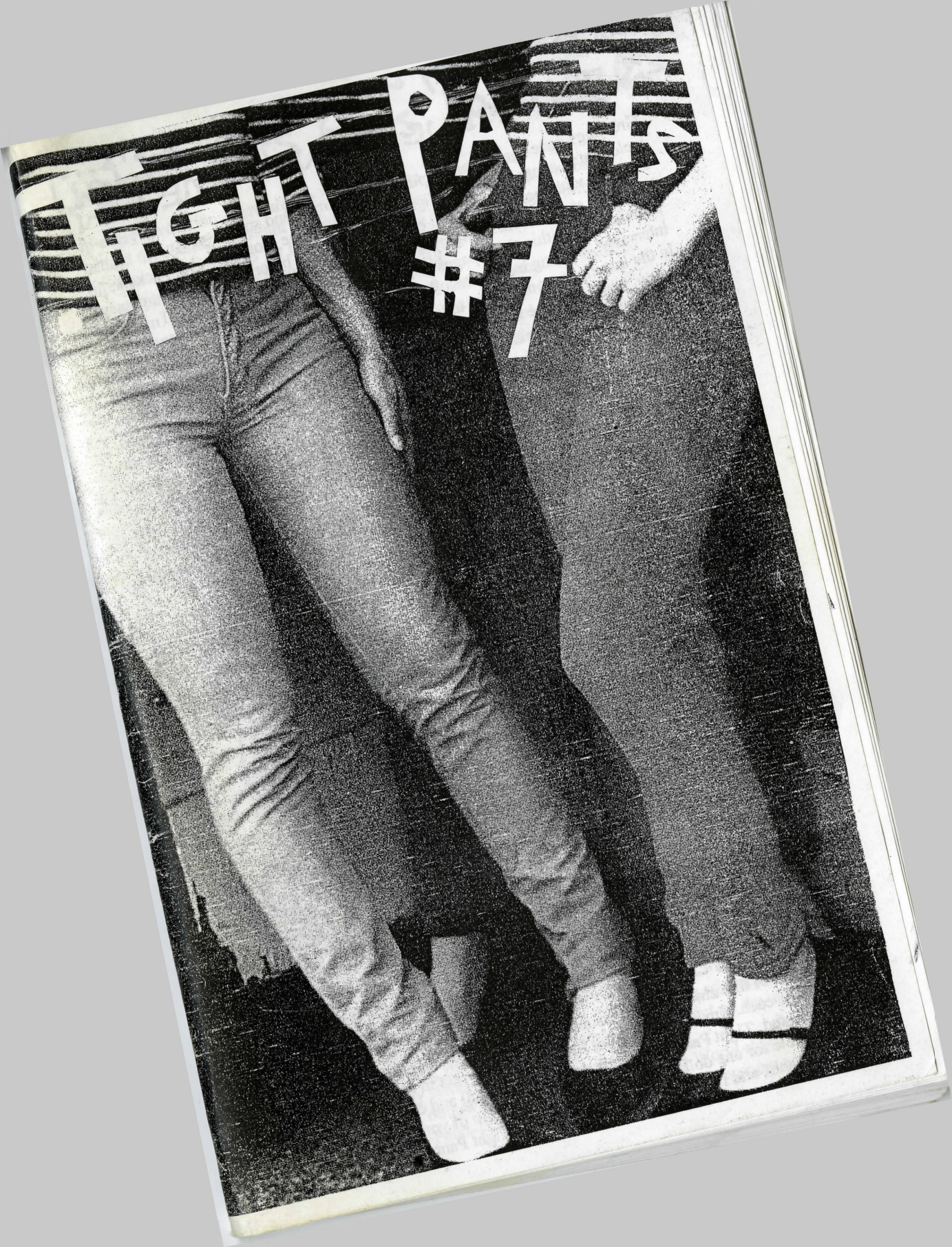


TIGHT PANTS

#7



Grab some candy & put on a record, its...

☆ INTRODUCTION TIME! ☆

Greetings once again, fans of punk rock, humor, and stupidity! And welcome to another issue of Tight Pants! This time around, we've packed the issue with more stories and cartoons than ever before! Plus, its not one, but TWO stories from almighty Tight Pants columnist, Ms. Neezer! I promise that within these pages you will not find a single poem or band interview! Nothing but the best for my readers!

In the last eight months, I've taken a semester off school, eaten a lot of candy, listened to the Candy Girl ep at least one hundred times, contemplated whether the Rip Offs could be the best band of all time, and discovered the ingenious new cereal known as Oreo'Os! When I wasn't busy doing all of that, I also went to Europe for a month! I'll be back at school in the fall, so please note the two different addresses below. In a year I'll move to Minneapolis, and then I'll just have one address finally! Alright!

I've also found the time to resurrect my old zine "We Aren't the World" from the grave! It'll come out about once a year, and each issue will have a theme. Plus, its full-sized, and has a thick cover! Wow! The Relatives Issue is out now, featuring lots of tales of stupidity, humor, and woe!

This time around, the following items will get you a lifetime subscription to Tight Pants: taped (or original!) copies of anything by The Crowd other than the Beach Blvd. comp, tapes of live performances by the Rip Offs, any and all non-record Bobbyteens and Barracudas merchandise, leopard print socks, and books about Phil Spector! Oh yeah, keep the d.i.y. porn and entries for the tight pants wearer of the issue coming!

Until next time, remember to keep your pants tight, your music loud, and your caffeine and sugar intake high!

Rock and roll,

Mo. Tight Pants!

From 9/00-8/01:

Madeleine

Box 23

P.O. BOX 5001

Amherst, MA

01002

Any other time:

2208 North 72 St.

Wauwatosa, WI

53213-1808



LONG LIVE CEREAL & PUNK ROCK!

Copies of this zine and back issues (#1,2,4,5,6) are available for two stamps each. I'm always looking for more distros--get in touch if you're interested. Tight Pants pins (pink with cartoon skull and crossbones) are available for one dollar each. Also, send in a photo of yourself wearing tight pants, and receive a free "I Am Wearing Tight Pants" button!

Tight Pants Gets Political!

In every revolution, there are the hidden heroes, the men and women behind the scenes, the silent martyrs. This March, our great nation lost three such noble beings for the cause of justice. These three revolutionary agents participated in a violent insurrection, and yet, received no media attention. Until now, their story has been untold.

It all started innocently enough on a normal afternoon. I woke up, listened to the Parasites while getting dressed, and then entered Mr. Nate's revolutionary cell, where he was busy silently and motionlessly contemplating the oppression of people of color (read: sleeping).

Summoning Mr. Nate to action, we convened in the kitchen to discuss our tactics over a bowl of generic Corn Pops (Golden Corn Nuggets to be exact!). Like every revolutionary group, we had our fair share of disagreements. We covered all of the classic arguments: individualism versus collectivism, whether capitalism is doomed to failure, whether or not Sweet Baby is one of the great pop bands of all time (yes! yes! says I!),



whether the Infections album is better than the RipOffs album (The revolutionary organization almost disbanded over Mr. Nate's claim that the Infections LP was the superior force. We're talking about the fucking Rip Offs here! Sometimes I wonder why Mr. Nate was even allowed into this revolutionary organization in the first place!), and the revolutionary role of mice.

Uh, wait, Ms. Tight Pants...Did you REALLY just write "the revolutionary role of mice"? What possible bearing can such a minor issue have on global anarchist uprisings, especially when compared to other, more vital issues like whether Lisa or Homer is the better Simpson? Well, the answer is simple. Mr. Nate and I were not just having another revolutionary roundtable. We were planning an action. A direct action. Yes, on that fateful day, Ms. Tight Pants woke up with the intent of doing something political! The next thing you know, I'll be listening to Conflict all day and self-tattooing anarchy symbols on my face!

In my neighborhood, otherwise known as The-Part-of-the-World-that-Surrounds-the- Tight-Pants-International-Headquarters, there was once a

The Revolutionary Role of Mice!

huge block of vacant land. Vacant wetlands, to be exact. Through various acts of stupidity on the part of local aldermen, akin to the stupidity in Joe Strummer's and Mick Jones' mutual head when they decided to bother recording and releasing Sandinista, the mighty Jewel-Osco managed to obtain the right to build one of its giant mega-stores on this previously untarnished land. Despite the fact that 90% of the population was completely and quite vocally opposed to Jewel-Osco's intrusion, and despite the fact that tons of people would show up at each and every city meeting and protest against Jewel-Osco, Mr. and Mrs. Jewel-Osco managed to build their monument to' crapulence anyways, due to a combination of money, and, well, more money. When I left for school, there was a vacant lot. When I returned, Jewel-Osco was, like the Death Star, fully operational.

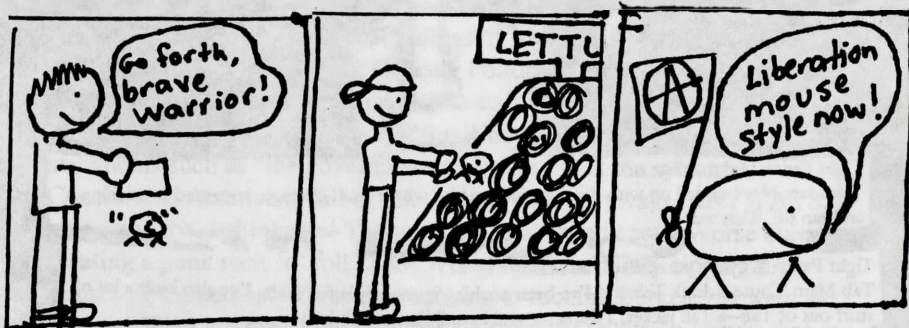
So, Mr. Nate and I did what any reasonable person would do. We decided to buy some mice.



We journeyed to our local pet store and purchased three small, healthy-looking mice. Total cost? About three bucks. We stuck the mice into a shoebox and journeyed back to our revolutionary cell, where we allowed Nate's revolutionary cat to prepare the mice for the journey ahead of them (read: pounce on them and attempt to kill them). The training completed, we began the final preparations. We took two toilet paper rolls and duct taped one side of each firmly, and the other side of each loosely. We then poked a few airholes in each roll. Then we poked some holes in a small box. Then we took the shoebox with the mice, and the two toilet paper rolls and the small box, and headed on over to visit our friends at Jewel-Osco. In the anti-oppressive vehicle (read: Nate's car) we took the mice out of the shoebox and put one in the small box, and one in each toilet paper roll. Then I duct-taped the small box shut, stuck it in my backpack, and entered Jewel-Osco. Nate put on his coat, put one toilet paper roll up each sleeve, and entered Jewel-Osco. Upon entering Jewel-Osco, I headed for the women's bathroom, where I waited for many minutes until the bathroom was completely empty. I even had to resort to tactics such as "pretending to do my hair," something I have never really done to begin with. I got a few

Code 13, Urination & Revolt!

odd looks, but eventually I had the bathroom to myself. At that point, I liberated my mouse, who I subsequently named He-Who-Would-Not-Get-Out-of-the-Box. After about ten hard, vigorous shakes, He-Who-Would-Not-Get-Out-of-the-Box did, indeed, get out of the box. He was now free to wreak havoc (and I'm not taking about Code 13!) on Jewel-Osco. While I was busy liberating my mouse in the bathroom, Nate headed over to the produce section, where he non-chalantly reached into the lettuce and, quickly and expertly, unleashed one of his mice, who he named Agent Zephyr. However, in a later revolutionary meeting, the committee (read: me) decided that He-Who-Enters-the-Lettuce was a more apt name. Having successfully liberated one of his men, Nate went to the cookie aisle, where he dropped off Captain Epsilon (renamed He-Who-Is-Reluctant-to-Leave-the-Toilet-Paper-Roll after Nate decided it would be a



better idea for this mouse to create the revolution on the ground. He reached out his hand to recapture the mouse, and he immediately ran right into the toilet paper roll). At this point, both myself and Mr. Nate exited the building. Nate, for some inexplicable and unrevolutionary idea, thought that it would be safer and more inconspicuous if he bought something, so he purchased a box of animal crackers. Ms. Tight Pants, of course, did not buy anything, as the only reason she had ever previously entered a Jewel-Osco was for purposes of urination, defecation, and feminine hygiene. In fact, whenever I have to perform any of the above functions, I make it a POINT to do so in a Jewel-Osco, if at all possible.

We re-convened at Nate's car and returned to our revolutionary headquarters. Our mission was successful! We liberated three revolutionary agents: He-Who-Would-Not-Come-Out-of-the-Box, He-Who-Enters-the-Lettuce, and He-Who-Is-Reluctant-to-Leave-the-Toilet-Paper-Roll. May their work be successful! May the patrons they shock and offend be many! May the Health Department investigations they inspire be fruitful! May many Tight Pants readers duplicate these revolutionary schemes!

The First Ever...

TIGHT PANTS DISTINGUISHED READER AWARD! ROCK!

Local Green Bay luminary, Tab Man, informed me awhile back about his unusual use of Tight Pants. I decided to honor him with a brand new award--the Tight Pants Distinguished Reader Award! What follows is an interview with Tab Man himself. Fans of soda, eat your heart out!

Tight Pants: So, Tab Man, why did you win this award?

Tab Man: We had a history assignment at my school to research the history of a product. My first choice was the history of Tab, but the teacher wouldn't accept it. I got assigned the phonograph. After weeks of procrastination, I asked if I could switch to cereal. I read The History of Cereal from Tight Pants #5 and got an A-. I didn't read it word for word. There were time constraints.

Tight Pants: Didn't you also use something from my other zine, We Aren't the World?

Tab Man: Yeah, I was auditioning for a school play. There was a reading. It was really last minute. I didn't plan on auditioning. All I had was my school agenda, a history book, and a copy of We Aren't the World #9. I skimmed through it and found "Our Grandma is Dead" and used that.

Tight Pants: Did they like it?

Tab Man: No. I ended up with this part for the play where I ran onstage, screamed something, and ran off. That was it.

Tight Pants: Why are you called Tab Man?

Tab Man: 'Cause I drink Tab and I've been pushing it on people for years. I've also built a lot of stuff out of Tab--a Tab jacket, Tab pants, and two different Tab hats.

Tight Pants: Weren't you thinking of starting a zine?

Tab Man: Yeah, it's called Tab to the Bone. I only have six pages layed out. It should be coming out fairly soon. People are sending me their views on soda.

Tight Pants: Do you want Tight Pants readers to send you their soda opinions?

Tab Man: Sure! Until May 31st, 2000, my address is: 1221 Plateau Heights/ Green Bay, WI 54313. (After that date, you can send Tab Man correspondence to the Tight Pants address, and I'll give it to Tab Man.)

Tight Pants: So what's all this about the Wall Street Journal?

Tab Man: Well, I've been doing this petition online to save Tab. It'll be up until August 31st at www.petitionpetition.com. And Betsey McKay of the Wall Street Journal, who does this weekly article on soda, found that. She got my contact information from there and called me July 30th and asked for Tab Man. I picked up. I was sleeping at the time. She introduced herself and proceeded to interview me about Tab, everything I've done with Tab. It went on for forty minutes, and she was calling from Atlanta, Georgia. It was crazy. I can't wait to see it!

Tight Pants: When is the article going to appear?

Tab Man: She said two weeks from July 30th.

Tight Pants: When it comes out, I think I'll put it in the next Tight Pants

Tab Man: Cool.

Tight Pants (to readers): All hail Tab Man and his contribution to strengthening the Tight Pants Empire! Send him your soda opinions today!

Tight Pants Goes to EUROPE!



Last month, Ms. Tight Pants followed in the footsteps of every wayward youth with a thousand dollars burning a hole in her pocket. No, I did not buy one hundred copies of the first Undertones album, nor did I buy 300 boxes of Lucky Charms (although the latter is, well, more than a little tempting, as I envision a room ENTIRELY filled with Lucky Charms. Which reminds me, my sister and Tight Pants columnist par excellence, plans to cover her walls entirely with cereal box covers of cereal boxes she herself has consumed. A noble goal! Some people dream of world peace; but we here at Tight Pants (um, the two of us) long for a day when we will have insane amounts of cereal to hoard and share with no one. Hey, I'm no Lenin! At least I'm upfront and honest about my intentions! (Direct all inquiries regarding the political failings of Mr. Vladimir to the Tight Pants Headquarters c/o Institute for Obscure Political Studies ("obscure" being defined in America as "anything that does not involve: 1.) President Clinton's sex life 2.) The color of the White House and 3.) vague statements such as "the government sucks" or "fuck the system.")

Conclusion: America is full of idiots.) Anyways, anyways, ANYWAYS, I committed the unthinkable! The trendiest of all trendy acts! Worse than creating a punk rock 'n' roll band! Worse than constantly singing the praises of Cometbus! Worse than moving to fucking Berkeley! I went to Europe! What's wrong with me? Well, I employ the "its-so-trendy-that-in-risking-my-coolness (coolness being defined as not-trendy) I actually become COOLER." Um, whatever. I'm a dork and I went to Europe.

I was joined by aforementioned Tight Pants columnist E. Nebulous Neezer. Armed with my slightly passable knowledge of French, two medium-sized backpacks, some candy, a change of underwear, one case of chronic athlete's foot (on Emily's part), and the ability to walk for long periods of time, we left the U.S. of A. on May 26th, 2000, from Chicago, headed to Paris.

Now, when some zinesters write about their travels, its full of interesting cultural commentary, encounters with local folks, observations about history, politics, and philosophy, and the like. If that's your thing, stop reading this zine right now! This is Tight Pants, goddamn it! And there will be no talk of diversity, different cultures, or other such fare. Nothing but molestation, Slovenian wolves, and violations of various Hungarian laws! Before we left, we purchased Eurail passes. Little did we know that almost all of the bizarre and interesting travel stories would somehow involve trains. What follows is the long and sordid history of Transportation in Europe. Fans of misfortune, eat your heart out!

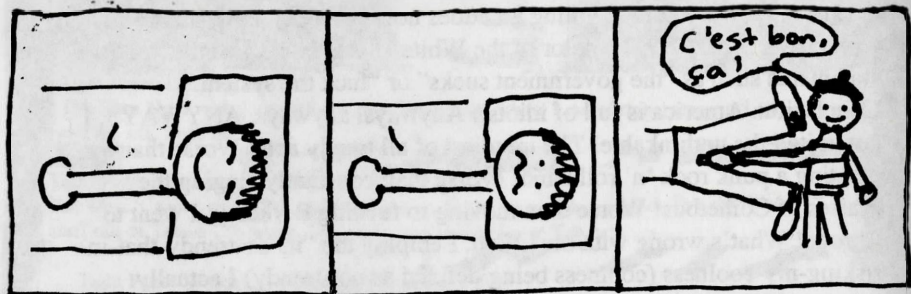
Crotch Touching, Olympics & more!

Transport Trouble #1:

Length: 8 hours.

FRANCE!

Trains in Europe are divided into small compartments. Each compartment contains eight seats, four on each side. The seats face each other, and the compartment features a door and curtains, allowing one to shut oneself off from the rest of the train passengers, and perhaps even get some sleep. Of course, with a set-up like this, it is imperative to try to secure a compartment and prevent the entry of any strangers, thus allowing me and Neezer to have four seats apiece, lie down, and sleep. On our first voyage, however, I was a bit naive, and did not see the need for any drastic measures. So while Neezer was sprawled out on her four seats, pretending to be asleep, and trying to look as strange and inhospitable as possible, I was taking up a mere two seats, while alternating between looking out the window and reading. My stupidity was awarded by an old man entering our compartment and sitting down next to me. Bah. No four seats for me.



So we each had two seats, and due to my short stature, I was still able to sleep rather comfortably. And, as those who have ever tried to talk to me while I'm half-awake know, I am completely incomprehensible, out-of-it, et. al when woken up mid-sleep. So, at around 3am, I am sleeping comfortably. After awhile, I start to feel something on my ankle; it feels like someone is touching my leg, but I figure that the old guy is just moving around in his sleep, and forget about it. (My actual mental process could be more accurately described as "Um. Uh. What? Oh. Whatever.") I awaken again; this time I feel someone touching my calf. This time the thought process is "Um. Uh. Strange. Whatever." I fall back asleep. Then, I awaken AGAIN because someone is touching my inner thigh. Thought Process "Um. Ack! What? Ack!" and then, two seconds later, someone is MOST DEFINITELY TOUCHING MY CROTCH!!!! Ack! Bah! Fie! Ack! Argh! Feck! Whereas my reaction-time for ankle, calf, and thigh touching is rather slow, if someone touches my crotch, I react in a split second! Sign me up for the Crotch-Touching-Reaction-Time-Olympics! I greeted the crotch-touch with a swift, hard kick in the direction of the

Debbie Harry, Genitalia, & Italy!

crotch-toucher, who mumbled something like, "Je suis... Je ne...Eh..." I then proceeded to stay up for a few hours, to keep an eye on this molester of the female genitalia, but eventually fell asleep. The next day Neezer remarks, "Oh THAT guy. I knew he was sketchy right away." Lesson to be learned. I am open game for the ankle, calf, and thigh molesters of the world; but crotch molesters beware!

Transport Trouble #2

BUDAPEST!

Having completely despised Italy,

with the exception of Rome, by which I mean that Florence and Venice were VERY BORING, we decided to leave after a mere three days. We didn't really know where we should go, however, as we had planned on

NEVER, EVER GO TO VENICE!



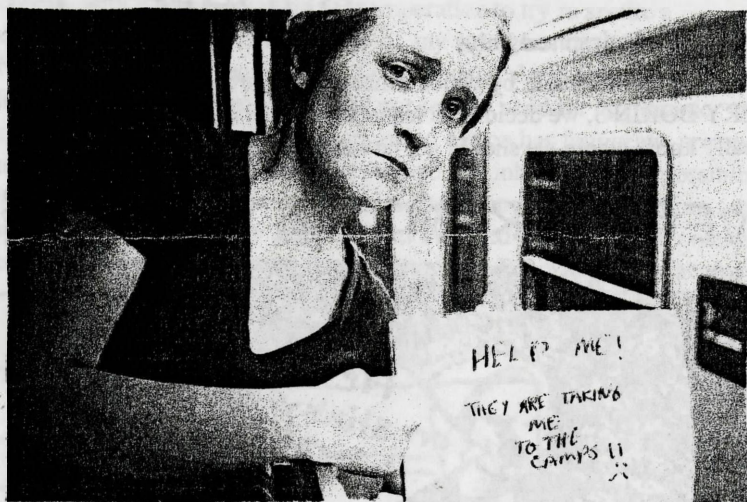
Note: Venice is like a really bad rummage sale built on an open sewer.

staying a week in Italy, and so now we had some extra time on our hands. It was at this point that Emily proved her worth as a human being (something I require of all my columnists, at least once every six months) by uttering the word "Budapest." Like any male punk rocker being offered the chance to copulate with Debbie Harry circa 1977, I immediately consented. And we were off to Hungary!

The Eurail guide book informed us that there were two ways to get to Budapest from Venice. We could go through Vienna, or we could go through Slovenia and Croatia. The choice was obvious! Why go through

Death Camps, Wolves, Fear!

boring big-city-Western-Europe when we could go through fucked-up-war-torn-Eastern-Europe! So, after checking a couple of times to make sure that this was a-okay with our Eurail passes, we boarded the train, headed to Budapest, via Slovenia and Croatia! Punk rock! To begin our voyage, Emily and I took the obligatory insensitive pictures of ourselves holding signs saying, "Help! They're taking me to the camps!" complete with frightened, pitiful expressions. We then settled down to a nice, long, train



THE EDITOR DESPERATELY PLEADING FOR HELP!

ride across Europe. I looked out the window for awhile, and reached the conclusion that Slovenia is nothing but forests, wolves, and tiny, closed train stations that most closely resemble small shacks (as opposed to large, spacious shacks). Having tired of these three attractions, I fell asleep. I awoke around 2am to the sound of Emily saying "We need sixty dollars NOW." I opened my eyes to the sight of a Slovenian ticket controller, looking stern and demanding and the sight of Ms. Neezer looked worried and upset. Ack. "He's saying our Eurail pass isn't good for Slovenia, and if we don't give him \$30 each right now, he's going to kick us off the train," Emily explains. I look outside. Forests. Wolves. Ack. I look inside. Mean-looking Slovenian ticket controller. Ack. The ticket controller informs me, "Is control problem. Ticket no good. Is Slovenia." Mistakenly taking Slovenia for a decent, understanding country, I say, "But we don't HAVE sixty dollars. You can't just kick us off the train in the middle of nowhere." To which Mr. Ticket Controller replies, "Must pay. Ticket no good. Is control problem. Ticket no good in Eastern Europe." To which I think I should reply, "I'll show you control problem," and then pee all over

Dirty Underwear & Weapons!

everything. Seeing as how the pun would probably be lost due to language barriers, I instead pleaded my case again, to no avail. He then left the compartment. Neezer and I had a quick consultation. She had no cash. Just an ATM card. I had exactly sixty dollars. So we COULD get through Slovenia; but if our pass was no good in Eastern Europe, then we were just going to get kicked off in Croatia anyways. We ventured out of our compartment to talk to the Canadian couple in our car. They had already given the ticket controller about fifty bucks each; in about every form of currency available in Europe. We returned to our compartment, and in a few minutes our Slovenian buddy returned. I tried to get out of paying one more time, but when he said "Get your bags," I knew he was serious, and gave him my last sixty bucks. While giving us our "Slovenian train tickets," he, for some reason, started counting the tickets in Russian.



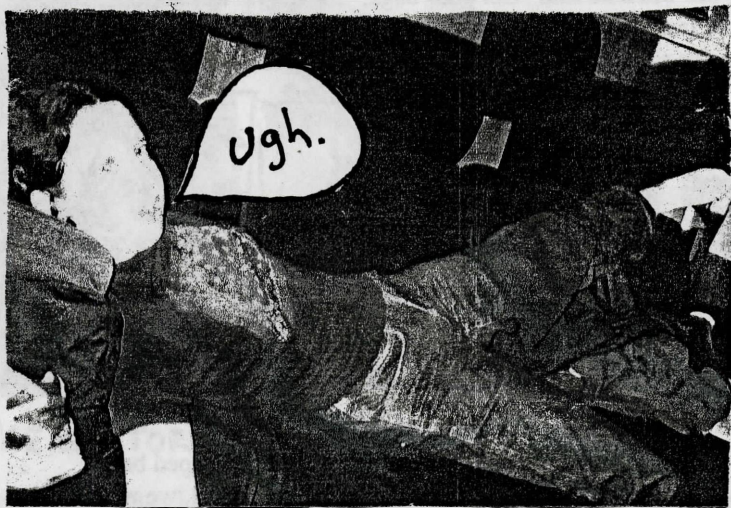
What COULD Have Happened...

Slovenia is quite a strange country. Having successfully escaped being eaten alive by Slovenian wolves in the middle of some forest, we were on to Croatia! With every second, we became more and more worried. If they demanded money in Croatia, we would be screwed. All we had to offer was some stale French bread, warm soda, and some dirty underwear. Bah. Visions of Neezer and I stranded in Croatia became more and more vivid, until I was on the verge of Completely Losing It. Lest you think that I was being foolish, you MUST understand how much we take for granted in the United States and Western Europe. If you are approached by an official, you can EXPLAIN yourself. The concept of leniency and forgiveness exists, and there are at least one hundred exceptions to every rule. Also, Amtrak officials do not carry guns. Ack.

So, we cross the Croatian border sometime in the early morning, and, after at least four passport checks by members of various military outfits, we are on our way. We were hoping that no one would check our tickets, but after about a half hour, a Croatia ticket controller appeared at the door of our compartment. Bah. However, this ticket controller was not dressed in a military uniform. He was not carrying a weapon. And he even smiled!

Stupidity, Annoyance, et. al!

Plus, when I handed him my Eurail pass, he looked at it for about a minute, and then said, "Okay. Thank you." Punk rock! After he left, we talked to the Canadian couple; apparently, they were not so lucky, and had to pay the controller ten dollars each. However, unlike in Slovenia where they just kick you off the train right away, here in Croatia they let you get money from an ATM in a major city, and THEN pay. So, in Zagreb, the male part of the Canadian couple went and got some Croatian money from an ATM, and then paid ten dollars each for their tickets. About an hour later, a different ticket controller came to check our tickets, and he said we had to pay ten dollars each because we had the wrong kind of ticket. However, he was nice about it, and let us go talk to the Canadians, who loaned us some

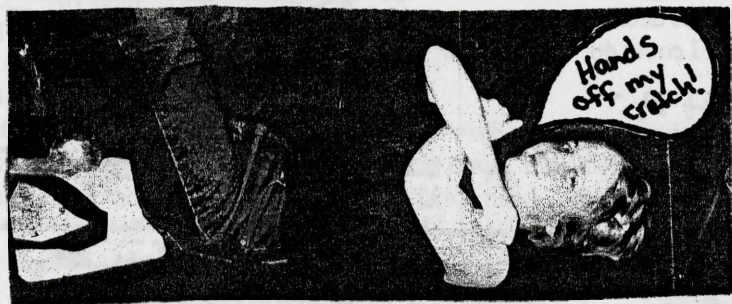


money. After we paid, the Croatian ticket controller even let us stay in first class! Let's here it for countries who hate Slovenia! All hail Croatia! Death to Slovenia and all her friends! Now I see why all of these countries hate each other! It's the ticket controllers' fault!

Having successfully gotten through Slovenia and Croatia, Neezer and I were quite tired, and went to sleep. However, I should have known that, as someone who writes a zine almost entirely about dumb things that happened to me, the stupidity and annoyance was not over yet! I woke up a few hours later in Hungary to the sight of a guy with his hands on my wallet (one of those attached-at-the-waist-travel-money-things), zipping it open, while my shirt is practically all the way up, exposing my breasts to the viewing public. As soon as my eyes opened, the guy looked quite shocked, gave me a look of "Oh fuck!" and immediately left the compartment. Neezer later related what happened to her that same morning. She woke up to find a Hungarian guy right at eye level with her.

Control Problems & Thieves!

She later realized that her money purse was open. Argh! That morning, at least a dozen different men entered our compartment and reached for various items we had stowed there, only to be met with the stony glare of either Neezer or myself, at which point the potential thieves would quickly exit the compartment. Needless to say, we did not sleep. Lesson to be learned: Don't assume that eastern Europe and western Europe are even vaguely similar.



Transport Trouble #3

BUDAPEST!

Right in the belly of the beast

that is Hungary (please, do not take this to be an insult. Despite all of the assholes, thieves, and corruption, (and maybe partly because of it), I like eastern Europe more than western Europe), we were living the good life, enjoying the insanely favorable-to-the-U.S.-dollar exchange rate, eating in restaurants for a dollar each and buying four cent loaves of bread, when we made the BIG mistake of trying to use the Hungarian metro system.

Budapest is a HUGE city--way bigger than New York, Chicago, or Boston in sheer size, and so it would take at least several hours to walk across it. As a result, public transportation is absolutely essential. Neezer and I were using the buses, as they were quite crowded, and no one checked to see if you had a ticket. But the buses were unreliable, and didn't go everywhere (Question: What is the worst form of transportation? Answer: The bus), so we had to use the metro system. There are a ton of different kinds of tickets you can get for the Budapest metro, so we bought ours at a ticket window instead of a machine. About twenty cents poorer, we boarded the metro. A few stops later, two women, one fat, one skinny, dressed in militaristic apparel, boarded the train. The fat one (who could best be described as "strong eastern european woman" with the appropriate accent) immediately started checking everyone's tickets. Of course, Neezer and I are freaking out, even though we have perfectly valid tickets. Eventually the fat woman makes her way over to us, and asks to see our tickets. We hand them over to her, and, sure enough, she utters the dreaded three words, "Is control problem." Bah! "But this ticket is valid. We just bought it," I plead, forgetting that eastern European ticket controllers have had all

Cheap Movies, Protests, etc.

reasonable, understanding, and compassionate emotions systematically removed from their brains before being hired. She stares at me coldly, and repeats, "Is control problem." When I continue to argue with her, she says, "Get off train." Neezer and I are forcibly escorted off the train by both women, and brought over to a corner of the train station where we are made to pay the equivalent of about six dollars--which is about thirty dollars to a Hungarian. I accuse her of ripping people off and tell her she's an asshole. She doesn't care. She weighs 350 pounds. I weigh 105. There was nothing I could do.

Exhibit A:

Photographic reproduction
of the Hungarian
ticket!

PÓTDÍJELISMÉRVÉNY
Budapest Fővárosi Közigazgatásának 73/1999. (XII. 30.) sz. önkormányzati rendelete alapján.

081085

Helyszíni 1300,- Ft-os pótdíj kifizetése esetén, utólagos bérletmegújításra nincs lehetőség, így pénz visszafizetése sincs módunk.

A helyszíni pótdíj összege: 1300 Ft
Fine paid on the spot: HUF 1300.-
Die Summe der Nachfahgebühre vor Ort beträgt: HUF 1300.-

Ar az 10.712. sz. sz. vonalon: 20 0010 25 sz. kocsi
sz. jegyell.

Transport Trouble #4

BUDAPEST!
(again!)

Having been accosted by Hungarian metro police, Neezer and I try to avoid the metro as much as possible. However, eventually we break down and use the metro to get to a newly opened huge Hungarian mall. You see, in Budapest the average daily temperature was something like 105 degrees. Or at least it felt like that. And nothing except the mall was air-conditioned. And the mall showed movies that cost about two dollars each. Plus, for the first time in my life I could actually AFFORD to buy movie theatre popcorn and an extra large soda! Punk rock! So we ride the metro--and there is nary a ticket controller to be seen! Alright! We take the escalator out of the metro station, and, as we reach the end of our ascent, I look up, only to stare right in the eyes of a ticket controller! Yep, there were ticket controllers trying to block the exit from the top of the escalator! They were demanding to see everyone's ticket! Fie! Neezer shows them her ticket and they let her go through. Then I show them my ticket, and, you guessed it, "Is control problem!" Argh! At the same time that I was being detained by two large ticket controllers, a large Hungarian family was also being stopped. Seeing as how the average Hungarian makes the equivalent of \$4000 a year, being fined about \$30 a person for seven or eight people is a LOT of money. So, a crowd gathers to protest. I start arguing with the ticket controller, and am getting more and more angry. Plus I was tired and hot and annoyed and generally NOT HAPPY. So I did what any mature person would do. I did something very

Lameness, Lou Reed, & Stalin!

uncharacteristic and, well, lame. I started to cry. At this point, I elicited Maximum Pity (the equation goes something like this: young person + girl + foreigner + crying= M.P. (Maximum Pity)). My exchange with the ticket controller went something like this:

T.C.: "Is control problem?"

Me: "No its not. This ticket is valid."

T.C.: "No valid. Is control problem?"

Me: cold stare in direction of ticket controller

T.C.: "I never cheat tourist."

Me: "I really doubt that."

At this point, I was surrounded by about a dozen people, screaming, yelling, and crying. They were all pressing closer and closer. One guy came up to me and put a different ticket in my hand. "This is your ticket,



right?" "Um," I said, thinking that I did not want to deal with another European guy. (After being followed around in a grocery store in Paris by this guy who offered to pay for whatever I was buying if I would go home with him, and after another French man passing me uttered two words "Nice breasts," I was a bit cynical about the intentions of European men.) So I ignored this guy, but he persisted. Since I really did not want to pay another ticket, I decided to go along with whatever this guy was saying. So I said, "Yes, this is my ticket," and then this guy pushed me really hard past the Hungarian ticket controllers and then told me to run out of the metro station. We ran for about three blocks, with him holding me in front of him so any ticket controllers wouldn't be able to see me. When we had escaped their evil clutches, he asked me if I was okay, and then I thanked him about a dozen times, and then he left. Punk rock!

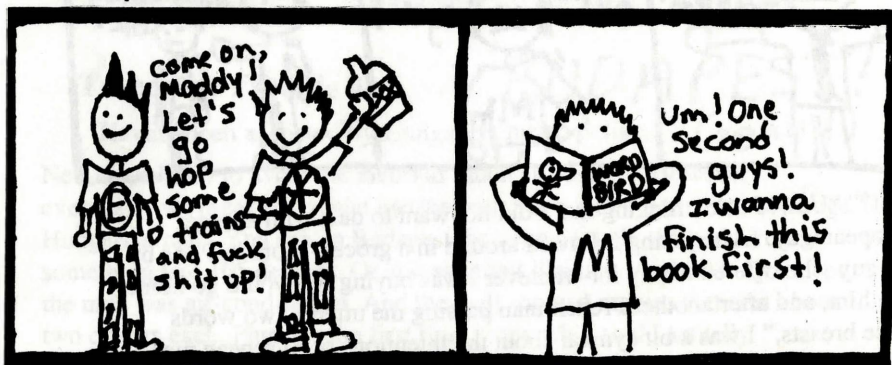
Lesson to be learned: If you get stopped by Hungarian ticket controllers, do as the Velvet Underground recommend, and run, run, run!

So there you have it. My tales of transport. Believe it or not, I actually did some pretty interesting stuff in between traveling from place to place, and maybe one day those stories will grace the pages of Tight Pants, too! In closing, my final words of advice are: Stay out of eastern Europe unless you have the ability to find humor in unbelievably bad situations. Hey, how else do you think these people endured Grandpa Stalin?

My Secret Past!

While you were passing out after the Filth show, getting into knife fights, and hopping trains, I was at home, at age twelve, in my room reading. Not yet understanding who or what The Man was all about, and only being vaguely familiar with The System, or with the complete works of the Ramones, my favorite thing to do was read. And read I did. For at least three hours a day. Everyday. Perhaps any and all wierd social traits I exhibit could be rooted in this period of de-socialization. And, in my mind, this is a good thing. Whereas my friends have to deal with embarassing memories of Paula Abdul-like dancing and hair teasing, all I have to mar my record is an extensive collection of Anne of Green Gables books! Hey, you win some, you lose some.

The very first books I ever read were the mighty Word Bird series. These books explored complex philosophical themes, such as the consequences of the statement "Watch Word Bird run." Some of the



later books even progressed onto the graduate level themes of Word Bird jumping, singing, and even skipping. While reading such books, my mind developed rapidly. By age five, I was ready for my first chapter book, a pseudo-Hegelian look of the world, with a slight Aristotelian influence. The book was called Freckle Juice. It explored the implications of creating a juice so powerful that it could, well, you guessed it, destroy freckles. Obviously, Judy Blume was FAR ahead in terms of thinking about the effects of genetic engineering. This book will go down in history, alongside Das Kapital, The Republic, and the Collected Works of Shel Silverstein, as one of humanity's most stunning achievements.

After surmounting the formidable barrier that is Freckle Juice, I began to read anything and everything I could get my hands on. Old issues of National Geographic, the newspaper, every Pippi Longstocking book (recommended!), and the complete works of Lloyd Alexander. Being an intelligent twelve-year-old, I knew the REAL, quite serious

Anarchists, Wind in the Willows, etc!

implications of my reading. I knew that, every time I picked up a book, I WAS IN DANGER OF BECOMING A SOCIAL OUTCAST. Like a Jew in Poland in 1940, or an American anarchist during World War I, I was in grave and immediate danger! I could be killed or deported at any moment! Of course, in fourth grade, being killed or deported means being picked last in gym or being the last to know about a birthday party, but, you know, its all a matter of context! Therefore, like Anne Frank in an attic, I, to paraphrase Dave Parasite, kept my reading top secret. I never mentioned what I was reading to any of my friends. They knew I read. But they didn't know how much. To them, I was the girl who loved to make prank phone calls and wasn't very good at Four-Square.

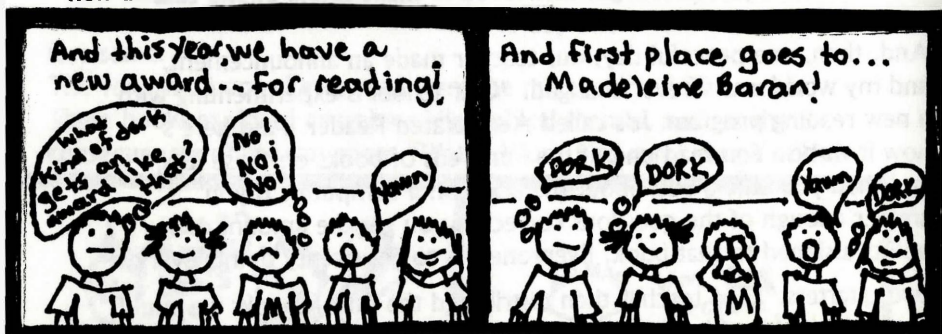
And, then, one peaceful day, our teacher made an announcement, and my world was forever changed. "Our school is experimenting with a new reading program. It's called Accelerated Reader. And here's how it works. You read one of the hundreds of books on these lists, and then you take a quiz about the book on a computer. If you answer enough of the questions correctly, you get the amount of points assigned to that book. Everyone has to get twenty points every two quarters." The teacher then distributed the list of books we could read. Hundreds of books. Each numbered by grade level and number of points. We had to read a book that was at our grade level or higher. We had hundreds of books to choose from!

Naturally, I had already read a number of the books, and took the tests for all of them. Having secured at least one hundred points that way, I continued to read books from the list and take the tests. Being a big dork, I decided to read every book on the list. I read everything from Wind in the Willows (cool!) to Little Women (yuck!). I read Johnny Tremain, Little House on the Prairie, Alice in Wonderland, and Oliver Twist. I even read all one thousand pages of Anna Karenina. That book alone was worth seventy points! In no time at all, I had read at least one hundred books. A few months later, I had read every point on the list; I even inquired as to whether I could read the books that were marked as lower than my grade level. Circumstances being what they were, I was allowed. I read and read and read. I read at least a book a day. Usually two. I did all of this without the knowledge of my classmates. I also tried to take the tests when everyone else was being doing other things. As far as they knew, I had about ten points, just like everyone else.

So, I kept accumulating points, and the school year soon came to a close. The last day of school was the traditional End-of-the-School-Year-Mass (the perks of a Catholic grade school are never-ending!)

Tolstoy, Four Square & the Clash!

and awards ceremony. I diligently attended. The mass was boring as usual. In case you've never been to a Catholic mass, imagine being forced to listen to Combat Rock over and over again. The same thing over and over again, and its not even good to begin with! Ack! After mass, the awards ceremony began. All of the usual sports-related awards. All of the awards for Presidential Fitness (which I was only able to receive once, after the President of the United States decided that the successful completion of a pull-up was not required to win the award). And then the awards for Debate and Forensics. And then...a new award. An award that was not included in the program. An



award for....Accelerated Reader! Oh no! My careful tactics were about to be unraveled and my secret was going to be revealed to the entire school! And there was nothing I could do! Ack! Bah! Fie! I started wishing that I hadn't read so many books. "Why did you have to read Anna Karenina?" I demanded silently to myself, "That was worth 70 points!" "Why did you have to take the tests on all of the books? You didn't HAVE to take the tests. You could have just read the books and no one would know."

"Stupid! Stupid! THIS is why you always have to start out in line in four-square at recess, instead of in a square! Typical!" The inner turmoil increased. And then I began to really wonder, "How many points do I have?" I mean, I clearly had read more than anyone else in the school. It was utterly impossible for anyone to have read more than me. I had no idea. And so I waited. The teacher in charge of the Accelerated Reader program went to the front of the church, and stood behind the podium. She briefly explained the Accelerated Reader program, and announced that, starting this year, annual awards were going to be given out for the students with the top three number of points. I squirmed in my seat, but took comfort in the thought that

Frisbees, Geekdom, & 7 Seconds!

"At least I'll be sharing the humiliation with two other ridiculous humans." And then she announced the awards. "Coming in at third place, we have Jane Doe with 40 points." A polite amount of applause echoed throughout the church, while I sat in the pew panicking, as I said to myself, "40 points? That's IT? Now I'm going to look even WORSE." Next the teacher announced, "Coming in second, John Doe with 75 points." "Ack!" I screamed to myself, "Only 75 fucking points! Fie!" (Note: artistic verbal license has just been taken.) And then... "I am very pleased and honored to announce the first place student in the Accelerated Reader program. This student has shown a remarkable dedication to the Accelerated Reader program, and to reading in general. The first place winner is Maddy Baran, with 1500 points. Would Maddy please come forward to receive her reward?" Ack! Double bah! Triple fie! Quadruple ack! I was dissembling before the entire school! I was no longer the quiet girl who liked to make prank calls! I was a freak! A freak who had, through some ungodly means, managed to acquire 1500 points of Accelerated Reader geekdom! This was much worse than being the only one to get an A on a history test or answer all of the math problems correctly! This was a million times worse than any other scholastic achievement in the history of my young life! This was grounds for expulsion from the fringes of the fringes of the popular social circles!

And then, to double the humiliation, when I despondently went up to receive my award, I was greeted with a stupid certificate and a plastic frisbee! Fuck this! Not only was I an obsessive-reading-geek; I was now an obsessive-reading-geek-who-owned-a-frisbee! Kill me now!

Fortunately, school was out for summer immediately after the assembly, so I didn't see most of my classmates for three months, by which point, the Accelerated Reader program was not exactly the first thing on my fellow student's minds. But the general memory of the awards ceremony was enough to forever brand me as a reading geek. Whenever I would get into fights with other kids, my insane amount of reading was always worked into an insult. I was a confirmed geek. And worse, I was a geek who collected points for her geekdom! Eight years later, its no wonder that I spend most of my free time eating cereal, listening to records, and doing this stupid zine. There was no going back to the blissful days before Accelerated Reader. And, really, in the end, I wouldn't want to. So I raise my fist, and, singing along to 7 Seconds, I yell, "Regress no way!"

Tight Pants Wearer of the Issue!

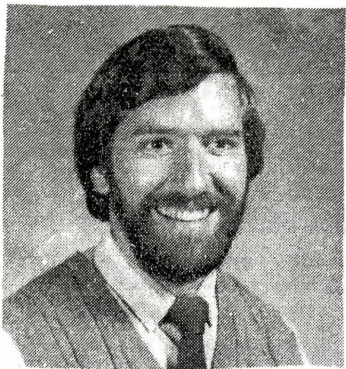
This time around, the award for Tight Pants Wearer of the Issue goes to Wisconsin's own

TEENAGE REJECTS!

Sadly, their last show was a week ago, but their pants will be forever remembered as some of the tightest in the Green Bay scene!

Send in your nominations for the next issue today!
And keep wearing
TIGHT PANTS!





TALES FROM THE SCHOOL FRONT!

Over the years, Ms. Tight Pants has had a number of demented, strange, cool, or horrible teachers. The time has come to single them out for praise! In every issue of Tight Pants from now on, I will profile a different teacher from my past. Don't worry! When I run out of interesting teachers, I'll stop! There will be no "This one guy. He taught, um, History, I think. Uh, he was pretty cool." Nothing but wierdness and stupidity, I assure you! And now, with further ado, I introduce to you... Dale Tutowski!

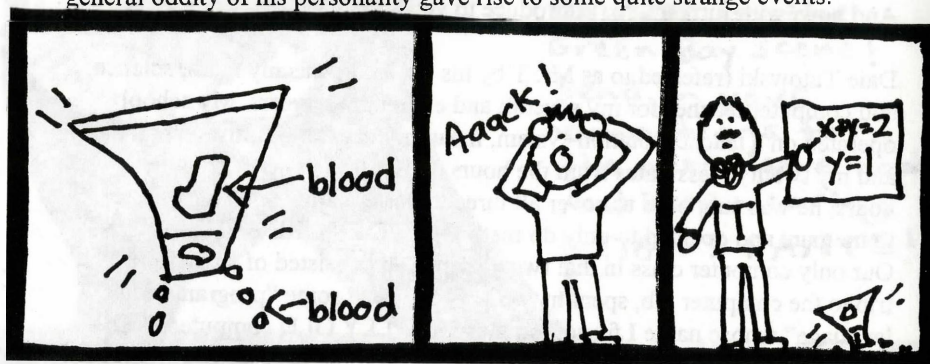
Dale Tutowski (referred to as Mr. T by his students) was my math, science, and computer teacher for my seventh and eighth grade years. My school operated on a teacher rotation system, meaning that Dale Tutowski had me and my twenty classmates from the hours of 12:30 to 3pm. During these hours, he was supposed to cover all three topics equally. But Dale bowed to no man, and decided to only do math for THE ENTIRE AFTERNOON! Our only computer class in that two year period consisted of a two hour trip to the computer lab, spent trying to program in some "programming language" whose name I forgot, on these REALLY OLD computers with green screens and yellow text. I remember giving up and instead playing Space Invader, earning me the second C of my life. Our stint with science was equally brief. One day Dale brought in some rocks and told us to identify them. Having had absolutely no training in Geology, and having been denied access to a basic science education our entire lives (my student was super broke, and we literally DID NOT HAVE SCIENCE. The first time I opened up a science book was in high school.), we had no fucking clue what kind of rocks we were looking at. For some reason, Mr. Tutowski expected us to be a little more competent, and berated us for thirty minutes before emitting a loud sigh of resignation, and proceeding to identify every rock. We went up to his desk and handed him a rock. He would then crack it open with a pick ax, identify it, and hand it back to us. We then dutifully wrote down the answer on our worksheet. Is it really that surprising that I stink at science?

So it was nothing but math, math, math. The fact that I had math every afternoon for two years and STILL am unable to successfully complete basic word problems, should tell you something about my brain. (I hypothesize that my brain is composed of four sections: Section One: Lyrical Memorization; Section Two: Candy and Cereal Brand Familiarity;

Bloody Underwear & Math!

Section Three: Knowledge of Literature and Philosophy, with two subsections for French and Russian; Section Four: misc--including but not limited to: basic hygiene skills, ability to ride a bike, ability to purchase and wear tight pants, the ability to identify and hate emo, bad hardcore, and metal; and the ability to form a (somewhat) complete (or at least really long) sentence.)

At this point, Mr. T seems like your average math teacher. Nothing could be further from the truth, except perhaps the statement that the Beach Boys stink or that Jon Von isn't a genius. Mr T. was often completely incommunicable. He did not associate with other teachers. He never joked around with students. He would sometimes ask questions that made no sense, completely out of context. He was known to mumble. He could be extremely harsh and unforgiving, not to mention completely irrational. The general oddity of his personality gave rise to some quite strange events.



Without a doubt, the most famous was (drumroll) The Bloody Underwear Incident! One morning, a morning quite like any other, a pair of bloody female underwear showed up on the floor in the front of the room! No one knew how it got there. They walked into class in the morning, and there it

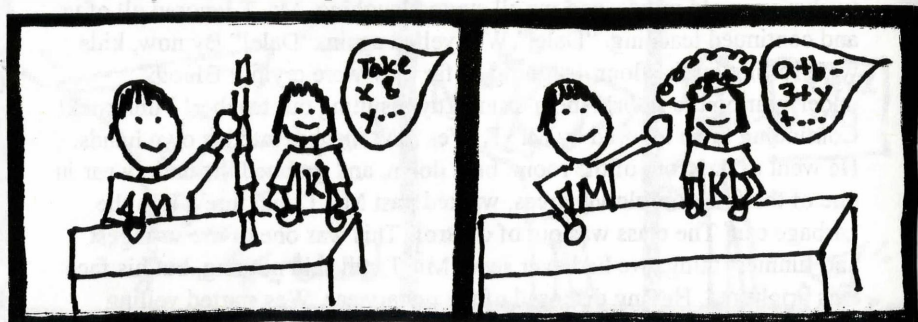
was. By the time we got there in the afternoon (having been duley informed of all of this by the kids in the other class during lunch), THE UNDERWEAR WAS STILL THERE. Dale would not remove it! Of course, one simply CANNOT concentrate on quadratic equations when a pair of blood-stained underwear is four feet in front of you! Eventually one of the class troublemakers, a boy named Pete, raised his hand and asked Mr. T if he was going to throw away the underwear. Mr. T said, "No," and continued talking about math. Pete interrupted and said, "Well, if you're not going to throw it again, can I do it?" This time Mr. T completely ignored Pete and kept on talking. At this point, Pete went up to the room with a yard stick, and attempted to pick up the underwear. Mr. T ordered him back to his seat. By now, the whole class was out of control, and Mr. T's insistence on continuing with the math lesson was simply NOT a good

Drinking, Demerits, & Anger!

idea. During a bathroom break, this kid Jason called his dad and told him what was going on. Jason was one of the few kids in our class who could really be called working class, in the traditional sense. He had spiky hair, and a tail. And he dad worked at various construction jobs when he wasn't busy drinking and sitting on the couch watching football. Wes, Jason's dad, was also given to violent outbursts. If he was describing himself, I'd imagine he'd say something like, "I'm the kind of guy who doesn't take any shit." So, bathroom break ends, and we all return to the classroom and continue staring at the bloody underwear while Mr. T drones on about algebra. Suddenly, Wes appears at the door. Drunk. Wearing a dirty wife-beater. Pissed off. "Yes!" everyone in the class was thinking. Time for the excitement to begin! "Dale!" Wes yelled, in a drunken, angry voice. The thought of anyone calling Mr. T by his first name was hilarious to our twelve-year-old minds, and we all started laughing. Mr. T ignored all of us and continued teaching. "Dale," Wes yelled again, "Dale!" By now, kids were rolling on the floor, laughing so far they were crying! Bloody underwear on the floor! And a drunk guy insulting our teacher! Punk rock! Continuing to be ignored by Mr. T, Wes took matters into his own hands. He went to the front of the room, bent down, and grabbed the underwear in one of the few non-bloody areas, walked past Mr. T, and threw it in the garbage can. The class was out of control! This was one of the strangest and funniest things we had ever seen! Mr. T still said nothing, but his face was bright red. Having disposed of the underwear, Wes started yelling more or less incomprehensibly at Mr. T, drunkenly slurring his words. Still, Mr. T said nothing, until eventually Wes left the room and went home to watch more football. Rock and fucking roll! Mr. T never once mentioned that day, and he ignored anyone who attempted to bring it up. Unfortunately, not every day was that exciting. In fact, most of the time everything was extremely controlled and dull. Mr. T enforced this dull normality with his own disciplinary system, despite the fact that the school already had a disciplinary system in place (detentions, suspensions, "academic notices," etc.). Operating on a demerit system, each week he printed out all of the names of his students and kept the list attached to a clipboard. If a student was somehow disrupting the class or violating any classroom rule, he or she would get a demerit. Mr. T would fill in one of the demerit squares next to the student's name, with the time, date, and explanation. If you got five demerits in one week, you got a detention. Most people got at least one or two demerits a week. No one ever got a detention. Even the worst of the worst--the chronic gum chewers, the food-eaters, the talkers, the after-school-fighters, never received more than four demerits per week. Once everyone realized this, the detention took on a

Dostoevsky, ^{The} Ripoffs, & Crayola!

mysterious allure. What was it, exactly? Did it really exist? Like Dostoevsky contemplating the existence of God, or a punk rocker debating whether or not the Rip Offs could possibly be the best band of all time, we wondered endlessly. Plus, by the end of eighth grade, yours truly was quite bored, and really did not care about school at all. I already knew what high school I was going to, and I was well aware that my future success in life did not depend on my eighth grade academic record. So, I decided to test the Dale Demerit System, and see what would happen if I did, in fact, get a detention. I wanted to go where no seventh or eighth grader had gone before! (Okay, so Star Trek references are lame. In fact, I don't even know why I made one because I HATE Star Trek, except for the movie The Wrath of Khan, which I watched at about age eleven, and I remember thinking was pretty cool.) I wanted to get a detention! I started things off low-key. I talked during one of his lectures. Demerit Number One! Then I



got up to sharpen my pencil in the middle of class. Demerit Number Two! Then, about five minutes after Demerit Number Two, I got up to sharpen my pencil AGAIN. This was a stupid move. Mr. T realized that something was up. And he did not give me a demerit. I decided to escalate the conflict. I took out all of my Crayola markers, and borrowed all of my friend Kate's (who sat next to me) and built a marker tower, right in the middle of a lecture. Seeing as how there were about fifteen people in my class, this could not go unnoticed. The marker tower grew higher and higher, until it was about six feet tall. Mr. T, in typical Mr. T-mode, ignored it. And then, suddenly, without warning, the marker tower toppled to the ground! And markers flew everywhere! Mr. T was noticeably pissed off, and broke down and gave me Demerit Number Three! Cool! Three demerits down, two to go! For my next demerit, I took one of my notebooks, and removed the metal spiral. I twisted the spiral into a circle, and stuck in on my head. Then, I stuck it on Kate's head. Where it got stuck. I tried and tried to remove it, but it only got more and more tangled. The whole class was watching me attempt to remove the spiral notebook for about thirty minutes! Finally, we got it off. Mr. T was talking about

Punky Brewster & World Peace!

math the whole time, and DID NOT GIVE ME A DEMERIT! Unjust! I had completely disrupted the class, plus I had dismantled very important school supplies! I deserved some sort of punishment or recognition of my criminal act! But no! Mr. T realized that I was attempting to get a detention, and he did not want to satisfy my punishment-craving needs! Later that day, I tried everything. I sharpened my pencil at least ten times. I talked to Kate. I drew on my desk. I read a non-school related book. I got up and left the room. To no avail! I reached nary a demerit for my renegade actions! As I walked home from school that day, I realized that, for the rest of the week, I was in THE BEST POSSIBLE SITUATION. I could do whatever I wanted. Stubborn Mr. T was NOT going to give me a demerit. I smiled to myself and then went home to watch Punky Brewster and tease my younger brother (my usual afternoon activities at that time). The next day, I took full advantage of the bizarre situation. I read

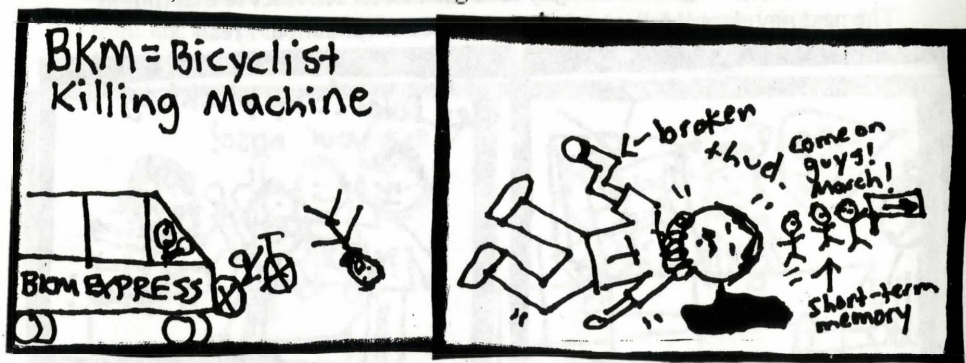


magazines, drew cartoons, talked to my friends, went to the library, and more! I didn't turn in any homework or do any in-class work! It was great! It was incredible! By trying to get a detention, I had somehow worked my way into a situation where I could do whatever I wanted and NEVER get a detention! Needless to say, the rest of the school year was quite fun! I ended up with a bunch of Cs, but I did not get a single detention! Let's here it for unpunished juvenile delinquency!

Dale Tutowski was not just all quadratic equations, common denominators, demerits, and bloody underwear, however. He was also a man of lofty ideals, a man with a vision of a better world. What was his vision? Was it world peace, an end to world hunger, or free and liberal distribution of individually-packed boxes of Lucky Charms? Oh no! Dale envisioned a world where mass was still said in Latin, where men and women sit on opposite sides of the church aisle, where abortion is completely illegal, where everyone accepts a basically literal reading of the Bible, a world where everyone is...you guessed it...an old-school Christian! Ack! Now, yes I did go to a Catholic school, but we were on the cutting edge of radical Catholicism! (And yes, there IS such a thing!) Socialist priests,

Killing Children and Riding Bikes!

activism, and even separate gay masses and a gay social group! Clearly, Mr. Tutowski was more than a little out of place; but he persisted in his beliefs. And, since I was practically the only seventh or eighth grader who HAD any political beliefs (besides this boy Al who was fond of writing "Bush rules!" on his desk), Mr. Tutowski would constantly argue with me. "Why are women equal to men?" "Why should women have the right to kill their children?", etc. He even boldly declared one day "Pro Life Day" and suggested that students wear black armbands if they opposed abortion. If you thought abortion was okay in the case of rape, you could wear a white string around the black armband to symbolize that. As an annoying pain-in-the-ass seventh grader, I organized a group of classmates to wear white armbands. Was I a dork? You bet! In addition to his political activities, Dale found the time to organize the Pius Pedalers--a bike club.



Of course, I joined. We would go on forty mile bike rides on the weekends. It was fun, and if you went on the ride, you didn't have to hand in your math homework on time! Rock and roll! Once I even participated in a three day long bike trip, culminating in an overnight stay at Dale's house. He lived alone (he was a 40-something single guy) with his cat in a small house in the middle of nowhere. (Note: In Wisconsin this is not hard to do.) His house was immaculately clean. Clean in a way I never thought possible. Naturally, we found this lame. And when his cat mauled my best friend Stephanie (leaving huge, bleeding stracth marks on her arms), I hated Dale more than ever. Eventually, I graduated from the eighth grade and left the world of Dale Tutowski behind. A few years later, he was hit by a car while on a Pius Pedalers ride and almost died. He was in the hospital for months, and lost all of his short-term memory. He can't work and has to live with his parents now, as he cannot remember how to eat, take a shower, drive a car, etc. This once great man has fallen, destroyed by the evil villainry (as opposed to the nice, cutesy kind of villainry) that is the car. All praise the outdated politics and puritanical lifestyle of Dale Tutowski! And, if you are ever in a really dull situation, I recommend depositing some bloody underwear on the floor and let the fun begin!

Tight Pants Talks Sex!

My Journey Through the Cruel World of Sexual-Knowledge - Gaining!

Perhaps most, if not all, of my weird personality quirks and general oddities as a human being can be traced back to one simple fact. When I was eight years old, I thought that if I slept on my parent's bed, I could become pregnant. Yes, readers, I was once woefully uninformed as to even the most basic facts about the reproductive functionings of the human species! I was grossly incompetent in matters of the Sexual and the Education! I understood sex then about as much as I understand emo now! Now, I could subject you to some rant about how Christianity (surprise! surprise!) prevents us from gaining an invaluable understanding of our genitals, and how this can be linked to imperialism, colonialism, the patriarchy, and the reason why cds are more popular than vinyl! But, these connections already being quite obvious, I will resort to other means. This will NOT be a rant about how I'm "getting in touch with my vagina." For fuck's sake, I'm listening to the Muffs right now, not the Indigo Girls!

My Journey Through the Cruel World of Sexual Knowledge-Gaining:

Age one: Uh, I don't really remember, to be perfectly honest.

Age two: I spend my time standing in front of television sets naked. (See exhibit A.) **(on back cover)**

Age three: I spend my time standing in front of television sets naked, and feeding my sister (the infamous Tight Pants columnist) watermelon while BOTH of us are naked in her crib! An early sign of lesbianism? Perhaps, perhaps!

Age four: I abandon wanton displays of nudity for a more dignified, clothed appearance. Like the moments after listening to the Bobbyteens before the opening chords of Big Star's second album start up, this period was chock-full of fast maturation and drastic changes. The societal pressures were too great! I gave in, and started wearing clothes all of the time and stopped touching my genitals in public! Ah, the difficult life of a four-year-old in this cruel, cruel world!

Freckle Juice & Stupid Imbeciles!

Age five: I was enrolled in South Highlands Magnet School (the noun "magnet" implying that this was one of those public schools that did not accept just any riff raff off of the Lousianian streets. Oh no! I had to test to get into that school! The fact that I had already mastered the Beverly Cleary classic "Freckle Juice" duly impressed them, as did my quick puzzle-assembly skills). In South Highlands, I had my two first crushes. The first involved a white, freckled face boy named Benjamin who struck my fancy. The second was a short, black boy (inadvertent Richard Wright reference! "Who's Richard Wright," you ask? "Read a book, you stupid imbecile!" says I!) named Maurice. I played with Maurice on the jungle gyms a lot. I did not kiss or even hug either of these fellows. Oh no! I was quite chaste!



Age six: More of the same old, same old. Maurice left to go to another school, and I still had absolutely no idea what sex was.

Age seven: I move from Louisiana to Wisconsin. I attend a public school named Pleasant Hill (insert stupid joke about how Pleasant Hill was not, in fact, so pleasant.), where I did not receive any sex education, but did receive my first of two C's in my life--in Math. Bah.

Age eight: My parents had enough money to afford to buy a house for the first (and only) time. We moved to Wauwatosa, Wisconsin and I was enrolled in St. Pius X Grade School, a private Catholic school. Most people, when discussing this period in their lives, will almost always talk about how their friends started to talk about sex and they began to establish some limited and mostly faulty knowledge of the subject. However, seeing as how I was friends with only Catholic youths, I would never have stumbled across any sort of sexual knowledge had it not been for books. As you will discover elsewhere in this issue,

Judy Blume, sagging breasts...

most of my formative years were spent reading. And, one day, I stumbled across the book "Where Has Deedie Wooster Been All These Years?" at a rummage sale. This was one of those books that was really trying hard to rip-off Judy Blume in the hard-hitting-provocative-chapter-books-genre. In "Where Has Deedie Wooster Been All These Years?" I first learned about French kissing, periods, and the general course of puberty. Before this time, I knew almost nothing about these topics. After reading this book, I still knew almost nothing; but at least I could use the phrase "French kissing" in a sentence. Punk rock!

Age nine: The beginnings of official sex education! Alright! My teacher was Ms. Anne, a middle-aged woman with ridiculously



large and sagging breasts. We used to joke that she had to tuck them in with her shirt. A generally harmless, dull human being, Ms. Anne really surprised us when it came to sex education. Of course, when you live your first eight years without even hearing the words "penis" or "vagina" even once, a sudden barrage of sexual terminology is going to prove to be quite a tumultuous experience. (New band name idea: The Mr. Tumultuous Experience. har.) Luckily, Ms. Anne understood our apprehensions. Sort of. On the first day of sex ed, she brought in a book called "The Giggle Book." "The Giggle Book" was about four times the size of a regular book. When Ms. Anne opened it up to read aloud, we had no idea what to expect. "The Giggle Book" will go down in history as one of the strangest books I had ever read. Ms. Anne got up in the front of the room, sagging breasts, low-cut shirt and all, and told us that it was okay to laugh at any point during the reading of this book. The purpose of reading this book, she told us, was to "get out any of the giggles" we might have, before we started discussing "serious stuff." Without further ado, she opened the book. The first page featured a full color, cartoon picture of a boy on a high-diving

Suspicious protrusions!

board at a local swimming pool. And this wasn't just any boy. This was a boy with a suspicious protrusion from the area at which his legs joined. The text read something like, "Little Johnny went to the pool every week. One week he was on the high dive when he saw Mary walking to the snack bar. Mary was wearing a pink swimsuit. Suddenly, little Johnny felt a funny feeling in his privates. When he looked down, Johnny turned bright red. Oh no!"

I am not making this up. Later on in life, I developed the theory that this book was actually given away by Hustler as a subscription benefit. Ms. Anne tried to pass this off as an "educational tool," but I know better now! What a sick and twisted woman! What crazy breasts! Rock and roll!

Naturally, the entire class laughed and laughed throughout the entire book, until everyone had tears running down their faces. One boy even fell out of his chair, he was laughing so hard. This was funnier than even the most funny episodes of Punky Brewster, Chip 'n' Dale Rescue Rangers, and Silver Spoons combined! This was comic genius!

Of course, the next day, we got down to the "serious stuff." For all of the hype that sex education had gotten from the "Giggle Book," it actually turned out to be more dull than the Beatles "Sergeant Peppers" album. Nothing but black and white line drawings of various internal organs. Since we were never tested on any of it, no one paid any attention. Why would a bunch of giggly fifth-graders care about the exact location and size of the fallopian tubes? Plus, after the "Giggle Book," (as after, say "Please Please Me," "Help," or "Rubber Soul,") frankly, we expected something more interesting.

So, we were cruelly disappointed, and each of us harbored a suspicion that, whatever this was we were learning, it was not about "sex"--that mysterious, allusive topic. After looking at yet another anatomical drawing of the prostate gland, well, you could say that, had I been Mr. Rotten, I would have said, "Do you ever get the feeling you've been cheated?"

Age ten: Sex education continued--this time with actual videos! Now, before you get too excited, and start thinking that Ms. Anne was giving us access to her XXX lesbian bondage porn flicks, I must shatter your hopes and your dreams. This was not a video of women doing the deed with dildos and vegetables (nor was it a

Fire Extinguishers & Assholes!

gay porn featuring men inserting apples and fire extinguishers into each other's assholes (although I have seen this exact film. My only thoughts about it were and are, "How did they manage to fit five apples and a hand-held fire extinguisher in there at one time?" Any thoughts or ideas? Please share them with me!)). This was a video of an actual live birth. It caused one boy in my class to turn green and faint. It had one, and only one affect on my life. It made me swear to NEVER, under any conditions, give birth. It caused me to think seriously about the differences in size between my vagina and the head of a small child. I even went so far as to examine my region in a mirror to make sure

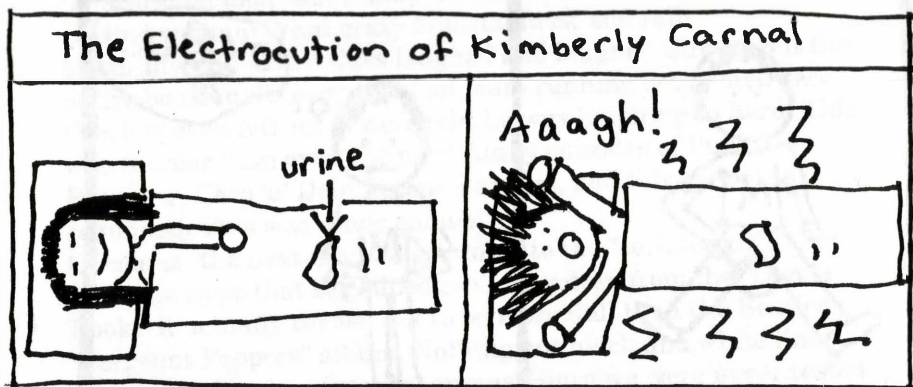


that the hole was, in fact, that small. For the record, it was. The video was largely a bloody, screamy ordeal. Whereas previously I thought that babies came out looking nice and soft and pink, I learned that they came out bloody, red, purple, and covered in a weird, gross sort of slimy crap. No thank you! I am not GG Allin! I do not wish to subject myself to such a cruel violation of my genitalia! Blood, guts, and pussy, although they do make for a good album, are not a good combination in real life!

Age eleven: At age eleven, Girl Scouts decided that they didn't want to be left out of the profitable sex education game. I was a member of that fine organization, which meant that I went on camping trips a few times a year and paid no attention to badges or uniforms, as our particular branch was less militant and, ultimately, less prepared in the event of the Girl Scout revolution. Of course, the party criticized us for our laziness and lack of dedication to The Cause, but we shrugged it off and continued to spend our time toasting marshmallows and building

Popples, Puberty, & Periods!

non-revolutionary campfires. We also found the time to hire one Z Schaefer (pronounced by Z herself as Scha-fa) to lead a one-time only two hour talk/discussion on the subject of puberty and other sexually-related matters. Z (for the record, Z was her entire first name, and NOT an abbreviation of, say, Zia, or some other equally bizarre name that starts with Z.) was a large woman. A large, loud woman, with a very pronounced Boston accent. We all met with our mothers one weeknight from about 6 to 8pm to hear her talk about "pubaaaaaty" and "repaaaaaductive changes." This evening was more of the same, with all of the required line drawings of the internal reproductive organs. But then, Z took it a step further. She told us that, in no more than a few years, we would experience something known as a "period"! The vivid

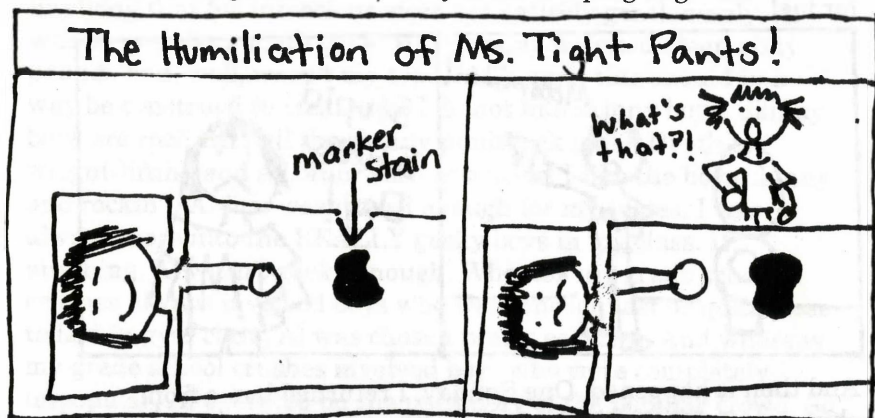


description of this process made me quite fearful for my future. Blood? There? Agh! No! Yuck! (For the record, some nine years later, these are still my sentiments.) The next day, all of the girls in my class were talking nonstop about "periods." No one had one yet, and there was much speculation as to what they were like. A few weeks later, we went on yet another Girl Scout camping trip. Whereas previously, I had always used my super cool Popple sleeping bag (It was so cool that it even folded up into a huge Popple stuffed animal!), for this camping trip, I borrowed my dad's sleeping bag on the substance over style argument, as it was the middle of winter, and what Mr. Popple possessed in coolness, he lacked in warmth. So on the first night, I rolled out my dad's plain but warm sleeping bag and fell asleep. The next day when I woke up, everyone was giving me strange looks. No one wanted to talk to me. Not being used to this treatment (being slightly above the openly-teased level, as that level was firmly possessed by one Kimberly Carnal, who had the stupidity to inform the class that her mom had an electric shocking system

Red Stains & Urination, cont!

hooked up to her bed, shocking her whenever she peed in her sleep, in an effort to train her to use the toilet. My obsessive reading had nothing on Kim's anti-urination devices!), I was concerned. Finally, one girl blurted out, "You know, we all

KNOW, Maddy." "Know what?" I inquired, quite confused. "You know, about... well..." At this point, I had no idea what they could be talking about. I began to be worried that I had some secret so dark and so deep that even I did not know about it. But, then, the truth came out. "You had your period last night, didn't you?" My first reaction was an emphatic "No!" and then, a confused "Why would you think THAT?" A number of the girls pointed to a large red stain on my dad's sleeping bag. "Oh



THAT," I said. "That's from this one time when my dad left a red permanent marker open on the sleeping bag and it bled into the fabric and wouldn't wash out." Of course, no one believed me. Z had worked up everyone into such a frenzy, that everyone desperately wanted someone to have their period. They DEMANDED it. So, no matter how much convincing I attempted, I failed. "I swear!" I would say, "its just a marker stain!" "Oh Maddy," one of my Girl Scout comrades would condescendingly remark, "Its OKAY, every girl is going to get their period sooner or later." There was nothing I could do. In the minds of my entire Girl Scout troop, I was the-girl-who-had-her-period-first-but-was-too-embarrassed-to-talk-about-it. And all because I traded the Popple sleeping bag in for a more comfortable alternative! Let this be a lesson to you, dear readers, lest you decide to abandon tight pants in favor of "more comfortable" pants. People could think YOU had your period prematurely!

Uniform Skirts & Leopard Print!

Age twelve: Oh ironies of ironies! At age twelve, I was one of the first people in my class to go through puberty! It all started with a noticeable growth in breasts, by which I mean, I could now be anatomically distinguished from the male on the basis of my upper part. We're not talking about anything grandiose here! I was far surpassed in mammary gland mass by a girl by the name of Danielle, who soon attracted the attention of more than a few male suitors. I was just comfortably endowed--enough so that I had to purchase my first bra, a rather ugly white cotton contraption. No, sadly, the leopard print bras came later in my life. At age twelve it was nothing but mundane undergarments for me!



And then it happened. One Sunday, I returned home from church and went to the bathroom. What I discovered disgusted and repulsed me. I took off the tainted underwear, held it as far away from me as possible and screamed, "Mooooooooooooooooommmmmmmmmmm!!!!!!!" My mom came in, looked at the evidence, handed me the necessary protective item, and, with no explanation, left the bathroom. I managed to figure out What Went Where after a few minutes, and then emerged from the bathroom, feeling more than a little bit betrayed by my body. Yes, I had my first period within the confines of a Catholic church! How rebellious of me! The worst thing about getting one's period at age twelve is that almost no one else has had theirs yet, and so one has to conceal one's period-related supplies at all times. At first, this posed a severe problem, as I was forced under the order of the Catholic School Mafia, to wear a regulation uniform skirt at all times. I soon realized that if I wore shorts under the skirt, I could conceal the necessary supplies in the pockets of my shorts. I employed this policy to

Ridiculous Gestures and more!

great success until one day during the Pledge of Allegiance. My mom, being a token liberal but occasionally quite radical, had spoken to the teachers and informed them that I should be excused from reciting the Pledge of Allegiance, as pledging allegiance to a piece of fabric is a ridiculous gesture, not to mention all of the political implications of such an allegiance, etc. etc. So, while I did not actually have to recite the Pledge of Allegiance, I did have to stand up with the rest of the class during this solemn ceremony. As luck would have it, my desk was right next to Al Gardner's. My fellow classmates were always teasing me about my friendship with Mr. Gardner, implying that his intentions were not entirely gentlemanly. Al was essentially a math geek. He probably weighed about sixty pounds and, well, wasn't my type. (Although, this should in no way be construed to mean that I do not like skinny boys! Skinny boys are cool! All hail the skinny punk rock male! Death to weight-lifting and all other such activities! I like the boys skinny and rockin'!) Al just wasn't cool enough for my tastes. I was always more into the REALLY geeky boys in my class. If anything, Al wasn't geeky enough. Whereas my grade school crushes always involved boys who were chosen last or quite close to last in gym class, Al was chosen pretty early on. And whereas my grade school crushes involved boys who were completely unpopular, Al operated on the periphery of the popular crowd. So all of the teasing about Sir Gardner irked me. Anyways, it was just another regular school morning, and I was standing next to Al during the Pledge of Allegiance. And then it happened. That device-which-cannot-be-named fell out of my shorts and onto the ground over towards Al's desk! Ack! No! As quickly as possible, I put my foot down on top of it, obscuring it from view. I am quite certain that my face was quite red. When the Pledge of Allegiance was over, I slide the device over to my side of the desk, and then waited for a moment when no one was looking and picked it up and stuffed it into my pocket. To this day, I am uncertain as to whether Al or anyone else noticed. To prevent future disasters, I decided to safety-pin my pockets closed. This prevented any other unfortunate incidents. Several months later, I found out that the most popular girl in the class, Jennifer Cunningham, had just gotten her period. I was, apparently, the first one. Hooray! I was into having my period before ANYONE else! Punk rock!

D.I.Y. Sex Ed! ☆☆

Age thirteen: At age thirteen, my mom finally decided to have a few words with me on the topic of sex. She called me into the living room, where my dad was already seated, looking more than a little uncomfortable. In fact, his face was bright red, and he tried not to make eye contact with either me or my mom. And his face only got redder as my mom began to talk. "Maddy, I just thought you should know that, as you grow older, you should be concerned about respecting yourself." "Uh huh." "If you really respect yourself, you will wait until you are married to have sex. Your dad and I didn't have sex with anyone else, and we waited until we were married." At this point my dad's face turned



ridiculously red and his face expressed a level of discomfort rarely seen in the human form. I repeated my "Uh huh," as I was quite confused about the purpose of this discussion. I mean, I had never even kissed a boy before! And here we were talking about sex! And I really wasn't entirely sure how that even worked! Ack!

Age fourteen: At age fourteen, I left the sheltered confines of my Catholic grade school and entered the sheltered confines of my Catholic high school. At this point in my life, I began to acquire sexual information at a shockingly fast pace--not from experience, but, through friends, movies, books, and television. In no time at all, I had almost all of the necessary knowledge--all without the aid of sexual education. Its all about D.I.Y. sex ed!

Age fifteen: At age fifteen, my family started going to church regularly again, after returning to a more normal routine after the chaos of the past year (in which my dad died). I refused to go,

Earwax, Lucky Charms, etc!

and my mom settled on a compromise. If I volunteered somewhere, I wouldn't have to go to church. Cool. So I started volunteering at the Milwaukee AIDS Project, where I was a teen AIDS educator. I had to sit through dozens of hours of training, and quickly knew more than a little bit about every minute detail of human sexuality. I even knew whether or not there was HIV in earwax! (For the record, there's not.) Also, as a sophomore at Divine Savior Holy Angels high school, I was required to take a class called Women's Life Orientation. In Women's Life Orientation, or WLO, we devoted a few weeks to a unit called something like "Sexual Decision-Making."

Remarkably, during this entire time, we managed to avoid talking about any of the following: a.) the act of sex b.) the terms "penis," "vagina," or "clitoris" c.) birth control, pregnancy and STDS. Since I was going into high schools throughout Milwaukee answering questions about AIDS and sex in general (including such intelligent questions as

"If you drink a glass of someone's saliva, will you get AIDS?" and "If you have sex standing up, does that prevent you from getting pregnant?"), I offered my services to my own high school.

Surprisingly, they accepted--on the condition that I did not talk about condoms or any other sort of birth control. So I went into class, and did mention such things, and even passed out condoms semi-secretly later that day. (I had a ton of free condoms from the Milwaukee AIDS Project.) Maddy the political activist! Oh, the things you don't know about me, dear readers! I'm not all tight pants, rock 'n' roll, and Lucky Charms by any means! The teacher ended up being pretty cool after all, and invited me to give the presentation to other classes. In the process of doing so, I discovered that, with the exception of about five people, no one knew what or where the clitoris was, how to use a condom, or how any sort of birth control worked. Ah, the stupidity of the

conservative, religious youth! Being a pleasure-seeker of sorts, as well as one who could be described as "curious about the world around her," I can never understand girls who don't ever examine their own genitals! I mean, guys MEASURE theirs! Come on, girls! Stop being so prudish and lame! Giving presentations to these girls was almost as frustrating as trying to convince people that the Parasites are not just another mediocre pop punk band, but are, in fact, one of the greatest power pop bands of all time!

Walmart & Physical Contact!

Anyways, the rest of my sexual knowledge from age fifteen onward was gained through actual physical contact, which I will not offend your delicate sensibilities by describing. I have to be careful, or else Tight Pants will be banned from your local WalMart, and I won't be able to make a decent living from doing a zine anymore! Suffice to say, I did not heed my mom's advice. Wow. You've just wasted your valuable time reading 4044 words about sex education when you could've been having sex! Ha! The joke's on you!

The First Ever Printed Letter to the Editor!

Dear Tight Pants readers:

Let me offer up a "well done" to the much needed coverage of cereal politics in the punk community. Having said this, I feel the need to voice my recent fear at where this column has been headed. Perhaps the cereal corner has become a bit bloated in its recent columns, a possible outgrowth of the "diversity" culture in our modern society. Pop tarts, oatmeal (my personal contribution), and so forth... are they really worthy of the designation cereal? I fear the cereal corner in which Palsy Pops and Cripple Crunch are discussed in the name of political correctness.

Actually, I merely throw this gauntlet into the ring because perhaps Ms. Tight Pants has an ulterior motive in all of this. Namely, she realizes that the cereal world just isn't big enough for her tastes. All is not cereal, is her shameful conclusion. I would agree, but of course Tight Pants dogma does not allow for such a leftist breakfast conclusion. All I shall say to this is, "Careful where you are treading, cereal elitist."

I, however, embrace this all-encompassing spirit. I am not tied down by the shackles of the "cereal or the sword" mentalities. Oatmeal... and dare I say... bagels constitute a regular breakfast staple in my world. And, due to my branching out, not leading the Tight Pants-prescribed cereal-sheltered existence; I have discovered another item which is a triple need in my book of books: granola. Now, now, I have not gone long-haired; you shall find me as clean-shaven as before. I simply wish to suggest that granola be considered for top level yes, top level cereal status. Many times these past few days I have gone to the cereal section of my cafeteria for a bowl of Lucky Charms (years of Tight Pants-induced brainwashing will do this to you) and instead have been pulled in by the gravitational charm of the granola lying nearby. In fact, on three separate occasions, I have gone an entire day on one gigantic bowl of granola (with milk, as the small granules are inedible sans liquid). Answer me, Tight Pants readers! Write Ms. Tight Pants now and show your support for this long-rejected hippie staple. Don't listen to Joe Queer... One CAN be a granola consumer and still make the much needed anti-granola statements. That is all.

E. Nebulous Neezer

Dear Reader—

You, sir or madame, are an idiot. There is clearly NOT ENOUGH SUGAR in granola to qualify it for top tier placement. Take a minute, if you will, to consider other top tier cereals—Cinnamon Toast Crunch, Corn Pops, and, of course, the best of all cereals from now till the end of the world... Lucky Charms! All of these cereals are JAM-PACKED with enough sugar to give a 500lb man diabetes! Now THAT'S the kind of cereal I like! Please take your granola-eating, sandal-wearing sentiments elsewhere!

Ms. Tight Pants



The Sordid Adventures of
E. Nebulous Neezer
(the sole T.P. columnist!)

Before I begin discourse on my selected topic, I would just like to say that I apologize in advance. Yes, keep record of this because it is a rare occurrence. You, unfortunate reader, will not be reading my intended column. I had been planning for months to write the perfect punk rock expose column, destined to go down second only to the Woodward-Bernstein expose of the Watergate scandal in its far-reaching implications in the punk rock community at large. It was to be entitled, "How I Lost My Legs to Punk Rock." And, as the title suggests, it would have been a great column. Even though its no longer a column option, I suppose I can't just leave you hanging like that, wondering what this proposed column was to contain were it to have been written.

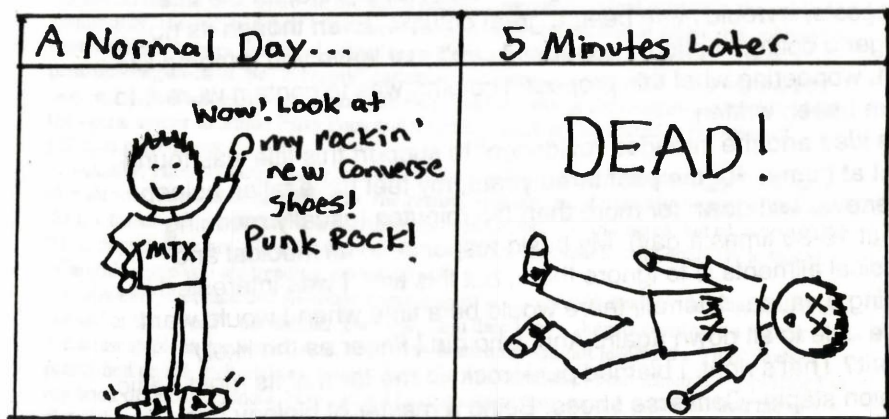
The idea and the intended "evidence" to support this title was found right at home. For the past three years, my feet have fallen asleep whenever I sit down for more than ten minutes (usually meaning about 15-30 times a day). My basic response to all medical and physical ailments is to ignore them, but this time I was interested in finding a cause. After all, there would be a time when I would want to be able to sit down again. And, who did I finger as the likely culprit? That's right. I blamed punk rock, in the form of its most basic fashion staple--Converse shoes. Being a master of biology and medical know-how (extensive watching of Mr. Wizard as a child) I figured that the tight canvas wrapped around my ankle must be poking some nerve, thus rendering a generally low amount of blood into my foot. I even went in for neurological tests. (This is how much effort I put into research for this column. Let it never be said that I write these columns out of my ass again.) In the hope of obtaining documented evidence that Chuck Taylor's were to blame. After been electrically shocked for an hour in my legs, and poked with a needle for an equally long period of time, I anxiously waited for the diagnosis.

Think of what this would mean if suddenly, punk rockers all across the nation found out that their punk rock shoes were slowly destroying their legs! (Of course, it would solve the problem of these people coming to shows and sitting down the whole time.) This could only mean the collapse of that which we had created. While punk rock languished from the blow, the community across the

Chain Wallets & Serious Danger!

globe would only be able to sit in their homes and try to fathom how they ever allowed such a weakness to slip by unnoticed. These were my thoughts as I awaited the test results.

But, alas, modern medicine can do nothing to either pinpoint the cause of my disability (no, unfortunately, its not punk fashion trends) or alleviate it. In other words, while the punk rock community is spared such a devastating hit to its fashion and form, I continue to be unable to sit down like a normal person without suffering. I would just like you to keep all this in mind when you read this column, which requires me to sit down and type for periods long enough to put my legs into serious danger. All I can say is that I do it all for the fans of Tight Pants. I wish I could say tight pants were to blame for my problem, allowing me to write a hard-hitting expose on the medical dangers of wearing the pants that your editor flaunts so



proudly. Again, a no. Earlier in this saga, another doctor diagnosed the cause as...wearing a chain wallet. But again, the muse of zines did not want this column to be, as it was soon proven that no, unfortunately, pre-teen addiction to grunge rock was not the guilty party. What was I to do, then, but hastily throw together a column--the result being as follows in this zine. Before I continue, however, I would just ask that the next time you sit down to put on those precious shoes, take a moment to think about how lucky you are that those shoes are not going to kill you.

Given my depressive state after having realized my inability to write on the intended topic, I decided to devote this space to my personal funeral preparations. Now, as a person of logic instead of faith, you may think, "Hey, why should I care about my funeral? I'll be dead." No argument here, but perhaps it wouldn't hurt to keep an open mind on the subject. After all, when else in your life will you be able to dictate exactly how you want things done without any arguments?

Pearl Jam and Everlasting Guilt!

No one questions the final wishes of a dying person. It is just not done. The options are endless. While this column only has time to explore the possibilities of death requests, an equally long column could be written entirely on the subject of death bed confessions. I haven't given it enough thought yet, but if you decide that a fancy funeral isn't your style, I suggest you consider this alternative.

Confession possibilities include:

- 1.) Admitting to high profile crimes you did not commit
- 2.) Claiming to be married secretly to family friends
- 3.) Converting to atheism, "just in case"

As for me, I have given my own funeral a lot of thought. The interest started early, when I attended my first funeral at age ten for another grade school student's older brother. At the time, grunge rocker that



I was, I thought about how cool it would be to have Pearl Jam's "Alive" played over and over during the wake. This idea has been dropped from my list of demands as of late, but I would still find it kind of funny if, after reading this column post-mortem, my family felt the need to honor that request also. Right now, before we proceed any further, I must confess that you are no longer merely a Tight Pants reader. You have now become a Tight Pants doer. This column does have an ulterior motive, I admit. You (and don't attempt to turn the page now because it won't work) have, by reading this sentence, become the keepers and bearers of my post-mortem demands. Should I die at some point (the odds are not in your favor) you will be required to see these demands held--or suffer the everlasting guilt of having ignored the dying wishes of another human being. As a reward, upon my death all participants will be entitled to your choice of either 1.) a record from my collection (This will be done on a first come, first serve basis, so keep in mind that if you hesitate to come to my funeral aid immediately, you may end up with albums such as "Chipmunk

Vital Organs & Pez Dispensers!

Punk" or "Country Western Aerobic Hits.") or 2.) a pez dispenser (same selection process as for option #1). Should you choose not to come to my funeral and participate, I would like you to read request #9 on my list of demands and keep that in mind.

I ask that you not skip ahead just because lists are more fun to read than my long textual column. Please take the time to first fill out the E. Nebulous Neezer Funeral Participant Form and return it to the following address:

E. Nebulous Neezer Final Requests

2208 North 72nd Street

Wauwatosa, WI 53213-808

(Don't delay too long. If I die before I receive the form from you, you will be entitled only to option #3 as a reward: dubbed copies of Pearl Jam's "Alive" single.)

please cut along dotted line

I, _____, do hereby commit to act in accordance with E. Nebulous Neezer in her final requests concerning her funeral and burial. I would prefer to receive, as a reward for my effort in this pursuit: (please circle only one option)

- 1.) Record (Feel free to list favorites.)
- 2.) A Pez Dispenser
- 3.) A vital organ (Please rank according to preference.)

I realize that should I fail to meet the obligations of this form, I will no longer be safe in my home due to final request #9. Should death result from failure to meet the requirements of Neezer's requests, I shall myself be to blame.

_____(sign here)

Having filled that out, you may now proceed to read through my demands, keeping in mind that you have faithfully sworn to uphold each and every one of them.

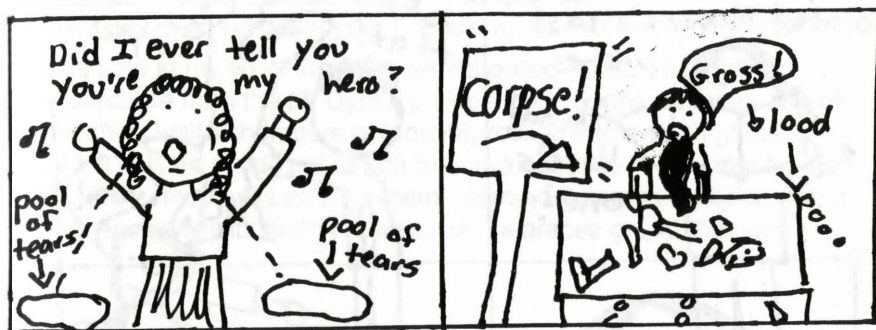
Tito, Al Gore, & Agriculture!

Request #1: Al Gore and the Rev. Jesse Jackson shall speak at the funeral. Comments by these two must include references to my death as:

- 1.) a national tragedy
- 2.) a signal of the end of an era

They must also point to my death as a sign to renew faith. Not necessary, but optional, are the use of timed audience responses such as "Amen," or "Yes, Lord."

Request #2:: Obscure governmental officials who stand silently in the back and whose entrance into the funeral hall is recorded and shown live on C-Span 2 along with running comments. Possible



participants: foreign ambassadors to small third world countries, low level members of the Department of Agriculture and the Department of Energy, and cold war era communistic strong arms like Tito and Cesaraeu.

Request #3: An unconsolable twenty-something female who performs "The Wind Beneath My Wings" part-way through before breaking down into sobs. She should attempt to continue the song but be unable and retreat offstage, consoled by various girlfriends.

Request #4: All usable organs be removed following my death, with my corpse remaining "as is" after the necessary "acquisitions surgery." Instruments used to extract vital organs must remain protruding from my body, and no stitches or staples utilized.

Request #5: An open casket wake (see request #4). Those who attend the wake but attempt to sidestep approaching the actual casket should be led by hand to the coffin and told, "You know, she never got a chance to say goodbye. She always liked to be held." Don't allow them to escape.

Bagpipes and Rotting Carcasses!

Request #6: Bagpipe players in full Gailec garb to being the funeral and to march out in procession before the departure of the coffin.

Request #7: Following the funeral, pieces of the corpse are to be distributed to my relatives complete with leftover Christmas labels reading "To: and From:" Deliverers of these pieces are instructed to answer any questions with "She wanted it this way."

Request #8: For music during the wake and funeral breaks, all should be instructed that I was "moving in a new career direction



later in my life" and that "I never had the time to realize my final dream of becoming a professional musician." Following this notice, overly loud tapes should be played of my eight year-old performances on the flute. (I would prefer that Little Brown Jug be repeated several times for the full effect.)

Request #9: Should anyone who has signed the E. Nebulous Neezer Funeral Participant Form (see above form) failed to meet their obligations following my death, they shall be hunted down and beaten with my dead and rotting carcass until they make ammends (such as donating large compensatory sums to Tight Pants).

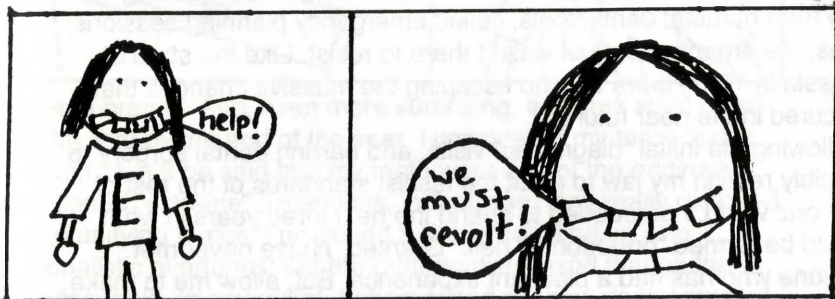
Having read this, you may proceed with the remainder of this fine and otherwise free-from-highly-morbid-writings zine!

Part II!

The Sordid Adventures of E. Nebulous Neezer (the sole T.P. columnist!)

And, now, ANOTHER COLUMN! Two Neezer columns in one issue? Unheard of!

Let me make this statement as a general thesis of mine: Crooked teeth are Punk Rock! OK, so extreme examples of this may ruin the general validity of this. Still, I feel that the whole American-teeth-must-be-straight-as-Earth-Crisis-in-a-liquor-store-mentality must be destroyed. I should know. Not one of my teeth was safe in my youth from the dental police (Note: This police force is separate from the M. Dental police force). Each and every one of my shiny white chompers got forcibly locked into a teeth ghetto which existed inside my mouth from the ages 13-15. My mouth, let it be understood, was also no mere internment-comes-lately camp); it was an Auschwitz teeth prison as far as braces go. At the time, I



almost felt it would have been easier to simply pull all of them out and replant them back in the right place. Perhaps I am just too far ahead of the orthodontics revolution that my idea didn't catch on. Due to writing this article on too much Reese's Peanut Butter Cups cereal and too little sleep (Actually too much sleep, truth be told. My college-is-so-easy-I-play-tetris-for-hours-at-a-time lifestyle has allowed for sixteen hours of sleep a day), my thoughts are not quite lucid. Thus, perhaps the thesis statement should be modified: Crooked teeth are punk rock BUT DIY is also punk rock. Starting back with the first part, you crust punks reading this may be saying, "Neezer, as a punk rocker, how could you even afford braces?" Good point. In Milwaukee, a town so progressive it elected two socialist mayors

Public Image Ltd. & Fascism!

this century, we have what can be dubbed, "I-Can't-Believe-its-a-Dental-Clinic" services for the poor. This program is also known as the Marquette University Dental School, where, for the price of a cup of coffee, you can get your teeth straightened...sort of...

At the tender age of eight, with my teeth already resembling the division of European politics with its random movements to the left and right of my jaw, I paid my first visit to this center. Children in rows of dental chairs lined the one large room, each of them with a stranger and more painful-looking treatment inflicted upon them. I could see in their eyes, a warning, "Run! Do not let them destroy you!" Unfortunately, I, too naive to realize what lay ahead, sat down in an empty chair and awaited my future. Soon, a young student approached with a "Guess-what-I-Just-Read -About-in-an-Orthodontics-Manual-and-am-Itching-to-Try-Out" look on his face. After fumbling around in my mouth for awhile, occasionally referring to the chart in his lap of what normal teeth layout is, he appeared confused. Holding the chart in all positions, he couldn't seem to reconcile it with the disarray that was my mouth. My teeth soviet, who could sense danger approaching in the form of metal dental tools, called emergency planning sessions; alas, the organization just wasn't there to resist. Like the state of Russia in 1991, there was no escaping the massive changes that occurred in the near future.

Following the initial "diagnostic" visits, and barring dental surgery to forcibly realign my jaw to meet the fascist standards of the rest of the oral world, I proceeded to spend the next three years in what could be termed "orthodontial hell." Granted, I have never met anyone who has had a pleasant experience. But, allow me to make the case for mine being far worse than average. Because...over these three years, I didn't even get braces! I got just about everything else shoved into my very small mouth, including the entire grain surplus for the American Southwest, and several unsellable Public Image Ltd. recordings. Needless to say, I was not popular in grade school. One particularly painful occasion, after one device had been removed, the dental student decided to pull out four of my baby teeth. "But they aren't even loose," I protested, thinking perhaps that logical argument may win the battle. Alack, he proceeded to ignore my dissent and to rip them out one by one while I stared at his face, vowing to commit it to memory and avenge my crushed teeth through revolution. (I sorely wish that I could say I have the names of all the many dental students who

Bloody Rivers & Counter-Revolution!

acted as forces of counter-revolution in their bloody crushing of my mouth collective. I would have printed them in a list following this article. Even so, feel free to pick un unfair fight with any orthodontist you meet, in my name. I will pay your medical bills if you are defeated.) Ms. Tight Pant's dental student cut her in the mouth on one visit so that blood did flow like a river down her mouth, trying like her not-so-mobile teeth to escape his wrath. After tossing a few tissues her way, he proceeded to accuse her of moving, blaming her for her own injury.

After giving up on the entire process for two years, I returned. Call me stupid; I can't protest. Tis true. Still, after only one long "experiment" with other methods (see the DIY info), I got my long-

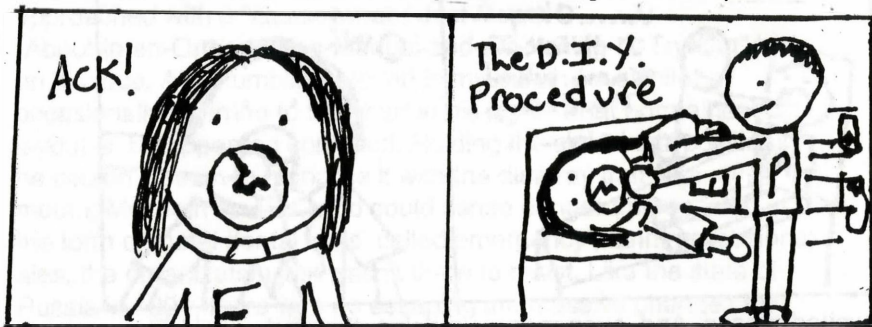


awaited braces. And, even more surprising, the work went by so quickly that by the end of the year, I considered my teeth "close enough." Let it be said that my teeth were one of the originally mentioned "extreme" exceptions, in that, yes, they really did need some unifying forces. I proposed a liberal constitution with nationalistic overtones; but the orthodontists nixed that on the drawing table. In any event, I approached my new dental student with the statement, "Release the teeth hostages! Let my people go!" She responded by saying she had not the "authority" to make such decisions. "Then I shall go above your head," I retorted. (Note: Despite the political language that may make you think this is made up, with the exception of my original remark, these statements are all verbatim.) After much pleading, she relented, and I got the seal of approval by the TA to have the braces removed. Much to my annoyance, he said in explanation, "We can take them off now, since you want to. I didn't really know how much good its been doing having them on for the past four months anyway," A pox on him and his tribe! Too elated by the approach of the end to act on my revenge plots for the time being, I celebrated the soon-to-exist tooth republic.

Direct Action & Orthodontics!

Nowadays, I live a non teeth-centered existence. Retainers, abolished by the recently ratified constitution, have gone the way of my old Pearl Jam tapes. I have signed a peace treaty with this new nation, pledging never again to commit such attacks on their self-determination. All of you punks who have been eyeing your teeth with evil thoughts lately, let this article remind you of the inherent non-punk nature of the orthodontics realm.

As I promised, however, this article will also discuss DIY, because, as you know, DIY is punk. I am proud to say I practiced this very policy in several areas of my treatment. Two stand out in particular as notable. The first occurred on a trip to DC with Ms. Tight Pants and our maternal unit; I had to give a press conference the following day for a children's environmental group I belonged to. At 7pm the

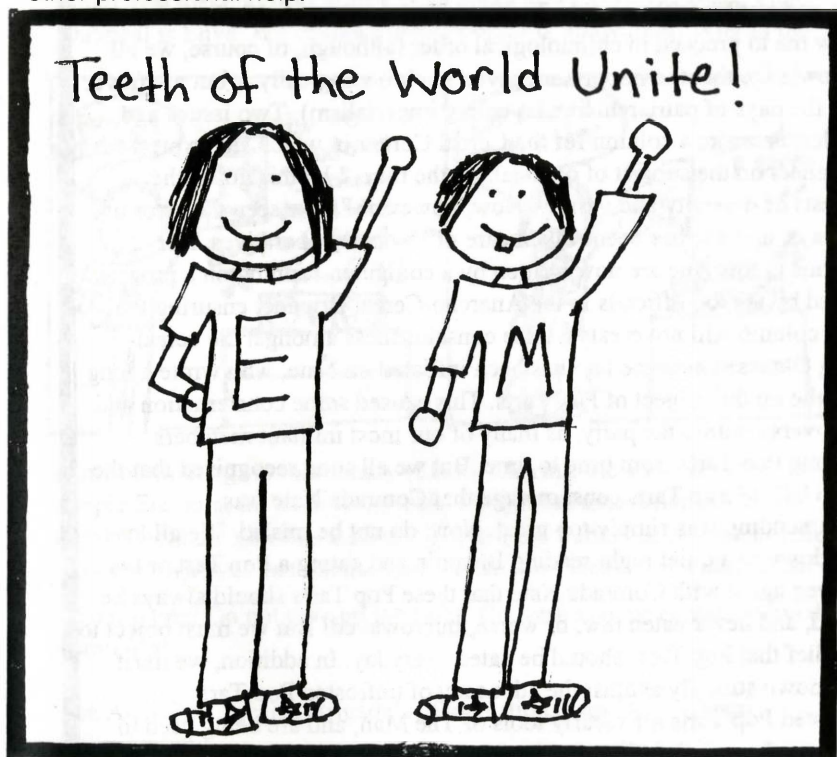


night before, one of the vile contraptions usurping democratic rule in my mouth decided to self-destruct, causing it to dangle half out of my mouth, with the other half firmly in place. After some discussion, we used....DIY methods of course! My uncle took a pair of wire cutters and smashed the object of repression (And, much to my great displeasure, Ms. Tight Pants proceeded to videotape all of this avidly.). The dental school was not pleased, but then they decided...maybe it didn't serve a purpose anyway, and never put it back in. Score one for direct action! Incident #2 took place when I returned to the clutches of the dental school after two years absence. Another foreign power conquered my mouth (i.e. another stupid metal thingy was cemented onto my teeth). Since I initially was told it would stay for only two weeks and it now was roughly five months later, I decided to solve this problem once and for all. Taking the almighty wire cutters, and watching myself very carefully in the bathroom mirror, it was removed piece by piece. The best part of this DIY story is: when I when back to the dental school, they didn't even notice it was missing and never said anything about it

Neezer Ends Her Rambling Prose!

again. Two weeks later, I was with braces. Conclusion: DO NOT TRUST DENTISTS! I was recently told a horror story by a girl who went to have a chipped front tooth repaired and her dentist (each on a separate visit):

- 1.) filed off the tooth to make it even but roughly half the size of her other front tooth
- 2.) extended the replacement part so that it was twice as long as normal, causing it to hit her bottom teeth when she talked
- 3.) placed the replacement part back on so that it curved up at a 45 degree angle
- 4.) accosted her in a neighboring dentist's office when she sought other professional help.



Once of my high school English teachers had to undergo oral surgery to undo the damages wrought by the Marquette Dental School. Ms. Tight Pants and I endured several years of therapy before either of us could even talk about it without shuddering. Now, I let my teeth run free. If they should choose to adapt migratory living practices, or conversely, to try to organize as a group of states along federalist lines, I will no longer try to stand in their way. Teeth of the world, unite!

☆ The Cereal Corner! ☆

Over the past two issues, I have allowed the usually pristine pages of the Cereal Corner to be marred by inconsistency and counter-revolutionary sentiment. The time has come for a realignment and reaffirmation of the beliefs of the Anarcho-Cerealist Brigade! In this column I will take the time to sort through all of the false beliefs of the former two prole columnists, and inform you as to the CORRECT beliefs of the party. Without such a reconsideration, we risk falling into disunion, disillusionment, and other words with the prefix "dis." We may even end up liking the band Distopia! This, dear comrades, I cannot stand for! And now, to paraphrase the mighty Turbonegro, here we go with the column! Allow me to proceed in chronological order (although, of course, we all acknowledge that the importance given to chronologically is but a leftover from the days of patriarchial meat-eating imperialism). Two issues ago, Ms.Neezer wrote a column for the Cereal Corner in which she expressed her beliefs on the subject of oatmeal. At the time, I let this go, in the interests of diversity and variety. Now, however, I have seen the error of my ways, and she has been "taken care of" by party operatives. Her columns in this zine are now written by a computer, running on a program created by the top officials in the Anarcho-Cereal Brigade, ensuring that "her" column will not create a false consciousness amongst the cereal-eating classes. The same fate has been inflicted on Nate, who wrote a long diatribe on the subject of Pop Tarts. This caused some consternation and controversy within the party, as many of our most militant members consume Pop Tarts from time to time. But we all soon recognized that the AMOUNT of Pop Tarts consumerage that Comrade Nate was recommending was simply too great. Now, do not be misled. We all love to sit down to a quiet night reading Bakunin and eating a Pop Tart or two. We even agree with Comrade Nate that these Pop Tarts should always be toasted, and never eaten raw, or worse, microwaved! But we must object to the belief that Pop Tarts should be eaten everyday. In addition, we must come down strongly against the advocacy of unfrosted Pop Tarts. Unfrosted Pop Tarts are clearly tools of The Man, and are being used to subjugate the cereal-eating classes! Unfrosted Pop Tarts deny the proletariat his or her fair share of the world's sugar! We cannot stand for a decrease in sugar intake, especially in these desperate times! We demand more sugar! Not less! If Comrade Nate were to be allowed to continue to voice his opinions (which he mostly certainly is not), we would soon be flooded with requests for boxes of Total and Multi-Grain Chex at the next

100% of your Daily Serving of Sugar!

party meeting and before you know it, the party would collapse altogether! We know now that diversity and variety are but the terms and tools of the non-cereal eating classes. We will not allow ourselves to be corrupted! Especially not from inside the party! A house divided against itself cannot stand! If we allowed such beliefs to be expressed, soon we would all be eating caviar and drinking soy milk and saying "Lucky WHAT?" "Frosted WHO?" I think that you can all see the very real danger in such expansion in the name of diversity. The truth of the matter is that cereal is the only valid food for the revolution. Cereal is Maknov. Oatmeal is Lenin. For those of you who are not up on your Russian history (the adjective "stupid" could also make its appearance right about now), cereal is Black Flag. Oatmeal is Enya. We cannot tolerate pointless innovation! Why in the



name of all things revolutionary (Lucky Charms, the Parasites, and the Nipple Erectors, for example) would we tolerate innovation when we already hold the glorious truth and pinnacle of human achievement before our very own eyes and stomachs? Its name is cereal! And eating it **MUST** be our game! Do not give up the fight! Go forth and eat cereal, beloved comrades!

The Anarcho-Cerealists' "Suggestions" for Daily Cereal Consumption:

1.) Oreo O's: By far the best new cereal to appear in the past year. It combines the chocolaty taste of Oreo's with a sugary Fruit Loopish crunch! It has taken its place along such other cereal luminaries as Cocoa Puffs and French Toast Crunch. Hey, Joe King even ate some and thought they were great! And if such a celebrity endorsement doesn't make you love 'em, well, then, uh, fuck you and stuff.

More Lucky Charms Worship!

2.) Honey Frosted Corn Flakes: A number of brands now make corn flakes in a "frosted," "honey," or "honey frosted" variety. Now, do not be fooled into buying unfrosted versions of the same cereal! Like the difference between Honey Nut Cheerios and regular Cheerios, the difference between Honey Frosted Corn Flakes and regular Corn Flakes is greater than the amount of time that has passed since I last listened to Pearl Jam. Beware. Eddie Vedder and unfrosted, unsugared cereal are but a few of the many enemies of the revolution. Allow me to especially recommend Honey Crunch Corn Flakes.

3.) Honey Nut Chex: Even better than Honey Frosted Corn Flakes, Honey Nut Chex combines the best of the honey nut flavoring with the beloved Chex shape! This one's a winner! Sadly, there is no generic version, and a box averages around \$3.60. If its on sale, buy it! I don't want to speak too hastily; but Honey Nut Chex may very well be A TOP TIER CEREAL! Remember, you heard it here first!

4.) The New Version Of Lucky Charms! This time around, the genuises behind the best cereal of all time (Lucky Charms, duh!) have gone out on a limb, and added ANOTHER MARSHMELLOW! Now, I know that we should all fear innovation, as it directly caused the downfall of the Beatles, but, trust me, this time its for the better! The new marshmellow has sprinkles on it! Rock! Now Lucky Charms looks even more like a bowl of candy than before! Alright! Plus, with this new marshmellow, Lucky C. pulls ahead of the generic competition (Marshmellow Safari and Marshmellow Maties to be exact) and once again takes first place!

In closing, I assure you that, in the future, I will be much more selective with potential guest columnists for this section. I will not jeopardize the revolutionary force that is the Cereal Corner! Now go forth and eat some Lucky Charms!

The Cereal Corner Goes to Europe!

If you've read the all-important introduction, you already know that I went to Europe last month. What you DON'T know is that my sister and I collected a number of European cereals for the purposes of scholarly research! Has Europe surpassed the United States in cereal manufacturing? Has U.S. imperialism affected the German cereal market? Read the next issue of Tight Pants for a complete review of a ton of European cereal!

Useless Time-Wasting!

a.k.a. Record Reviews

♡ ROCK AND ROLL! ♡

First Alert "Thrills and Spills of 48 Hours" LP (TimeBomb)--Question of the day: Why is Japan so cool? Answers 1.) Unlike America U.S.A., they truly appreciate and love the Parasites. 2.) They have delivered unto us Teengenerate. 3.) They released the best comp of all time, "Japan Punk Kills You." and 4.) They are bringing us some of the best music of the 21st century! First Alert is GREAT power pop! These songs will be stuck in your head for days and days! You will not be able to resist their mighty power! If you like 20/20, the Shoes, the Jam, etc. then you MUST hear this! This is Cinnamon Toast Crunch! (If I could translate that into Japanese, trust me, I would!)

Bangs "Sweet Revenge" LP (Kill Rock Stars)--Wow! I saw the Bangs open for Sleater-Kinney and was blown away! They rocked and then they rolled! Their latest album is one of the best albums of the year! Non-stop rock! Put this and the new Bobbyteens in your cd player and grab a guy or a girl and go at it! This is Corn Pops! Yum!

Bobbyteens "Not so Sweet" LP (Screaming Apple/ Estrus)--Okay, so ya know what I'm gonna think about this. But really, I was not expecting anything quite THIS great! The Bobbyteens increase the pop and the bubblegum and the glam, and offer us one of the best albums of the year! Tina has the sexiest vocals in rock and roll! You can't NOT dance to this album! To say nothing of anything more X-rated! Hey, I broke my boyfriend's bed to this record! This is Lucky Charms!

The Unknown "Pop Art" CD (Microcosm/Boss Tuneage)--Wow! Ms. Tight Pants is taken by surprise! When I get promo stuff, I only listen to the stuff I think is gonna be great, and stick the rest in a pile to deal with later. So, in the midst of crap, I put the Unknown on. Catchy, thinks I! Great pop punk! With, apparently, ex-Beatnik Termite Brian McCafferty. Great harmonies! Great choruses! This is Honey Nut Cheerios! Get some today!

where the record /cereal connection
is made ®

Page of Bad Records!

The Pinkerton Thugs "End of an Era" LP (Go-Kart)--I was actually kind of excited to get this, as I had occasionally entertained the possibility that this band could be pretty catchy, with classic sing-along choruses and such. Alas, although this is not horrible, it is by no means great. Think: first Rancid album, mixed with Dropkick Murphys-esque lyrics, 20% Clash, and 1% Pogues, and there you go. Actually, at times it sounds a little like Moral Crux. I'm sure that many people will think this is great, but it doesn't really grab me. This is regular Kix, kinda same-y, nothing that exciting, but nonetheless, not bad!

My So-Called Band "The Punk Girl Next Door" CD (Yesha)--Hmmm...While I did occasionally watch My So-Called Life way back when, My So-Called Band is a HORRIBLE band name. Of course, I am insanely picky about such things. (Neezer and I enjoy flipping through an issue of MRR, reading aloud and ridiculing 99% of the band names.) But still! Anyways, it's about the music, not the message (or name), so...boring wierd alternative grunge pop punk. If that makes any sense. Bad lyrics. Ugh. This is Fruity Pebbles. A combination of various things (Rice Krispies, food coloring), none of which are good.

Strychnine "Born too Loose" LP (Industrial Strength Records)--This is screamy, boring, all-songs-sound-the-same. A poor man's Candysnatchers. Songs called "Liquor and Poker," "Gotta Get Drunk," and more. For some reason, the song Liquor and Poker appears twice. Actual lyrics: "The pit that's in your soul/and you see cherries in a bowl." This is stale Product 19 with beer instead of milk. Yuck!

Southport "Nothing is Easy" LP (Go-Kart)--Argh! I doth protest! Send me not the emo band cd! Boring songs with one word titles, like "Green" and "Pilot" (Yet MORE proof of the secret connection between emo bands and planes!) Actual lyrics from "Pilot": "I punch the air, shout obscenities to the wind/ the rain don't [sic] even notice I was there/ I'm spitting teeth as/the wall I ran into sits there unaware." Ugh! This is Crispix. No one ever buys it unless it's super cheap. You never see anyone going around singing the praises of Crispix, do you? I should think not!

Terror Firmer comp cd (Go-Kart)-- A ton of bands that really don't have any connection to each other. Any comp with Anti-Flag, the Parasites, and GWAR on it...well, let's just say that there's a lack of focus. I really hate comps, unless there's a clear concept. This just doesn't make the grade. This is one of those cereal combo packs with little individually-boxed cereals. Everything from Lucky Charms (the Parasites) to Berry Berry Kix (Girls Against Boys). I HATE Girls Against Boys! It'll make ya puke, I swear!

Yuck!

New Wave Dance Parties & Gogol!

Boris the Sprinkler "Gay" CD (Go-Kart)--More new wave/Gen X inspired goofiness from Boris the Sprinkler! Although this is a lesser work, like say, Chekhov instead of Gogol, (I have ONLY read Russian literature in the past year! I grow stranger day by day!), it still has its moments of greatness/

"Y-v-v-vette," "London Dogs," and "All the Kids Wanna Go to Bay Beach" make the Tight Pants grade!

This is Trix--when you haven't eaten it in awhile, you forget that its actually quite a decent cereal! Fill up your bowls, boys and girls!

Gene Defcon "Baby Hallelujah" EP (Modern Radio)--Think Bis combined with Devo and you've got a pretty decent idea of stylings of Gene Defcon. Keyboards! Perfect for a new wave dance party! (Just leave off the stinky last track, and you'll do fine!) This is French Toast Crunch!

The Figgs "Sucking in Stereo" CD (Hearbox)--For a long time, I had stayed off the Figgs bandwagon. People would scream at me, make me tapes, argue, and generally try to convince me of their greatness. But I would not be moved! But then, I heard the new Figgs "Sucking in Stereo" and was totally blown away! This is by far the best Figgs album! They even have hand claps! Rock and roll! The song "Reaction" is one of the best songs written all year! This is Oreo O's--I thought it would be only okay (given cereal manufacturers' previous record of trying to make cookies into cereal--witness: Cookie Crisp. Yuck), but it turns out to be great! Alright!

Go-Nuts "Dunk and Cover!" CD (Lookout)--You know what I'm sick of? Bands who write lyrics about meaningless topics. Ya know, racism, sexism, and homophobia. The Go-Nuts only write about things that MATTER! Snacks! Yay! Plus, some songs written by Dr. Frank and Norb! Actual Go-Nuts lyrics: "Nietzsche said God is Dead; so who made all the snacks?" and "Let's bring Velveeta to Vietnam!"

Forget hardcore! Its all about snack-core! This is Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle O's--a joke I can appreciate!

Bratmobile "Ladies, Women, and Girls" CD (Lookout)--Argh. Even when I was 14 and loved Bikini Kill (and still do, by the way!), and Excuse 17, Heavens to Betsy, Sleater-Kinney, and TONS of other similarly-grouped bands, I NEVER liked Bratmobile. Whereas Bikini Kill were a great rock band, one part Black Flag, one part X-Ray Spex, one part Shangri-las, and one part Joan Jett, Bratmobile was always...well, tuneless, not-catchy, and irritating. Nonetheless, I listened to the new cd with an open mind, and, well, it stinks. Boring. Still not catchy. Sadly, this remains Unfrosted Mini Wheats. Yawn.

The Pinkz = Lucky Charms

Pinkz "USA/You're Tearin' Me Apart" 7" (Radio Beat)--If you wanna work your way straight to my heart, cover Teenage Head and the Beat, have some bright pink record sleeve, and prepare for me to put on my tightest pants and jump around! If this band releases a full-length, it will be the most anticipated album of the year! I love this band! This is Lucky Charms, no doubt about it!

The Donnas "Turn 21" CD (Lookout)--Alack! Alas! Ms. Tight Pants is not a fan of slow, arena-styled rock! I mean, I don't really like the Runaways all that much! Give me the Go Gos or Holly and the Italians any day! I'm gonna go put on "Let's Go Mano" and try to forget that this ever happened. This is unfrosted Mini Wheats. You really could do better!

Bedford/The Super Eighteen/Sometimes 7/The Flotation Walls split cd (Microcosm)--What do all of these bands have in common? Answer: stupid band names! Fortunately, some of them are better than their names! Bedford is pop punk in the vein of Green Bay local band the Fragments, the Super Eighteen are complete indie pop, not my thing. Sometimes 7 is bad, samey pop, and the Flotation Walls are a wierd techno, emo thing. I dunno. This in, in order of appearance, regular Cheerios, Special K, Total, and a combination of stale Boo Berry and plain chex.

Okay. In the last issue, I was too lazy to list addresses for all the labels. I figured that no one actually wanted to buy any of these records, that they just wanted to find out what cereal they most closely resembled. Oh, how wrong I was! Such a flood of complaints! More than I got for that "I Hate Girls" article, even! So here you go:

Radio Beat Records/ PO Box 8198/ Bellflower, CA 90707-8198
Alliance of Metal Soldiers/13186 Gruber Road/ Clear Spring, Maryland 21722
Yesha, Inc/ PO Box 31725/ Charlotte, NC 28231-1725
Go-Kart Records: PO Box 20/ Prince St. Station/NYC, NY 10012
Industrial Strength Records/ 2824 Regatta Boulevard/ Richmond, CA 94804
Unity Squad Records/ 354 W 100N Logan, UT 84321
Lookout Records/ 3264 Adeline St/ Berkeley, CA 94703
Microcosm/ 7741 Ohio St./Mentor, OH 44060-4850
Modern Radio/ PO Box 8886/ Minneapolis, MN 55408
Alien Snatch Records/ Morikeweg 1, 74199/ Untergruppenbach, Germany
Kill Rock Stars/ 120 NE State Ave #418/ Olympia, WA 98501
Time Bomb/ Toporo 51 Bldg./ 2-18-18 Nishi-shinsaibashi/ Chuo-ku/ Osaka/ 542-0086 Japan!

Note: For those of you computer geeks, a lot of these records can be bought through Underground Medicine. www.undergroundmedicine.com. You can buy cereal at your local grocery store.

The Most Boring Section of Tight Pants!

music

a.k.a. record reviews

cereal

Okay. Here's the deal on the record reviews. Send in whatever release in whatever form you want, if you don't mind being compared to cereal and having to wait a long time to have your release reviewed.

Divit "Latest Issue" cd (Coldfront)--Warning! Cliche time! Divit sounds like yet another band on Epitaph Records. It rocks out at times, but never achieves greatness. If that style is your thing, you'll like this for sure. I can take it or leave it. This is regular Cheerios. Basic, yet not over-the-top amazing, ya know?

American Heartbreak "Postcards from Hell" cd (Coldfront)--Uh oh, Ms. Tight Pants is indecisive about a record review! Quick! Call in a record doctor! Fix my brain so that I can once again divide records into the "good" and "bad" departments! I really cannot decide whether this is great, catchy rock 'n' roll or horrible alterna-crap. Help! At times, it reminds me of the Dimestore Haloos; at other times it reminds me of something I'd see on MTV if I had cable (Give me free cable so I can watch the Cartoon Network and get a free subscription to Tight Pants!).

If it was only a little bit more punk and a little less rock, I would definitely like this! I think if I saw this band live, I'd like em! But some of these songs are...well...alternative. Ack! Help! I don't know what kind of cereal this is!!

v/a "Grease: The Not So Original Soundtrack From the Motion Picture" cd (Dummy Up)--Okay, okay, okay. Ms. Tight Pants does NOT like musicals! However, she does LOVE Schlong's "Punk Side Story" and therefore, she was quite excited to find this in her mailbox! There are some GREAT bands on here! (Parasites, Boris the Sprinkler, Connie Dungs) I probably would've never bought this, but its cool to own nonetheless. My personal favorite is the Grease theme done by Boris the Sprinkler; they manage to turn it into a pretty decent (and even sillier) song! This is a cereal variety pack filled with only the most sugary cereals--Lucky Charms, Apple Jacks, Count Chocula, et. al!

Oblivion "Sweatpants U.S.A." cd (Suburban Home)--Take the Figgs and speed them up. A lot. And you have this band. Lots of energy, very poppy, and, at times, the singer has that cool late 70's power pop vocal stylings Ms. Tight Pants loves so much. There's an old flier on my wall from a Boris/Jon Cougar Concentration Camp/Zoinks/Oblivion show I went to when I was sixteen. Guess they didn't make that much of an impression on me then; but this album's pretty good stuff! This is Honey Nut Cheerios, for sure!

Uh, this, like, rocks and stuff...

The Smugglers "Rosie" cd (Lookout)--The first time I listened to this, it was in the middle of the night and I was about to fall asleep. I wasn't too impressed then, but after having listened to it a few times, its definitely growing on me! Catchy, rockin' party music, that manages to avoid sounding like either the Devil Dogs or something on Rip Off Records, and actually sounds a little original. I think I'd like em even more live! This is Fruit Loops!

v/a Modern Radio Presents: Volume One (Modern Radio)--A compilation from a Minneapolis-based label, featuring The Hidden Chord, AMP 176, The Forty-Five, and the Selby Tigers. Definitely the best stuff on here is by the Hidden Chord (who rock!) and the Selby Tigers (who are a very entertaining band to see live!). The other two bands didn't really interest me, but look out for the Selby Tigers! They have a record coming out on Hopeless soon--wierd sounding stuff--take the Ramones, add backing girl vocals, and some arty-ness, and there you go. This is a cereal variety pack with everything from Total (The Forty-Five) to Boo Berry (Selby Tigers). More Selby Tigers and Hidden Chord, please!

Fugue "Sings Your New Favorites" cd (Wee Rock)--Ugh. Boring pop punk, released on cd-r. Mutant Pop would like it. Tim would probably pick five songs off it and release yet another crappy short-run cd. (Note to Tim Mutant Pop: Since you are attempting to replace the seven inch (the BEST format ever!) with the cd-r (the WORST format ever!) you are now my sworn enemy!) This is a bowl of corn flakes that's been sitting out in milk for too long. Soggy=boring, predictable.

The Groovie Ghoulies "Travels with my Amp" (Lookout)--I was VERY excited to find this in my mailbox awhile ago. The Ghoulies are in my top three favorite bands to see live (The Dillinger Four and Boris the Sprinkler being the other two). Unfortunately, when you're THAT good live, sometimes the albums can't quite equal that. Despite that sad truth, this album is quite rockin'. Not as good as World Contact Day. Better than Reanimation Festival, for sure, this album proves that the Ghoulies still Have What It Takes to rock and to roll. Plus they still have those GREAT ballads. If you like the Ramones, the New York Dolls, and monsters, you will love this band! Guaranteed! This is Honey Nut Cheerios--a cereal in a tier right below the top cereals of all time. If the Groovie Ghoulies come to your town and you don't go see them, remind me to kick you out of my house the next time you're there!

Vaginal Discharge "Live" tape--If Dead Milkmen-style punk is your thing, give this a try. I'd recommend their cd "Froth" first. But this tape contains all the hits (which are veyr recommended!), and should satisfy your urge for Vaginal review in Tight Pants! Oh, the humiliation!

'oops. Don't worry, my spell-checkers have all been executed, due to their ineptitude.

↓ LOOK HERE ↗ ↙

Candy Girl--Oh Jacky Boy! (Jetstar Records) THIS IS THE BEST SEVEN INCH I HAVE HEARD IN A REALLY LONG TIME! THIS IS GENUIS! Rockin' songs in a Bobbyteens/Shangri-las tradition, all about candy! If you know anything about me AT ALL, you know that a band like this was made for me to love! Incredibly catchy and cool-sounding! Plus on one of the songs they do the old 60's girl group-low-guy-backing-vocals-at-the-end-of-the-song! These people have their heads screwed on straight! If this band releases a full length, I will go crazy with joy! Go buy this and some gummi worms and prepare to rock and roll!

The Parasites "Compost" cd (Go Kart)--Okay, when people ask me to name the top three most under-rated bands of all time, I ALWAYS include the Parasites in the list. Like their pop pals Sweet Baby, the Parasites fell into the dark hole reserved for pop punk bands who do not sound like Screeching Weasel or the Queers. In my not-at-all-humble opinion, the Parasites album "Punch Lines" is one of top ten albums of all time. Power pop genius! My favorite power pop band of all time! Dave Parasite is a musical genius! I think that a collection should be taken for Dave Parasite. One dollar from each punk rocker! This man deserves some respect and some money, too! Given my views, I was quite glad when Go Kart compiled a lot of the seven-inches, plus bonus tracks on one cd. Being a Parasites nut, I already owned all of the records, but now I can listen to them all at once! Rock! Plus some of the songs are remixed! Roll! I recommend that everyone go out and buy a copy of "Punch Lines" asap! And once you've heard that, go out and buy "Compost" (unless you want to shell out the cash for all of the out-of-print records). This is Lucky Charms, of course!

American Steel "Rogue's March" cd (Lookout)--Rock! Roll! Fucking repeat! I LOVE this band! I LOVE this album! This is the best album of the year thus far! This album combines all that is great by the Clash, Naked Raygun, the Dillinger Four, and Operation Ivy and proceeds to write some of the best songs I've heard in a long time. Great lyrics, catchy without being pop punk...Ack! If you do not buy this, you, my friend, are a loser! I have not liked an album this much since the Dillinger Four's "Midwestern Songs of the Americas!" This album has caused me to neglect every other cd, tape, and record I own, because I MUST listen to it at least once a day. Why are you still reading this? Why haven't you gone out and bought this album yet???? This is Lucky Charms, the highest honor that I bestow upon musical releases!

Cataract Falls "The Sound of Your Breath Still (?)"--I wish this was a joke. This is emo. Seek these people out and smash their instruments as soon as possible! Ms. Tight Pants cannot tolerate this experimental, whiny crap! This is Berry Berry Kix! Oh vile, vomitous cereal!

v/a East Timor Benefit Album (Idols of the Marketplace)--Ugh. See Cataract Falls review. Plus a lot of stupid random crap. This is also Berry Berry Kix. Exile these people to East Timor asap!

Eek! Ack! Fie! Bah! Argh! etc.

The Insights "Girls Hate Me" EP (Something Records)--Oh no. I think that every town had an Insights. Generic pop punk. Very Queers-influenced. I hope that these young guys and girls go on to bigger and better things, 'cause this just ain't it. Why can't there be a ton of Buzzcocks rip-off bands, instead of Queers rip-off bands? Sigh. This is stale Cheerios.

v/a Go Kart Vs. the Corporate Giant 2 cd (Go-Kart)--Hmmm...Samplers. Definitely not my favorite format. But there's definitely some good stuff on this. When I think about it, I really don't know what sort of direction or idea or whatever there might be behind Go Kart Records. Any label that has both Anti-Flag and the Parasites has got to be a little wierd. Anyways, the best stuff on here is by the Parasites, Boris the Sprinkler, and the Candy Snatchers. The worst stuff on here is by Plan A Project. I'd recommend just buying entire albums by the mighty Parasites and Boris the Sprinkler, but if comps are your thing, you could do a lot worse. This is a variety pack of cereal, containing everything from Lucky Charms to Berry Berry Kix!



Grotto "Get a Hustle" cd (Modern Radio)--Okay, I'll be honest. This cd put me in a bad mood. This cd made me yell "I hate emo!" It also served as yet another example of the hidden connections between emo and mid 90's alternative radio. One of these songs even sounded more than a little bit like Stone Temple Pilots! Ack! With song titles like 3000:500, you know you're in trouble! Now, I am by no means against Rites of Spring, Embrace, or Jawbreaker. That is something totally different than this whiny shit. I want to fucking rock! I want to roll! I do NOT want to hear someone whine the lyrics, "lake to lake to lake to lake goodbye a perfect hour goodbye sealed letters opened our hearts." To paraphrase my grandfather, Hell no! Plus, they have continued the inexplicable emo tradition of somehow having a PLANE involved. Think about it. Jets to Brazil. Burning Airlines. The plane on the cover of that one Promise Ring record. And now Grotto has the nerve to have a drawing of a plane in their liner notes! Screw this plane-influenced crap! This band is Berry Berry Kix--the only cereal to ever make me puke. In fact, all of emo is Berry Berry Kix. Berry Berry Kix appeared on the market right when emo started infiltrating punk rock. It is supposedly based on a great cereal (Kix), just like emo is supposedly based on great bands (Embrace, Jawbreaker, etc.), however neither Berry Berry Kix nor emo sound ANYTHING like their supposed predecessors. A cruel appropriation of the name for the purposes of evil, says I! I will not stand for it!

Rock 'n' Roll! cont.

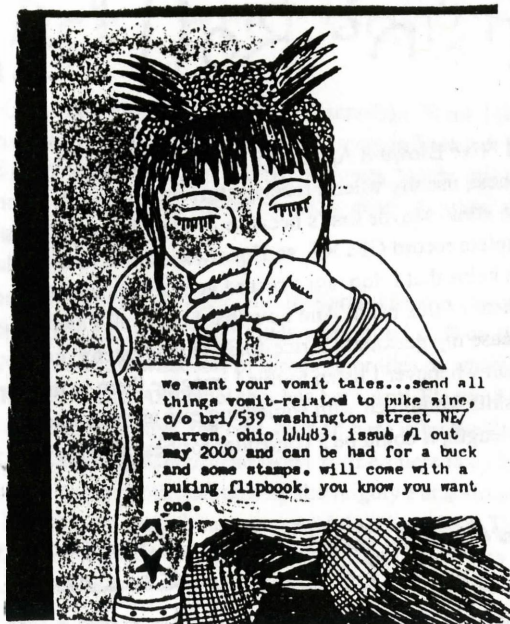
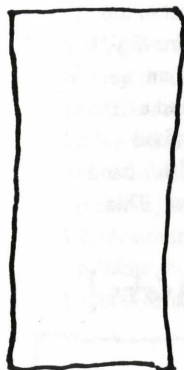
The Hidden Chord "I've Blown it Again" 45 (Modern Radio)--This is SO COOL! To be perfectly honest, usually when I receive stuff by completely unheard of bands, I expect it to stink. Maybe that's because I'm cynical; maybe its because I associate with complete record GEEKS, so I'm always clued in to the latest in top notch punk rock (It helps that I, too, am a record geek.). But somehow, someway, I managed to never hear of this band! And now that I have, all I can say is, I am an idiot and must increase my geekiness thrice-fold! This is catchy, garagy, and a little arty. For some reason whenever I listen to this I imagine them in the same food group as the Spaceshits, combined with something else as yet unnamed. If this band ever puts out a full-length, it could be a contender for best album of the year! This is Golden Grahams!

★ Dillinger Four "vs. God" LP - Come on idiots!
of course, this is Lucky Charms!
Lucky Charms = best current cereal
DH = best current band
If you don't like 'em, you might as well
kill yourself now, you stupid indie rocker!

The Shrubbers "Bomb Threat" cd (Dingus)--Alert! Alert! Conflict of interest! Can I use the enormous power I wield as Tight Pants CEO to further the career of my boyfriend's band? Let's give it a try! This sounds like a mix of Crimpshrine and Husker Du. Great songs, I tell you! And I thought that before I mated with the singer! Attention Geffen Records and MTV! The Shrubbers are the next Big Thing! This is Kix, circa about four years ago, before they had fully refined the recipe. I can firmly assure you that their upcoming release (which I have heard) is modern Kix, through and through! If you like Husker Du (and if you don't, stop reading Tight Pants right now, you idiot!), buy this!

Stormshadow/Fanshen split LP (9 Volt Records)--NEVER, EVER SAY THAT ALBUM ARTWORK DOESN'T MATTER! As soon as I looked at this record, I was immediately repulsed! Really horrible neon colors and generic computer fonts. Bah. Sometimes I think I should try to get a job doing album artwork and book covers. I mean, some of this stuff is SO horrible! Oh yeah, there was a record inside, too! Both are hardcore bands; Stormshadow's a little better, I guess. Fanshen is more grindcore-ish. Both bands stink. Both bands fail to achieve Hardcore Greatness (which is accomplished by being poppy as opposed to metally, and not taking yourself too seriously--Circle Jerks, Adolescents, Angry Samoans, Black Flag, etc.). This is regular Alpha Bits (without the marshmallows). Dull.

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Do not send me emo! Ack! Argh!

The Misfires "Dead End Expressway" cd (Modern Radio)--I had heard a little bit about the Misfires before I got this. A lot of reviews were saying that they sounded a lot like the Dillinger Four. So, it was with great anticipation that I listened to this cd. Sadly and unexplainably, this band has managed to fulfill all of the great requirements for a song EXCEPT for the part where one rocks out, lets loose, screams a catchy chorus, et.al. In other words, this was like listening to the quiet, same-y, drony parts of a song--and JUST those parts. But, were this band to give me a cool chorus or get a little crazy, I'd be hooked! This is regular Alpha Bits. If they were just to add the marshmallows, it'd be great!

v/a Music to Listen to Music By (Coldfront)--Rock and roll! This is a really great introduction to Coldfront Records. Of course, if you're like me (insert self-promotional comment here), you'll skip to Moral Crux right away, and appreciate the genius that is the song "Soldier Boy." And then you'll skip to the Vindictives and laugh at the fact that "Hypno Punko" is the FIRST Vindictives Lp. You'll find yourself making statements like, "Someone actually agreed to make for this to be recorded, press it, and distro it?" Of course, Ms. Tight Pants loves the Vindictives, but her's is a much tested love in the year 2000. Then, if you're me, you'll be pleasantly surprised by just how rockin' the McCrackins song "Belly Jeans" is, and you'll make a mental note to pick up their most recent album. And then you'll realize for the hundredth time that, try though you might, you really do not like the Wynona Ryders. See how much fun listening to this is? This is, obviously, one of those individually-boxed cereal variety packs, containing such cereals as Honey Nut Chex (Moral Crux), Cinnamon Toast Crunch (Vindictives), McCrackins (Frosted Cheerios), and more!

Plan A Project "Spirit of a Soldier"cd (Go Kart)--Okay, so you're having sex while listening to American Steel, rockin' out, having a grand old time, and then the cd ends and your cd player moves to the next cd...and all of a sudden...well...you're listening to crap and sex starts to suck and its all Plan-A-Project's fault! Yes, Plan-A-Project ruined a good fifteen minutes of sex! Fie on this band! Reminiscent of the Bouncing Souls. They manage to royally fuck up a cover of White Riot. Warning: Do NOT play this while copulating! This is like just finishing a bowl of Lucky Charms, with plenty of milk left over, and all of a sudden your mom pours Special K into the bowl! Fuck that shit! Do not replace my Lucky Charms or my American Steel with sub-par generic political or healthy drivel!

The Ending Again "Distracted and Contained" EP (Modern Radio)--Pretty good stuff here! Catchy punk rock, with a slight 7 Seconds influence at times (or I could be imagining things, who knows?). I'd recommend a name change, but besides that, this is quite good! This is Kix.

But Madeleine, this is art,
you can't compare it to
something stupid like cereal!

Boris the Sprinkler "Group Sex" cd (Bulge)--Forget covering bad Ramones albums! (Subterranean Dreams, etc.) Its time to find a band another than the Ramones worthy of such levels of devotion! Boris the Sprinkler picks the Circle Jerks, a band I love, and they manage to knock 1 minute and 53 and one half seconds off the original! Plus, they maintain the high energy insanity of the original! As far as I'm concerned, covering entire albums is a GREAT idea, and I welcome other bands to follow suit. Albums I recommend: Beach Boys "All Summer Long," (Queers) Generation X s/t (Boris), and Sweet Baby "Its A Girl" (Parasites). Complete self-indulgence and ridiculousity, alright! This is generic Frosted Mini Wheats (known in this areas as Frosted Mini-Spooners)--not the original, but still damn good.

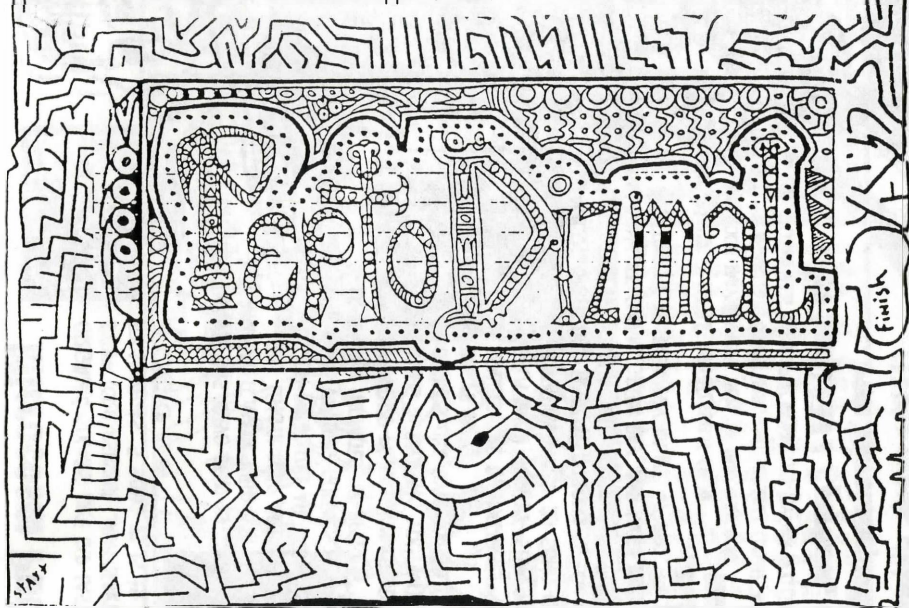
V.O.M. "The Angry Samoans Play the Songs of V.O.M." (Bulge)--Norb brings you two songs from the mighty Angry Samoans. If you've heard em before, you already love em; if you haven't, go pick up The Unboxed Set cd first. These two songs are from a 1978 demo tape, and worth owning if you're a huge fan. Plus, the cover features a photo of the band wearing some VERY tight pants! If only today's hardcore could sound more like the Angry Samoans and the Circle Jerks, and less like non-poppy crap! Since the Angry Samoans are clearly Lucky Charms, this is Discharge. This is Apple Jacks--pretty good but not essential.

Kill Sadie/Brand New Unit split EP (Modern Radio)--If you have the desire to see good and evil battle it out on one record, buy this right away! Brand New Unit is doing a cool sorta thing, kinda reminiscent of Kid Dynamite and such. Kill Sadie is emo and therefore bad. Long screamy parts with too much stuff going on and no catchiness and no rocking-ness. Yuck. Brand New Unit is Raisin Bran--a combination of hardcore (the bran) and raisin (the pop). Kill Sadie is, like their label pals Grotto, Berry Berry Kix. Hey, I need some more really bad cereals, because what with all of this emo, I'm running out of cereal comparisons! Come on General Mills, Kellogg, and Post! Create "Vitamin A O's" or better yet, "vitamin.a;--o's." Ack!

The Vandals "Oi to the World" cd (Kung Fu Records)--The Vandals "Fear of a Punk Planet" cd (Kung Fu Records)--The Ataris/Useless I.D. "Let it Burn" split cd (Kung Fu Records)--Okay. Note to record labels: Sending me a plain cd, without any art, is LAME. Note to the Vandals: As of whatever time I heard the above two cds, YOU are lame. I refuse to grant any of this a review. There is a limit to the crap I can list.

the capitalist section! anarchists & IWW members beware!

Organic "Flags" EP (Microcosm)—Wow! I am happen to witness the influence on the Dillinger Four on other bands, even if those bands do have bad names like "Organic." This is decent pop punk with clear Dillinger Four and Crimpshrine influences. I'd say that this band would one day be capable of producing Honey Nut Chex level material! This is Apple Jacks.



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Cripple Kid/Little Dipper split cd (Microcosm)—Cripple Kid is doing a definite Jawbreakerish thing that really isn't that bad. When they leave the new school crappy emo and stick with the Jawbreaker sound, they're pretty good. The Little Dipper is the other side of the emo coin, much poppier. If you're a big dork and like the Promise Ring, you'd probably like 'em. But all of that, of course, is outside the limits of Tight Pants expertise! Ask me about 20/20 or First Alert, and you'll get much more conversation, I assure you! Cripple Kid is old school Kix, before they improved the formula by adding more sugar, and The Little Dipper is Cap 'n' Crunch—but ONLY because everyone seems to like 'em and I can't stand 'em. (I know A LOT of cool people who like Cap 'n' Crunch, though, who would HATE The Little Dipper, so be careful!)

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Note: Unlike in other zines, here at tight pants, we do not staple this section into our beloved zine- so as to remain timeless. Remove at will!

Discard after reading.

Arrr Matey!



Hello! We are TUCO, we are a new band with a tape out! Its 60 minutes of punk/shitty blues/grind/acoustic love ballads and just plain fucked up shit, its \$1 or you can trade it for your bands tape/7/cd/zine whatever, If you trade us 2 tapes, a 7, a CD or more than one issue of your zine you'll also get RE-Animator, an even stupider tape! /

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I Hate Emo!

Right now I'm sitting in my house, wearing some tight pink pants and my favorite tight Ramones shirt, while listening to the Bobbyteens! Yes, I am dressed to rock and I am listening to one of my favorite bands of all time! Alright! So, everything should be okay, right? Wrong! Dreadfully wrong! Because my next-door neighbors are blasting some of that...oh no...I can't bring myself to say it...ack....fie..bah...Emo. Yep, the stuff of underweight rich boys and girls everywhere! The stuff of backpacks and tears! The stuff of whining and moaning and throwing oneself on the floor! Argh!

You see, there used to be a thing called rock and roll (which is essentially what all decent punk rock is anyways.) It existed in conjunction with the



all important SEX and DRUGS. Rock and roll is supposed to make you go crazy, get drunk, have sex, and forget about it all the next day. Rock and roll is supposed to make you jump up and down with joy and forget about stupid stuff like jobs and school and whether or not you remembered to pay your gas bill. Rock and roll exists to let loose, to have fun, to incite people to riot, or just to pogo. Rock and roll is THE ULTIMATE EXPERIENCE. It is the religion of the 20 (and 21st) century!

And now, what vile force dares challenge the undisputed king of debauchery? Why, something called...emo. A name that conjures up stupid girls in my high school attempting to write poetry for the literary magazine. A name that stands for...emotional. All well and good! At this point I will state the obvious--that music is emotional. However, who decided that the only emotions worth expressing were the crying-whining-sort? Not I, I assure you! Otherwise my favorite bands would have ten word names and I would write a zine called "The Depths of My Pants on an Ocean of Sadness." Bah! No!

And furthermore, since when did looking like a jock make you punk? Normal boy haircuts, preppy clothes, and nice shoes are a bad combination! Once I even attended an emo show--Jets to Brazil. And what

It's Not Your Birthday Anymore!

did I see? A crowd of preppy looking people who just stood there. No dancing. No fun. No cool or wierd looking clothes. A veritable sea of mediocrity! No excitement! Nothing! Since when did punk get so dull? I take great pride in the fact that Tight Pants is read by crusty punks, pop punkers, garage rockers, chaos punx, and just about every other kind of punk you can think of. I like to think that we are all united against that one, horrid force. That beast known as emo, which wants us all to stop having fun and to start working full-time for computer companies and spending all of our money buying June of 44 bootlegs and expensive clothes. The beast that wants us to give up whatever we are passionate about, and instead become "experimental" or "more in touch with our artistic side." We here at Tight Pants are QUITE in touch with our artistic side, thank you very much! So what if that ends up being all about Converse shoes, tight pants, and cereal? At least its more fun and exciting than an intricate ten minute guitar solo!

A few months ago, I decided to start collecting fake emo names. I took a sheet of paper, wrote "Emo!" on the top, and stuck it on the wall. What follows are some of the best and the brightest. Most are not my creation: the difference engine, the obscure child, it's not your birthday anymore, the low emergency, the transistor station, fifth of four, when jason falls, redchairwindowpain, do not consider yourself free, hell or london, and the Russian Air Force of '78. What do all of these names have in common?

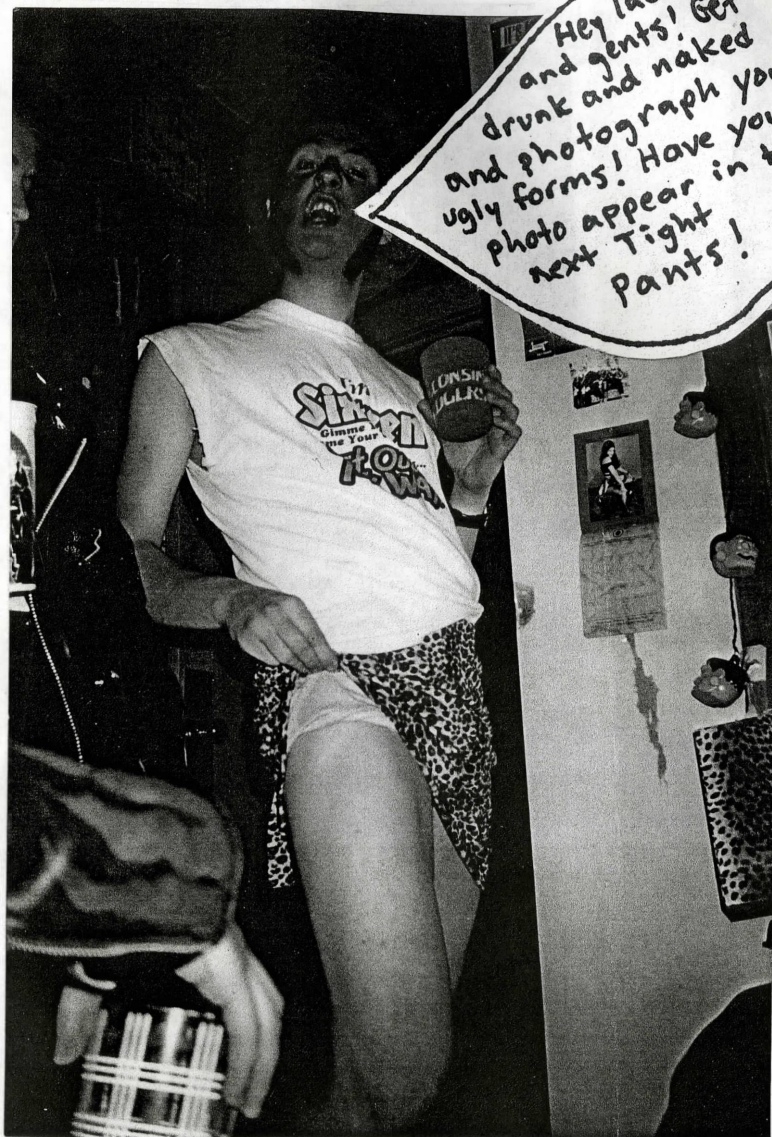
Yep, that's right! None of them rock! I am still collecting emo band names for my list, and will publish an update in a future Tight Pants. Surprisingly, a lot of names that sound SO stupid, you'd think they were made up, are, in fact, actual emo band names. Cases in point: Afghanistan, Jets to Brazil, June of 44, Braid, The Promise Ring, and more!

Beloved readers, we need to work together to eradicate this evil in our midst! We must tear down emo show flyers and put up fake ones, steal copies of Punk Planet and burn them, boycott emo-heavy record stores, and kill all emo kids! Okay, well, everything except the last suggestion. Although, I cannot say that I wouldn't laugh if some devoted reader mailed me a Promise Ring-shirted corpse! The point of all this is that we need to work together! We cannot stand for this invasion of the rock and the roll! We must resist! I recommend picketing emo shows with signs that say, "Danger. You have entered a non-rock-and-roll-zone" or "I refuse to cry at this show." Try chanting things like "We don't want to take a trip/on the S.S. Emo Ship! Or, "1,2,3,4, Inanimate band names are a bore!" Or you can design your own. Be creative, be offensive, and send your stories to the Tight Pants World Headquarters! Together, we CAN make a difference!

Go Forth and Destroy Emo!

Page of Porn!

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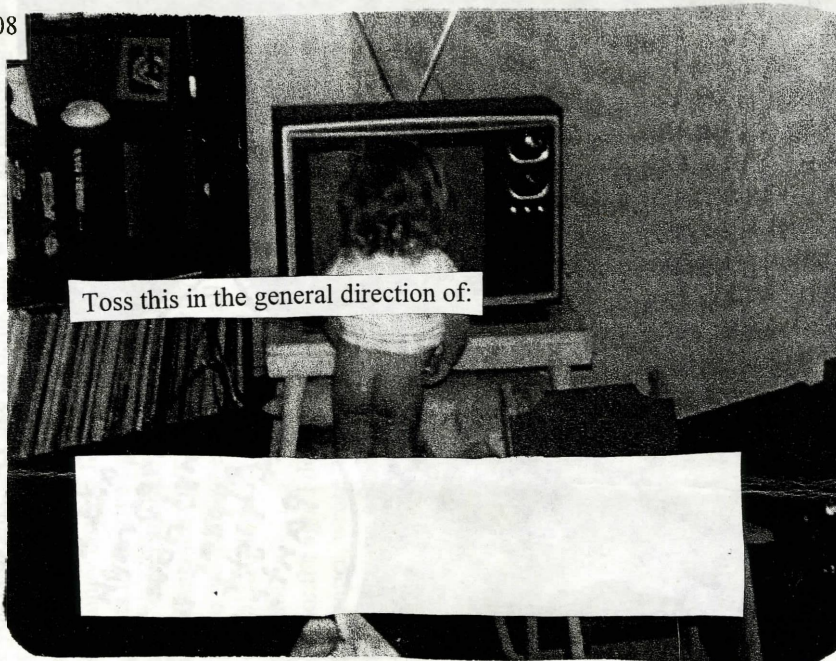


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