

# TIGHT PANTS

## #1





# GREETINGS!

The Tight Pants  
Man of the Issue

Welcome to the first issue of **Tight Pants**.

Introductions are stupid, so I will merely address a few business matters and then be done with it.

Firstly, this zine costs 2 dollars, or one dollar and three stamps. I do not generally do trades, so please do not send me your five page poetry zine. However, if you do a zine of similar length, wit, and humor, I'd probably trade you. To make this more simple, here are the types of zines I WILL NOT trade for: riot grrrl zines, poetry zines, hardcore zines, and zines that suck.

Okay, having cleared that up, I will now address the issue of my address. My address from January to the second week in May is: Maddy Dental

Box 23  
P.O. Box 5001  
Amherst, MA  
01002-5001

From the second week in May until September, my address is:

2208 North 72nd Street  
Wauwatosa, WI  
53213-1808

Thank you for your purchase.

Cordially,

Maddy Dental



A Tight Pants salute to Kevi of the Groovie Ghoulies who recently played a show in Green Bay wearing some very tight pants indeed.

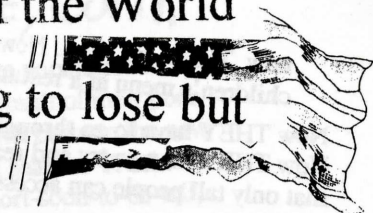
Submit your photos to nominate someone for the next issue.





# Short Punk Rockers of the World

Unite! You have nothing to lose but  
your chains!



This is a rallying cry for all short punk rockers. The ones who are sick of being teased, maligned, and elbowed in the head at ska shows. The ones who are forced to live with the knowledge that if they were ever to try to kick someone in the head, they'd just end up with their foot in the other person's stomach. The ones who are not as tall as the mighty Ramones, and therefore go through their lives feeling not quite as cool, nowhere near as tough, and undoubtedly not as punk.

Today I call for you to unite. Today I call for the founding of a new organization. Fuck Food not Bombs. Fuck Critical Mass. I call for the founding of A.S.P.R. The Alliance of Short Punk Rockers. Armed with a revolutionary agenda, we will fight to destroy those who presently hold the title of tallness and to then claim that title as our own.

Copying from the Weatherman's famous manifesto entitled, "You Don't Need a Weatherman to Know Which Way the Wind Blows," we will call our declaration of intent, "You Don't Need a Tall Bastard to Know Which Way the Wind Blows." In it, we will outline the major problems facing short punk rockers as we approach the dawning of a new century and we will deal with critical tactical questions as well. Allow me to briefly outline our argument.

Firstly, we assert that one must understand the word "short" to be a relative term. In truth, there is no absolute definition of the word short. Rather, short just implies "shorter than" something or someone else. Therefore, it is NOT the short people with the problem. The problem is that taller people exist, thus creating a society in which there are people that those such as myself are "shorter than." If it weren't for those tall bastards, I would not be short.

Having recognized this, the next step becomes obvious. Short people can no longer stand on the sidelines and accept our oppression. No longer will we stand for being openly mocked and ridiculed by our oppressors. For we have the power. If it weren't for US, a lot of the tall bastards currently making fun of us would be labeled as short. So, like the colony of Georgia prior to the Revolutionary War, short people exist as a buffer zone, a line of demarcation that prevents the powerful from being labeled short. As long as there are people under 5'4", the 5'8" bastards have nothing to worry about. But take away all of the people under 5'4" and watch the 5'8" people tremble with fear—for



now, THEY are short. Now THEY have to endure being given a children's menu at a restaurant even though they are 18 years old.

Now THEY have to go through the difficulty of finding pants that fit. Now THEY have to try and reach things that are placed in a location that only tall people can access.

So the currently available tactics of the short are two-fold. One, we could all leave society and form our own separate communities, thus creating an upheaval in the punk world, whereby previously tall punk rockers would be deemed short and only the super tall would survive.

But the problems with this tactic are many. First of all, the super tall would gain even more power. (Of course, this power could radicalize

the newly-short to joins ranks with us, which would lead to the overthrow of the tall hierarchy and the establishment of height-neutral

governance.) Secondly, who wants to live in a commune with lots of other short people? Let's face it. There aren't that many cool short people. Most cool people are tall. Thirdly, communes are stupid.

Okay, so we must advance to the second tactical option. This plan is based on a number of premises.

Premise Number One: Tall people are cooler than short people.

Premise Number Two: Its no fun to be short.

Premise Number Three: The concept of short is relative.

Combining all of these premises, the only clear solution is to kill all of the tall people. Once all of the tall bastards (who were keeping us in short submission) are dead, WE WILL BECOME TALL. See how easy it is!

Our path to global punk dominance will be fast, furious, and bloody. We will strategically plot out points where tall punk rockers congregate and then send specially trained squads of short (soon to be tall) punk rockers to assassinate them. We will start at the top. Joey Ramone will be shot to death, followed by all other prominent punk rockers measuring in at over 5'4". Ben Weasel, Joey Vindictive, Rev.

Norb, Dave Parasite, Jello Biafra, Dr. Frank, Mass Giorgini, Larry Livermore, and Tim Yo will all be executed, to name just a few. Once we have killed their leaders, the rest of them will be easy to do away

with. Lost and wandering in punk land without guidance, they will be easy to pick off one by one, until we have killed them all.



# WHAT IS TO BE DONE, CONT.

At that point, we will begin rapidly breeding huge populations of nutrient-deprived children. These children, as a result of their poor diet, will never grow an inch above 4'6". They will become the new short people. And they will be our slaves--for we shall be TALL. From that day on, it will be US (the presently-short-soon-to-be-tall) who will be able to see the best at shows, block other people's view at movie theatres, and have no trouble finding the correct size of clothes. We will have the power!

One of the nutritionally deficient children. This one is so small and of such a low weight that he even defies gravity.

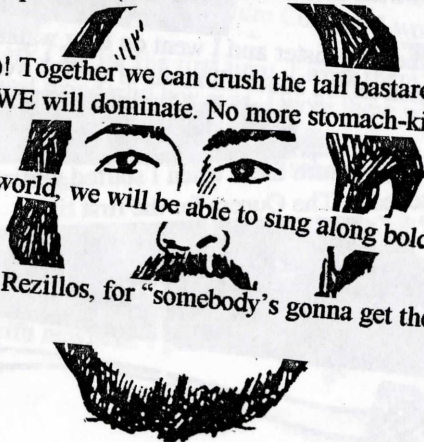


Of course, should this happen with a large # of the children, we will be forced to chain them down and whip them. (The whipping part isn't necessary, but it might be fun.)

Short punk rockers--You do NOT have to meekly accept your fate! An alternative world IS possible (that does not involve Lisa Loeb, Bush,

and chain wallets)! Together we can crush the tall bastards and create a world in which WE will dominate. No more stomach-kicking for us!

No sir! In our new world, we will be able to sing along boldly and truthfully with the Rezillos, for "somebody's gonna get their head kicked in tonight"!



# BLATANT COMMERCIAL ENDORSEMENT CLOAKED IN FEELGOOD NOSTALGIA

Nations collapse. People fight for revolution. The masses clamor for bread. And tonight I retired a pair of shoes. Not just any pair of shoes, but my black low-top Converse shoes--the shoes I had worn everyday, with only occasional exceptions, for the past five years. Yes, the same pair of shoes, on my feet, for five straight years.

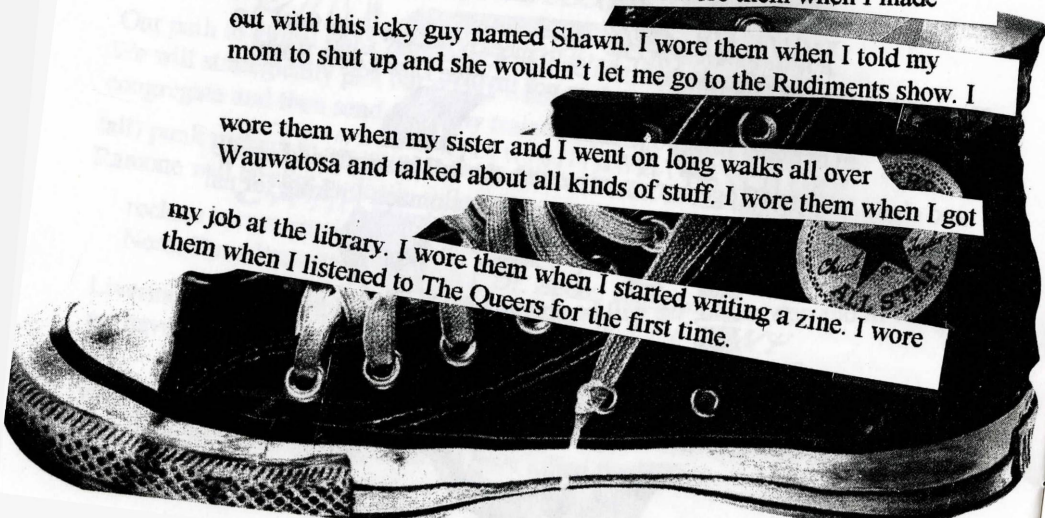
I got my Converse shoes in the 9th grade--freshman year in high school, when I was trying so hard to be alternative and cool. What I really wanted were some cooler (more expensive) shoes--maybe something like Vans, for example. But when I went to buy shoes, all my mom could/would afford to get me were the black, low-top Converse shoes. They were 20 bucks. Size 6 1/2.

I went home and tried them on. They were so new they seemed to shine. They were sparkling clean and stiff. Yuck. I put them in my closet. But eventually I dragged them out again and started wearing them to school. I wore them to the first concert I ever went to (Blind Melon), and to an outdoor Lemonheads show where my sister and I almost got trampled to death. I wore them in my theology class while my teacher told me I was going to hell. I wore them when icky things happened to me freshmen year. I wore them when my friend Melissa and I pretended like we were in a band called the Fucking Cowgirls and everyone believed us.

After a few months, the shoes lost their new look and started to look more like MY shoes. They no longer felt stiff.

I wore the shoes sophomore year, too. I wore them when I couldn't stay awake in government class. I wore them when I made out with this icky guy named Shawn. I wore them when I told my mom to shut up and she wouldn't let me go to the Rudiments show. I

wore them when my sister and I went on long walks all over Wauwatosa and talked about all kinds of stuff. I wore them when I got my job at the library. I wore them when I started writing a zine. I wore them when I listened to The Queers for the first time.





# LONG LIVE ADAM SMITH, CONT.

By junior year, the shoes were completely broken in and began to feel like a natural extension of my feet. I wore the shoes junior year when I snuck out in the middle of the night and walked around Wauwatosa with my friend Ben, after drinking countless cups of coffee. I wore them when I got my driver's license. I wore the shoes when I fell in love for the first time. I wore the shoes when I laid on

my bed and listened to The Ramones. I wore them when I first went to the Fireside Bowl in Chicago. I wore them when my friend Monica

and I sat alone outside at lunch, even though it was the middle of winter, just to escape everyone at our school for forty minutes.

By senior year, the shoes were molded to my feet and the soles were beginning to wear down. I wore them when I went with my

mom to look at colleges in the fall. I wore them when I started hanging out with the stalwart Maureen. I wore them when I went on

countless road trips all over Wisconsin and Illinois. I wore them when I was in the chief administrator's office at my high school, defending

my school newspaper editorial for an entire afternoon. I wore them when I got accepted and decided to go to Hampshire College. I wore them when I went to France and couldn't speak any French. I wore them when I graduated and never had to go back to high school ever again.

Over the summer, the shoes continued to deteriorate. By the time I was ready to leave for school, a hole was beginning to form along the side of the right one. But I brought them along anyway. And I wore them when I first saw Hampshire College. I wore them when I went to New York City for the first time. I wore them when I fell in love with the most wonderful boy ever. I wore them when I sat in my Existentialism class and discussed Nietzsche. I wore them when I went home for Xmas break.

And now I'm not wearing them anymore. Today was Xmas and my mom got me a new pair. Exactly the same. Black, low-top Converse shoes. Size 6 1/2. When I took them out of the box, they seemed to glow with newness. I put them on and they felt stiff.

OKay, OKay. I'm almost done rambling  
on about my shoes...

Tonight I took the new shoes upstairs to my room. I put them on my bed and then reached under my dresser and picked up the old pair. I went over to my window and hung them from the curtain hooks—one on each side. Then I put the new, shiny shoes where the old, dirty ones had been. And now, as I write this and look above me at my old shoes, and down below me at my new shoes, I know that an era has forever ended. And that its time to break in a new pair of shoes.



Punk Rock Tip of the Issue: Do you sometimes think that The Ramones and The Beach Boys play just too fucking slow on their studio albums? Here's a way out of your fix. You'll need a double tape deck with the high speed dubbing function (I know this excludes most—but not all—gutter punks, but what are they doing listening to The Beach Boys anyways?) Insert a blank or shitty tape (perhaps Led Zeppelin) into tape deck A and insert a Ramones or Beach Boys tape into tape deck B. Turn the high speed dubbing on. Press record on tape deck A. Press play on tape deck B. And enjoy! Soon the fine sounds of The Ramones or The Beach Boys will come blasting out at twice the speed, albeit with slightly Chipmunk-sounding vocals. Punk Rock.

Disclaimer: By the above tip, I in no way wish to insinuate that The Ramones and The Beach Boys are always too slow, for that is simple not the case. I fully appreciate and offer up sacrifices of small neighbor skateboarders to both bands, as well as to their original studio albums (up to a point—which is another article altogether). However, I often get the craving to hear a faster version of their tunes—and I could resort to live recordings, but sometimes I want to hear the actual studio recorded ALBUM fast, ya know? Okay, okay. Enough explanation. Hopefully I've prevented a few angry "Fuck you. Don't fuck with The Ramones" type letters. (Sadly few punks get as angry when confronted with seemingly anti-Beach Boys propaganda, but more on that later).



# I Don't Wanna Live Next Door to You

There he was. The Ramones t-shirt wearing boy I had seen on the first day of school but never had a chance to talk to. And now he was living in the dorm room next to me! Cool! Due to a housing shortage, I had just moved from a spacious lounge with a balcony to a normal, one person, dorm room. I was rather irritated with having to move my stuff across campus, but now I was settled in--and I'd have a chance to talk to this Ramonesophile.

"Hi."

"Hi."

"I'm quite pleased to be living next to a Ramones fan."

"Oh yeah? You like the Ramones?"

"Like them? The Ramones fucking rule!"

"I know."

"Hey, do you have 'End of the Century'? I had it on tape, but I accidentally recorded over it and I've been trying to find someone who has a copy I can dub until I can find it on record."

"No. I just have Ramones Mania."

"Oh."

Bah! Fie on "I-just-have-Ramones-Mania-yet-I-wear-a-Ramones-shirt-everyday" boys! Bah!

So now the situation had dramatically changed. In just a few seconds, I had gone from living next to a devoted Ramones fan to living next to...well, at the very least, someone who has not yet learned the following commandment:

*Thou shalt not wear the same band shirt everyday unless thou truly worships said band.*

And, of course, there's the secondary clause:

*By worship, it is meant that thou shalt own the albums in their original, as-released form and rebuke capitalist advances attempting to sell you compilations of entirely pre-released material.*

# THE BIBLE ACCORDING TO THE RAMONES, CONTINUED...

I guess he was absent from Sunday School that day. Probably too busy listening to the Beach Boy's Greatest Hits.

So that was Strike #1 against his character. Although not a venial sin, his sole ownership of Ramones Mania (coupled with the

daily wearage (hey-If Dr. Seuss created words, so can I!) of his Ramones shirt) would only get him a few days in Maddy Dental's

Purgatory (a cruel place where basic dental hygiene is denied inhabitants and the sounds of Belly fill the air). But, as it turns out, he would be lucky to even pay an occasional visit to someplace as nice as M.D.'s Purgatory, for his sins (are you sitting down?) were of a

cardinal nature. (Note: Basic Catholic Theology 101: Venial sin: forgivable. Cardinal sin: unforgivable--except in extreme situations,

and what qualifies as "extreme" was never explained by my theology teacher, despite my diligent prodding.)

What could be so horrid as to merit imprisonment in some place worse than a gingivitis-populated pit? Maybe I should just relay

what I heard coming from his room (at full volume) later that day.

"Teenage angst has paid off well. Now I'm bored and old."

Yes. It was the sounds of the late Nirvana emanating from his chamber. I winced. But then, as I listened more closely, I realized that it was NOT actually Nirvana, but rather--He was playing his guitar

and singing Nirvana songs! A shiver ran through my body, lingering in my purple underwear, but eventually continuing downward. (Only joking. I just wanted an excuse to mention that I own purple underwear. Silky purple underwear, no less.)

This continued over the next few days. During this time, I noticed something else. He would cough--a lot. And when he coughed,

it wasn't a normal cough. Nor was it a

"I-have-a-really-bad-cold-and-when-I-cough-you-can-hear-the-flem-clearing" cough. No. This was a

"I-am-coughing-up-all-of-my-internal-organs" cough. Chances are you've never heard a cough like this before. In case you were wondering, it sounds pretty horrible. So he'd be coughing ALL OF



# SMELLS LIKE NO FUN...

THE TIME. Unlike other zinesters given to hyperbole, when I say ALL OF THE TIME, I mean ALL OF THE TIME. Finally, someone on my hall talked to the student intern (known as SAMS at

Hampshire, R.A.s at other schools) and he in turn spake to the Nirvanaphile boy about his coughing. The reason? He has cystic fibrosis.

Okay. We all felt dumb. But, lest pity get the better of you and you fall into the trap of thinking, "Poor guy. Maddy Dental, you

shouldn't be so mean," let me continue my tale. In addition to continuing to play Nirvana songs and an occasional Hole song, and

once, "We're a Happy Family," as volumes high enough to be heard outside of the dorm building itself, he broke up with his girlfriend.

Now I know this seems like it would induce even greater pity for his angst-ridden soul, but before you think that, you should ask, "Why does Maddy Dental know about her next-door neighbor's break-up?" Well, I was lying in bed, innocently enough (honest!) listening to the Stiff Little Fingers at a fairly high volume in order to

drown out the sounds of Nirvana's "Bleach" album. Then I began to hear shouting and even a bit of screaming. The volume of the above

increased until I couldn't help but hear everything he was saying. For the record, I was NOT eavesdropping. I could not NOT hear him. In

fact, initially I even turned UP Stiff Little Fingers. But to no avail.

Apparently his girlfriend Rachel had decided to break up with

him. How do I know this? Well, lines like, "Why are you doing this?" "But I loved you" and "You can't break up with me!" kind of clued me

in. As the conversation (presumably over the phone) continued, the content began to get stranger and stranger. Soon he was throwing out

phrases expressing nostalgia-- "We were just like Kurt and Courtney" to angry tirades-- "You're just like Courtney. You sold out. " to hurt--

"Why do you think I have pictures of you all over my room?" to shock and dismay-- "I didn't think you were this evil." All in all, the conversation lasted about an hour. It ended with a lonely cry of "I don't even want to live!" and then silence.



# Flannel Shirts, Purple Hair, Etc.

The performance having ended, I went to urinate. After having done so, I ran into a few hallmates with whom I shared knowing glances and nods in the direction of his room.

The days passed and he called Rachel a few more times; but things were apparently irreparable. The desperation in his singing

voice increased and he began to play his own songs, with lyrics like:

Why did you say goodbye?/ I want to die./ Why? Why? Why?  
Also, he stuck a sheet of paper on his door that read, "If you're a person, leave me the fuck alone."

Okay.

But eventually I broke down and penned him a quick note regarding his guitar playing. It was compromised mainly of a plea to

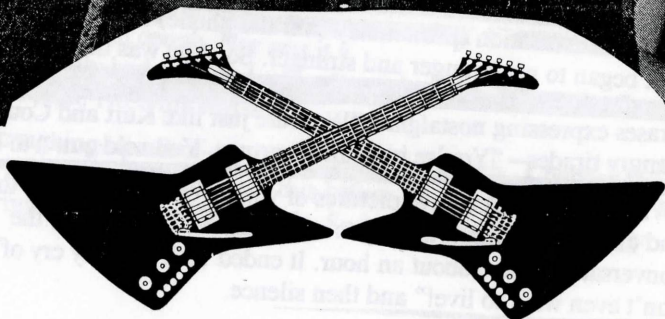
play without his amp, which he complied with for all of about a day.

After that, it was business as usual. I talked to the student intern and

he talked to him--without any visible results. So I have exhausted all of my options and can only hope that his love for Kurt Cobain results

in some kind of emulation complex, leading him to choose a similar end.

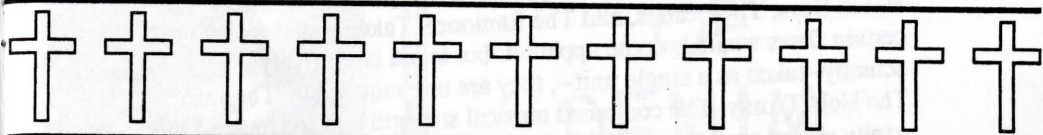
I am now accepting photographs of Kurt Cobain's corpse for a personal project of mine. Those who participate will get their choice of a toothbrush or floss.





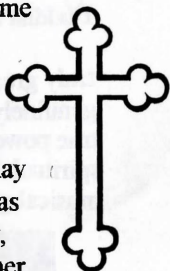
# PUNK ROCK AND CATHOLICISM

## A Winning Combination

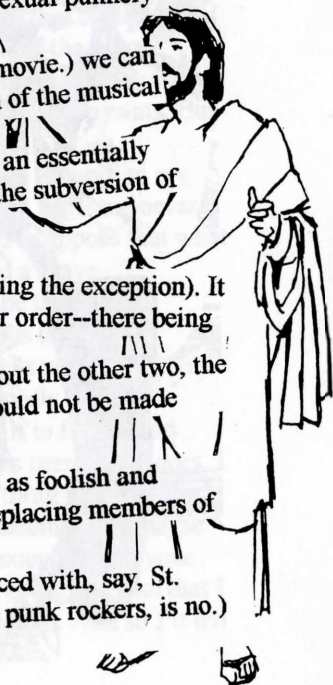


The influence of my Catholic education cannot be easily disguised. So fuck it. I am announcing my Holy Trinity of musical excellence. Now, I know that this has been done before, leading some to say, "Dental, we counted on a little more originality, at least linguistically, in these matters." But these previous holy-trinity creators were lacking in some basic theological knowledge, thereby tainting their dissertations.

So before proceeding to reveal the Holy Trinityers, I will lay some theological groundwork. Firstly, the original Holy Trinity was (is?) composed of The Father, The Son, and The Holy Spirit. Okay, you probably knew that. Secondly, and more importantly, The Father, The Son, and The Holy Spirit are, according to Catholic dogma, inseparable. They are one being--and yet they are three. Ah...who spies a paradox?



With the knowledge of this one-being-expressed-in-a-threesome paradox (no sexual punnery intended. And, yes I know, Threesome WAS a bad movie.) we can progress (some would say REgress) to the discussion of the musical occupants of this hallowed throne (Punk Rock being an essentially non-religious enterprise with a tendency to attempt the subversion of religious terminology, MxPx and a few others being the exception). It goes without saying that they are in no particular order--there being no particular order to The Holy Trinity. And without the other two, the greatness and splendor that is The Holy Trinity could not be made manifest. (Such reasoning eliminates and exposes as foolish and theologically unsound, the practice of routinely replacing members of The Holy Trinity. Did The Holy Spirit get replaced with, say, St. Francis of Assisi? The answer, oh you wayward punk rockers, is no.) Understand? Okay.



# BRIAN WILSON & THE HOLY SPIRIT, CONT.

So, the occupants are (appearing in alphabetical order): The Beach Boys, The Beatles, and The Ramones. Taken individually, certain flaws would become apparent; but taken collectively, actually—taken as a single unit—, they are unconquerable. They are The Holy Trinity. The combined musical strength and fortitude of this trinity makes any other individual band pale in comparison. That is the trick of The Holy Trinity. Catholicism understood it well. Hell, they MADE it. What kind of power could, say, Buddha or Mohammed hold in comparison to The Father, The Son, and The Holy Spirit? Buddha ain't got nothin' on the Trinity.

And the same goes for Maddy Dental's Holy Trinity. Even a truly great band like The Rezillos or Screeching Weasel seems genuinely weak when held up next to The Holy Trinity. That is the true power of The Trinity—three bands united under one spiritual...ur...musical banner, exhibiting an unparalleled level of musical greatness. And you thought Catholic school was pointless.



The Beach Boys





# THE CULT OF DENIM: A Modern Day Tragedy

"You don't even own a single pair?"

"Um..."

"Well, DO you or DON'T you?"

"No, I don't."

It was third grade. I was new at St. Pius X Grade School. I, had shoulder-length layered hair, a Cabbage Patch Kid, and a green blankie. I did not have a pair of jeans. Nope, not even a single pair of jeans, neither used nor new, graced my prepubescent physique. My mom thought jeans were silly and a waste of money that could be better spent on the navy blue pants required as part of the school uniform. So I owned several pairs of navy blue pants and a few stretch pants, and, of course, a few pairs of the now-retired stirrup pants. But no jeans.

Before I went to St. Pius I never gave much thought to my lack of jeans. At my old school, for whatever reason, the issue never came up. Well, the times they were a changin' and I suppose that what could be excused in second grade was now deemed a grave transgression of the codes of cool that ruled over the third grade.

I was a new student. (New Student=obvious target for ridicule). And I didn't look cool. At all. A few weeks prior to the first day of school I had cut my bangs myself, in a decidedly crooked fashion. In addition, my hair was layered, causing it to fly out and form little wings on the edges of my head. As far as personality goes, I wasn't shy; but I always seemed to say the wrong thing at the wrong time (like telling a Hitler joke at the holocaust museum-okay, maybe not THAT bad, but closer than you'd think). For example, everyone would be laughing and telling jokes and I'd think of a great joke that I knew would absolutely positively make everyone laugh. And so I'd tell

# THIRD GRADE ANGST, CONT.



it. And then no one would laugh. Stuff like that. Furthermore, all I did was read. I even had to have a parent-teacher conference about how I was staying up too late to read and how I should read less and sleep more.

So all of these things contributed to my general lack of popularity. But what really did me in was a single article of clothing, or the lack thereof. Jeans. An American staple. EVERY American man, woman, and child owns at least 2.5 pairs of jeans. Everywhere you go in the U.S., about half of the people you see are wearing jeans. Jeans, jeans, jeans. Everywhere my 20/20 vision can see.

Except, in 1987 there lived a 8 year-old girl in Wisconsin who had been denied the sacred birthright of all Americans. I, Maddy Dental, had been denied a pair of jeans. Due to my mother's disdain for all things working class ( this would take too long to explain) and because she herself had rarely worn them, she never bought me a single pair of jeans.

Luckily, the other kids in my class didn't identify the missing item in my wardrobe for quite some time because, it being a private school, we wore uniforms. However, a few times every month, we'd have "Dress Down" days, during which we were not required to wear our uniforms. Most of the time, I forgot about these days and ended up

being the object of ridicule for being the only one stupid enough to forget. But sometimes I remembered, and I'd come to school dressed

in my super cool pink stretch pants, or my stirrup pants with suns and

flowers on them. After a few Dress Down days, someone casually asked me why I never wore jeans.

"I don't know."

And for awhile, the issue was ignored. But eventually it came creeping back up again, like an extra small pair of underwear on a 350 lb. woman.





# ALL WAS NOT FORGOTTEN

(let alone forgiven)

"So, I forgot. Why don't you wear jeans ever?"

"Yeah, why don't you?"

"Yeah!"

"Umm... Well.... I mean..."

"Wait, you do OWN jeans, right?"

"Well..."

"You don't, do you?"

"Well...not exactly... Well, no."

"WHAT! YOU DON'T OWN JEANS. **EVERYONE OWNS JEANS. MY GRANDMA OWNS JEANS!**"

"Hey guys, Maddy doesn't own jeans!"

"Really!"

"Not even a single pair?"

"Nope, she doesn't own ANY."

"Weird."

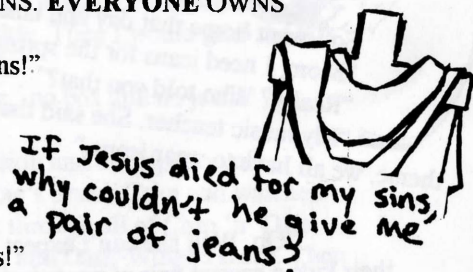
"Strange."

"HA HA! Maddy doesn't own jeans!"

That was not a fun day. But third graders don't usually stay on one topic for very long, and in a few weeks, most of them had forgotten all about my lack of jeans. I had even made friends with some of the people who had expressed outrage earlier. Things were looking good.

"Maybe switching schools wasn't SO bad," I began to think. Oh stupid, stupid Maddy.

As the months slipped away, it slowly became time for the spring music concert. Twice a year, once at Xmas time and once in the spring, the entire school gave a concert for the parents. And each concert had a theme. The theme for the spring concert that year was "Country/Western." We practiced lots of songs about the West, cowboys, Indians, and other P.C. topics (sarcasm) and I was actually kind of enjoying it. Finally, it was a week before the concert and our music teacher one day told us that there were a few more specifics about the concert that we needed to know. First, some of us were going to get to wear cowboys hats. Second, we should all wear country-type shirts. And third... **WE MUST ALL WEAR JEANS.**



# THE REAL REASON WHY I HATE COUNTRY MUSIC



Fie! No! After weeks of taunting and teasing, my classmates had forgotten about my non-ownership of jeans. And now here it was

again, hitting me in the face like a straightedger's fist at a Timothy Leary book autographing party. Immediately, the ridicule started

afresh. And now it was worse than ever. The pressure was on. It was then that I decided, "I MUST FIND A WAY TO GET JEANS."

So I went home that day and talked to my mom.

"Mom, I need jeans for the spring concert."

"Really? Who told you that?"

"My music teacher. She said that since it's a country/western theme, we all have to wear jeans."

"Oh. Well she can't expect parents to just go out and buy their kids a special pair of pants just for one concert."

"She doesn't. All of the other kids in my class already own jeans."

"I think you're exaggerating, Madeleine. I'm sure that not EVERYONE in your class owns jeans."

"But they do. They all do."

"Well, at any rate, I'm not buying you new pants just for a concert. You can wear your navy blue school pants. They're dark. They kind of look like jeans."

For the record: my navy blue uniform pants looked absolutely NOTHING like jeans. They looked like, well, like navy blue uniform pants.

"But that's not the same. We HAVE to have JEANS!" I insisted.

"Well, you'll just have to tell your music teacher that you don't own any, and she what she says."

Needless to say, I did NOT talk to my music teacher about my lack of jeans, for in my state of paranoia I was convinced that she, too, would make fun of me. So I just told my mom that she said I should get jeans.

It didn't work.



# PAST THE POINT OF NO RETURN

## THE CONCERT!



It was now the day of the concert and I still held onto a little bit of hope that maybe my mom would relent and understand and buy me a pair of jeans before it was too late. On the walk home from school that afternoon I even imagined that, upon opening the door to my house and entering into the kitchen, I would see a box on the table. I would approach cautiously, then quickly. Then I would grab the box and open it to find a pair of jeans inside.

I got home, looked at the table...no box and no jeans anywhere.

In my state of extreme depression and anticipation of mockery, I sat down with a Little Debbie's Snack Cake and watched Disney Adventures for two hours. I sat through all of Chip 'n' Dale Rescue Rangers, Ducktales, Tail Spins, and Dark-Winged Duck. Then my mom and dad came home (Note: my dad had absolutely zero decision-making power in our family, therefore appealing to him would only result in sympathy, but no jeans.). Any lingering hopes I had still harbored were crushed when she told me to go change my shirt. There was no mention of the pants, for I had not changed out of my school pants. Sigh.

So I went upstairs, changed my shirt, went back downstairs, ate dinner, and then got in the car to go to the spring concert. When I arrived, I left my parents to go upstairs to my classroom, where all of the students were getting ready. Of course, the first thing I heard was, "Why are you wearing your school pants?" which was quickly followed by, "Oh yeah, that's right. You don't have jeans." etc. etc. This endured for about 30 minutes until finally it was time to go to the gym, where the concert was being held.

We all marched up onto the stage and there I was: an island of navy blue school pants in a sea of jeans. We were all lined up in one very long row, and to the crowd of parents and friends in the audience, it would have gone something like this: jeans, jeans, jeans, jeans, jeans, jeans, jeans, jeans, je...NO WAIT! NAVY BLUE PANTS! WHAT KIND OF GOOD OLD MIDWESTERN AMERICAN KID WOULDN'T OWN A PAIR OF JEANS! GODDAMN COMMUNISTS! jeans, jeans, jeans, jeans, jeans, jeans, jeans.

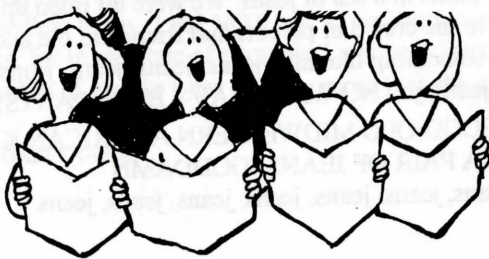
# THE DRAMATIC CONCLUSION

Utter humiliation. I never lived it down. But to add a twist to the story, for my birthday that year (in July), I received...not jeans...but a jean SKIRT (and a California Raisins t-shirt). To this day it is beyond me: a.) why a jean SKIRT when all of this time I had specifically requested the PANT form of denim, and b.) why she couldn't have just gotten the jeans, or whatever denim item she decided on, BEFORE the spring concert. Fie!


When I became slightly cooler in the eighth grade, I used to pretend like I just didn't like jeans, as though I, being the political nonconformist that I was--a position attained by advocating such controversial and un-heard-of policies like the continued legalization of abortions and the right to vote--had consciously decided to rebuke the mainstream ways of fourteen-year-old youth. In truth, I still really fucking wanted a pair of jeans, but my mom was still firmly against it. And even though I was babysitting and had a paper route, I still couldn't invest in such an expensive purchase without my mother's consent.

After eighth grade I reverted to my pre-third-grade sensibilities and completely forgot about the entire topic of jeans, my mind being occupied by other matters that would more suit an emo/personal zine than this fine piece of journalism. (And don't worry, I will NEVER subject you to a personal zine. If I do, you have full permission to lock me in a glass cage, feed me only the brown milk left over from an already consumed bowl of cocoa krispies, force me to watch recent episodes of Saturday Night Live, and poke me with my old boyfriend (but only for two weeks!) shawn's...ur...um...arm.) Anyway, the end of the story is that I didn't own a single pair of jeans until late freshman year.

But these days I have given in completely, no longer pretending that I don't want to wear jeans, or ignoring the issue. My current wardrobe includes two pairs of blue jeans and two pairs of black jeans. So after all of these years, I finally received the jeans I so desperately desired. But when I see people from my grade school, which is rare, I still occasionally get teased about the whole thing. Grow up. And don't mess with me and my cool jean-wearing friends because if you do we'll come to your house and steal all of YOUR jeans and then make fun of YOU. So there.







# THE ANTI-PLANE MANIFESTO

(Planes)

Planes are bad. Very bad. When in doubt, drive, take a bus, take a train. Do whatever you can. Do not take a bus. Especially if your name is Maddy Dental. Planes do not like her very much. In fact, right now I am sitting in the Cleveland airport, where I have been for the past four hours. Allow me to explain.

I went home for Thanksgiving like a good college student. The voyage was long and arduous; I had to take a bus from Hampshire College to downtown Amherst, then another bus from Amherst to Springfield, then yet another bus from Springfield to Boston. Then I took a shuttle bus from the bus terminal to the airport. Then I flew from Boston to Milwaukee. No fun. All of the time I was lugging two suitcases, my backpack, and a paper bag full of records (What was I thinking when I brought the Yeastie Girlz EP with me to college? Do I even LIKE the Yeastie Girlz? Can I even STAND the Yeastie Girlz? Does ANYONE like them?)

Then when I finally get onto the plane and start to relax, a man sits down next to me and starts talking. And he doesn't stop.

"So, are you going to visit relatives?"

"Yeah. My family."

"So, are you in college?"

"Yep."

"Where?"

"Hampshire College."

"Oh. What are you studying?"

"Philosophy and political stuff."

"Oh? I had a friend once who was really interested in philosophy. I'm in business. I work mostly in marketing. I'm beginning to wish that I had chosen a more non-traditional career path, though. I mean, I only get two weeks off a year, and with my one-year old, that's just not enough. And I'm getting older and its amazing how tired you get doing the same things you did when you were younger. It bothers me sometimes. I mean, I know its natural and that it doesn't mean there's anything physically wrong with me, but all the same...So, I'm guessing you're, what? 18? 19? 20?"

"18."

"Freshman."

"Yep."

"I remember when I was in college. Now it seems like so long ago. My sister just graduated and now that she's all done, I've really lost my connection to college life. I used to go visit her sometimes



## PEOPLE CAN BE ANNOYING, CONT.

while she was in college and I helped her move in freshman year. You said you're interested in philosophy. A lot of people who were interested in, what do you call it, liberal...ur...literature..."

"The humanities?"

"Yeah, a lot of people interested in the humanities in college actually end up in business. A good number of the people I work with have degrees in literature or history, something like that. You should keep that in mind. It's really great to have a diversity of people with different interests working together in business. And I bet people with philosophy degrees would be pretty good at problem solving, logic, that kind of thing."

He continued talking for about two hours until finally he got up to go to the bathroom. When he got back, I had me headphones on and I was looking out the window. I think he got the hint.

This illustrates Problem #1 with planes. Unlike trains, which have dining cars or buses, which usually are not completely full, planes are usually (in my experience) full. Furthermore, you cannot escape the person sitting next to you. When I went to Minneapolis two years ago, I went by train. The guy sitting next to me was drunk as fuck (How drunk is that, anyways? Oh well. Let's just say he was REALLY drunk) and was being loud and annoying and basically just interfering with my god-given right to listen to The Clash's "Story of the Clash" double cassette set (Actually, to listen to the FIRST of the two cassettes. Fuck Combat Rock.) for at least one-third of all of my waking hours. (Note: this is no longer the case. But everyone, in my opinion, must go through a Clash obsession.) So, anyway, this guy was yelling about the injustice of imposing a limit on the amount of alcohol one can purchase on a single Amtrak trip. (And, yes, they DO sell alcohol on trains.) I retreated to the dining car, where I could drink massive quantities of Diet Pepsi and listen to "White Riot" over and over again.

If I had been on a plane, I would have been stuck. And on the previously described voyage, I was indeed stuck--stuck right next to a thirty-something businessman going through a minor mid-life crisis. Planes are bad.

Okay, so eventually that flight ended; but a few days later Thanksgiving break was ending and it was time to go back to college--which brings me to where I am now. I woke up this morning at 6:30 a.m., having stayed up most of the night dubbing records I had purchased during my visit, onto tapes to avoid the annoyance of transporting the bulky, yet glorious vinyl. So I woke up early, took a



# JELLO BIAFRA, CLEVELAND, & HUNGER

shower, and left with my mom for the airport. It being the Sunday after Thanksgiving, the airport was packed--and, as it turned out, the

flight was overbooked. So they asked for volunteers to take the next flight out--which would get me into Boston just an hour or two later.

In exchange for the slight inconvenience, this person would receive one free round-trip plane ticket to anywhere in the continental U.S.

Faster than you can say, "Jello Biafra has a weird voice," I rushed up to the desk and volunteered, thinking, "Wow! This will save me at least \$200!" I was the first one there, so Maddy Dental was bumped off of her direct Boston flight and it was arranged that she

would take a plane to Cleveland and then to Boston, getting me in a mere two hours later than my ETA (airport acronym for Estimated Time of Arrival). A free plane ticket. Punk Rock.

As it turns out, they needed one more volunteer. This really fat, forty-something guy volunteers and we get on the one-hour flight to Cleveland. Because we were last minute additions to the flight, there wasn't enough breakfast for us to have any. Fie. This did not bode well for the rest of the day. (Attn: foreshadowing) So, the plane lands and Maddy Dental and the really fat guy exit the plane with empty stomachs, but high spirits, and walk to the gate for our flight to Boston. However, the flight was on a different airline and they claimed that they had never received a booking for us on the flight. Alack. Besides, they added, the flight was already overbooked and there was no way that they could get us on it. Fie.

The really fat guy called Midwest Express (our original airline) to see what we should do. They ended up calling some executive something or other and basically fighting with Continental (the airline that wouldn't let us on the Boston flight). End result? The two of us remained behind in Cleveland as the plane we were supposed to be on took off for Boston. Double Fie.

Now we were stuck in Cleveland on the Sunday after Thanksgiving, and, to make matters worse, a heavy fog had since descended on Cleveland, causing the cancellation of several flights, including a few to Boston. After being sent to both the Continental and Midwest Express gates a few times, the Midwest Express people told us that the only way we could get to Boston today (actually-toNIGHT)

# Vive le bus! Vive le train!

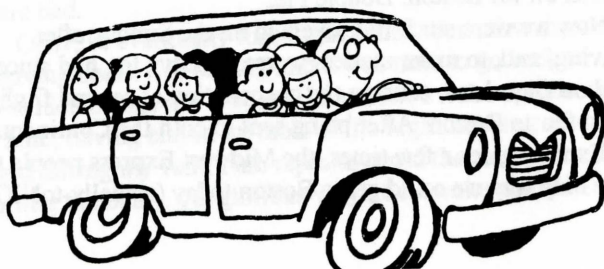
would be if we flew straight to Boston. The catch? The flight to Milwaukee didn't leave until 6:05 p.m. And the flight to Boston was scheduled to get in at 9:30 p.m. Add a 2.5 hour bus ride to Amherst--and I was going to get in at midnight. Triple Fie.

So they gave us a \$20 food voucher and we wandered around searching for a Pizza Hut. Eventually, we were successful and I enjoyed a cheese personal pan pizza and a bottled water. (No Diet Pepsi for me this time. The last thing I needed was more caffeine--caffeine inducing hyperactivity which contributes to (causes?) a general lack of patience.) And I needed patience.

Fuck patience. (I don't know HOW! YOU figure it out!) I had been hoping to be at school by 5pm and instead I'd be lucky to be there by midnight. Bah. So as of right now, I'm waiting to get onto my flight back to Milwaukee. By now, I'm sure you have discerned the nature of Problem #2: Unlike buses, which leave every hour, planes leave at irregular times and have all kinds of annoying layovers. Most of all, this involves a great deal of waiting. And Maddy Dental does NOT like waiting. I get impatient waiting fifteen minutes for a band to tune their instruments for Christsake. How am I to endure an unexpected six hour layover? Fie! Fie! Fie!

I know, I know...Right now you're probably thinking, "But you get a free plane ticket!" (In fact, you overly eager readers, I'll most likely end up with TWO free plane tickets before this is all over.) Foolish readers, it's only a trick. The more airlines fuck you over and create annoyances, the more free plane tickets you get. Expressed mathematically, the formula would be:  $L(1)=T$ . (L standing for the level of annoyance, T standing for a free ticket.)

But if you just smile and say, "Gee, Thanks for the ticket! Cool!" you are being deceived. You see, this is creating a situation whereby the MORE fucked-over you are, the HAPPIER you are--leading you to continue to utilize the airborne method of transportation. Otherwise, when faced with plane-induced annoyances, people would raise their fists to the sky, curse Charles Lindbergh and then catch a bus. But no--the free ticket lures them in like a worm to a fish. And you know what happens to a fish, don't you?





# THE CEREAL CORNER

with 100% of all  
vitamins!\*

The cereal corner will be a regular feature in Tight Pants, focusing on critical issues within the cereal scene. For our premiere issue, I will provide an overview explaining on the importance of this issue and providing some background information. In the future, I will welcome submissions from other cereal scenesters to print in this section. So rip open a bag of Rice Krispie Treats cereal and read on.

For those of you who have read the final issue of my old zine, "We Aren't the World," this may seem like a review. In fact, some of it will be directly copied from that issue. But we have to give the newcomers a chance, too, okay? It's like when you were in the 3rd grade and there were still a couple of really stupid kids who couldn't read and you could and they slowed down the class and were basically just really annoying. So just put up with the remedial nature of this article. Future ones will be on a much more advanced level.

Cereal is the only food that human beings need for survival. All other foods are superfluous. Being the scientist that I am, I have self-tested this hypothesis. This past summer my diet was 90% cereal, 5% milk, and 5% McDonalds twist cone. I am still alive. There. Hypothesis proven.

Moving on, I will now quote the article entitled "Nutritionists are Wrong" from the now defunct scholarly journal "We Aren't the World":

Lucky Charms is the best cereal ever, of course. Its only equal is the generic equivalent Marshmallow Maties, which, when I think about it, is actually BETTER than the real Lucky Charms because M. Maties has way more marshmallows.

This is not an arguable point. The list of favorite cereals after that, however, can be argued quite extensively. In my initial article, cited above, I incorrectly ranked some cereals. Allow me to correct my faulty ranking at this time.

Following Lucky Charms, there are a number of cereals that hold a superior rating. Included amongst these, are, in rough order:

\*Not including vitamins A, B, C, D, E, F, G, or H.

nutrition  
facts

page

# FOOD! The Cereal Corner

Corn Pops, Reeses Peanut Butter Puffs (like Kix except with chocolate and peanut butter flavoring!), Rice Krispie Treats (but only initially--when there are still big chunks of it stuck together. After you consume the big chunks of chemically fused Rice Krispie Treats, you might as well throw away the box because the small, individual Rice Krispies, even with the sugary coating, just suck.), Cinnamon Toast Crunch, Kellogg's Granola, Count Chocula, French Toast Crunch, and Cocoa Puffs. Following these cereals, are the cereals that rank in the above average category. They include:

Kix, Fruit Loops, Cookie Crisp, Cocoa Krispies/Pebbles (same cereal--different manufacturer), Frosted Flakes, Frosted Cheerios, Honey Comb, Trix, and, although I hate to admit it, Cracklin' Oat Bran. I know, I know. It DOES have the word BRAN in the name, but do not be scared away. Of course, I haven't eaten it since the 8th grade, and therefore I might be wrong.

In the average, take-em-or-leave-em category lie the following cereals:

Alpha Bits (Regular Alpha Bits win the award for the most dull tasting cereal, and even Marshmallow Alpha Bits stink because they have no where near as many marshmallows as Marshmallow Maties or even Lucky Charms.), Apple Jacks (Okay. At least it doesn't taste like apples.), regular Rice Krispies (You can eat 5 bowls of them and still be hungry. I am beginning to think that Rice Krispies are not a food at all, but, rather, just cleverly packaged air.), Shredded Wheat/Mini-Wheats/Frosted Mini-Wheats (Okay, Frosted Mini-Wheats ARE better than plain wheat chunks, but you're still eating WHEAT CHUNKS. No thanks.), Grape Nuts (No Grapes and no nuts. What's going on here?), Corn Flakes/Total/Wheaties/Special K/Product 19 (Okay, I admit that I previously have stated that I like Wheaties, but I have concluded that this odd statement was only the end result of months and months of daily forced consumption of it (My mom being utterly incapable of buying good cereal, thus forcing me to decide between Wheaties and Total. And, for the record, although it seems as pointless as saying that Screw 32 is better than Good Riddance, Wheaties IS better than Total. And, to continue along similar lines, Special K is THE MOST HORRIBLE cereal of its kind. The flakes have all of these air bumps in them, and the overall taste is highly displeasing. Corn Flakes is the most bland, and Product 19, well, I'm not sure that I've ever had Product 19, but it looks like all of the others, so I'm sure its just as bad.), regular Life (I have not recently taste-tested Cinnamon Life, but I think that I will soon, for I



# THE TASTE ADULTS HAVE GROWN

## TO LOVE.

## "FRENCH TOAST MY WA VCHI!"

have heard nothing but good things about it. I have, however, recently consumed regular Life, and found it to be most bland and unsatisfying.), Wheat/Corn Chex (Why does one need two different

kinds of the same fundamentally mundane cereal?), Raisin Bran (Raisin Bran IS better than plain corn flakes, but you still have to eat 98% corn flakes just to get 2% raisins. I say, if you want raisins, buy a

box of raisins. And if you want corn flakes, go away. You disgust me.), Crispix (yawn), and regular, plain Cheerios (double yawn).

Now we are arriving at the cereals that are worse than average or bland. We have now entered into the category known as Disgusting Cereals. The occupants are the following:

Golden Crisp (This stuff is so incredibly disgusting. And the stupid Sugar Bear mascot would get its ass kicked by the Lucky Charms

leprechaun.), Fruity Pebbles (Whoever decided that fruit-flavored cereal would be a good idea? Disgusting. The only exceptions are Fruit Loops and Trix, and even those are not that good. Plus, they share the

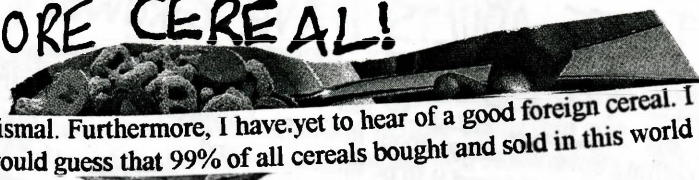
same shape, texture, and size of Rice Krispies. And you already know how I feel about those bastards.), Berry Berry Kix (I thought I'd mention it right now, while we're still on the topic of fruit-flavored

cereals. This was so bad that when I ate it, I actually threw up.), Apple Cinnamon Cheerios (see previous argument against fruit-flavored cereals), Honey Smacks (gross), Captain Crunch/Captain Crunch Berries (Captain Crunch, or as they spell it, Cap'n Crunch, has to be

one of the weirdest tasting and most unpleasing cereals I have ever consumed. Naturally, when one combines the repulsive taste of regular Captain Crunch with a FRUIT flavoring, as was done in the creation

of Captain Crunch Berries, what you end up with is one of the most disgusting cereals ever marketed for sale in these United States of America. But in all fairness, one must be a little patriotic when it comes to the United States and cereal because I remember when I was in the fourth grade and this girl from Australia came and talked to our class and she told us that in Australia they only have three or four kinds of cereals in most stores. And then when I went to France last year, I checked on their supply and found the situation to be equally

# MORE CEREAL!

A black and white photograph of a bowl filled with cereal, with a spoon resting in it. The bowl is dark, and the cereal pieces are light-colored and irregularly shaped.

dismal. Furthermore, I have yet to hear of a good foreign cereal. I would guess that 99% of all cereals bought and sold in this world are

American. God bless the U.S.A.), Puffed Rice (Need I even mention WHY?), and finally, this curious cereal known as Fiber One. I have never eaten it. But I saw it in the grocery store today and it looks exactly like maggots.

Okay, so now we've covered the basics as far as individual cereals go. At this point, I must comment on the two different ways in which cereals can be eaten: with or without milk. This is an important distinction, which cannot be overlooked. Some cereals that taste quite good sans milk become inedible when doused with that white liquid. And others can only be consumed in milk. Before you try to formulate your own opinions on the matter, allow me to decide for you. To begin I will quote my previous article on this subject:

The unfortunate thing about Honey Nut Cheerios is that they **MUST** be consumed in milk, unlike other cereals such as French Toast Crunch, which absolutely-positively-under-pain-of-death -and-forced- enclosed-exposure-to-Chinese-gong-music cannot and must not be eaten with milk.

Cereals that cannot be eaten with milk include: Cocoa Pebbles/ Cocoa Puffs/Cocoa Krispies/Count Chocula/Reese's Peanut Butter Puffs (All of which turn the milk brown. And one of the main rules of cereal-in-milk consumption is: **NEVER DRINK THE MILK**. And the second rule is: Avoid cereals that turn the milk brown.), Grape Nuts (Well, you shouldn't be eating them in the **FIRST** place; but if you are, then at least don't eat them in milk because they're even more flavorless when soggy.), Honey Smacks, Golden Crisp, Rice Krispie Treats (When you add milk, the sugary stuff on them dissolves and leaves you with regular Rice Krispies and really sugary, gross milk.), Cinnamon Toast Crunch and its cinnamon partner Apple Cinnamon Cheerios, and, I'd guess, Cinnamon Life (The cinnamon dissolves in the milk.), Frosted Cheerios, French Toast Crunch, Cookie Crisp, and, if you are going to eat it, which you should not, Captain Crunch/Captain Crunch Berries.

Now, just because a cereal cannot be consumed in milk does not mean that it is not a truly great cereal. As you probably noted, many fine cereals were mentioned above. The same is not true for cereals that must be consumed in milk, with the sole exception of Honey Nut Cheerios. The cereals which **MUST** be consumed in milk, have



## LAST PAGE ABOUT CEREAL- I PROMISE!

reached this point due to their generally weak taste, which necessitates the aid of an additional substance. Its like when a party is so incredibly boring that the only way you can enjoy it is to get really drunk. Or, is that ALL parties? In any event, or lack of an event (which is why I do a zine in the first place and is especially why I devote so many pages to the topic of cereal) the cereals which must be consumed in milk are the following:

Corn Flakes/and its many derivatives, Rice Krispies/Fruity Pebbles, regular Alpha Bits, Cheerios, regular Shredded Wheat, Honey Nut Cheerios, Crispix, Puffed Rice, Wheat/Corn Chex, regular Life, and that maggoty Fiber One.

Now there are a few incredibly versatile cereals that can be eaten both with milk and without. All of them are at least decent. Many of them are amongst the greatest cereals ever known to man. They are:

Lucky Charms/Marshmallow Maties (Need I say more? When I die, I want to be buried immersed in Marshmallow Maties, so that when I am slowly eaten by maggots, they will also get to appreciate the fine taste of this extraordinary cereal.), Marshmallow Alpha Bits (not a great cereal, by any means; but due to its resemblance to Lucky Charms, it gains a certain amount of versatility), Frosted Flakes, Honey Comb, Frosted Shredded Wheat (also not a particularly good cereal, but sometimes the frosting part tastes good with a little bit of milk on it. But beware! If you let it sit too long, it will become even more inedible than it already is.), Fruit Loops, Trix, Apple Jacks, Corn Pops (Although I do like them more in milk, they are still tasty when eaten plain.), Kellogg's Granola, and Cracklin' Oat Bran.

Berry Berry Kix should simply NEVER be eaten, either with or without milk.

Furthermore, one should never add sugar to cereal. Adding sugar to cereal is a vile, revolting habit. Also, in today's cereal world, it is entirely unnecessary, for all decent modern-day cereals come equipped with enough sugar already on them. And if they are fairly good cereals, the sugar is placed on the cereal in such a way that it will not dissolve immediately when combined with milk. And if the sugar does dissolve when placed on milk, well, then you know not to eat it with milk.

So there you have it. I'm sure that I have left out some cereals. I purposefully left out many "healthy" cereals because they are boring and after a while they all begin to sound the same. Also, I left out such short-lived cereals as Urkel O's, namely because I never got a chance to taste them. It is these cereals that I would be most interested in hearing about. So if you know of any obscure, now-defunct cereals, please write in and help the cereal scene remember its roots.

# I LIKE (some) MUSIC



## The Obligatory Record Reviews

Okay, okay. It shouldn't be done. But it will be done. I will review records. Send in your records/cds/tapes for review (if you don't mind being compared to cereals). Some are ahead of the gang and have already sent in items for review. Actually, there is just one--the mighty Epitaph records. I am convinced that Epitaph has spies that watch my every zine-making move. They sent ads, money, and records to me and my co-editor for the now-deceased "We Aren't The World" when the average circulation was around fifty. And now, a good two years since I even last acknowledged their presence (except to procure backstage passes for Warped Tour. Shut up. At least I got to see The Descendents for free.) they sent me still more glorious releases.

## Official Record Reviews

**Pennywise-Fight Till You Die/Final Day** cassette promo (Epitaph)  
This release reminds me of a mix between Wheaties and Total. A big hearty, healthy meal. None of this pop punk sugary cereal shite! No way, man! This is hardcore! We eat Wheaties!

**The Bouncing Souls-s/t** (Epitaph)

We're not AS hardcore, so we just eat Special K. Our songs really stink. Brian Wilson is going to come over to our house and kick our asses because he rules and we suck. Uh oh! Maddy Dental better turn this off, because she's starting to sing along!

(Lookout) **Mr. T Experience--Revenge is Sweet...** and so are you LP: I like this. I like MTX. They mention Lucky Charms. But that yodeling song is REALLY annoying. This is the equivalent of Fruit Loops, which I like. But it is not as good as Our Bodies, Our selves, which is the equivalent of Lucky Charms.

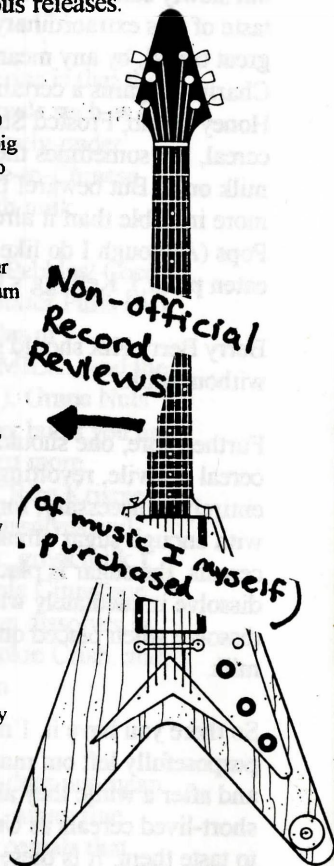
(Bulge) **Boris the Sprinkler--Little Yellow Box EP**--I like this, too. (Hey, at least I don't attempt to cloak my subjectivity in seemingly objective phrases like, "This is good." But, seeing as how my opinion is the only accurate one, I guess it all amounts to the same thing.) Now that I've said nothing about this release, I WILL say that covering excellent new wave songs is a good idea. This is Marshmellow Alpha Bits. *← in a good way.*

(Mutant Pop) **The Connie Dungs--s/t CD**--This is my favorite of the three. I might rank this as Lucky Charms, but in case I later alter my verdict, I will now attempt a more safe metaphor and call it Cinnamon Toast Crunch. And that is quite a compliment indeed. Buy this now.

But Maddy, you ask, what do these releases SOUND like? Dear reader, if you've read any zines before, you should know by now that the point of a record review section is NOT to describe the releases but to express love, hatred, or indifference for them. If you want to know what they sound like, well, I like pop punk and new wave. I buy pop punk and new wave records. Now, you all already KNOW what pop punk and new wave sound like, so why force repetition on your poor souls.

Non-official  
Record  
Reviews

(of music I myself  
purchased)





# PAGE OF PORN

Because that's all you really  
want to see, anyway.



**Tight Pants!**  
Box 23  
P.O.Box 5001  
Amherst, MA  
01002-5001

Send this to:

