this time to give the punk rock community more of what it needs most: dorky humor stories from me.

Now, Dental and I have been theorizing on the making of a zine which would exist entirely of articles relating to our family and relatives. This zine, we hypothesized, would go where we had never gone before, not even in the most recent Tight Pants greatness. Unbeknownst to her, I started work on said zine in order to:

- 1) Claim all the interesting stories for myself
- 2) crush her into submitting to my evil demands
- 3) ha ha ha ha! (must be said in a sinister, a couple-of-REM-albums-short-of-a-complete-Collection laugh).

With that said, read on reader (repetitive but as necessary as every released Drugs and Masturbation 7").

All stories in these pages are true, without distortion and without regard to restraint. This is our family. Beware.

Yo! Maddy  
says, send all  
cash, letters, and  
partially-aborted  
fetuses to us at:  
2208 North 72 Street  
Wauwatosa, WI 53213.  
Want another copy of this  
zine? Send us one  
American dollar!



Note: Some articles have been written by one editor, some by another, and still others by both editors! Sometimes you can tell, other times you can't! Enjoy!



# Introducing... the Maternal Side!

Ah. The maternal side of the family. The evil center for all that is annoying, dull, and irritating in this world! The group of people collectively known as "our mom's relatives" who we were forced to visit as much as twice a year! Worse than the Holocaust! Worse than an empty box of Lucky Charms! Worse than Earth Crisis and Pennywise combined!

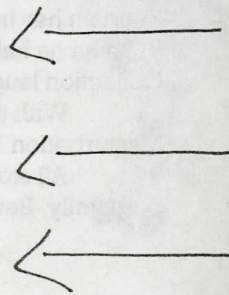
Mostly confined to the far-suburbs of Philadelphia, our maternal relatives live in large homes, eat at fancy restaurants, and generally sap the resources of our fragile world to further their own useless lives. The editors of this mighty journal spare no love for these relatives. Rather, we take careful note to always have enough hate on hand to cover each and every maternal relative, with only a few exceptions.

Furthermore, we also hate the neighborhood in which they live. On one occasion, we had the misfortune to get lost for a good two hours, while on an Avoid-the-Relatives-Walk.

rays of hate



Note:  
Direct all  
hate in  
this  
direction!

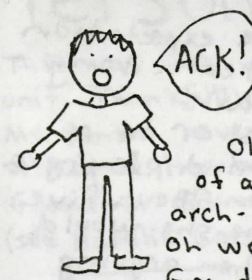
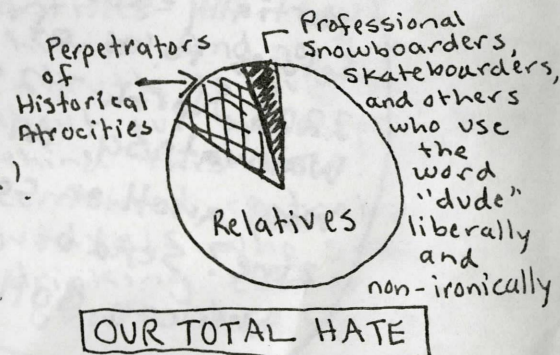


From Left to Right: Uncle Jack, Aunt Louise, Uncle Peter, Mom, Dad, Grandma, Grandpa

Our absence resulted in, amongst other things, cries of "Why do you hate me? Why don't you love me?" from the maternal unit. Ah, the joys of our family!

So, savor the hate! Indulge yourself in the enjoyment of some sheer literary cruelty directed towards some of the worst human beings ever produced! Welcome to the shocking and amazing lives of our maternal relatives!

Go Forth And Hate!  
Read

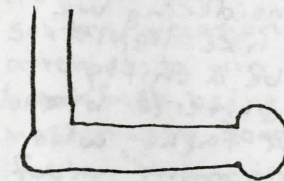


## GRANDMA!

Oh most reviled one! Oh eternal enemy of all that is good, pure, and true! Oh arch-nemesis of the punk and the rock! Oh woman who goes by the name of Grandma! Triple Fie! Quadruple Bah!



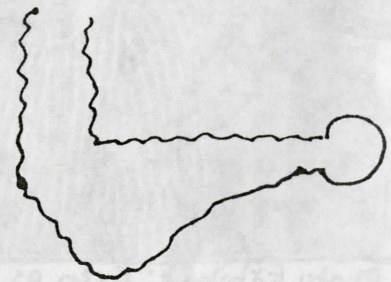
Grandma was a woman to be feared. From an early age, we can remember the rotting smell that encompassed her body and house. In fact, gifts sent by her, even pre-packaged gifts, had a lingering Grandma smell to them. Now we know that old people are supposed to have saggy skin, but this woman went above and beyond the call of duty. The skin on her arms sagged a good five inches off of the outline of her revealing a map of



Normal arm



← dead



Grandma's arm



← dead?



Also dead →

Grandma, along with not being a woman of beauty, was a generally disagreeable person. To begin with, she had, as many old people do, trouble recognizing that she was an old person. Instead, she tended to take the view that anyone under 60 was a "kiddo." There is nothing worse than being called a kiddo at age 14, and then asked if you would like some juice. Even the maternal unit got annoyed on one occasion when Grandma asked, "So, how do you like the kiddos you work with?" Furthermore, the use of the root word "kid" was strictly forbidden, as Grandma was fond of pointing out "A kid is a baby goat." She also employed the same (il)logic to strictly forbid the use of any words other than "rubbish" to describe the trash. But why don't we stop right here and describe a typical visit to Grandma's house, or later, her apartment.



# Dwarves, Animal Rights, Pinecones & more!

Of course, she did not inform her grandma or maternal unit as to her actions, leading them to believe that the perm just "didn't take." After the perm, it was a love/hate relationship between Maddy and Grandma for several years. In the end, hate triumphed.

Moving on to the all-important topic of gift-giving, sadly no big checks were in the mail for us. Instead, we had the joy of opening our packages on Christmas to reveal: a llama figurine and a two-inch dwarf miniature made from a pinecone and felt. These gifts, however, were nothing compared to those received by Maddy. On the X-mas following her short-lived spurt with animal rights, Grandma all-knowingly gave her a leather purse. (She is what we call the sensitive type.) Dental also had the pleasure of opening another gift box to find a pair of underwear with shit stains for that trendy, worn-in look. And lastly, on her deathbed, Grandma shared a quiet, meaningful



moment with Maddy before handing her a garbage can as a sort-of going away gift. This was not only not pleasing, but also extremely annoying, due to the fact that we had taken a plane to come visit her and we were now forced to carry a stupid garbage can as a carry-on item. Gradually, though, she began to send us a check of five dollars instead, as she could not possibly find a gift for so small an amount. This is a pet peeve of ours, as Grandma was not poor; she died with

over \$400,000 in savings. While it shouldn't really matter to us, as it's not our money, it still strikes us as odd that old people can be so cheap. What are they saving it for? They can't take it with them when they die. Why not blow it on dozens of European vacations or really expensive Pez dispensers? But no, she had to hoard every penny away, and mail us a lousy five bucks, which doesn't buy anything. When we are old, assuming that we have some money to play with (which is actually very unlikely), we vow to die penniless. They can bury our bodies in a mass grave for all we care. Donate it to science, that's what we say. Grandma's death was, in short, a blessed event at which we breathed a sigh of relief knowing that we would no longer be required to visit her on our otherwise pleasant vacations. The funeral was sparsely attended, due to the fact that, at eighty years old, most of your friends, at least those still living, will not venture out of their homes, even when these homes are on fire, if there is



# Funerals, Shams, and Ceramic Animals!

bad weather. And so, the funeral, being on a slightly chilly rainy winter day, was bare except for relatives who felt that it was required of them to be there. At this point, we would like to say that we think funerals in general are a bad idea because the majority of humans are either incredibly boring and have no real friends or are incredibly stupid, annoying people who no one really likes. And yet, at funerals, people feel compelled to speak of them as though they were God's gift to the human race, instead of being honest and saying, "Okay, so we are all here by obligation. Let's admit it. He/she was nothing special or he/she was a real bastard, so let's wrap this thing up and get back to work." But no. They say, "He/she was always very loving," which is not true and everyone knows it. This is exactly what happened at Grandma's funeral. It was a good thing she's dead, so why wasn't everyone happy? We think most people were secretly happy, and were too ashamed of their emotions to feel it, because Grandma had no redeeming qualities and one couldn't possibly have any feeling of love for her. This was all just a sham and Dental and Neezer strongly felt the urge to stand up and tell the real story, which, because we value our lives, we did not do.



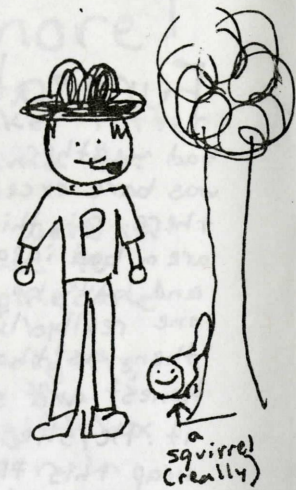
After the funeral, we (the two editors and our family) went to get things packed up back at Grandma's apartment. Grandma had a large amount of useless knick-knacks, so it was quite an endeavor. Now it was here that Dental and Neezer differed. Dental did not take anything offered to her, as she hated Grandma and didn't want a souvenir of her. Neezer, on the other hand, took everything offered to her, including a two-inch miniature leprachau. Our brother took yet approach, picking up everything in sight and saying, "can I have this?" Anyway, we ended up with a collection of spoons, several ceramic animals, and a coffee table book of Ireland. The leprachau adorns Neezer's desk, so I guess the funeral was worthwhile after all. So, our grandma's dead and that's the important thing. I suppose we should just get on with our lives and put the past far, far behind us. In fact, just writing this article was very therapeutic. However, if we ever refer to Grandma as anything other than nasty, distasteful, and revolting, please hit us, and do not let up on your beating until we admit what the woman truly was





# POP POP / GRANDPA!

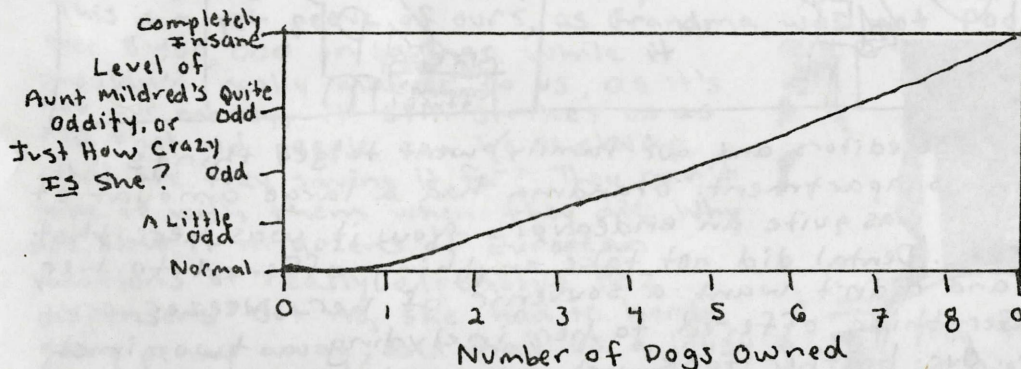
Otherwise known as the husband of She-Who-Is-Rotting-in-the-Grave, very little information is available about this man. He died when Ms. Dental was a mere four years old. An orphan at a young age, he was raised by his older half-sister. He went blind in one eye after receiving a polio vaccine. Apparently, he touched the vaccine, and then touched his eye, infecting it with polio. He eventually ended up getting his PhD in history and becoming a dean at a prominent East Coast college. Ms. Dental has vague memories about going on walks with him to visit his squirrel friend in the woods. He smoked a pipe, and always wore a hat. The circumstances surrounding his death serve as a warning to all who place blind faith in the medical establishment. He was leaving a routine checkup in a hospital, during which his doctor had made the statement, "Your heart is as healthy as a 40 year old's!" While on the elevator, he suffered a massive heart attack and died almost immediately.



## AUNT MILDRED!

Ah. Aunt Mildred. Emily and I fought over who would get to write about this coveted relative. Aunt Mildred is the type of old person who everyone should strive to be more like. No, not the kind, maternal, overly-forgiving figure! No, not the bitter, disgruntled, cataloger of physical ailments! Rather, the completely insane weirdo who everyone in the family feels compelled to talk about while sharing a "knowing glance!" Punk rock! Aunt Mildred, defier of social conventions and bourgeois mores! Aunt Mildred, defiler of all that is holy! Okay, before I get carried away (who me?), I must begin the actual story of the Weirdness and General Insanity of Aunt Mildred.

Aunt Mildred is a deceptive term for this woman who is, in fact, a great-aunt. Aunt Mildred was the sister of She Who Thankfully Is Dead (otherwise known as our grandmother). At an early age, she renounced the cares of the public world, and choose to live at home until the age of 30 or so, taking care of her mother. Apparently, she later was forced into the workforce as a typist. So far, pretty uneventful, huh? Well, slowly over the years Aunt Mildred grew more and more odd. This can be graphed in proportion to the number of dogs she owned. (See diagram) Over the years she became more and more interested in Catholic mysticism.



The Diagram of Aunt Mildred's Insanity (and its connection to her ownership of dogs)

And by "interested," I mean "obsessed." She viewed flying crosses, devils, and curses as a daily threat. When her mom died, she moved into a log cabin in the middle of nowhere (as opposed to those log cabins that are located in the middle of large cities) with a priest who rejected the reforms of the Vatican II Council (Idiot Note #1: Vatican II drastically and controversially modernized the Catholic church. After Vatican II, masses were held in the vernacular (Idiot Note #2: native language of an area) instead of in Latin. The church was not segregated by gender. Women no longer were required to wear hats in church. And more!). Aunt Mildred referred to this log cabin as "The Bunker." She lived there for several years, participating in masses held daily in the log cabin itself. Eventually she moved out, and into a huge old rundown house with our "Uncle Bill" (Another descent into illogical name-giving, as "Uncle Bill" is not our uncle, but rather, our great uncle.). She was joined in this house by at least a dozen wild, vicious, and very large dogs. I had the good fortune of paying a visit once to this house at a tender young age. I still can recall the huge piles of trash, random crap, antiques, and other rotting items. In addition, the house itself satisfied all of the requirements for the home of a crazy old person. In other words, there were tons of vines growing all over it, and the entire house was further obscured from view by the four foot tall grass and large, untended trees and bushes, as well as various broken statues and birdbathes. Alright! I really do believe that these sorts of homes are the elderly equivalent of a young person's punk house. Broken beer bottles in the latter, broken antiques in the former. All praise youth and old age! Death to the middle-aged!

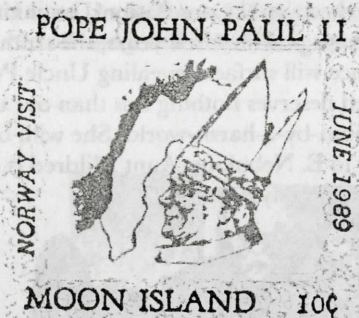
In addition to increasing the number of dogs running around her house, Aunt Mildred also grew even



# Underwear Thieves, Acts of Resistance & more!

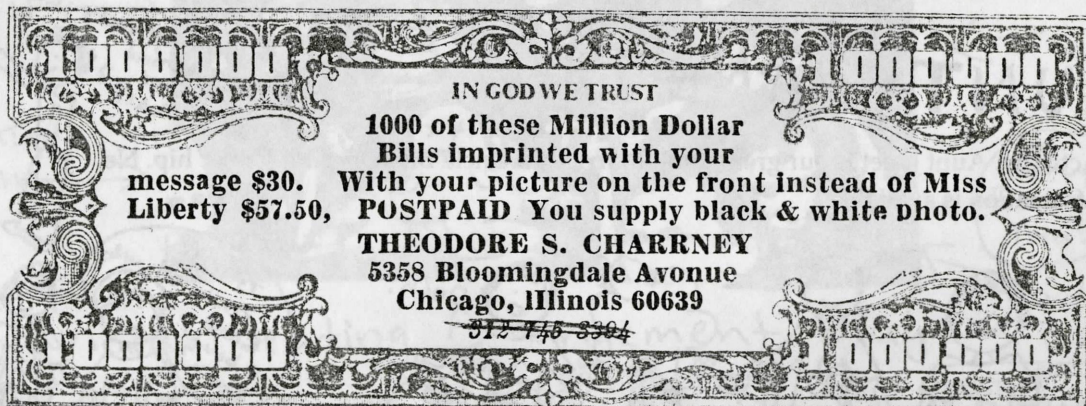
more "religious" as time went on. When we would be visiting a large group of relatives, she would pull me aside and whisper to me about how "you should never think that the dead can't hear you from inside their corpses" and other such useful advice. She would send me envelopes, full of pictures of the Virgin Mary and various saints. Sometimes these packages were addressed to other relatives, for after awhile Aunt Mildred became rather confused. Once, she sent us a box of broken colored pencils for Christmas. This was the only Christmas present we ever received from her. It took us a little while to figure out who it was from, as there was no return address or card enclosed. At my grandmother's funeral, I had the honor of spending a good thirty minutes in a car alone with her (and the hired driver for the funeral procession). She spent this time relating a particularly bizarre and interesting story from her youth. Although there were large parts of this story that I could not understand or make out (she always preferred to whisper, as though she were letting you in on some big secret that could not be told to everyone), I managed to piece together the following details. When Aunt Mildred was younger, she was involved in some sort of funeral that involved some sort of train-led funeral procession. By some sort of weird, unexplained circumstance, she ended up alone in the same train car as the corpse, who was inside a closed, wooden coffin lying on some of the seats. (Yes, they are indeed parts of this story that make little sense.) Suddenly, without warning (which is rather redundant, come to think of it), the coffin fell over and the corpse "flew out" onto the floor. Aunt Mildred attributed this to an act of God, at which point she gave me a knowing glance, a common practice of her's--which some might say is quite ironic, given that others shared "knowing glances" about Aunt Mildred herself. For the record, she did not explain how or why God would attempt such a thing, as, to the best of my knowledge, the only outcome of this incident was that people had to come and put the corpse

## Exhibit Indicating Insanity: The Contents of a Package Maddy Received From Aunt Mildred on June 2nd, 1989.



Theodore S. Charrney  
5358 Bloomingdale Avenue  
Chicago Illinois 60639

↑ This is the return address given. No one in my family knows anyone by this name, and Aunt Mildred has never been to Illinois. There was, for the record, no letter or explanation.



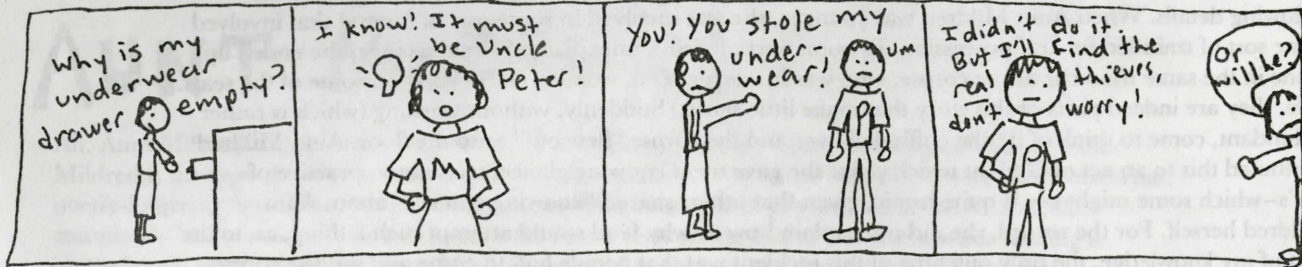
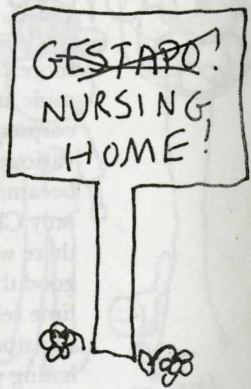
back into the coffin. What every happened to turning water into wine? Or curing the sick? Fuck these stupid card-like tricks!

Anyways, our other maternal relatives would always spend a lot of time complaining about how rundown Aunt Mildred's house was. They would make pilgrimages to clean up, sort through stuff, and general "check up on her." But all of these efforts were violently resisted. Aunt Mildred clearly did NOT want her house cleaned up, or any of her possessions sorted through or given away. Her stubborn and insistent

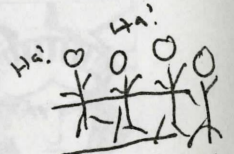
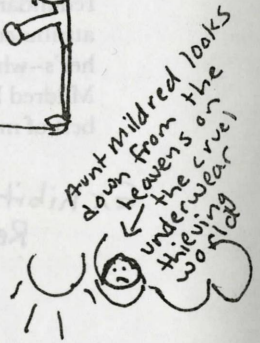


# Delusions, Evidence, and the Virgin Mary!

nature vexed my family to no end. Seeing as how they all lived in clean, sunny, well-ordered homes, the mere thought of this women's run-down, messy existence, was enough to send collective shivers down their collective spines. Finally, it was just too much for their anally-retentive sensibilities. Their frustration, combined with Aunt Mildred's accusations that Uncle Bill was stealing her underwear, resulted in The Forceable Relocation of Aunt Mildred. Like the Jews, Aunt Mildred was packed up and shipped away. Unlike the Jews (to the best of my knowledge), she was sent to a Catholic nursing home. All of her stuff was sold or given away, minus a few scanty possessions. She moved from a huge house to a small one-room nursing home allotment. She complained non-stop about the new arrangements; her objections were met with anger by our family, who couldn't understand why she wasn't grateful to "finally be taken care of." Ah, those darn selfish old people who don't want to be thrown into sub-par living conditions! God damn them! The new surroundings had a rather dramatic affect on poor old Aunt Mildred. Whereas before she was pleasantly crazy, she became rather paranoid-crazy shortly after the move. Her insanity culminated in a renewed desire to find the thief who was stealing her underwear. Clearly, it could not be Uncle Bill, as he



was too old to come visit her. So she accused the cleaning staff and the nurses. When that proved fruitless, she leveled the accusations at our Uncle Peter. Uncle Peter, of course, denied any thievery on his part, and, to calm Aunt Mildred down, told her that he would "look into the matter" and "try to get to the bottom of this." But Aunt Mildred was too smart for that. I mean, if you suspected someone of stealing your underwear, would you be appeased when they promised to "find the real thieves?" (Insert O.J. Simpson parallel here.) So Aunt Mildred wisely decided to keep up the accusations, until Uncle Peter started visiting her less and less. I personally believe that, in perhaps one hundred years, the truth will come out. The Virgin Mary will return to earth, and new evidence will surface revealing Uncle Peter to be a closet elderly underwear fetishist. Until that time, Aunt Mildred deserves nothing less than our utmost respect. All hail Aunt Mildred and her wise-truths-deemed-delusions-by-a-harsh-world! She will, one day, rise again (although, contrary to what I thought, according to E. Nebulous, Aunt Mildred is not yet dead) and bring the hand of justice down upon all of the doubters and naysayers!



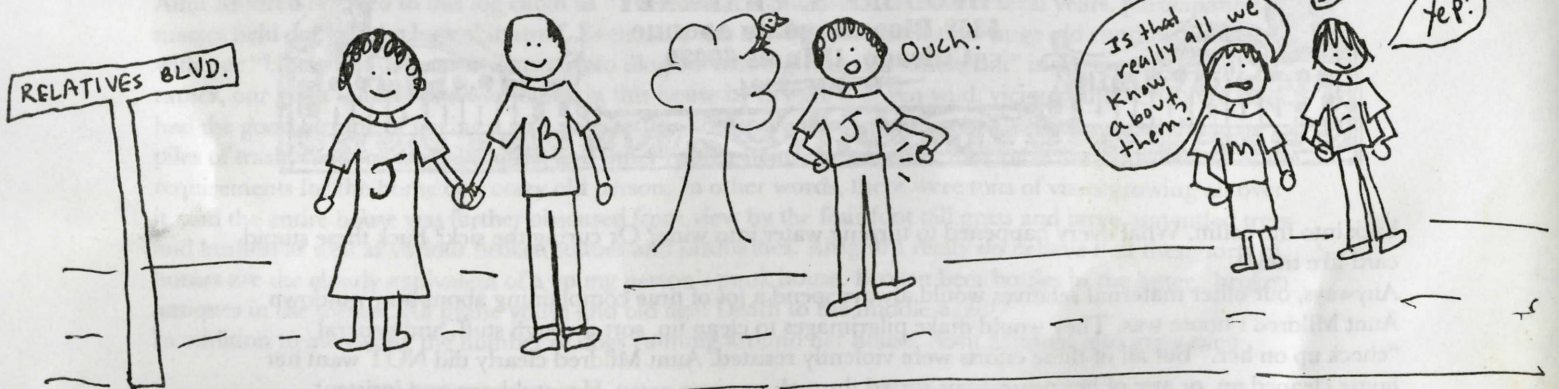
I swear! I didn't steal her underwear!

## UNCLE BILL!

The original underwear thief, husband of Aunt Janet, co-habitant of Aunt Mildred's dog-infested dwelling.

## AUNT JANET!

Actually, Aunt Janet is our great-aunt. Married to Uncle Bill. Once broke her hip. No further information is available.

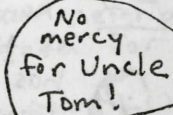




# UNCLE TOM!

If you know who I am, write to the editors of watw & win a prize!

- Needless to say, gaps exist. I may have cousins I have never met, not to mention never having talked to him myself. Further, is it not a little intriguing that he was both involved in leftist 60s politics (how much is unknown) and that he thwarted all attempts by the big G to control and influence him. Conclusion: Uncle Tom is probably very cool. Thus, Dental and I feel a bit cheated; why is it that we must associate with the Crossins and other familial bodies when out there in the relative wilderness there hides possible cool elements?. I also see a clear Star Wars connection. It is not out of the realm of possibility that several years down the line an mysterious old man will give me something of Uncle Tom's, telling me that my parents did not want me to know about him because they feared I would run off and join the Jedi Knights (or some leftist group, perhaps). A possibility, I think so.





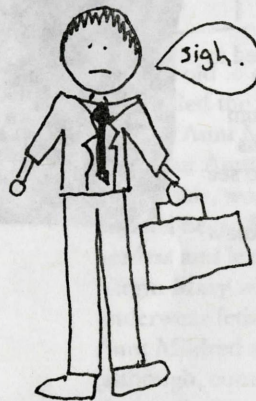
# ★ Uncle Peter! Aunt Sally! ★

- Plus Cousins Bobby & Beth! -

At first glance, this family appears to epitomize normalcy (a word coined by Pres. Harding - what a legacy to leave the world!). Two children, large home in the suburbs, car in the driveway - in a word: normal. No, this will not be a diatribe against normal - including such statements as "normal sucks" and "Why be normal?" One must realize when placing said statements in bumper sticker and button form on one's possessions that at a certain point (i.e. 50% or more) the statement will negate itself. Thus, the only means to retain the coolness of your impulse buy is to make sure that such a mean is never reached (by direct actions such as the destruction of your friend's identical stickers).

I apologize for the tangent, because in fairness, normalcy is horrible. And it is not horrible in a "I hate normal people" kind of way, at least not always. My aunt and uncle lead terribly miserable lives - why? Because they must be "normal."

Case #1: Uncle Peter works six-seven days a week, from 7am to 7pm or later. He, of course, is making six figures (as some sort of financial/investment lawyer), but at what cost? I do not need to tell you that this money isn't going to the purchase of rare pop punk singles, nor to daily expenditures on pizza and coffee. WHY DO YOU NEED MONEY IF NOT TO BUY THESE SPECIFIC GOODS? Let's look at a normal monthly budget:



400.00 RENT \$ \$ Maddy says: more money for records please! and less money for rent!  
 50.00 FOOD  
 50.00 RECORDS & SHOWS  
 50.00 RANDOM NEEDS (shampoo, clothes, etc.)  
 100.00 OLD SCHOOL PEZ DISPENSERS & STAR WARS  
 BED SHEETS (ok, ok, this is just my personal budget)

650.00 TOTAL

\$7800.00 YEARLY TOTAL

Doing some simple math, we see that:  $100,000 - 7800 = 92,200$  left over (and he makes MUCH more than 100,000), to do what with? Exactly. Nothing is done with it. Why would someone EVER work this much then?

Conclusion: ONE SHOULD NOT WORK THIS MUCH.

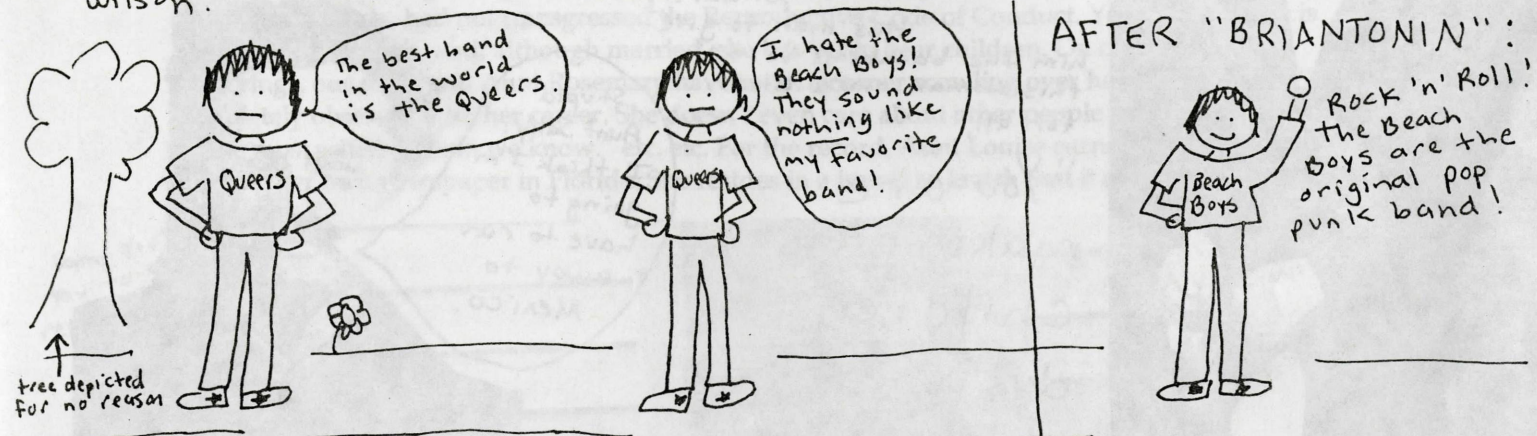
Case #2: Aunt Sally and Uncle Peter's children are normal. Yet, all of them (and Aunt Sally) are on medication. Their son, Bobby, has been in therapy since age two. (Don't write me your Freudian explanations for this. I don't want to hear them.) when he started getting below perfect in Science (in grade two) they... told him school was a sham made to mold children into productive members of society without teaching them the skills to question that society. No! Option #2: They sat down and tried to help Bobby with science but in the end told him just to do his best. No again! correct answer: They gave Bobby a pill to make him love science (known in technical terms as I-Love-Scienceotine, and, in some circles, Ritalin).



The "poor but happy" editors

# Drugged and Resistless!

Bobby loves science now. (Aw.) OK, child two, Beth, is also just not good enough for them. By age four, she was drugged and resistless. Recently, they went to an "I can't believe it's a science" psychologist who diagnosed ADD, various speech disorders, and OLY (a widespread punk illness). This year, they decided the best means of helping her catch up would be to remove her entirely from the outside world and put her into a special school. Without going into a long argument about why the child medication phenomenon is so scary, since I am sure you know this, I will simply say that both of these children are destined to be very, very messed up. Ironically, they will probably never be normal. Let it be said that I shall never endorse mood-affecting drugs, unless they can find one called "briantonin," which will teach narrow-minded pop punkers to appreciate the genius of Brian Wilson.



Case #3: This family has no fun. On one occasion in their house, I learned that the highlight of the day for Bobby and Beth would be that if they had been good all day (meaning: took meds, went to school, came home, and stared at wall listlessly until dinner) they could have a piece of fudge. These treasured fudge squares, all measured out by a ruler to equal exactly one inch of square fudge area, was all they had to look forward to. Each child, eager to win fudge all for himself, would actively report on the other's bad deeds. On one occasion, Bobby screamed at the top of his lungs, "Beth is watching tv! Beth is watching tv!" Yes, TV was generally off-limits, with only Barney and the like as exceptions. No kid who watches Barney can come to a good end.

Further, all cool stupid kid words got the ban: the saying of "poop, pee, fart, dummy and stupidhead" received strict retribution. Not only this, but they couldn't even do basic cool kid stuff: couch hurdles, hiding in kitchen cabinets, sliding down stairs, screaming contests, ... playing with other kids. Yes, that is correct. After the "neighbor kid" started to be a bad influence on Bobby, he no longer could go outside without supervision. Maybe that neighbor kid was showing him that it was more fun to eat bugs than be good for a piece of fudge. Where's the childhood?

This is a good time to say, "Thank god my family was too poor to be classy." Further, it is necessary to delve a bit into family dynamics, because too quickly one thinks: what crazy parents. While this is a reasonable argument, a better statement is: What a crazy parent! Because Aunt Sally controls it all. Wielding fudge-distribution powers from her high spot of authority, no one may dispute with her. It is unlikely that Uncle Peter could even access his own fudge without her agreement.



Heil Aunt Sally!



# Rising Up Against Oppression! And more!



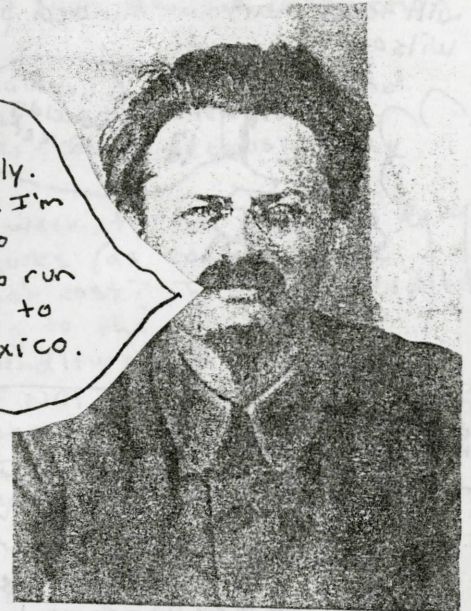
Don't worry  
Bobby & Beth,  
life will be much  
better under the  
5 Year Fudge  
Plan!

In Uncle Peter's defense, deep deep down (to quote MTX), I think he knows he married a crazy. He tells his kids stupid jokes behind Aunt Sally's back and lets them watch cartoons when she isn't home. Still, he does not rise up against this oppression. I suggest a letter-writing campaign of solidarity for

this man to give  
him the backbone to tell  
this woman once and  
for all,

"You are  
making our  
children  
dysfunctional.  
I am leaving  
with them to join  
an anarchist  
collective and listen to Crass  
all day long. Farewell."

Stupid  
Aunt Sally.  
I think I'm  
going to  
have to run  
away to  
Mexico.



## → Aunt Louise! ←

In every government, scene, and counterculture, there are unspoken rules. Those who transgress these rules suffer the consequences, whether it be banishment to Siberia, execution, or being denied a show at Gilman Street. Yes, these are serious consequences for serious times. In keeping with current trends, the maternal side of the family have their own set of rules. Of course, there are all of the usual, eat your vegetables, brush your teeth regulations, but my family takes it a step further. There is one rule so important that any and all violators WILL be towed—right out of the familial structure and collective memory. Banishment to Siberia has nothing on the punishments my family can dish out! What could this rule be, you ask? What could constitute a grave enough offense to warrant such cruel and malicious treatment? The answer is simple. The failure to bear children. The failure to utilize one's reproductive faculties in a utilitarian manner! The failure to procreate and procreate until one can procreate no more! The failure to populate God's creation with one's precious offspring! What kind of person would be so callous, so careless, so UNGODLY to refuse to allow the sperm and the egg to join in reproductive bliss? Why, none other than our Aunt Louise!

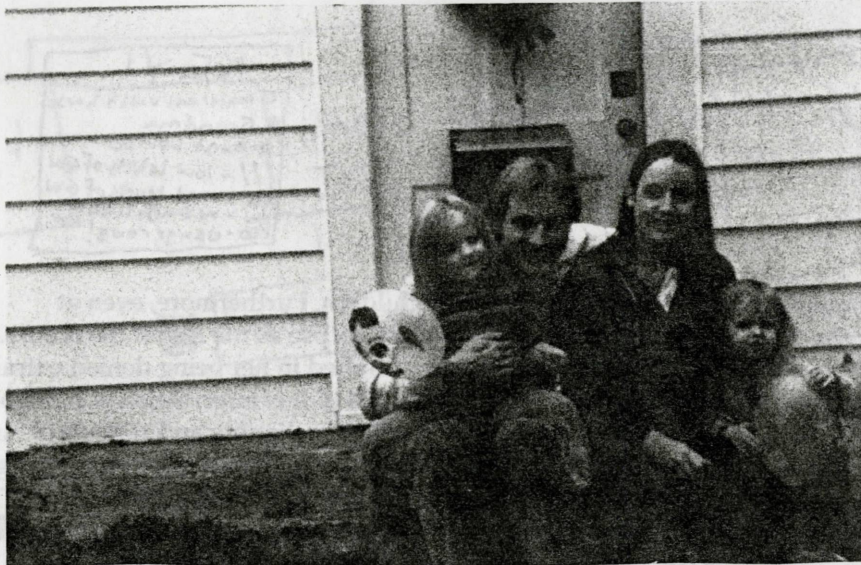
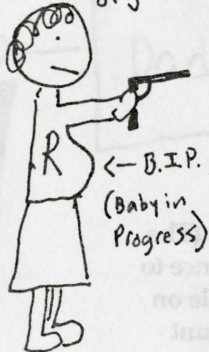
Aunt Louise was always a bit of an outsider. Her youth was spent bodybuilding (which according to our grandma, "gave her muscles in places girls just should NOT have muscles") and generally refusing to partake in the Bruderle-sanctioned suburban lifestyle. Her favorite song was



# The Troggs, Bodybuilding, & Croatia!

"Wild Thing" by the Troggs and she slept with a B-B-gun. The animosity between Aunt Louise and our mother far surpassed that between the Serbs and Croats! In fact, the maternal unit often reminisces about a dream she had circa age 12 or so, in which she brutally murdered her sister while she was sleeping. The dream went something like this: The maternal one got out of bed, picked up a shotgun that laid next to her, walked directly into Aunt Louise's room, stood at the end of the bed, aimed, fired, and then went back to sleep. Waking up the next day and remembering what she had done, she wasn't sure whether to feel sorrow or joy. (Should I ever turn to violent and bizarre crime, I think I have a pretty good genetic excuse.) But all of Aunt Louise's bodybuilding and general oddness could easily be forgiven in the name of familial love and affection if she had not transgressed the Reproductive Code of Conduct. Yes, Aunt Louise is approaching her 40's, and, although married, she has yet to bear children. On countless family gatherings, our mom and Aunt Rosemary have sat in a corner scowling over how Aunt Louise "is completely obsessed with her career. She doesn't even care about other people at all. She has to be the most selfish person we know." etc. etc. For the record, Aunt Louise earns a lucrative living running her own newspaper in Florida. She resides in a house so lavish that it even has a

Damn You! who are you to shirk your reproductive organs?



Left to Right: Maddy, Uncle Jack, Aunt Louise, Neezer

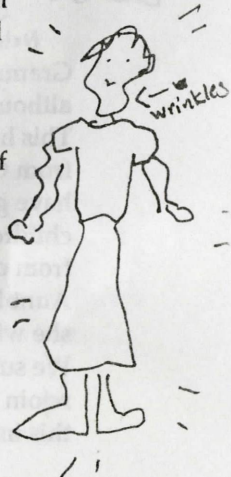
Screw my ovaries! I will not submit!



the 2nd to appear in WATW in the past seven years.

swimming pool! Whereas the editors of this zine would most likely object to such a high standard of living on anarcho-communist grounds (and you think we're kidding? Ha! We most certainly are not!), our relatives object on the grounds that her money could be better spent on diapers, pediatrician's appointments, and daycare. The nerve of Aunt Louise to squander her resources in such a callous manner! Just think of the eggs that are being lost, at the rate of one per month, and she doesn't even CARE! And she has the audacity to call herself a human being, never mind a Bruderle!

However, we have recently uncovered shocking evidence that may cast the entire situation in a new light. Whereas previously, we all believed Aunt Louise's childless status to be the product of her own personal choice, extensive research has now proved otherwise. I would like to take the opportunity to announce the discovery of a new cosmic force, more powerful than plutonium, carbon, and French Toast Crunch combined! Its name is the Gramma-wave, and producing children is its game! The Gramma-Wave was discovered while carefully plotting the locations of various relatives, and factoring in the number of children in each family. (A usual Sunday afternoon activity, of course.) The conclusions we reached were both startling and disturbing. You see, it appears that the body of our grandmother emits a force known as the Gramma-wave. As her body began to decay in old age, like any radioactive particle, the waves reached dangerous levels, activating the reproductive organs of her offspring, allowing them to produce children. (The editors have tried to warn the authorities, and get the state of Pennsylvania



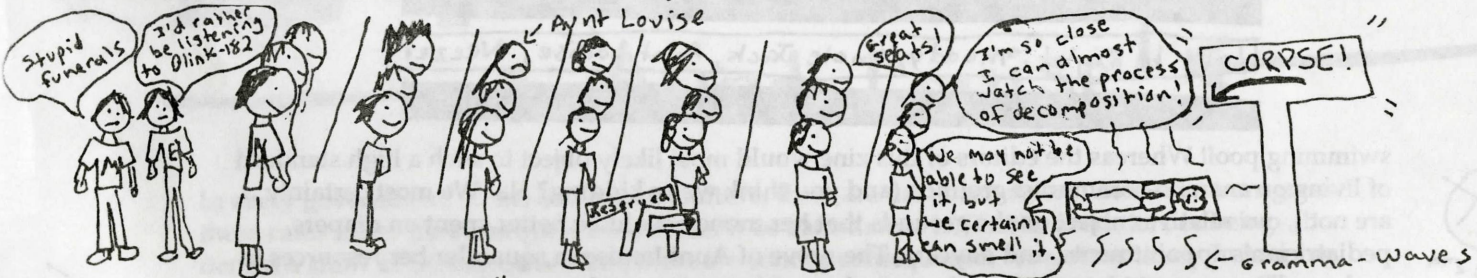


# > Gramma-Waves Wreak Havoc! <

declared a Radioactive Waste Zone, but our pleas have fallen on deaf ears.) Of course, not all relatives have been exposed to the same levels of Gramma-waves. Some relatives, like our Aunt Rosemary and Aunt Betty have always lived in dangerously close proximity to the Gramma-wave center, causing them to produce three children each. Other relatives, such as our Uncle Tom, have lived in many different locations, some near, some far, causing him to produce only two children. Our uncle Peter spent a fair amount of time in Africa and other distant locations. We do not view the difficulty he and his wife faced having children as coincidence. Their move to Washington D.C. allowed them to receive limited levels of Gramma-waves, resulting in one child. (The other child was adopted.) At first glance, our immediate family would appear to be the exception, seeing as how the maternal unit has not lived in the same state as Grandma since her early 20's. However, Grandma often came out to visit our family, and on every occasion she stayed in our house. During these times, the level of Gramma-waves was dangerously high, and proved strong enough to allow the maternal unit to produce three children. And our Aunt Louise? Well, she has lived in Florida for almost all of her adult life, having left the Grandma-occupied state of Pennsylvania at age 18. Furthermore, Grandma never paid a visit to her in Florida, and Aunt Louise herself rarely returned to Pennsylvania. When she did, she always stayed in a hotel, thus limiting her exposure to Gramma-waves to very brief



intervals, which ultimately were not enough to produce children. Furthermore, even at Grandma's funeral, she was not allowed to be as close to the corpse as the rest of the family. (The personal bickering between her and the rest of the family resulted in her being denied entrance to the coveted "Family Only" first three pews of the church.) (All of this information is available on the graph below.) Therefore, we offer the theory that the unjust maligning and ridicule of Aunt Louise is about equal to blaming the blind for not being able to see, or blaming a straightedge youth for not liking pop punk. They can't help it! We should pity them, not ostracize them! The treatment Aunt Louise has received is unjust and we call for a closer examination of the



Note: From this "graph," we can learn that Maddy REALLY cannot draw people sideways.

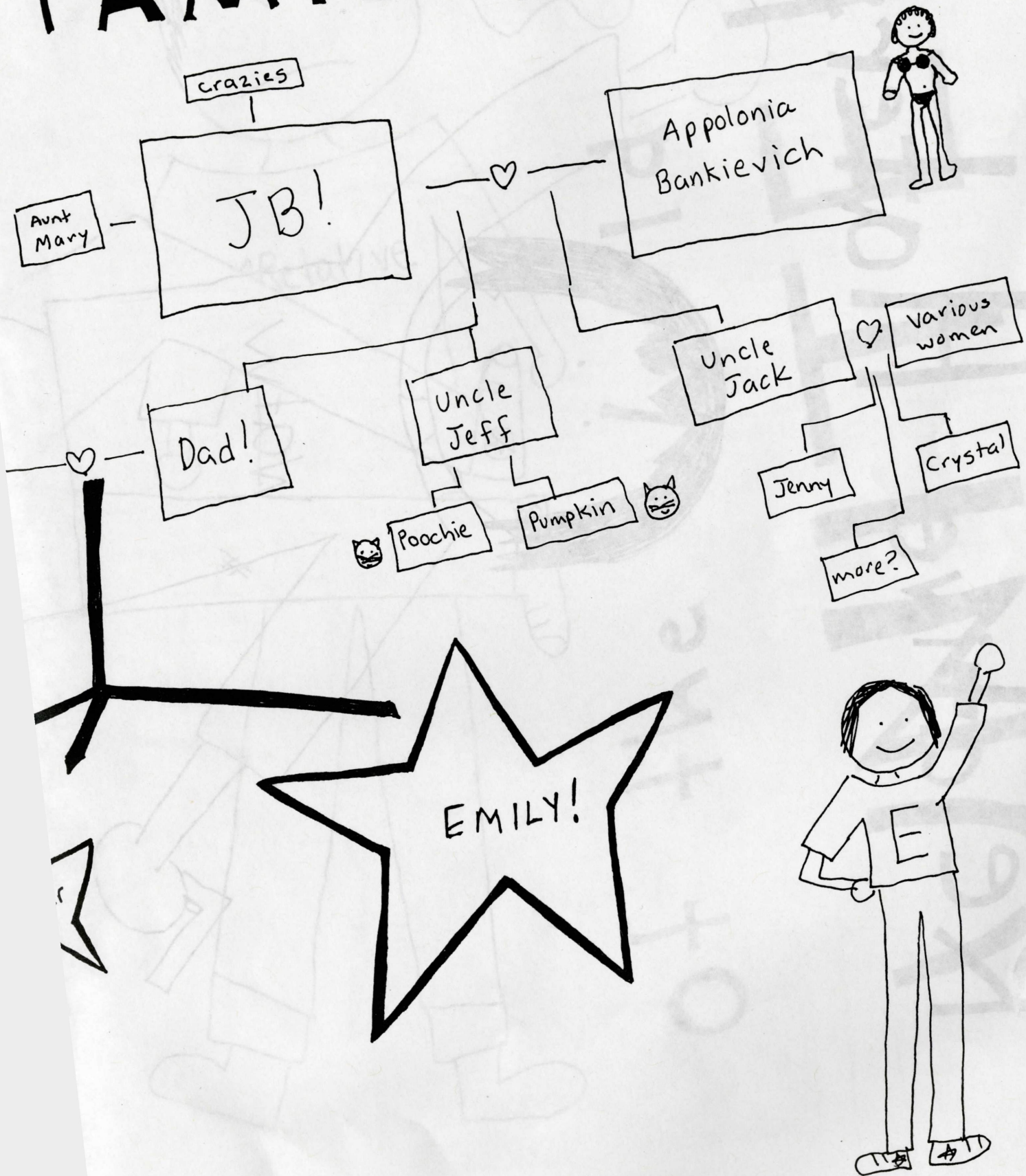
Gramma-wave phenomenon post haste! Our preliminary investigations have concluded that, although dead, her corpse still emits Gramma-waves, albeit in lesser and lesser doses every year. This has a number of repercussions. First of all, we can expect to see a decrease in new offspring from Grandma's offspring. This can already be observed in the fact that none of her offspring have given birth since she died. Second, Aunt Louise specifically will never be able to have children now. Her Florida location, and the ever-decreasing levels of Gramma-waves emitting from our grandma's rotting corpse make reproduction impossible. The only hope may be for Aunt Louise to take up residence right on top of our grandma's grave. Barring such a relocation, she will clearly remain childless.

We submit this information in the hopes that it will clear Aunt Louise's name and allow her to rejoin the all-important family circle. Please make use of the flyer and petition below to help us in this important political fight. Let the truth be revealed! All power to the soviets!



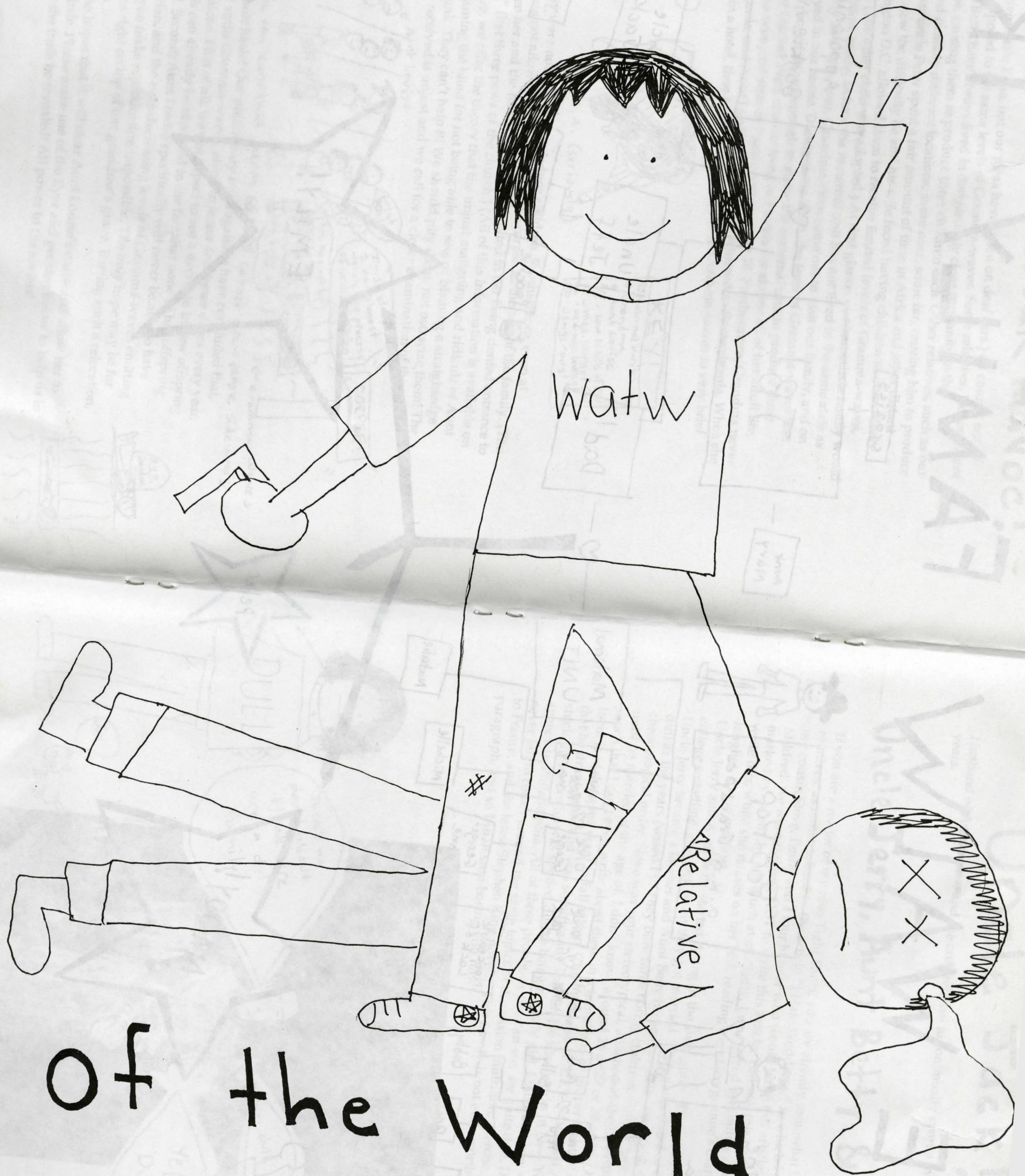


# FAMILY TREE!





# Relative Haters

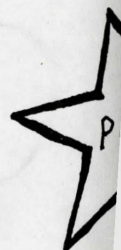
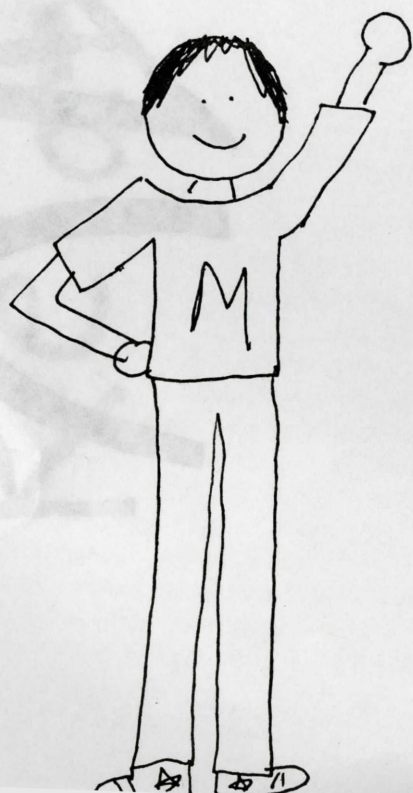
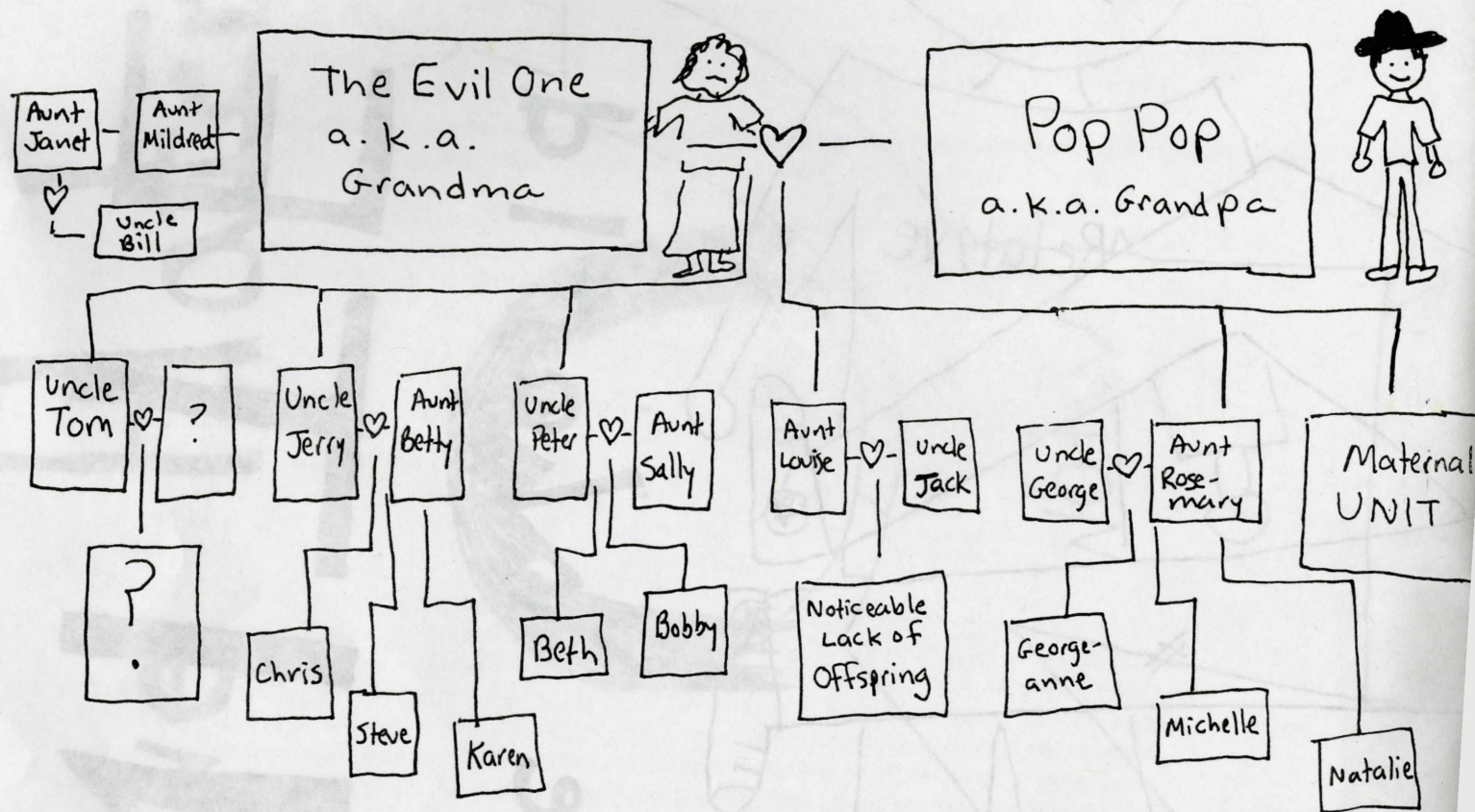


of the World

# UNITE!



# THE WATW





# Uncle Jack!



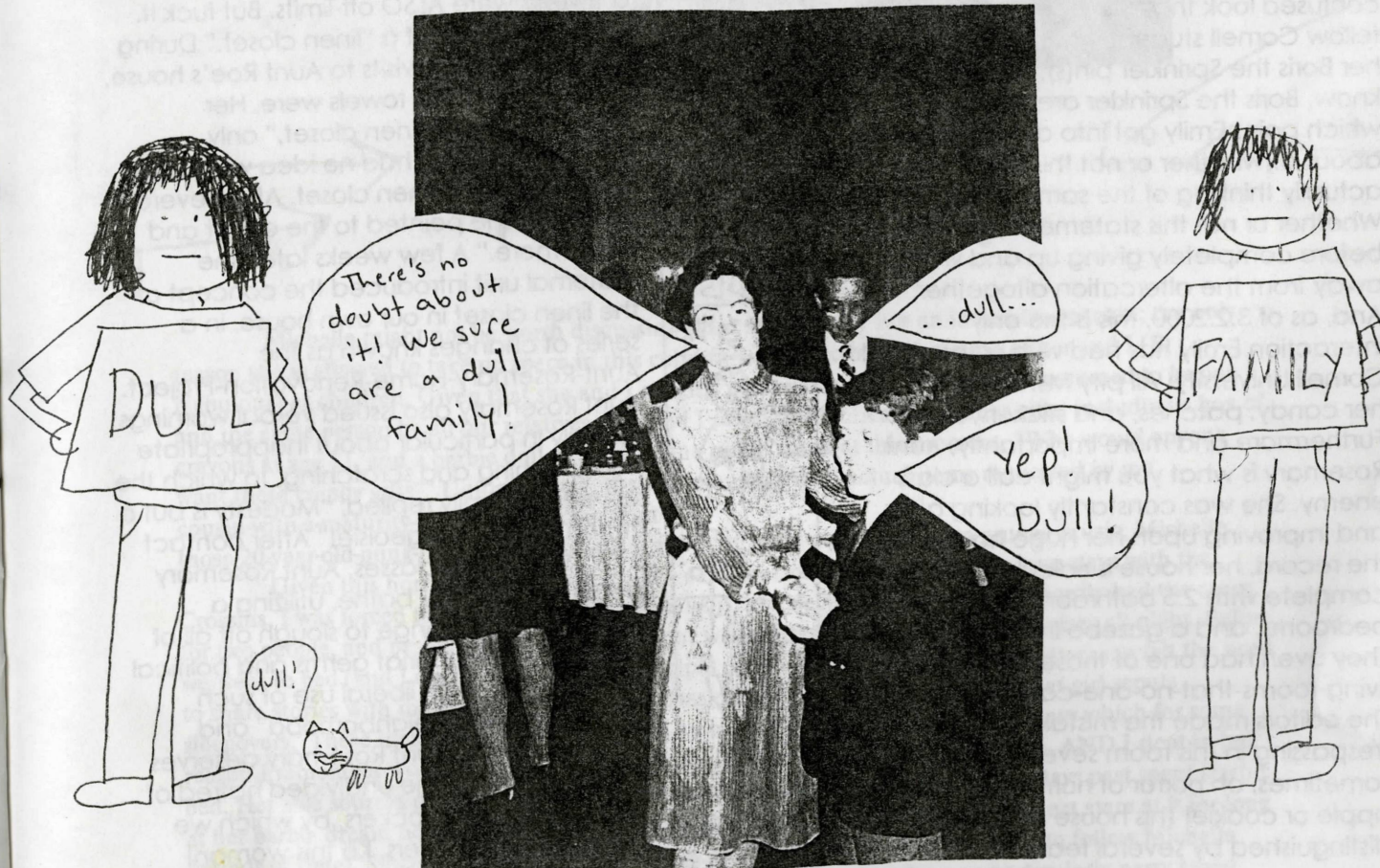
Husband of Aunt Louise and the only relative to continually sport a mustache for the past fifteen years.

## Uncle Jerry, Aunt Betty & offspring\*!

\*not Dexter Holland & company

If you are a reader of my zine Tight Pants, you are already somewhat familiar with these relatives, as immortalized in the article "I Hate Weddings," in which I describe the wedding of my cousin Steve. Emily and I fought over who would write this article; but, unlike with Aunt Mildred, we were fighting NOT to write this article. You see, this particular set of relatives are marked by...well...by not much at all. Sadly, I was forced by Emily's cruel hand, to sit down and write this, while she relaxes on her bed, reading over Georgeanne's diary for a few good laughs. Curse my fate!

Uncle Jerry and Aunt Betty started dating in the sixth grade. They continued dating until after college sometime, at which point they got married. They never dated or even kissed anyone else. Uncle Jerry became a lawyer and Aunt Betty became a nurse. They both grew more and more dull as the years passed by. They bore three boring children: Steve, Chris, and Karen, in chronological order. Steve was your stereotypical, attached-at-the-teet-child. He lived at home until he married at the age of, I don't know, around 26 or 27 or 28 or 29. I hate this family so much that I can't even write about them in a humorous or proper fashion! Even writing about them is making me want to fall asleep! Chris was also A.A.T.T. (Attached At the Teet), except that he drank more and was significantly shorter. He now works in New York City. Karen is a stuck-up snob who was spoiled due to being the only girl. I think she now works for an ad agency in Philadelphia. All of these people, as you can see, are quite dull. Dinners at their house never fail to center around the same topics of discussion: nutrition, exercise, the time Karen went to France, and the latest Stephen King novels. This family is not even worthy of more than a paragraph, and so I shall stop boring you now!



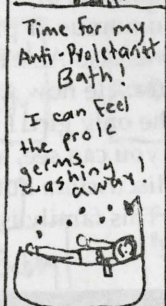


YUCK!

# Aunt Rosemary!

ACK!

Perhaps the most noteworthy accomplishment of Aunt Rosemary's life was to produce three of the most vile offspring I have ever encountered. With a track record of three for three, she must be consuming some sort of Create-Your-Own-Idiot-Child pill, or just be a horrible parent, or perhaps be utilizing non-punk sexual positions in her reproductive love-making. (If all your sex is in the missionary position, you are clearly doomed to have lame children. If I ever have children, I plan on conceiving them doggie style at the very least!) My guess is that it's a combination of all three. Missionary-Position-Aunt-Rosemary is a generally normal, complacent, dull human being. The sort of human being who has never done anything of note. The sort of human being who only reads best-sellers. The sort of human being I both pity and hate. Furthermore, her normalcy was inflicted upon me during our visits. Aunt Rosemary once asked me if I had (her exact words) "advanced to wearing straight skirts." I gave her the same sort of confused look that Ms. Neezer gave to a fellow Cornell student who, upon seeing her Boris the Sprinkler pin(s), said, "You know, Boris the Sprinkler are pro-life." At which point Emily got into an argument about a.) whether or not this fellow was actually thinking of the same band and b.) Whether or not this statement was true, before completely giving up and walking away from the altercation altogether. And, as of 3.2.2000, this is the only interaction Emily has had with a "punk" at Cornell University! All pity Ms. Neezer! Send her candy, patches, and stickers, stat! Furthermore and more importantly, Aunt Rosemary is what you might call a class enemy. She was constantly looking after and improving upon her huge house. For the record, her house is ridiculously large, complete with 2.5 bathrooms, large bedrooms, and a gazebo in the backyard. They even had one of those annoying living-rooms-that-no-one-can-ever-go-in. The editors made the mistake of trespassing in this room several times, sometimes, oh horror of horrors, with an apple or cookie! This house could be distinguished by several features:



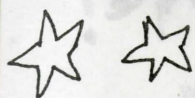
1. It contained silver that needed polishing.
2. Different bowls and silverware were used for different meals. For example, the purchase of take-out would necessitate the use of the ceramic ware, whereas Aunt Roe's home-cooked, fancy dinners demanded the use of nothing less than the finest china. (And you wonder why we both related to Marx at such a young age!)
3. The most fancy dinners were not even allowed to be attended by the children. Instead, we were relegated to the breakfast nook, where Emily and I wolfed down entire plates of brownies while our anorexic cousins looked jealously at our



carefree eating habits. Ironically, these brownies were ALSO off-limits. But fuck it.

4. The existence of a "linen closet." During one of the earlier visits to Aunt Roe's house, I asked where the towels were. Her response, "In the linen closet," only confused me, as I had no idea what linen was, let alone a linen closet. After several attempts, she pointed to the closet and said, "There." A few weeks later, the maternal unit introduced the concept of the linen closet in our own house, in a series of changes known as the Aunt-Rosemary-Home-Renovation-Project. Aunt Rosemary also issued verbal warnings to Emily in particular about inappropriate public itching and scratching, to which the six-year-old Emily replied, "Modesty is but a crutch of the bourgeoisie!" After contact with the working classes, Aunt Rosemary would ritualistically bathe, utilizing a six-foot-loofah sponge to slough off all of those nasty proletariat germs and political propaganda. With liberal use of such phrases as "bad neighborhood" and "wrong crowd," Aunt Rosemary deserves nothing less than the undivided hatred of all anarchist punk rockers, by which we mean all punk rockers. Kill this woman!

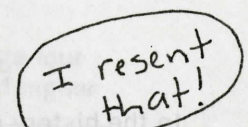
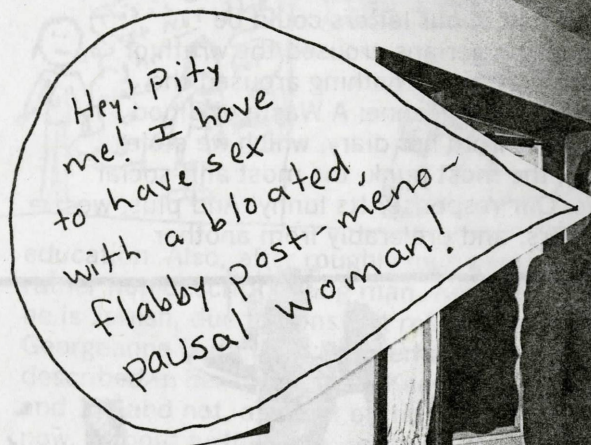




# UNCLE GEORGE!



Otherwise known as The-Relative-With-The-Worst-East-Coast-Accent, Uncle George is the husband of Aunt Rosemary. Unlike most of our relatives, their courtship was rather unconventional. Aunt Rosemary met Sir George on a plane headed for San Francisco. They immediately fell in love, and were married a few months later. Since then, Aunt Rosemary has become increasingly snobbish, while Uncle George has become increasingly involved in the manufacturing of dental supplies. He eventually opened up his own business, where he makes false teeth, retainers, and the like. Emily and I both acknowledge his superior sense of humor, which he no doubt desperately needs, as he has to copulate with Aunt Rosemary's flabby form.



Michelle!

Michelle might not be worth discussing since she is really not an interesting person; the only reason she is allowed to take up space in this column is the forcible association of her and I (E. Nebulous) as children. Given that she and I roughly corresponded in age, we were assumed to be one and the same person by all our relatives. She and I received identical Christmas gifts, including a box of crayons at age 11, and a barbie doll at age 13. One might think at this moment, "Why would anyone want these crappy gifts?" Unfortunately, these gifts represented actual items requested by my cousin-with-a-maturity-rate-roughly-equivalent-to-those-20-year-old-punk-rockers-who-still-have-not-progressed-past-listening-to-grunge-music, Michelle.

Given this horrid system of same age = same person, during the overly long stays with the Crossins, I was forced to play with her and even worse, to sleep with her. Her bed hardly had the room for two people, and besides which she sucked her whole hand with loud slurping noises all night. Before we went to bed (and I operated under the principle of the faster I fall asleep the better) she felt the need to share stories with me ala 'menstruation confessions made around the campfire at girl scouts sleepovers.' These included tales of her peeing on herself during grade school, a story which for some reason I remember word for word. On one particularly bad visit, Dental, Michelle, AND I slept in her bed. Her sole sources of amusement were barbies as a child, meaning that entire days past spent staring at her barbie dream house in the moldy basement. (She didn't want to play with, just stare at it for long periods of time). Since my brother had no cousin to group himself with, he chose to follow Michelle around and try to kill her (not a bad idea, I admit). Unfortunately, after one particularly nasty brawl, Peter reached over to try to punch her in the mouth and I, caught in the middle, lost a tooth to this



# Regicide, the Backstreet Boys, & more!

attempt. Luckily, it wasn't a permanent tooth and so no permanent physical damage resulted from these otherwise horrid trips.

Nowadays, Michelle spends her time collecting Absolute Vodka ads to hang up on her wall next to her Backstreet Boys posters. In a recent turn of events, she also got arrested for smoking pot. As my mother and Aunt put it, "She apparently has been hanging out with 'the wrong crowd.'" Yes, the phrase 'wrong crowd' was used, although sadly not its accompaniment, 'from the wrong side of the tracks.' She now wastes away her life in therapy and extensive community service, as in upper class white suburbs, apparently smoking pot is a crime on the same level with regicide.

## Georgeanne!

In the history of We Aren't the World, we would occasionally get letters about how our zine was "offensive." In fact, for the last two issues, about half of our letters could be characterized in this way. Although Neezer's article on progerians aroused the wrath of some readers, who called for a more "compassionate portrayal," nothing aroused the anger and outrage of the masses as much as the article Georgeanne: A Waste of Blood and Tissue. In this infamous article, we printed excerpts from her diary, which we stole from her room on one of the many family visits. Even the most punk, the most anti-social and destructive punks, had trouble with our actions. Our response? Its funny! And plus, we plan on returning them to her (albeit in about ten years, and preferably from another



country, with no return address given.) So, at this point, we would like to re-introduce Georgeanne, complete with updated-and-more-extensive-information, as well as devote still more WATW space to the reprinting of her diaries. Enjoy!

Georgeanne is indeed her real name. We still have not discovered what her parents were thinking when they named her. We can only conclude that they were expecting a hermaphrodite child, who would need the name of both sexes. Let's begin when Georgeanne was around ten. Everything before that was the usual cute baby crap. So, age ten; Georgeanne begins to blossom as a gap-loving, makeup-wearing, teddy-bear-collecting, Gone-With-the-Wind-reading 80's nightmare. She also shed about thirty pounds, giving her that chic anorexic look. She took advantage of her new Puke-After-Every-Meal-Look to attract the attention of a young gentleman by the name of Jeff. Jeff was a few years older than her, and a complete asshole. Seeing as how this combination never fails to attract girls with low self-esteem, Georgeanne fell in love and they started dating. This was quite convenient, as he lived right across the street. Unfortunately for the two young lovers, Jeff was considered a trouble-maker, and Georgeanne was banned from seeing him. But Jeff did not give up, and became even more diligent (read: stalker-esque), and started calling her six or seven times a day, followed her around between classes, and picked her up from work every night. In addition, he forced her to do his homework, which is not a very good idea, because alas, Georgeanne lost out on the higher end of the gene pool. The worst thing about Jeff was that he possessed none of the qualities that one



# Speech Therapy, Judaism, and Grammar!

would want in a stalker. If someone were stalking us, we wouldn't mind the intrusion if the person was funny, cute, or deranged. Jeff is none of these. He's fat, and does not possess the intelligence necessary to be considered truly deranged. Finally, he moved away to California, after Georgeanne had devoted five years of her life to him. As he said to the girl he had been dating for most of his teen life, "Well, there was nothing keeping me here." And we'd have to agree. But more about Jeff will be revealed in the diary excerpts. So we move onto greener, or just different, pastures. Georgeanne finds the need to be everyone's mother. She repeatedly instructs her sister Michelle on how and when to blow her nose, when to say please and thank you, and when to, as she puts it, "carry a handbag." (Note: Yes, she did say handbag.)

In recent developments, after failing the entrance exams for the community college four years in a row to get her degree in speech therapy, she finally entered the world of higher



education. Also, after roughly four weeks of dating, she has set her sights on marriage to a rather non-descript young man. Actually, the only knowledge we have of this man is that he is Jewish, due to constant references by the Maternal One as to the "nice Jew that Georgeanne is dating." But perhaps the mentality and lifestyle of Georgeanne can best be described in her own words. Keep in mind that she wrote all of this between the ages of 16 and 17, and not, as most of the entries would suggest, between the ages of 12 and 13! So now, without further ado, and with all spelling and grammar mistakes included for your amusement, the diary excerpts!

## The diaries!

April 29th, 1991:

We went to a craft show. I bought a very pretty hat box, a pair of flower earrings, and a pin "cushion" bunny. It was a lot of fun.

Sunday, May 19th, 1991:

...Jeff caught me from behind and put his arms around me. We started to go backwards and we fell right on the grass. I fell right on top of Jeff. We just laid there laughing. We got up and played frisbee some more, until he got both of them (frisbees). I chased him over to his lawn and he fell on the grass and laid down. I sat down next to him. We were right next to the street under his tree. We talked for along time about everything. I don't know how but I ended up laying in his arms. We just both looked at each other and we leaned closer and kissed!! It was such a shock! We kissed for a couple of minutes, then pulled apart and just held each other. Then Jeff said, "I guess a sneeze would kill the moment!" We both just laughed. We kissed a lot and it was great--I forgot how much I liked it! Jeff put his hand up my shirt--they felt great on my back and stomach. He asked what perfume I was wearing--Softly Oriental. He liked the way I smelled. His hand went up my bra--felt pretty good. Then his hands went down my pants. This felt weird. But not bad! I hope that does not sound real bad. It took him a while but he did unhook my bra. At one point we were hooking up, Jeff was holding me and we heard his next door neighbor's door open. We stopped kissing and sat there laughing.

June 4th, 1991:

...At the bus stop Jeff had a water gun. He kept spraying me, even on the bus. Wonderful.

July 5th, 1991

Today Jeff came over to show me his new earring. A big improvement over the last one...

July 7th, 1991:

Church. I hated what I wore. I really need some new Sunday clothes.



# Lipstick, Breasts, & Manipulation!

July 10th, 1991:

...Then we went shopping: lipstick, perfume, soap holder, shampoo, shorts, 3 shirts, skirt, and shoes. A lot of fun...Jeff and I were at it again. He killed my leg so I didn't notice his hand over my breast. funny...

July 17th, 1991:

...Got another movie--Green Card. Gosh, this movie was awful! I have never seen anything as boring as this movie.

July 19th, 1991:

...Ate all my dinner--surprising mom and dad!

July 22nd, 1991:

...After watching Pump up the Volume, I left. Jeff walked me home--we talked outside for almost an hour. He told me that he is really scared about college because of his grades. Then we started talking about God and what happens after we die. I think the movie got both of us thinking about the future. The movie was about teenage rebellion. It was awesome and very very deep. A lot of what Jeff said made sense and made me think. Then Dad ruined it--calling me in--I hate him so much. I'm not apologizing first. This time--no way!

August 1st, 1991:

...Watched Beverly Hills 90210...

August 12th, 1991:

...Showered and went to the doctor's. I'm 102 pounds and 5'6"...

August 29th, 1991:

BEVERLY HILLS 90210!!!!!!

SEPTEMBER IS ALMOST HERE, ONLY TWO MORE DAYS. OH NO!!!

October 26th, 1991:

...We just laid on the loveseat for awhile. He licked my cheek--just a "neighborly lick" he said. He got up my shirt. His hands felt great on my back and stomach. He started to undo my jeans. But I had to say no. He kissed my neck and ears--and put his tongue in my ear--wierd.

October 31st, 1991:

Scorpio

Image: mysterious, passionate, but controlled, driven

Obsessions: Power, deep emotions, investigating

Repulsions: Manipulation

Why you're not perfect: You can be too mysterious.

December 23rd, 1991:

...Jeff is the sweetest guy a girl could ever hope to have! I love him soooooo much!!!!

March 16th, 1992:

...Sharon says that me and Jeff are a couple according to EVERYONE because we look sooo good together!!!

April 15th, 1991:

...Jeff asked me for some more money and when I wouldn't give it to him he leaned forward and kissed my neck and cheek and put his tongue in my ear. I would have given him anything at that moment...

May 16th, 1992:

...We started hooking up and then he went into my shirt. He pulled my legs up onto the front seat and pulled my pants down. We must have done "third" for at least 15 minutes. It really hurt but it felt so good. We broke away and he pulled me up to him. We kissed for awhile and then he asked me what I wanted to do next. I said I didn't know--but got a pretty funny feeling. Then he asked me what I wanted. I said, "What do you mean?" He said that the ball was in my court (Editor's Note: What a punny guy!). I don't know what happened but I started to cry. Jeff kept pulling me closer to him. I did not know what to do. I was so scared and nervous. I kept thinking about us going all the way and I almost said yes. But then I started thinking of what could happen--STD's, pregnancy. I got even more scared. Jeff could tell, he pulled me closer to him. He kissed my head and said, "Everything's all right..."

Georgianne

Tuesday

Slept late.  
talked to Jeff.  
if

a were

your right. I named Grant, so they ment Jeff. People are up to him & asking him

people

would how

and to

were

active.

Added

that



# Swimsuit-induced depression & more!

June 16th, 1992:

I tried on so many swimsuits. Not one fit right. I got so depressed...

July 4th, 1992

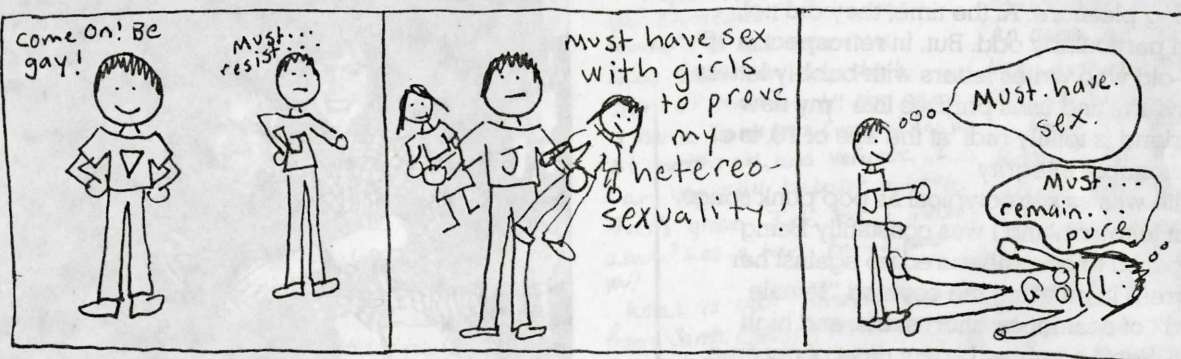
...We came back to my house and talked until 1:30. It was a very heavy talk. Jeff was telling me about a couple years ago when he had to go to Minnesota for a month. I was told that he was there for a writing course but the truth is he was at a hospital for treatment. It seems that Mike N. Really screwed up Jeff's mind. And he needed to get serious treatment. The story was unbelievable. I couldn't believe it. It was so sad. (Editor's Note: Jeff went to treatment in Minnesota to "cure" him of being gay.) He went through so much his first two years of high school. At times during his story it looked as though he were about to cry. He is so brave for what he has been through and for retelling his story. It's a shame how much was put on him and his family. Now I understand more of why he was not ready for a commitment. He got hurt in his relationship with Mike. I am the first person he has gone out with exclusively since his sophomore year. He says that he is still trying to recover from it but he still has warning signs. He said it is very hard to be completely honest with someone. I am the only person that he really feels comfortable with and can be honest with. He says he has to be careful and not slip up especially when faced with something he can't or doesn't want to deal with...After he told me the whole story he told me he felt so vulnerable...I can fully understand now why he hates Mike so much. I'm glad he told me and that he trusts me. I love Jeff.

August 19th, 1992:

They said that the first few times he won't be able to put it in all the way since he is so big. That scares me. He asked if I had changed my mind. I said no and asked what he would do if I did. He said he would say goodbye.

August 21st, 1992

...Jeff brought a blanket with him and we were laying on it looking at the stars. We kissed for awhile. He pulled up my shirt and undid my bra. He pulled up my skirt and fingered me for awhile. Felt so good. I was getting a little nervous by now. He then pulled off my panties, separated my legs, and kissed me there. Felt so weird but



good. He undid his shorts and was going to put the condom on. I couldn't do it. I was shaking so much. I was scared. I didn't know what to do. I couldn't even look at Jeff. After while he turned my face towards him, gave me a hug, and said everything's okay. I kept saying "you must hate me." He told me he could never hate me. He told me he would wait a day, a week, or even a year for me. He wants me to do it for me. Not because he wants to, but because I want to. He was so sweet....

April 5th, 1992:

I threw up when I got home. Fun.

April 6th, 1992:

One of my nails fell off. I felt so dumb... Got my senior pictures done today. I think they may turn out pretty good. I wore light blue, I curled my hair. The guy was really rude to everyone but me. He must've liked me--and why not?!

April 13th, 1992:

He asked me if I would give him twelve kids--I don't know. He asked me to marry him--Yes!...Jeff wrote me a note last night, when he came home from his talk w/Mckenna. He wouldn't give it to me b/c he said it was very suicidal. It would scare me. Good thing he didn't give it to me. I love you Jeff.

April 17th, 1992:

It is so hot out. I love it. I wish my legs were ready for shorts.

May 17th, 1992:

There was blood on the back of Jeff's sweatshirt. He smells just like him. So I almost wore it to bed.



# Natalie!

While Emily was stuck sleeping in the same bed with Michelle, I was forced to share sleeping quarters with her sister, Natalie. Now, Natalie was nowhere near as bad as Michelle. I recognized this early on, and, wishing to inflict pain on Emily (as we were not always on the best of terms) I would not allow her to play with me and Natalie, relegating her instead to the basement, where she and Michelle would stare blankly at Barbie dolls for several hours. Natalie was two years older than me, and decided early on that we would be not only relatives, but friends. This decision was made without any sort of reasoning or basis; we only saw each other twice a year at the most, and we really had nothing in common, but Natalie nonetheless wrote to me diligently. Some of the letters have been included here for your reading pleasure. At the time, they did not seem particularly odd. But, in retrospect, a 16 year-old who writes letters with bubbly letters and hearts and uses phrases like "my new boyfriend is totally rad!" at the age of 16, is of questionable integrity.

Natalie was as stereotypical as pop punk songs about lesbians, and I was constantly being compared to her, measured up against her progress in entering the coveted "female world" of cosmetics, short skirts, and high heels. Seeing as how I spent most of my time reading and consuming candy, I was about as familiar with makeup and the like as I am now familiar with the oeuvre of Earth Crisis. I brushed my hair about once a week, at which point I would put it into a ponytail and then leave it like that, day and night. Towards about Day 3, my hair was a big knot of, well, knots, and by Day 6 or 7, things were even worse. (See chart.) A couple of times, I took it into my head to "improve my appearance," which always met with disaster, including, but by no means limited to, a spiral perm, a D.I.Y. Haircut, and these really strange pink stretch pants with suns wearing sunglasses on them. Clearly, I should've stuck with the ponytail. My actions were in sharp contrast with my cousin, who had boxes and boxes overflowing with makeup, hair spray, and special shampoos. Dozens of skirts, shirts, and pants covered her floor. I was still wearing (and coveting) my California Raisin's t-shirt well past the time at which Natalie was spending a hundred dollars per visit at the Gap and going on dates. The conclusion of my relatives? Natalie: mature and

normal. Me: a little strange, and definitely immature.

As if comparisons between our respective hygiene habits wasn't enough, my Grandma took it upon herself to point out other key distinctions. For example, my Grandma (aka: She-Who-Is-Thankfully-Dead) worked at a thrift store several times a week. She was constantly giving us things that we either did not want or did not need. Case in point: every time we visited her apartment, she would try to get rid of (read: give me) about three dozen issues of Ranger Rick magazine. (For those not in The Know (and I don't mean the pretty great late 70's power pop band) Ranger Rick is a children's animal/nature magazine with



sentences like "Squirrels are fun! Watch the squirrels run!") As someone who a.) Detested animals b.) Detested her grandma and c.) Detested anything below the reading level of 3-2-1 Contact or Zillions, I did not want anything to do with three years worth of Ranger Rick back issues. The first time she offered them to me, I made the mistake of refusing them, on the grounds that I "didn't like that magazine." Grandma took great offense at my honesty and called me, amongst other things "ungrateful" and "selfish." And then, a few days later, Natalie came over. Natalie, whose sole concern in life was whether her shoes should match her shirt or her skirt. Natalie, who spent at least an hour getting ready for school in the morning. Natalie,



# Tricksters, Dissemblers, & Iago!\*

who clearly did NOT have any interest in animals, nature, or reading in general. This very Natalie gratefully accepted the issues of Ranger Rick and even told Grandma that she read them AND that she liked them! Of course, Natalie threw them under several issues of Teen and Seventeen and never looked at them; but in Grandma's eyes she became a saint. What a trickster! What a dissembler! From that day forward, everything I said or did was compared with the sayings and/or doings of Natalie Crossin. I tried my best to limit such comparisons. When I would walk into my

selfish." Invariably, comparisons were eventually made to the differences between my hair and Natalie's. Statements such as "Why don't you comb your hair? Natalie combs her hair one hundred strokes twice a day. I recommended that she do it and she said that it really makes a BIG difference. You know, you might be pretty if you combed your hair." If you're reading this closely, you may be beginning to catch on to the fact that Natalie was bending over backwards to be my grandma's favorite. If Grandma had given her a lock of her pubic hair, Natalie would have

Dear Maddy,

I'm sorry I haven't written lately. I've been very busy!! My favorite subject is Geography and my least favorite subject is math. Hey that's the exact opposite of what your favorite and least favorite subject! My homework is extremely hard. I guess it's because I'm in sixth grade now. Hey, what grade are you in now? How's school going for you? I hope you aren't any trouble in the class, like a class clown or anything.

What would you like for your Christmas present? Would you like Emily and Peter then some question? Thank you!! If you want to what I want, I want 1. earnings, 2. clothing - shirts 12-100 sweaters - 100

Getting back to your letter, yes, I do have a lot of reports to do. Especially reading reports. Do you get your reports done? Well, my lowest grade was a 90 and my highest was a 98 (that's high as you can get). What did you get? Well I have to go now! Bye-Bye

Love,  
Natalie

grandma's apartment, I would try my best not to make eye contact with any of the issues of Ranger Rick. I would try to avoid the living room altogether (where the issues were always laid out in a pile on a red end-table). I would try to direct conversation to ANYTHING besides Ranger Rick. But, inevitably, Grandma would say, "I saved some Ranger Rick's for you." I would remain silent and she would continue. "Natalie LOVES Ranger Rick. Natalie ALWAYS takes Ranger Rick. But I know that you don't like it. I know that you would never take any of them. You really could stand to be a little less

## Letters From the Relative

← Front! →

Dear Maddy,  
Happy 1993! So how was your Christmas? Mine was terrific!! I saw my new baby cousin, on my dad's side of the family. Her name is Daria Christian Crossin! She's 10½ months old, and very cute. I hear you still babysit a little. That's great. I do too. I make about \$6.00 a hour, how about you!

What is your favorite gift from Santa Clause? Mine is a Rose colored blazer and ice skates! I'm taking ice skating lessons in the spring! Tonight we're going out to

dinner and my friend is coming over tomorrow. I saw an opera at the MET in New York, with my music class. We saw Le Bohème (Italian). When do you go back to school? We all go back on January 4th! Vacation is awful this year. Usually I get about two and a half weeks off.

Guess what? On Dec 29 I took my permit test... I passed! I can't wait to drive. Say hi to everyone, and kiss 'em too!

Love,  
Natalie

Note: Contrary to statements made in these letters, math was NEVER Maddy's favorite subject. Bah on addition! And subtraction!

gladly accepted it, no doubt exclaiming, "I love pubic hair! And this pubic hair is especially lovely!" (Yes, she even adopted the use of old-people words around Grandma to further win her over.)

Currently Natalie is a nurse in a hospital in Pennsylvania. She has had the same boyfriend since high school, and a marriage is expected by all family members. While she is by no means as wretched as her sisters Michelle and Georgeanne, she will still have to be purged! While simultaneously trying to befriend me, Natalie was screwing me over in the Grandma department, making her an enemy of ponytailed-ten-year-olds everywhere! She must, to quote the Bobbyteens, Pay the Price!

\* catch this reference and win a prize!



# Paternal Side Introduction!

Now is the time to feel jealous. For, many of you readers have not known the joys of white trash relatives. (Editor's Note: Both editors have read and agree with Mr. Goad's Redneck Manifesto. Direct all political commentary elsewhere!) Sadly, not everyone can have a family who starts brawls at funerals over possession of a roll-top desk (true story), nor a family whose common terms for African Americans are 1.) monkeys, 2.) that Ray Charles guy, or 3.) that minority. You probably did not even realize the white trash community that is Parma, Ohio. I suppose white trash really isn't a fair term; crusty second-generation immigrants combined with the worst of crusty Americana probably works better. Parma is a town where house robes and lawn care reign supreme - to the point where the editors and the maternal unit once concocted the idea of a "Totally Parma" Barbie, complete w/ house coat, broom, and hair-in-curlers. Parma is, basically, houses, a golf course, one or two strip malls, and a very small indoor mall. Parma is home to a pasty, overweight bagel store employee, who flirted with Maddy and when she asked for a pickle w/ her bagel sandwich, he said "I'll give you as many pickles as you want." We pity the Parma girls! (Although they are probably too busy doing their hair to care.)

Unfortunately, not much information remains about the original Parma settlers - our ancestors. Only second-hand stories from our dad and our grandfather. Apparently, Parma is where they came DIRECTLY from the boat, escaping some Slovakian crisis in the later 1800's. My grandfather once told us that his father had no money and didn't speak English. They had to live entirely off the fruit he stole from a delivery truck that made its neighborhood rounds each week. He then proceeded to describe in detail how his father would jump on the back of the truck and throw off bananas to him while it rolled away. When asked about this story on a separate trip, he pretended to know nothing of what we were talking about. Our father, an avid accordion player, told us that on a visit to one of his dad's brothers, he was asked how long he had been taking accordion lessons.

Our dad: 7 years.

Father's Uncle: 7 Years?? You could teach a monkey to play it in that time.

At which point, he proceeded to ramble on to my father about "darkies" and the race war.

Outside of accordion lessons, our dad and his brothers spent most of their Parma youth running around in the sewers with grass torches & trapping large animals such as owls and raccoons. One owl bite off part of our grandfather's finger, after which point such animals had to be hidden from view.

While our dad tried to avoid large exposure to his family and our mom did nothing to discourage this plan, we still got at least a few days a year of good old-fashioned family fun.

So now, without further ado, we invite you to revel in the bizarre tales of the paternal family!

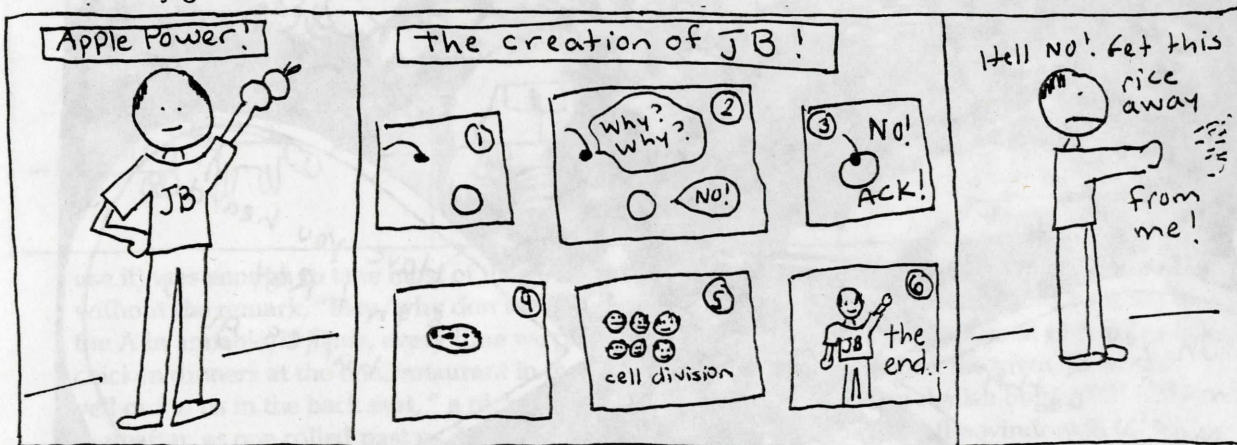
## Go Forth and Turn the Page!





# JB!

JB, or John Baran, my grandfather, was perhaps the strangest of all the Baran stock. Years of Czechoslovakian famine and general chromosomal mishaps, resulted in a bizarre combination of generosity and sadism. The man carefully furnished his house with dog food sized bags of gummi bears, individual boxes of sugar cereal, ice cream, cake, chocolate-covered peanuts, and other junk food before our arrival. This, however, was more than a nice gesture to us; it was entirely necessary for our survival there for three days. He himself never ate (or bought) anything other than apples (often in the form of apple pie) and salami sandwiches with Coke. One time, after feeling rather ill for several days, he went to the doctor. The doctor asked him what he was eating, and he told him apples and salami sandwiches. To this, the doctor asked just how many apples a day he was eating. "About a dozen, dozen and a half," JB replied. Not only did he not buy other food products, he didn't own any pots, pans, or general cooking devices such as measuring cups. This was due to the fact that in addition to his daily fare, he dined nightly at Ponderosa for the past ten years since his wife died. Every night, and every night the same order of steak. To provide just one more example of JB's limited food tastes, when dining with my family at a restaurant near us on a rare visit, he received with his steak.....rice. Not only did he shout loud enough for everyone to hear, "What is this stuff?" repeated times, he also demanded that the waiter take the plate and remove the rice before he would eat the steak. Needless to say, we usually got take-out on visits thereafter.



Getting back to my original point, however, on his coolness, he also took us to Chuck E Cheese and bought us unlimited tokens every time we visited. This meant that Maddy and I purchased 200 puffy stickers apiece one year at the Chuck E. Cheese prize center, in ignorance of the disgruntled stares of the teenage employee.

Outside of the trip to Chuck E. Cheese, however, we were generally on our own for the three days we spent there each summer. My father, by the end of the time period, was usually not speaking to JB (once after a heated argument in which JB tried to fix our bedroom windows and refused to use a regular screwdriver and instead demanded continually a Phillips screwdriver. This included repeated comments such as, "I don't understand how you can use these things, Jimmy (JB's term for my father). Now Phillips, there is a screwdriver. You got any of them Phillips ones around, Jimmy? Naw, I can't use this one. See, look at it. It's not a Phillips. Phillips has both head styles. You see that, Jimmy? You see the difference?....."). My mother and JB are a more interesting story which I will get to in a minute. As I was saying (typing), we had to amuse ourselves. My brother generally chose watching TV on the giant screen in the living room as his chief occupation. Maddy and I, however, discovered the wonderful world of JB's basement, which was constructed in the style of a bar. This was complete with barrel chairs, a poker table, bar counter with stools, and of course large amounts of alcohol. Maddy and I were too young to be interested in doing anything with the alcohol, but we did enjoy the vast array of naked female dolls that vibrated when turned on, nude calendars, and glasses with women whose clothes evaporated when liquid was added. All this was an exciting new discovery to a 6 year old and an 8 year old. There was also a pinball machine, but it didn't work. This brings us to one of JB's chief flaws: he constantly promised to do something he had no intention of doing. Every time we visited for 10 years he said he was "working on fixing that juke box. Why I had someone come look at it just the other day..." My father told us how JB used to yell into the backyard, "Hey!



# Impenetrable Barriers & The Who!

Let's all go get some ice cream! Hop in the car!" The first few times, the Baran kids would eagerly jump into the car, only to realize, several minutes later, that JB was still in the house. When they would approach him, he would either say "Just kidding" or "I changed my mind." In the winter, our dad and his brothers would build snow forts in the backyard. For some reason, JB hated the construction and existence of these forts, and would go outside and destroy them. Eventually the Baran children realized the opportunity for a humorous revenge, and poured cold water all over the snow fort. Of course, the water quickly turned to ice, forming an impenetrable barrier to any attacks. Upon seeing the fort, JB ventured outside for another routine destruction of childhood fun. Bringing his hand down to bear on the ice-covered snow, he emitted a loud string of obscenities. Not to be easily defeated, however, he ran to the garage to retrieve his ax. Armed and furious, JB slammed the ax down onto the icy snow. Alack, his ax was no match for the hard ice, and it quickly broke in two. Enraged and infuriated, JB screamed for several minutes, "What in



the fuck!" while the Baran children lay on the floor laughing until they practically puked. Anyway, I make no false statements about JB being a good man.

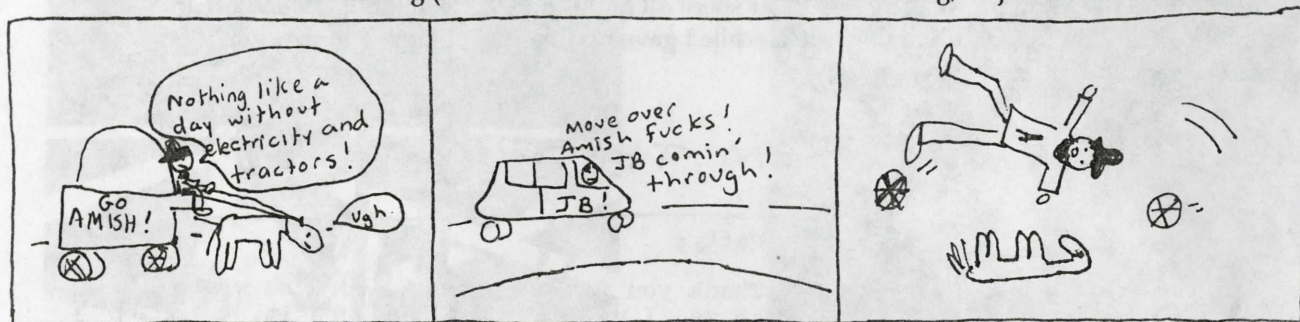
As long as he provided the candy and gifts, it didn't really matter to me. Maddy and I had more important concerns, such as the fact that THE MAN OWNED A JUKEBOX! Yes, complete with over 200 classic songs from the 50's and 60's, including the Monkees, Beatles, and The Who. Over the days, we would listen over and over to the same songs, except 'That's What Friends are For' which we found out skipped, causing a repetitive 'And you can-skip-and you can-skip-and you can-skip-' until JB came down to meddle with it. We planned out intricate routines to songs and performed them for the family. The most memorable were 'Boogie Woogie Buggle Boy' and 'Ramona.' When Maddy and I in later years calculated possible inheritances from his death, we both pledged to GET THAT JUKEBOX. Alas, my uncle received the entire winnings and sold the stuff before we could begin to barter for it.



# Bronze Elephants, Amish towns, & more!

Maybe now is the time to discuss the man and his culture. I already mentioned his chief item of furniture: the giant TV, played at such volumes due to JB's refusal to admit his deafness, made it sometimes hard to get him to answer the door when we arrived each summer. The second key item: the sofa chair, both seat of all TV viewing and bed for the man. After that, the man's style switched from useful to wonderfully distasteful. Bronze elephants, a giant garfield the cat stuffed animal (another prized possession to be quickly claimed for the three days by Maddy or I), a giant grandfather's clock, random gold and silver statuettes, and starkly contrasting wall colors and carpeting. Best of all was the basement, home to the treasured jukebox. Contained in this area were the collection of stuffed squirrels and mounted fish. On one wall hung a ceiling-to-floor depiction of a nature scene, complete with a stuffed fox on the ground next to it, a giant Indian statue across from the fox, and WWII-era model planes suspended by string from the ceiling. To accentuate this even further, special lights on the ceiling above the scene illuminated this scene day and night. Since JB never went upstairs in his house, the entire second floor had nothing in it at all.

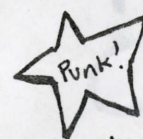
Continuing on with culture, JB had only two forms of entertainment: 1) TV sports games and 2) going to Amish towns. A full two hour drive in his leather interior car roughly the size of a boat without air conditioning (not that the car didn't have air conditioning, he just chose not to



use it) was enough to take most of the good out of the trip. Nevertheless, not one visit passed without the remark, "Hey, why don't we go see the Amish (the A being pronounced by him like the A in amiable)?" Thus, every time we piled into the car and drove off in pursuit of family-style chicken dinners at the one restaurant in the settlement. As we approached the town, JB would yell out to us in the back seat, "a nickel to the first person who spots an Amish buggy." Shortly thereafter, as one rolled past us, Maddy and I would shout and point out the window to try to claim that much-sought-after prize. Once, in a move entirely uncharacteristic of the man, he agreed to accompany us to the Cleveland Art Museum. Bad idea. Upon entering the building, he remarked to my father, "You know, Jimmy, these statues and stuff are all right, but now in Vegas, they've got....." And proceeded to describe all the wonderful works of art he had seen in his trips to Las Vegas in an unnecessarily loud voice. Later, while we walked through a gallery of paintings on the third floor, he again turned to my father, and remarked, "You know, last time I was here with your brother, Jack, they didn't have any paintings." (Editor's Note: Apparently, the last and only other time JB was at an art museum, his activities were confined solely to the first floor, which consisted solely of restrooms, an information desk, and a gift shop. The thought that one might wonder where the "art" in the art museum was simply never occurred to him.) At this loud comment, several people and the museum guards turned around to stare at us. JB continued on, rambling comparisons to Vegas art while my father walked a safe distance behind. In a particularly funny, but unrelated to JB culture moment, we got lost returning from the museum. While driving, JB opened his car door and shouted at the nearest driver, "Hey buddy, how do you get to Uklet?"

As I promised earlier, I will now tell you about the finer details of JB and my mother's relationship. Things first started going wrong between them when JB took to calling my mother 'woman.' Several sentence examples of its usage are: "Get in the kitchen and make me some food, woman," and "What do you know, woman?" His interactions with mother also included the bordering-on-violent pushing of her to consume bavarian ham that he had bought 'for her.' He spent one entire visit promoting this ham, describing its texture, taste, and smell while every 5





# UNCLE JEFF!



Uncle Jeff wins the coveted prize of Coolest, Nicest, All-Around Best Relative, as well as being employed part-time as The Funder of Punk Rock Activities. The brother of our dad (yep, for those of you not familiar with Western Familial Structures (all of our thousands of readers in the foothills of Tibet, for example), that's how it works.), Uncle Jeff is essentially, a non-intellectual version of our dad (who, for the record, was clearly the coolest relative of all if you include the immediate family; for the purposes of this zine, we have chosen to focus solely on the extended family, on the grounds that any attempt to describe the evil villainry of our mother would take years and hundreds of pages. Perhaps you will be treated to a brief description somewhere, but there will be no formal dissertation. To get the real truth behind the woman, buy either of us a cup of coffee and a chocolate frosted sprinkled donut, and we'll talk.) So, without knowing our dad, this analogy may mean little or nothing to you; but trust me, it's a compliment. Uncle Jeff is one of the kindest, nicest, most sensitive people I have ever met. He is also the type of person who is so obviously seeking affection that it is almost painful to observe. He lives alone in Ohio with his two cats,

MADDY HERE'S POCHIE AT HER LAST BIRTHDAY PARTY!



POCHIE IS 5 YEARS YOUNG.

Pochie & Pumpkin, who he sends us pictures of every so often. He works for some kind of water processing plant, and makes a decent living, enabling him to be more than generous in his birthday, Christmas, and graduation money allotments.

But most importantly, unlike other relatives, Uncle Jeff funds our punk rock needs! At the tender age of 15 (Emily, age 13) he took us to Atomic Records (an "alternative" record store in Milwaukee) and let us each spend \$100! Uncle Jeff bought me my first Black Flag record! Uncle Jeff bought me a D.O.A. record! Uncle Jeff bought the complete Boris the Sprinkler discography for Emily! And, on a separate occasion, Uncle Jeff bought me an Iggy Pop cd after we got into a discussion about how the Stooges are cool! Unlike

other relatives, I can actually talk to Uncle Jeff about things I do. He knows what kind of music I like (he refers to Boris the Sprinkler as "Boris and the Sprinklers," despite my correction, and much to my amusement), and talks about how he used to listen to the Sex Pistols. Uncle Jeff is the most punk rock of all our relatives!

Back in the day, Uncle Jeff was a quiet, docile youth. He must have suffered greatly while having to live at home alone with JB after his mother died when he was a teenager (his older brothers being either in the circus or in college). Although most of this zine is devoted to general feelings of disdain and hatred, I will not stoop to such baseness with this relative. I would not even want to. (Imagine that!)

Uncle Jeff is a great human being and I salute him!



# Uncle Jack!

Middle son of JB, this man has done the most to preserve the Baran Parma tradition. In addition to blowing up a tool shed on a Parma golf course in his youth out of boredom, he also ran away and joined the circus as a teenager. After a few months with the carnies, however, as JB related once (to a group of my mother's relatives in the only-mother's-side-meets-father's-side-occasion-yet), "He comes in one day, shirt all bloody and tattered, and weighing about 50 pounds and sits down at the table without sayin' nothing. So I get up, I walk into my room and take out \$200 and throw it on the table before him and say, 'you want money? Here, go ahead, take it.' But he just sits there, 'cause he wants his meal! Never heard anything about this circus crap anymore." This probably had a lot to do with the reasons why Jack didn't speak to JB for about twenty years. Jack still lives in Parma, in an apartment of which the ancestors would be proud: carpet which resembles the African brushlands, moose head on front wall, and of course, a giant TV. After two unsuccessful marriages, he is a confirmed bachelor.

All stories are 100% true. Certificates of authenticity are available upon request.



Go forth and destroy your relatives!

Punk Rock!

# the end!



# VICTORY!

