



At long last, the new Tight Pants! Since the last issue I have moved to New York City, enrolled in grad school, bought tight purple corduroy pants, eaten my weight in sour gummi items, listened to This Bike is a Pipe Bomb endlessly, and missed the Midwest! This time around I bring you more tales of woe, work, and Wisconsin!

And now, onto business! I still have copies of #8 and #9 lying around for two bucks each. Plus I have a split zine just out (Tight Pants #9.99!) with the fantastic Ben Snakepit! All cartoons! Only one buck plus a stamp or two! TP #10 costs two bucks plus three stamps. (I know, I know, it's a dreaded rate increase but this zine is bankrupting me!) If you're ordering more than one zine, just throw in an extra stamp for each copy. If you're interested in distroing Tight Pants, contact me for cheaper rates. Note my address change below!

Also, I will be in France this summer, from mid-May to late August. So if you need your Tight Pants fix then, why not check out some of the fine distros instead?

For your convenience, there is a list of all the distros, bookstores, websites, etc. that have Tight Pants in the removable record reviews section. I am sure this list is incomplete because for some reason I'm always running into distros that have my zine through mysterious means. If you know of another distro that carries Tight Pants, please let me know. It's out of my control at this point! Chaos! Punk! Also, I am always looking for more distros, bookstores, bands that want to sell the zine on tour, etc. Please help me clean out my zine-filled closet!

Rock and roll!

P.S. This zine may be funny, but the U.S. government is not! Get out there & protest!

> Maddy/Madeleine (choose one) 296A Nassau Ave #3L Brooklyn, NY 11222



Arise Ye Workers! From Your Slumbers!

Attention! What follows is a bitter story of class struggle, roughly equivalent to the great coal wars of the 1920s or the fight for higher quality generic cereal! Leave your copy of the Communist Manifesto at home. This is the real thing!

Everyone knows about the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts. Countless hours of my life have been spent going door-to-door trying to sell Girl Scout cookies to fund Mussolini, Franco, and The System! I once even worked out a deal with my sister whereby I would try to sell Girl Scout cookies FOR HER and she would do my paper route. (Note: Stupid!)



But unlike most of young Americana, I never got too caught up in Girl Scouts. No, it wasn't because I was too busy reading the collected works of Astrid Lindgren or following the demise of Communism in Russia (both shockingly true!). The truth is, I belong to a mightier, superior, much stupider and probably more offensive organization! No, not the Greenshirts! Or the Blackshirts! Or the Brownshirts! Or the mesh tank topped! This was serious!

I belonged to the Indian Guides! (Note: Please address any and all complaints as to why I did not tow the party line from the age of six to Mr. Gregory Zinoviev! Second note: Ack! Pretty soon you're gonna need a PhD in Russian Politics to read Tight Pants! The shame! The horror! The shame again!)

Botany, Nuclear Winter & more!

Indian Guides was a YMCA organization, so, you know, it has to be, like, totally punk! Me, my sister, and my dad joined the Father/Daughter branch. We had to choose Indian names. Seeing as how we all had an in-depth knowledge of Native American culture, I chose the name Little Raccoon. Emily, in a fit of jealousy, chose Small Raccoon. My dad, in the interests of historical accuracy, became Long Beard.

The organization was composed of, guess? Tribes! We were originally in the very punk Apache tribe! There were about five or six other families in the "tribe" and we would go camping several times a year and have meetings where we would make completely, totally, unbelievably authentic native wares! Alright!

In our beloved Apache tribe, there were a number of rich, suburban parents who came to every camping trip totally equipped to handle any snowstorm, rain fall, snake bite, or nuclear winter. And then there was us and the Kochariks. The Kochariks were strange. And silly. And geeky! Even compared to us. And when your dad created an imaginary land known as Planet Zenon, had a PhD in French literature, and liked to spend his time debating Freudian theory, playing Final Fantasy, and eating chocolate covered peanuts, that's saying A LOT!

Mr. Kocharik was a major botany nerd, did not like sports, was short and overweight, and smart! Punk rock! His daughter Melissa was exactly like me and Emily: completely and totally insane!

Although we were definitely the outsiders, we still managed to ingratiate ourselves in the all-important Indian Guides hierarchy! After a few year, my dad became Chief Long Beard, a promotion that will not go unnoticed in the annals of Native American history!

But most of our time was spent trying to beat the other families in various games and events. Alright! Competition!

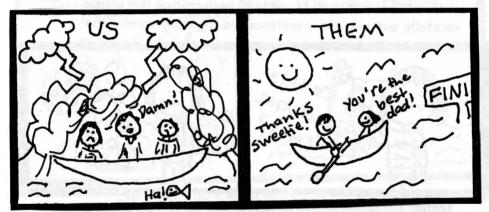
Unfortunately, there were some competitions that we could never win. Like the canoe races. Now, what kind of person has enough money to buy a canoe, store that canoe, take canoe lessons, and become a professional canoe operator? Answer:

Impending Doom, et. al.!

most of the people in Indian Guides! Ack!

Still, the race was on! We all lined up at the edge of Phantom Lake in Wisconsin and looked towards the yellow booeys several yards out. We could win, right? Right? Guys? Guys?

All of a sudden, the whistle blew and it began! Fathers started pushing the paddles with all their might! Some of them were halfway there in a matter of seconds! And us? Well, we were stuck. Somehow, despite all of the genetically-encoded canoe-operating knowledge that came from years of Eastern European ancestors, we could not get our canoe to move! Ack! No!



And then, we started to move. Not bad! Not bad! But, after a few feet, my dad looked at me and my sister. And then at the canoe. Yes, we were turning around! There was nothing we could do! We were moving backwards! And it got worse! A few seconds later, we started heading for a large watery-tree-filled-root-infested area near the bank—just as the rest of the teams had made the turn and were now facing us and headed back! Oh, the embarrassment! The humiliation!

It was unavoidable! We were going to end up stuck on the bank, five feet from where we started! My dad then had the only logical response to our impending doom: "Damn!" And there we were. Stuck with roots and branches all around us, just in time for the first family to cross the finish line. Defeat!

Rich People One, Broke People Zero!

Aristotle, Koosh balls & more!

The second main competition was the scavenger hunt. Each year, one of the families was chosen to make the list. They, of course, could not then participate in the game. The lists were always ridiculous—a penny from 1936, a newspaper from eight days ago, a Koosh ball, hypercolor socks. After a few camping trips, my dad started bringing a ton of change and a lot of random crap with us—paperclips, clothes-pins, #2 pencils—just in case. Every year, some random person won. The game was based on luck, not wit! Dumb!

And then one year our old friends the Kochariks were chosen to make the list! If you have been reading this article carefully, outlining every sentence and then diagramming that



sentence accordingly, you will recall that Mr. Kocharik was a botany nerd. When the lists were distributed, the daughters and their dads looked around in shock. What was this? Half of the items on the list were in Latin! Alongside the usual Susan B. Anthony coin and double A batteries were Bellis perenis, Taraxacum officinale, Calenduala officinalis, and Rubus ideaus!

Everyone started complaining, but we decided to get to work! But it was going to be difficult. My dad had taken Latin in high school, but looked grim! We headed for the fields to look for something that might be Calenduala officinalis.

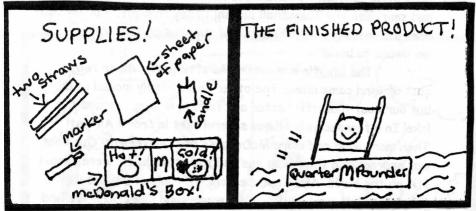
After a few minutes, we heard a rustling sound. What could it be? Animals? Aristotle? No! It was Mr. Kocharik. He had come to translate all the names for us! Cheating! Punk rock! In no time at all we had found Bellis perenis (daisy), Taraxacum officinale (dandelion), Calenduala officinalis (marigold), and Rubus ideaus (raspberries)!

McDonald's & Stupid Crap!

An hour later, we handed in our completed list and won the prize! Who says cheaters never win?

Rich People One, Broke People One!

Although we could not operate an actual, human-carrying sea vessel, we could build stupid crap that would float! What follows is perhaps the greatest subversion of the upper classes in my entire life!



Every year there was a contest to make your own, unmanned, tiny sailboat and race it. You know, something no larger than a breadbox or two large bags of Cheetos (the two standard measuring devices of the modern age!).

The rich families would spend months crafting the perfect boat—carving it out of wood, consulting books, carpenters, and their buddies at the golf course! They would come to the campgrounds with huge monstrosities of boats—with hand-made linen sails, engraved rudders, glossy paint jobs, and more!

Not us! Following the grand tradition of Leonardo da Vinci, Thomas Jefferson, and Homer Simpson, my dad created the greatest modern invention since the candy bar! His building

supplies? One McDonald's styrofoam quarter-pounder container (you know, the really old ones that had separate compartments for the bun and the meat), two McDonald's straws, a sheet of

TP will unite the human race!

paper, and wax. He used the container as the base, the sheet of paper as a sail, used the two straws to support it, and kept the whole thing together by melting a candle on the edges. (See Diagram A!)

Let me just say right now that my dad was perhaps the most punk rock individual to grace this earth! He used McDonald's trash to make a boat!

So, the race was on! The other fathers looked at our puny little boat with a raccoon drawn on the sail in black marker and smirked. "Ha! They shall perish!," they thought, "For my boat is mightier and took \$100 worth of supplies at True Value hardware to build!"

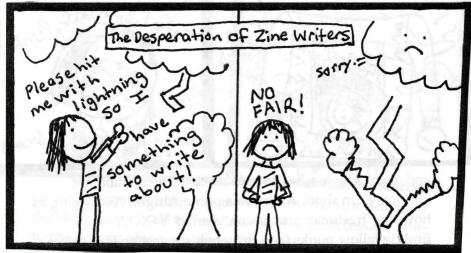
The whistle was blown and after a minute or two, a gust of wind came along. The other boats hardly moved at all, but our boat took off! Faster and faster, it swept across the lake! In a few seconds, it was several feet in front! Alright! Then more wind and more McDonald's boat movement! Our boat was approaching the finish line and the other boats were almost still on the bank! And then, we won! We couldn't believe it! We jumped up! We jumped down! We ran around like crazy! We had usurped The Man! On behalf of everyone who had ever gotten their toys and stuffed animals out of a dumpster, gone to a fast food restaurant for the sole purpose of obtaining free napkins and ketchup, or argued over whose 25 cents that was on the floor in the laundry room, we had won! Marx be damned! We did it our way!



HJ: A Story Not- About Me!

Attention! Attention! Something really stupid has to happen to me, Ms. Tight Pants, soon! Could someone please stick a bug in my ear or hit me with their car? Could I please get molested by some French guy on a train? Please?!

Luckily, I've begun to realize that when stupid things don't happen to me for a few weeks or even months, I can write about stupid things that happen to OTHER people! I know, I know, slap a Nobel Prize on my back and call me Frances Bacon! Or, uh, Brian Wilson! So, without further ado (A-doo, A-dou?) I present to you...The Story of HJ!

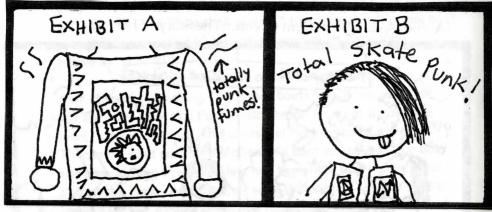


The life of HJ has been as filled with ridiculosity (my favorite word!) as the life of Johnny Thunders has been filled with drugs and crazy hairstyles! (Note on that: Please, please, please, if you're in some shitty emo or glam rock band, do NOT, I repeat, do NOT attempt to style your hair like Thunders, or the 'Mats for that matter. Lame, lame, lame! Only true rock and roll bands can have rock and roll hairstyles. And No, for fuck's sake, the Locust does not count!)

When I first met HJ, he was known as Aaron (after stupidly trying to ditch his hometown punk name of Mootis, which came from a strange alteration of the Garbage Pail Kid

Filth Patches & Vicious Attacks!

Mucus Marcus. Hey, are punk names SUPPOSED to make sense? I should hope not!) and he was still in his crusty punk phase. (Note to readers: why is it that all of my friends from college went into freshman orientation looking strange and crazy and somehow ALL managed to come out looking the same? For shame! You won't see me throwing away my tight pink pants anytime soon!) Aaron had a vest with lots of spikes and Filth patches (see Exhibit A), one of those 80's skater haircuts known to many as "The Flip" (see Exhibit B),



and always wore a backwards baseball cap (exhibit not necessary). In short, Aaron was punk! Alright! And seeing as how the "freshman orientation" period is ONLY about finding fellow punks (and thus, t-shirt selection is of prime importance—I've said it before and I'll say it again, the only reason I talked to this boy who I ended up dating for more than a year was because he was wearing a Boris the Sprinkler shirt! Shallow? No! Smart!), we immediately formed a small group of punks and hangers-on, numbering no more than ten at any time.

In no time at all, I realized that Aaron was not your ordinary punk. Oh no, for Aaron had been the victim of a

vicious attack, an attack so hideous that it has taken over twenty years for the details to appear in print! I have obtained the exclusive rights to this story, after months of negotiations

Turner & Hooch vs. G.G. Allin!

as difficult as those between Hitler, Stalin, and FDR at Yalta! So, here, for the first time in print, is the cruel, cruel tale. When Aaron was two years old, he was in a pet store with his dad, spending a quiet and peaceful afternoon looking at animals behind cages. The pet store employees were cleaning some of these cages, and when they opened the monkey cage... the monkey escaped! He ran and ran around the store, no doubt creating hijinx of the sort observable on such movies as Turner & Hooch and Babe (I know, I know, I apologize for



conjuring up such images!), and in the mayhem, the monkey decided to affix itself to the most convenient, accessible, low-to-the-ground object available. Two year old Aaron's head! The monkey reached his claws out and dug in—right behind Aaron's head and into his skull! (At this point, I imagine that you GG Allin punks are givin' each other high-fives and yelling, "Fuck yeah! Pain is punk! Where's that girl who promised to pee on me?") A crowd gathered around and tried to remove the monkey—grabbin' and pullin'; but the monkey was as resilient as, well, as Darby Crash, because in the end, Aaron's dad delivered a powerful WACK to the head of the monkey, and it went flying, releasing Aaron's from its cruel embrace!

At this point, the blood did runeth from Aaron's head and God was very, very displeased! Untrue! Untrue!

Ritualistic Burning & monkeys!

This is a punk zine! God cared not for Aaron, the lowly two-year-old punk rocker, and thus, Aaron went to the hospital, where he had about 120 stitches in his head! But the fall-out was worse than expected, for Aaron used to wake up in the middle of the night and watch static on the tv while rocking back and forth in a position most commonly associated with THE MENTALLY DISTURBED! So Aaron's parents put him into child therapy, using some of the winnings after suing the pet store (the money from which Aaron is still living on at this very moment!)...and some might say that Aaron was okay, after poking a therapeutic monkey and drawing pictures of himself setting fire to Curious George's house, but I say, no way! 'Cause if he was sane, how would he get involved in the following mess?

Years later, Aaron was on that punk rock rite of passage-no, not the ritualistic burning of Fleetwood Mac records! Nor the elaborate plans to kill everyone in your school and somehow get away with it! No, less punk, but punk nonetheless, Aaron went on a road trip! He and his friend Shannon were havin' a grand old time, hanging out, driving, driving, driving, and then they ran into two girls hitchhiking somewhere in Idaho. We all know that it is the solemn duty of every punk to pick up hitchhikers (wait, you didn't know that? Well, I might just have to give you a refresher course on how punks are hobos and hobos are punks, and if you don't like Woody Guthrie you can, as some British punk might say, go fuck off!). So Aaron and Shannon picked up these two girls and they all decided to split the costs of a motel room-not in the sneaky, hey-baby-it'll-becheaper-and-then-we-can-watch-cable-and-screw type way, but in the legitimate money-saving way known to weary, camping travelers who, after many weeks, are in desperate need of a bed and a shower, if just for one night. So, they get the room, and buy a ton of beer (of course!) and start

Motel 6, Handjobs, & pain!

drinking. Aaron ends up passing out, (which he later blames on the "high altitude" which he claims made the alcohol all the more potent. I say, Aaron, you were drunk and would have been drunk regardless of your distance from the level of the sea!) So, you might think, a good night, a big bed, beer, a shower, some Motel 6 in Idaho...sounds grand! But, Aaron awakens awhile later to the sight and sensation of one of the hitch-hiking girls giving him a handjob! Whoa! Although this sounds like something outta a porno, think about it for a minute. Would you REALLY wanna wake up like that? Well,

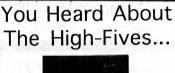


YES, OF COURSE YOU WOULD! Sadly, in this case, the girl belonged to that shockingly large category of females completely incapable of giving a guy a handjob (I do NOT understand this! The handjob is perhaps the most simple (and most boring) sex act in the history of sex acts. Come ON, girls! Stop giving the rest of us a bad name!) and she was squeezing and pulling and other verbs that are written here to make my male readers squirm, and it was, as Aaron describes it, completely and totally painful and in no way sexual. So he simply had to get her to stop! He describes what he did next as "swatting her off of me," which I have illustrated in Exhibit C. So, you'd think, strange, but that's about the end of the story...right? Wrong! Wrong! Wrong! As wrong as the

Black Flag, Hegel, & Hippies!

discontinuation of the twist cone at many a McDonald's! As wrong as Henry Rollins joining Black Flag! As wrong as indie rock! And that's WRONG, lemme tell ya!

For he made the mistake of telling his ten punk rock friends (myself included) this tale of woe and sexual degradation, and from that day forward, he was no longer Aaron. He became HJ! And I don't mean that we occasionally called him HJ. We always called him HJ. His DAD now calls him HJ (but, hey, his dad is the coolest dad I've ever met,





...How About The Monkey?

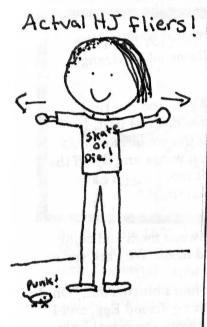


So, By Now You
Think You Know
The Whole Fucking
H.J. Story?

minus my own. One Thanksgiving at HJ's house, his dad got so drunk while yelling about Hegel and Marx and Jewish cultural history, that he almost mooned us! I love that man!). But even that wasn't enough. We decided that the rest of our college campus had to be aware that a celebrity existed amongst us! A celebrity known as HJ! So, we did what any other good (read: bored) friends would do: we made posters and plastered them all over campus. Hundreds and hundreds of posters and fliers (and please note that our college had only about a thousand students!), originally just introducing HJ. But as these fliers progressed, they began to call upon the student populace to give HJ a high-five. In no time at all, HJ was getting SEVERAL DOZEN high-fives a day! Stoned hippies (is there any other kind?) would be lying on the grass

The Dickies, Trampolines, HJ!

and see HJ walk by and say, "Wait, dduuuuuuuuude. I gotta give you a high-five, man." Random people HJ did not even know would be slappin' his hand, over and over again! It got to the point where EVERYONE on campus knew who HJ was. Finally, we decided that there had to be an HJ party to commemorate his new-found fame. This party was attended by roughly HALF OF THE SCHOOL! That is a crazy turn-out for any party, and HJ got so many high-fives, I do believe his





hand developed callouses!

To this day, he goes by HJ, and, like the existence of Cometbus and Lucky Charms, I see no sign of this ending anytime soon (thankfully!). So the next time you're in Minneapolis, if you see a man resembling Exhibit D, please, for the love of the Dickies and Radon and This Bike is a Pipe Bomb and giant trampolines and all other things holy, PLEASE give the man a high-five! The end!



Once again, I sift through the great literary works of our

time, to bring you the very best prose of the modern age.

This time around, in memory of the greatest Ramone, we bring you...the writings of Dee Dee Ramone! So strange!

"I was always trying to build something. Another time I had seen a history book with Leonardo daVinci in it. I couldn't read but it showed him with the wings of a bird, flying. So I tried to build some wooden wings and fly off the roof, but luckily the neighbors caught me. I would have jumped off five stories. I was in a dreamland."

Some breakfast table dialogue between mom and child: "Douglas, you seem to be in a good mood. Why are you so cheerful this morning? What's up with you?"
"Oh, I don't know, Mom," I said. Then I blurted out, "Oh, I just took some LSD last night with my friend Egg, and I am still tripping. I feel wonderful. Even the cereal looks beautiful."

"It was when we were recording on Long Island that [Marky Ramone] flipped completely. I had just walked into the studio and John and Joey were waiting for me by the door.

"Don't go in there, Dee Dee," they said.

"Ok. What's happening dudes?" I replied.

"Go home," they told me, "It's Marc, he's flipped his wig. He's in there now doing that chicken beak boy dance. He's really out of control. It looks bad, Dee Dee."

Punks v. Catholicism!

Native Americans were given blankets full of smallpox! Frank Little was dragged to death and hung! Emma Goldman was deported to Russia! And I was forced to attend my senior retreat under penalty of not graduating! The shame! The horror! The dangers of attending an all-girls Catholic high school!

The senior retreat was the final culmination of years of indoctrination via the Chicken Soup for the Soul books. Each year, there was a "retreat" we had to attend. My freshman year, the "retreat" consisted of a pro-life rally in



honor of the 150th Anniversary of the Archdiocese of Milwaukee, including a speech given by none other than, d'oh!, Speech from Arrested Development. In the midst of thousands of high school Catholics stomping their feet and yelling, "What do we gotta do? Pray! How are we gonna pray? Hard!" I sat, singing along in my head to the imaginary sounds of Operation Ivy in a desperate plea for mass murder, not peace.

Such an experience, roughly comparable to being locked in a auditorium full of screaming religious fanatics...oh, wait... Well, that first retreat had nothing on the grand, the incredible, the ridiculous...senior retreat!

A full weekend of my life! Two nights and three days somewhere in the middle of nowhere in Wisconsin (please keep any and all obvious jokes to yourself!). A weekend spent with people who either 1.) were scared of me (what there is to fear about a five foot tall girl with a propensity

Bukharin, Jesus, & Poop!

for wearing pink pants is beyond me!) 2.) spread rumors about me that I was either a lesbian, a heroin dealer, or both!, or 3.) were one of my two friends. Fun.

The retreat was led by Sister Theresa, a perpetually smiling nun who led us in meditations about Jesus everyday in theology class ("Now, Jesus is on a hill. Yes, yes. Be calm. He loves you. Jesus is giving you a gift. You open the gift? What is it? What is Jesus' gift to you?—At which point, one realizes that the most funny answer is none other than the old standard: poop.) Anyway, Sister Theresa was constantly trying to "take me under her wing," figuring that I was going through a stage and anyone who didn't believe that a ghost wrote a book about God...well, they would see the light of reason eventually!

And she had the classic definition of who I was: a young, troubled teenager who was probably doing a lot of drugs and going through "tough times," (See: every single after-school special, except I never thought it would be a good idea to take out my parent's gun and aim it at my best friend, 'cause, like, I'm sure it's not loaded!) but hey, I would come around! Even when I wrote a twenty page essay called Why I am Not a Christian (I know, I know, I sent Bertrand Russell the royalties!) in response to an assignment where we were to design our wedding, right down to the last dress, reading, and dessert item, she didn't seem to get it. My manifesto, with dozens of footnotes to Camus, Marx, Bukharin, and Dostoevsky stands as a testament to my ridiculosity and was marked with only one word in response: "Interesting." (Incredibly Dorky Note: My sister and I later published my essay and an essay she had written on why she was a communist, as a split zine. The humiliation!) Anyway, I gained a reputation as the strange smart kid. Yes, I did read the complete works of Kierkegaard. But I also had sex with girls, snuck away to go to shows in Chicago, and got drunk. Punk? Punk!

And now I was being forced to spend an entire weekend with people who I not only hated in the special way

Kissinger, Candy & Prayer!

reserved for one's high school classmates, Henry Kissinger, and anti-candy vigilantes! This was an outrage! I could have been going to a party in south Wisconsin! Or smoking pot! Or eating Lucky Charms in the limited privacy of my mom's home! Lame!

The general theme of the retreat was to get to know everyone in the class better, since these were, so tragically, the last months we would ever spend together. We were supposed to form new friendships, reminisce about old times, share deep, dark secrets, and pray.



So, I brought my walkman and one tape: the Dead Kennedys. I knew that only the sound of Jello screaming could allow me to maintain my usual school-time level of rage, hatred and anti-social behavior throughout an entire weekend. Who knows, if I listened to, say, Green Day, I could have been tempted to get to know some of them in a general spirit of marijuana-influenced-friendliness. I needed to stay mad! I also brought at least ten books. I figuredthat every last minute that I could, I would sneak away and read. So I brought some Emma Goldman, some Chomsky, some Beckett, and other items on the "Punk Rock Highschooler Reading List." I was not going to participate!

Things started out on a bad foot. We arrived at the site of our retreat—a wooden lodge with exposed beams and high ceilings. You know, the sort of place that screams, 'Beware! FEELINGS have been expressed here!" I

Total High School Punk Freakout!

immediately went to my bunk and started listening to "Kill the Poor."

But I was soon cruelly dragged into the main room for "A Friendship Exercise." We had to fill out little sheets of paper with positive things about people and put them in their "mailboxes." I declined to participate. The last time something like this had been tried, every single person in my fourth grade class wrote on my sheet "smart," with the exception of one person, I still do not know who, who wrote "cute." (That's what happens when you cut your own



bangs!) The major drawback to this exercise was that you couldn't write anything negative. So, what was I to write? I couldn't write, "Like, totally anorexic!" or "You have, like, so much money!" or "I really have no idea who you are." So, I went back to my room. And stayed there.

Sometime in the next day, Sister Theresa came in while I was reading Alexander Berkman's ABCS of Anarchism and rockin' out to "Let's Lynch the Landlord." Disturbing my total high school punk freakout (the nerve!), she put her hand on my shoulder and leaned in really close, smiling all the while, until she was about two inches from my face.

Then she said, "Maddy, is there something you're struggling with?" "I just want to read," I said. That wasn't good enough for this nun. "I know this can be hard for you." "I just want to read." "I'm sure there's a lot you are struggling with, and if you want to talk..." she said. "No! I am reading," I said, shoving the book towards her face. "A BOOK." "Well, I'm here if you need me."

We shall not be moved!

Later that night came the grand finale. The single most ridiculous event in my high school career! The big "Sharing Time!" Everyone in my class, about a hundred people in all, gathered in the main room. Some of the mom chaperones sat with their daughters on their laps. In one particularly strange incident, I spotted one mom stroking her daughter's hair, in a position that could only be described as one most conducive to breastfeeding. Luckily, I had two friends who were united against what was to come. Me, Maureen, and Kerry sat against the back wall, arms crossed. We would not be moved!



And then, one by one, girls started going up to the front of the room to tell the story of the most tragic thing that had ever happened to them. One slightly overweight girl got up and started sobbing, "I just keep trying to lose these ten pounds and its such a struggle! I mean, LOOK at me!" Girls broke down, sobbing uncontrollably, leaning on each other for support. Then the next girl came forward. "I've been, like, under so much stress this year. I mean, this year is, like, crucial. It will decide the rest of my life," and then she started doing that annoying I-Am-Crying-But-Yet-I-Will-Still-Try-to-Talk. "So (sob sob) I just (sob sob) caca can't do this anymore."

At this point, the urge to laugh was impossible to hold back. I immediately established an intimate relationship with myself and the floor. I couldn't look at Maureen or Kerry. I started shaking due to my exertion! (Note: this is a long-standing problem in my family. One year, we all went to Christmas Eve mass together, and we sat in the third or

Bethlehem and Trigonometry!

fourth row. A woman got up to tell a children's story, complete with slides. The story had a refrain that went, 'And the star said Bethlehem." She would half-sing the word "Bethlehem" each time, and after the second time, my entire family, including my mom, was in convulsions trying not to laugh. After the third or fourth time, the entire pew was shaking! And then, finally, on time number five, the first syllable came out "Beth..." and the laughter that we had all been trying so hard to hold back gushed out of our mouths, and resulted in the people several pews around us laughing too. We never sat in the front again.)

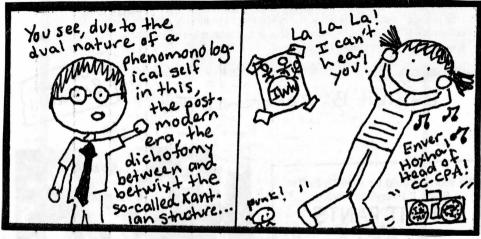
More and more girls came forward, in a desperate rush to out-do the last person. If the person who went before talked about her grandma dying, the rest person would talk about her grandma AND grandpa dying AND getting a B- on a very important test! Then the next person would glare slightly at the person who went before her and say, "Well, not only did I also get a B- on a very important test, and both of my grandparents died, I also just cannot understand trig! At all!" All of their tragedies could be placed into one of three categories. 1.) grandparents dying 2.) eating disorders 3.) school.

Meanwhile, I sat there, with one thought and one thought only. Why didn't I think of some made-up tragedy? I could have made up a story about how I struggled with dyslexia that I caught while having ALL FOUR grandparents shot to death by firing squad in front of me! Or, better yet, I could have gone up there and talked about how, 'Gee, guys, it really hurts me. I just never feel like I fit in!" Oh the lost opportunities! Instead, I got to sit back and enjoy the long, glorious show! Me and my two friends had the only dry eyes in the place. A few girls glared at me as if to say, "Cry, dammit, cry! Can't you see you need to cry?!" But I just laughed and forever solidified my position as a cruel, heartless freak.



Here at the Tight Pants undisclosed location, we are waging a war to end all wars! A war on an enemy so devious, she chooses to use the EXACT SAME NAME as our noble organization. The effects have been disastrous: chaos, famine, suffering, death. I will not give up until this enemy has been vanquished!

For longtime Tight Pants readers, you already recognized the enemy as: The World Would Be A Better Place if



Everyone Wore Tight Pants. Or, as it is more commonly known, Tight Pants. No! No! I am not playing a trick on you! This is NOT some sort of annoying artsy postmodern psychological thriller, in which the enemy is myself, due to the dual nature of modern man, zines, and gummi frogs! There is another zine out there called Tight Pants!

Allow me to quote from the other Tight Pants: "The days leading up to a Weezer concert are almost exciting (sic) as the concert itself." And: "Dashboard (Confessional) is my favorite 'band' at the moment."

Anyway, I had written to Elana, the girl who does the other Tight Pants, and I printed the letter in an old issue of (my) Tight Pants. Elana ended up referring to it as a "hate letter" in her zine, proving once again that humor is not genetically encoded in all of God's creatures!

Gentlemen, Prepare Your Swords!

So imagine my surprise when she submitted her zine to the leftist bookstore/info shop/resource center where I volunteered! And guess who was handling all the zine orders? Not Osama Bin Laden!

Without further ado, I present to you: The Tight Pants Letters!

Exhibit A: First Letter to Me!

Hil My name is Elana and I do a fanzine called "the world would be a much better place if everybody wore tight pants." I got your address from a list of zine libraries. I'm sending a few issues of my zine to include in your collection. If you would like more copies or to continue to receive future issues please let me know. Thanks!

Elana

Exhibit B: Reference Tool

& Save!



NOT TIGHT PANTS

22

FEATURING: Bloodhound Gang! Suicide Machines! The Impossibles! Nerf Herder! The Amazing Crowns! Sloppy Seconds! River City Rebels!





Exhibit C: My First Response!

Dear Elana -

Thanks For sending your zines. I have to confess, at first I was a little confused. It didn't look like the tight lands zine I was used to. And there a customer came in and bought it only to return a few minutes rates. Saying It was the wrong zine.

Seeing as how we are a small collective we can't carry every zine. In particular, our filing system only allows us to carry one zine with a given title. I'd like to carry your zine (being a leftist bookstore we carry a lot of punk stuff, and recently sold out of a Blink cdep in only 3 days!!!), but the logistics of it just won't work with our filing system. I can send you some diagrams of our system, and if you could figure out a way to make it work, that would be really cool. If you would be willing to list your zine under a different name, we would be able to carry it. Let me know if this is olday. We've always looking for new zints!

Thank 5!

madeleine @ Arise!

P.S. I'm a big Weezer fan too! Rock & Roll 1

Oh, The Humanity!

Exhibit D: Her Second Letter to Me!

Hi) playing you could like my zine under "W" because the full title is "The world would be a much better Place Il freightly refer Wore tight Pants" (Which is why I usually refer to it as just tight Pants, though that does make the girl who does Tight Pants quite engry) If that doesn't work you can list it under whatevery ould like, my zine isn't too well known so I can't imagine any body specifically looking for it.

- 10.00c

EYHIBIT E: FROM HER ZINE!



Just to clear the air

YES I know there's a zine called Tight Pants

NO I don't know who started first YES the editor of TP does write me hate letters

YES I find it highly amusing

YES I have an emotional attachment to the title of my zine (the story behind it is in issue numero two)

YES I know it's a long title

NO I don't care

Random Fact: There is also a band called Tight Pants.

And to quote the immortal words of Eminem:

"You can suck my dick if you don't like my shit. I was high when I wrote it so suck my dick."
PS I don't really have a dick and I've

never been high

Note: She is referring to a very silly cease+desist retter I sent her.

Onward Christian Soldiers!

Exhibit F: My Second Response!

Hi Elana.

4/13/02

Sorry to take so long to get back
to you! Thanks for your suggestion- that
we can file your zine under "The World
Would be a much Better Place if
Everybody wore Tight Pants." Unfortunately,
that title is too long for our filing system.
(See diagram below). Would it be okay to



TWYMBPEWTP? We might actually have to list actually have to list it all in lower-case letters to make it fit. I'm willing to

try anything once!

HTW! (Hope This WORKS!)

omadeleine / Arise bookstore 2441 Lyndale Ave S minneapolis, MN 55408

EXHIBIT G: NO RESPONSE!



Case Closed Your Honor!





Attention all Midwesterners! All loyal cheese-eating, sweatpants- wearing Tight Pants readers who just don't give a fuck! This is a statement of loyalty, pride, and defiance! A few months ago, I left the Midwest (specifically, Minneapolis and before that, Milwaukee) to move to the most dreaded, horrific city in the United States. New York City!

Why, you may ask, would Ms. Tight Pants, lover of all thing forgotten, silly, unpretentious, and downright stupid, move to a place that claims to be the cultural mecca of the entire world? Doesn't this just sound like a horrible idea? Yes, yes, guilty on all counts! But here's the sad truth: I want to become a journalist. Specifically, I want to write about work, the labor movement, and the working poor. (So basically I want to write about people I know.) And so I applied to grad school for journalism.

Of course, when you make under \$15,000 before taxes, you can't afford grad school. So I applied, but considered it a done deal that I would get a slip of paper in the mail that said, "Congratulations! You are accepted into our prestigious program! Please return the enclosed form along with a check for \$20,000." However, I decided to be crafty! I have a very limited knowledge of French (just about enough to figure out all the French phrases Dr. Frank slips into his songs—I am so smart I even know what Je ne sais quoi means!) So I applied to this strange joint degree program in French Studies and Journalism. I knew that the French Studies program was loaded, and they ended up giving me this crazy deal. Full tuition and a stipend and free health insurance!

Swedish Fish, Dolphins & war!

Let me make this as clear as possible, in case we've got some members of Anti-Flag readin' this! (Ooh, low blow! Low blow! Although, when you're five feet tall, that's the only kind of blow you can give. D'oh!). I am getting a check for \$2000 every month. Yes, this is insane. I realize this. I can now afford to buy veggie corn dogs—the food of kings! Anyway, we punks do NOT refuse free money (and its not just 'cause we like Patti Smith!). We taketh from the mighty capitalist and useth his money to



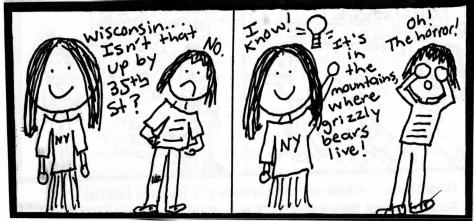
fundeth our purchase of bulk containers of Swedish fish and Radon records. Subversion! So, I took the money and vowed to move to New York. Luckily, I ended up moving there with my friend from Minneapolis, Amanda. Two Midwesterners against the entire east coast? It was a war! The Midwest v. New York City! Let the battle begin!

I had come from the Milwaukee punk scene, where everyone knew everyone, people have punk names like Tab Man and Bubbles, and the hit of any party is a dolphin hand puppet named Professor Finns. A place where a party consists of people getting as drunk as possible and dancing around to Pinhead Gunpowder screaming along as loud as they can, grabbing the person next to them, and wrestling them to the ground! A place where you grabbed some beers and went down to the Milwaukee River to build a bonfire and swing from trees! This is punk rock! This is a scene!

And then I moved to New York. Everything in New York takes place at bars. Shows are at bars. People hang out at bars.

Rivers! Junk! Stuff! Drunk!

It seems as though the life of most punks revolves around bars. And then, of course, what are the underage punks to do? So you've got two scenes—one of young kids and another of old, disgruntled punks! Not cool! The old punks need the kids to remind them that going swimming in a polluted river drunk at 3am is a good idea, and the young kids need the old punks to tell 'em about all the cool bands they've never heard of! What's a young punk to do when the old punks are sitting around drinking \$5 vodka concoctions, talking about the old days? Argh!



Plus, the city is much too huge to ever know all the punks. And, in my world, that's a bad thing. All of the things I take for granted in life—that if I see someone wearing a This Bike is a Pipe Bomb shirt, I can just walk up to them, say hi, and end up drinking with them all night or that if I wait long enough at the coffee shop someone will walk in and find me, are not true in New York! Punks beware! To quote the mighty Queers, this place sucks! And then there's the superiority! New York is the best city in the world! New York is the center of the world! If this means wearing high heels with leg-warmers and shirts with only one sleeve (a popular fashion in some parts of Brooklyn) well, sure. Or if it means paying twice as much for groceries. Or going to dumb art museums to look at paintings that are being bought and sold for more money than my entire dad's side of the family ever earned in their collective lives, from serfdom in Eastern Europe to the present, well, then, great.

Abstract Art, Obesity & more!

Growing up in Milwaukee, my knowledge of art was confined to the annual field trip to the Milwaukee Art Museum. The guide would steer us past the abstract art right to the two Georgia O'Keefe paintings—the pride and joy of the museum. We would stare at them for five seconds, shrug, and leave. Once we accidentally ended up in the small "abstract art" wing, where a huge painting consisting of just three colors—a red, blue, a yellow strip, was met with mockery all around. Even the art guide chimed in. When one classmate asked "What is this crap?" she responded, "I don't honestly know." Wise words.



And fashion in Milwaukee could be defined most generally as "whatever fits." Wisconsin, for you statistics-minded punks, is the fattest state in the union. Alright! The "regular" sizes in clothing stores go up to a woman's size 22 before they are considered "plus sizes." If you want to buy jeans in a size 2 or 4, good luck. After several years, Wisconsin gets some sort of vague equivalent of whatever the east coast used to wear. Of course, most east coast fashion never makes it here. In Milwaukee, if you walked into Fuel Café wearing high heels with jeans, you'd be openly mocked. And, unlike New York, the vast majority of Midwestern men are not trying desperately to look like the Strokes. In fact, most Midwesterners don't know who they are. Thankfully.

Meanwhile, New York ignores the rest of the country. I've had people ask me if Wisconsin was in "the mountains." Or if Minnesota has paved roads. New York City doesn't realize that a

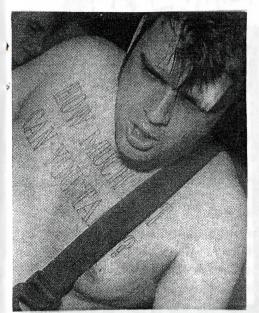
Industrial Wastelands & Beer!

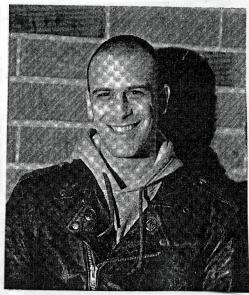
bunch of kids in Milwaukee are having more fun that they could ever dream of, or that a great deal of Appalachia doesn't have running water. After all, if you can't get there on the subway, it doesn't matter! So, Midwesterners (and for that matter, residents of the south and Appalachia as well!) consider yourselves lucky! In the Midwest, people don't dress up like fashion models to go see a movie, most people don't give a shit

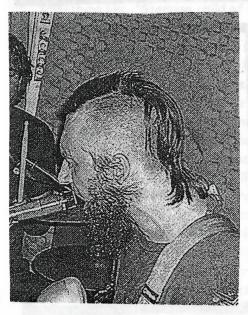


about high art or expensive "health food." People don't send their kids to boarding schools. This is a land of Cheetos for all! Ample couch space! Industrial wastelands! Beer! Dumpster diving! More beer! This is a place where punk rock is still strange to the kids in your high school! The rest of the country makes fun of us for being fat and not knowing who Matisse is. Who cares? Who needs Matisse when you've got the Dillinger Four and good friends? And so, when I'm done with school in a year, I'm leaving New York as soon as possible. Prepare the dumpstered bagels and the basement shows! I'm coming home!

Punk Rock Trading Cards!









Proving once again that no idea is too stupid for Tight Pants!

Collect Them All!

Name: Ben Weasel!

Occupation: Screeching

Weasel! Duh!

Claim to Fame: Pop punk

genius!

Likes: Blue-haired girls!

Dislikes: Lots of stuff!

Name: Paddy!

Occupation: Singer/bass

player for the Dillinger Four!

Claim to Fame: Takes off

clothes!

Likes: Whiskey!

Dislikes: Rap metal!

Name: Woody Guthrie!

Occupation: Folk singer!

Claim to Fame: The original

hobo punk!

Likes: Coal miners!

Dislikes: Coal mine operators!

Name: Rymodee!

Occupation: Singer for

This Bike is a Pipe Bomb!

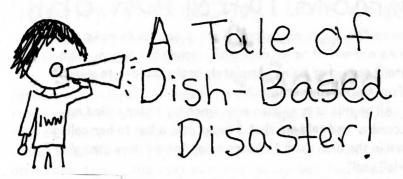
Claim to Fame: Makes

me dance!

Likes: Dumpsters!

Dislikes: Cops!

Cut 'Em Out & Enjoy!



When I was little, my parents were broke! My dad was an untenured professor and my mom held a number of jobs—teacher, saleswoman, scheduler, and retail sales associate. When both of my parent's were teaching assistants in Maryland, they went on strike. We didn't have any money at all until a family friend left us an envelope filled with \$100. (Yay!) One day my dad and I were on the picket line. I was about two at the time and my dad was talking about how hard it was to be on strike and have a young child—diapers, baby food, etc. The next day, there was a photo of me in the paper and the caption was something like, "Starving child of striking teachers!"

Gross exaggerations notwithstanding, we were always short on money. We used to look for change in the folds of the couch and in the laundry room to be able to go to McDonald's. Happy Meals were often too expensive, and the Chicken Nuggets Happy Meal was definitely way out of our price range. (The horror!) But do not fear! This is not some sob story about how it stinks growing up without much money. I was not a huddled mass yearning to breathe free! Nor was I a besmirched proletariat, worrying about my dad getting killed in the mines! I was just another broke American kid not really knowing that I was broke.

But when I went to high school and especially when I went away to college I started thinking nonstop about class issues. Yes, I went through the time-honored tradition of class realization, with all its rage, anger, and obsession with socialism! And, in one of the greatest ironies of my life, I missed the college workshop on class issues because I had to work in the dishroom! Oh, the rage! The anger that not even a lifetime supply of Sour Patch Kids could satiate!

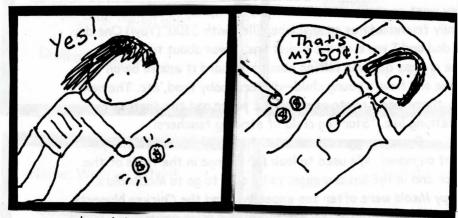
Once I moved away from home, I immediately realized that, if I fell into some sort of financial difficulty, there was no

Dishroom Patrol Oh oh!

one who could come to my rescue! Nope. I needed to make some money! As a result of never having any money growing up, I am now totally scared of being completely broke and try to avoid it (and often fail) whenever possible.

All of this is to explain why, when my sister called me one December and told me that I could take a bus to her college and work in the dish room 18 hours a day for six days straight, I said, "Hell yes!"

At the time, I was paying \$3000 a year for tuition plus working on campus to cover an additional \$2400. I was also working in my college's dishroom for about 20 hours a week to cover other expenses: books, student fees, pizza, Naked Raygun



records and the like. It was practically Christmas and I would be going home for a month, where I would be unemployed! And I had no money saved at all!

So, as soon as my classes were done for the semester, I took a Greyhound out to Ithaca, New York. I said, "Cornell University, I come to wipe your plates and sort your silverware!"

My sister had been working in the dishroom all year, 40 hours a week to pay for her tuition. Cornell is the stereotypical rich kid's school—everyone has two house, two cars, two toppings on their pizza. Everyone except for the dishroom crew. Most of the dishroom workers were poor people from Ithaca (a completely destitute town with a few progressive folks). A dozen or two were broke Cornell students who had somehow stumbled from their McDonald's loving, paper-route-having

Solidarity! And dishes! Lots of dishes!

households into a world where everyone could distinguish between a Picasso and a Matisse. Ah, college.

I reported for work the first day at 6 a.m., where I received my uniform. A baseball hat and the standard reddish-brown polo shirt. Since I was starting in the middle of the year, they only had a size large left. D'oh! It went down PAST my knees! Somewhere there's a photo my sister took of me in her dorm room wearing the shirt as a dress with a belt tied around the middle! The shame! The humiliation! The things I will do for \$7/hour!

As I arrived that first day I thought to myself, "I can handle this! I am a trained dishroom professional! I know all too



well the intricate details of this forgotten art—how to arrange the forks so that the highest possible number of them will fit into one plastic cup, how to pick up four plates from the dish machine at one time, how to get the cups out of the cup dispenser when they get stuck, and other essential skills!

If I lived back in 1910, I would have been part of a militant union, perhaps called The United Dishroom Employees of America (UDEA) and we would strike and hold signs that say, "Never a dirty dish!" and "Dishroom Solidarity!" We would raise money to send to Russia to aid the Communist revolution and stay up all night talking about the impending class war! Since it was the year 2000 and the labor movement was about as militant and radical as Blink-182 or Al Gore, my only protest was to listen to the Go Go's at "impermissible" volumes while working. Fight the power!

Industrial Warfare & Slime

Anyway, working in the dishroom at Hampshire College was not that difficult. Yes, you ended up covered in food by the end of the night. Yes, that food always looked and smelled the same once it was all mixed together, regardless of what the food had been when it started out on someone's plate. Yes, I did get paid just six bucks an hour. But the cafeteria only served about 400 students. Little did I know what would await me.

The Cornell cafeteria was huge! It had a deli, a Mongolian BBQ, a pizza station, several hot food stations, a sundae bar, a salad bar, a waffle bar, and more! Thousands of students passed through there everyday! It was the king of all cafeterias! It was World War II all over again! Cornell was the strong, industrial Germany and Hampshire was just the wimpy,



sub-par France. Yes, they would destroy our Maginot Line! Our super trench was nothing compared to their massive tank power! (Note to readers: this is what reading too many history books does to you.)

The dish machine was three times as big as the one at Hampshire. There were people whose entire job was just to sort silverware. Yes, there are people who just sort silverware for 40 hours a week, 52 weeks a year! Thank you Mr. Ford and Mr. Taylor! (The two men responsible for turning skilled labor into unskilled labor by dividing it up into mind-numbingly simple tasks able to be executed by any man, woman, or Cabbage Patch Kid!) And there are people who just slop food off trays into this huge, messy, slimy, wet metal trough. And, while I was working, on more than one occasion I saw workers EATING from the trough! Even at the Hampshire dishroom, we never stooped that low!

Hardcore & Cheese Sandwiches!

This was hardcore! At my first day on the job, I made about one hundred sandwiches ("Do you have any low-fat cheese?" "No!"), wiped down several hundred feet of counter space, cleaned an entire dining room containing about 25 tables, sorted forks into plastic cups for about three hours, and finally, at midnight, went to my sister's dorm room.

And then, we woke up at six a.m. the next day and returned! This time I wanted to tackle the dishroom! I wanted to diversify, to really explore all aspects of my trade! I wanted to work the dish machine! Emily and I positioned ourselves on the clean side of the dish machine. At Hampshire there was only one person at the clean side. I said to Emily, "This is going to rule! We can just hang out back here and talk!" Emily looked at



me like a person leaving a Cretins show might look at someone entering. You will rue this day.

And then, the dish machine was turned on. What happened in the next eight hours is a frenzied blur of hot, scorching plates, one after another, with no end in sight, miles and miles of plates. Small plates. Big plates. Dessert plates. Ice cream bowls. Salad bowls. More large plates. More small plates. My whole life was plates! I had to remove the plates! If I didn't, all of the plates would pile up, the dish machine would stop, Dillinger Four would release a Jets to Brazil-influenced album and the world as we knew it WOULD END!

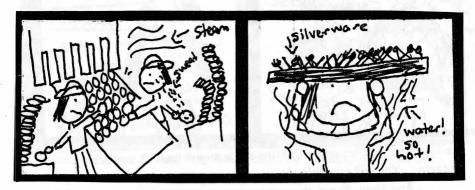
It was all up to me and my sister! We worked quickly, grabbing plate after plate, just on the edge, fast, so we wouldn't burn out fingertips (although, after a few years working in dishrooms, I think my ability to sense heat had greatly diminished already). The steam from the dish machine made us

Mao, Silverware, and sex!

clammy and sweaty at the same time. We were in a modern day factory, cleaning the dishes of the learning classes!

We would put the plates into a big metal cart, sorting them out by size. And, the cruel joke of it all was that we were expected to take the cart out into the cafeteria and restock the plates and bowls without letting the dish machine pile up and stop! It was simply impossible!

After about 15 minutes we had filled up two carts and there was nowhere else for the dishes to go. We started sticking them anywhere we could find until finally one of Emily's friends came by, saw the mounting stacks of plates, and immediately swung into action—grabbing the cart and wheeling it out to restock in between his job as a fork sorter! It was madness!



And then the silverware trays started coming. Big plastic trays filled to the top with scalding hot utensils, covered in equally scalding hot water! Ack! No! Worse than the AFL and Mao combined! Unlike at Hampshire, we were absolutely forbidden to let the dish machine stop. So we could not just wait for the silverware to cool for a few seconds, or take a moment to try to get some of the water out before lifting it. Nope. Right behind the silverware tray were legions of plates, marching to the meet their match! We had to act now!

So, I grabbed the silverware tray and it rained burning hot water down my chest! Ow! And I know what you're thinking—wow! Two chicks with wet tee shirts. Dude! High Five! Totally hot! Sadly, I assure you, this was no sexual scene. There

Dirty in the Dishroom! So hot!

was no "Dirty in the Dishroom" video made to document this pornographic experience! It was just hot and it stinked!

Finally, after hours of fighting the good fight, our shift had ended. And, it was time to begin our next shift! (The joys of working 18-hour days!) I moved over to the frying station, where I prepared several pounds of fries to a teeming mass of Calculus-book-holding students. Oh, the humanity!

But I quickly got into the swing of it. I was built to work! My arms were made to lift dishes! My fingers were meant to



sort silverware! My eyes were meant to discern between American and Mozzarella cheese! This, this, was the culmination of thousands of years of civilization!

Yes, I went a little insane.

This went on and on for six days. In six days, we are told, God created the entire universe. In six days, I cleaned dishes, made sandwiches, and fried things. Take that! And, I managed to make a whopping \$994! 40 hours at \$7/hour plus 68 hours of overtime! Punk fucking rock! The creation of the world has nothing on THAT! Workers of the world unite! You have nothing to lose but the ability to feel heat on your fingertips!



WORK!

It's What We Do!

Attention everyone! Strap yourself and your children in and hold on tight! Make sure to bring plenty of pizza, soda, and beer 'cause its time for another way too long article about my jobs!

When I completed Tight Pants #9, I was working at a large bank in the human resources center in Minneapolis, scamming anything and everything I could get my hands on! This was one of the best jobs of all time, but its already been extensively documented in all of its punk rock glory in Tight Pants #9.

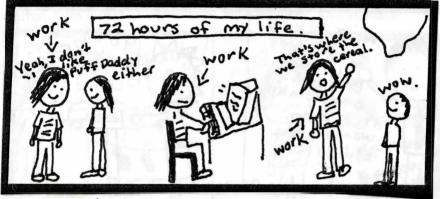
Like most jobs these days, it was temporary. I had until December 30th to consume as much free coffee, make as many free copies, and stare at a (free) wall as possible. Meanwhile, I started to look for a new job. I figured that I would have to go to ten job interviews, submit an endless amount of resumes, offer up my urine, feces, hair samples, and a complete record of every time I entertained the notion that Communist was "cool" while reading Marx at age 14 or kissed a girl or contemplated suicide while listening to Screeching Weasel's "Kill the Musicians"! It was going to be grueling!

But then a curious thing happened. I went online, found a classified ad listing a job opening, applied, and got the job! As the French would say, simple! And forget serving The Man and his evil henchman, The Woman! This job was cool!

I was hired to work as an "Advocate" at a women's transitional housing center (basically a more long-term homeless shelter). I would work the overnight shift, three times a week, from 8pm to 8am, plus a three-hour staff meeting during the day on Wednesday. I would be the only worker there at night—me and thirty female residents! And I got to sleep from midnight to 5:50 a.m. every night—and get paid for it! Yay! Aaaagh! Waaah! Alright!

Prozac! Wheat! Death!

The trouble was, since I had gotten this job so quickly, I still had three weeks left to go with the temp job. I thought about quitting it, but it was so easy! All I did was sit around! I could write, read stupid crap on the internet (i.e. ALL crap on internet) and drink free coffee. Why would I give THAT up? And then there was the job at Cereal Adventure. I was just working three days a week, for a grand total of about 12 hours, and for Christsake, I could NOT give up that job!! Think of the lost anecdotes!

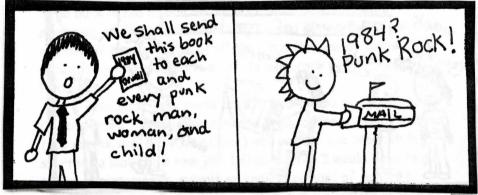


So, for three weeks, which will go down in history as a testament to human toil and suffering, I worked 80 hours a week. I would work the night shift at the shelter, get back around 8:30am, get changed into office clothes, bike to work at the bank, work until 5pm, and then get on the bus and be at cereal adventure by six, and work until 10pm. I would get home at 11pm, having worked more or less for 26 hours straight. And it was sometimes worse. Once I worked for THREE DAYS STRAIGHT, coming home only to change clothes, and sometimes not even that. 72 hours of consequent employment, from giving out Prozac to explaining how grain is made into cereal to staring at a wall.

About a week into this experiment in working oneself to death, I developed a pain in my lower back that reached all the way down to a few inches below one of my knees. (This pain still reoccurs from time to time, a year later!) I began to lose all sensations of hunger or fatigue. I would say to myself, "I am

Sweeping a Floor! Punk!

more machine now than man, twisted and evil." I hardly ate anything, slept about four hours a night, and stopped making sense after about 10 days. (Ask my roommates.) My body became a series of parts that would move in accordance to a pre-established wage. Everything I did had a market value! I was never off the clock! (Note: if this were a REAL punk zine, I would try, at this point, to work in some sort of reference to Orwell or 1984, a book that is sent to all 14 year-old punk rockers by the Punk Central Committee.) Luckily, I had been



down that road before (see the other article about working oneself to death in this issue) and I knew that, despite how many times I was unable to finish my sentences, fell asleep in the shower, or started thinking that maybe the Sex Pistols really were an awesome band, it would all come to an end. And it end. On December 30th, my temp job ended and I was able to focus my cereal-generated attentions to my new job at the women's shelter!

Most of the women at the shelter had either drug/alcohol problems or they were mentally ill. Some of them would be there for just three days. Others had been there for three years. My job was to handle medications, deal with any conflicts, perform random chores, and basically just hang out. Yes! I can dispense Lithium! I can sweep a floor! I can hang out! Perfect!

Most of the time I would just talk to people and eat Teddy Grahams. (We got a lot of food from various pantries. The most common items were Teddy Grahams and these really

Leadbelly & Poop in the Tub!

gross chips called Wazoos—kind of a cross between Fritos and Cheez-its that reminded me of my favorite movie when I was little—Annie—in which the tough orphan said, "Ah, blow it out your old wazoo." Aaagh.) Sometimes I listened to music. I found out that middle-aged female heroin addicts really enjoy the Dils and Woody Guthrie. Who knew?

The best part about the job was the women who lived there, of course! I sometimes wonder why no one's ever done a sitcom about the crazy hijinx and tomfoolery at a homeless shelter. Such a cast of characters! Such mayhem! Such silliness!



Since I try to only humiliate myself, I'm gonna keep those hijinx to myself, with the exception of TWO tantalizing stories!

There was this woman there who would try to hide laxatives in her room. (You know, I hide sour patch kids, she hides laxatives. We're all the same!) The result of this? She would sometimes miss the toilet and shit all over the floor. Or she would be taking a bath, and shit in the tub. And, to make the old IWW slogan "An injury to one is an injury to all" ring true, she NEVER cleaned it up and always denied it.

So it would be a pleasant, laid-back Wednesday night, and I'd be sitting around listening to Leadbelly and talking to someone about J Lo or suicidal urges and someone would come to my office and say, "There's poop in the tub."

Ack! The shame! The horror! The fecal nature of life!

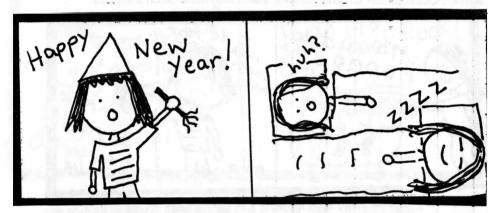
Sometimes the truly desperate would want to clean up the mess in exchange for "points" (which could be used to buy used clothes at the shelter), but most of the time I cleaned it

Pizza, Mayhem & Foiled Plans!

up. (Hey, these women were broke, but they weren't stupid.) So, for \$9.80/hour, I cleaned up laxative-filled (read: soft and diaraheaish) shit from the floor, the tub, and sometimes, inexplicably, the walls. Punk rock!

New Year's Eve was the culmination of my employment there. Yes, yes, I worked on New Year's! That's what happens when you ask for Christmas off!

Most of the women were going out that night and sleeping over at their boyfriend's house. So I was left with six



women. Six women who were usually in bed by 9 p.m. and didn't like to go out after dark. Six women without boyfriends. Six women, really, without many friends. Six schizophrenic women.

So I figured, let's have a big party! I brought a cake, we ordered pizza, had a stereo system set up in the living room and all kinds of snacks. At around 8 p.m. I went into the living room. Everyone was there, excited, with noise makers and Cheetos! Alright! At 9 p.m. I went back in. Still excited! More noise makers! More mayhem! More television watching! More anticipation!

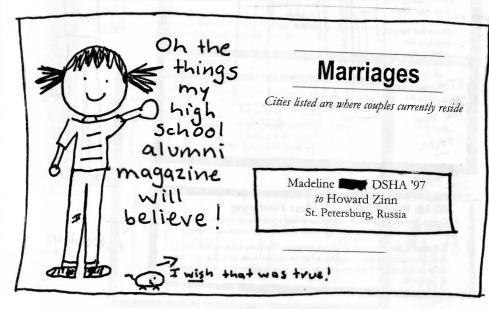
At 10 p.m. I went in to ask if anyone wanted popcorn. And everyone was asleep! All six women, on couches and on the floor—completely and totally NOT awake! D'oh! All my plans to celebrate the New Year—foiled! Curses! Fie! I went back into the office to listen to the Dillinger Four.

Party! Capitalism! Party!

At 11:50 p.m., I went back into the living room. All the women were still asleep on the couches. And then, at 11:55 p.m., one woman came home, went into the room with a noisemaker and woke everyone up, yelling, "Happy New Year!" One of the women rolled over and said, "What's going on? Where am I?" Another said, "Yeah! Happy New Year!" and then fell back asleep. Another woman opened her eyes, reached for a noisemaker, blew on it, and then immediately fell asleep and the noisemaker fell out of her hand. One woman slept through the whole thing. And that was my New Year's! Punk rock!

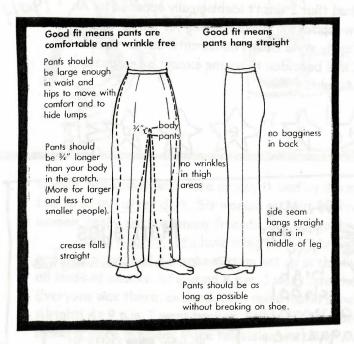
I quit the job in May to move back to Wisconsin for a month before moving to New York City. So far, it's been the only full-time job I've had that I wasn't ideologically opposed to. Ah, the joys of modern capitalism! Punks working for banks, the government, and family style chain restaurants! But for a few months in 2002, I was beholden to no one except a few dozen homeless women. Alright!





Pants For Body!

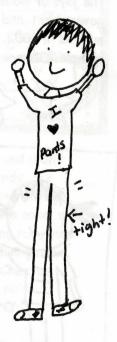
A friend showed me the most amazing book ever! It's called "Pants for Every Body." Learn all about trousers & slacks! Enjoy!



Which Pant Styles are Most Flattering

Tight pants show off your shape! So unless your shape is perfect, looser pants are universally better for both thinner and heavier bodies.

The most flattering pants of all are trousers. They are fuller so they don't reveal lumps and bumps and have lots of vertical lines to make you look taller and slimmer. Even your tummy will look smaller in trousers, if they fit properly.



(ridiculous

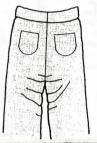


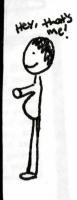


There are two very common fitting problems in pants for men over 40 years of age. One is the "flat derriere" and the other is the full tummy commonly called the "bay window."







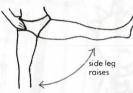




Can We Change Our Shape?

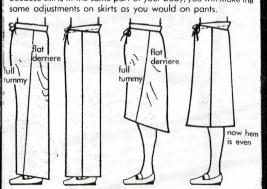
Yes! We can change in weight. One of our favorite sayings is "A moment on the lips, a lifetime on the hips." We can also exercise and smooth out the figure. One of Pati's favorite pant exercises is to do side leg lifts while she is brushing her teeth, washing dishes, or fusing interfacings.





But, the easiest way of all to change our shape is to create the illusion of svelt by wearing pants that fit!

Because skirts fit the same part of your body, you will make the same adjustments on skirts as you would on pants.





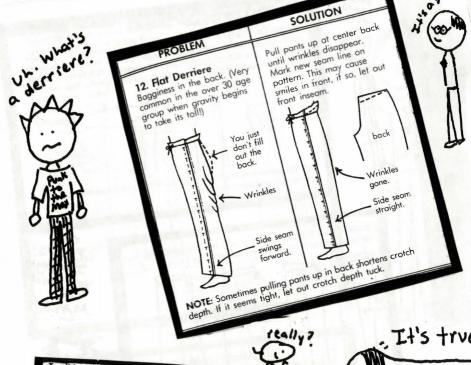


The Power of Pants!

NOTE: Learn how to sit in pants! Take a lesson from men. Pull up on the front of your pants at the knees before sitting. This prevents pants from pulling down in back, and minimizes baggy knees. It also lessens wrinkling in the front, because softer folds will form when you sit.

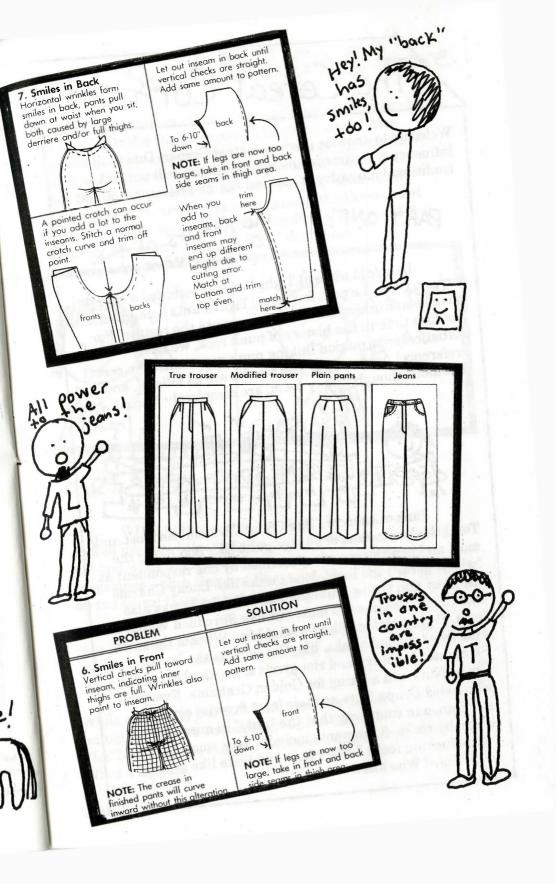


Toy mean I've



Traditional jeans — tight everywhere — had a functional beginning. We didn't need extra crotch length or thigh room when riding on horseback. In fact, the extra room would cause chafing and saddle sores! The function has changed, but the fit is the same — tight!





The Cereal Corner!

Welcome to another glorious Cereal Corner! Due to the influence of postmodernism, this column will not lack a traditional narrative structure! Blame Foucault, not me!

PART ONE! The Results of the Cereal Survey!

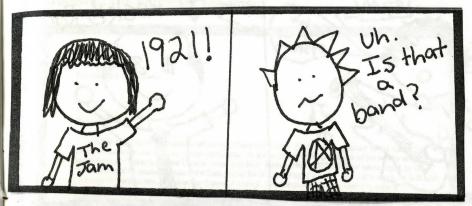
In an old issue of Tight Pants, I included a cereal survey. Over the past few days, Tight Pants accountants have been working furiously to compute the results! For the first time in the history of punk rock, we have statistical information linking punk genre choice to cereal preference! Astounding! The results are as follows, and ridiculous though it may seem, are completely factual.



Fans of hardcore like Count Chocula the most and Total the least. Fans of garage punk like Boo Berry the most and healthy cereals (described by one respondent as "wheat germ") the least. Mod punks like Lucky Charms the most and Grape Nuts the least. Crusty punks also like Lucky Charms the most but like Shredded Wheat the least. Pop punk fans like Frosted Mini Wheats the most and, like the mod punks, like Grape Nuts the least. Straightedge punks and riot grrrls share the hatred for Grape Nuts and a liking for Golden Grahams. Everyone who listed Grape Nuts as their least favorite cereal mentioned in some way that the "nuts" in question are basically rocks. (Comments include: "very small rocks," "little fucking rocks," "they look and taste like gravel," etc.)Whew! Who knew?

Russian Sailor Revolts & more

There was an extra bonus question on the survey: In what year did the Kronstandt Uprising occur? The answer is 1921, and only mod punks and garage punks got it right. However, one garage punker did ask "Was that the Polish uprising?" Answer: no. The Kronstandt Uprising was an armed uprising against the Communist Party in Russia, led by a bunch of sailors. What could this mean for the future of punk rock? I don't know!



PART TWO! A CEO SPEAKS!

- While taking a plane somewhere a year ago, I looked into the little compartment in the chair in front of me and what did I find? One of those stupid magazines—with Stephen Sanger, CEO of General Mills, on the cover! Here's what I learned:
- One of Sanger's early jobs was in a law firm, interviewing "people who wanted to commit other people to mental institutions." Hmmm.
- While attending DePauw University in Indiana, he brought numerous musical groups to campus—including The Temptations, Smokey Robinson, and the Four Tops. What a square!

Product Values & the 4 Tops!

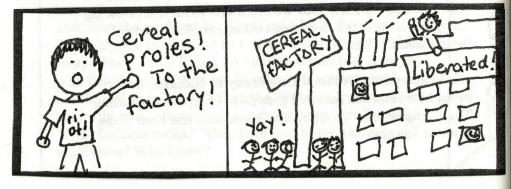
From this experience booking bands, he learned the following, "If you booked the Backporch Majority—they were kind of like the New Christy Minstrels, only not as famous [Note: who ARE these bands?!]—you could get a very attractive price but it was still tough to get a crowd. Whereas if you brought in the Four Tops, you could put up a pretty stiff price and sell the place out. So the



message to me was clear: The price is relevant only in the context of the value of what it is you're offering. If you've got a really good product, people will afford it. Whereas if you've got a product nobody wants, it doesn't matter how cheap you make it."

Spoken like a true punk rocker!

"Asian populations can't get enough of [General Mill's] ketchup-flavored Bugles."



|Cereal-Infused Prose!

PART THREE! LETTERS FROM THE CEREAL FRONT!

A Tight Pants reader we will call Stephen Perry (because that's what he asked to be called—I dunno, I just follow orders!) sent the following letter to General Mills and received the following response:

General Mills P.O. Box 1113 Minneapolis, MN 55440

Dear Sire

It has come to my attention as of late that there has been a bit of an inconsistency in the amount of cereal contained in some of my recent purchases. A few weeks back I bought two of the family sized boxes of your Cinnamon Toast Crunch cereal (my kids' favorite) and was somewhat taken aback by the significant lack of product contained within one of the boxes. Why, I'd be surprised if it was even half full! I opened the second box, which seemed normal enough, but comparing the two revealed quite a discrepancy. Knowing that the grocery store probably wouldn't return an opened box, I just let it go as some kind of fluke, you know, that's just the way it goes sometimes.... Or is it?

Which brings me to two weeks later, another trip to the supermarket, another purchase of cereals, and another disappointing discovery. This time it was your Gookie Crisp that was the culprit. Again the box was unusually low on cereal. Having bought only one box this time and it being my first Cookie Crisp experience. I had nothing to compare this one to. Intrigued, the next day saw me heading out to the grocery store again to fetch yet another box of Cookie Crisp for which to size up my previous, seemingly slight, box from the day before. My theory was proven to be correct, thus confirming that I was in fact somewhat short-changed for maybe in this case short-cerealed!).

Now, ask anyone that knows me and they'll tell you, I'm not what you'd call a complainer. Quite the opposite really. Nope, I'm actually quite easy going. My wife would go so far as to say TOO easy going sometimes if you must know. Just between you and I, she's the one that prompted me to write you on this matter after seeing me get so worked up about it and all. "Nothing I can do about it, write the company or something." She said. I mean, I know as well as anybody that a bit of settling is bound to occur during shipping, but come on! If you saw what I received in those boxes you'd write yourselves a letter! HA HA!

All joking aside though, it's just something I thought should be brought to your attention. As any child-containing family will concur, keeping cereal around the house is not an option; it's a necessity! So I just thought I should share this experience with you in hopes that it might open some eyes around there at "the Mills" and hopefully shed some light on this pertinent issue facing consumers today.

Thank you for your time-

p.s., What about a banana flavored cereal shaped like hittle bananas? There could be a monkey on the box? My kids would love it! Oh well, I'll leave that up to the experts!

Striving For High-Quality!



General Mills Consumer Services

P.O. Box 1113, Minneapolis, MN 55440

September 13, 2001



Dear Mr.

Thank you for contacting General Mills about the problem you had with Cinnamon Toast Crunch. As a responsible manufacturer, we strive to produce high quality products. We are sorry your experience did not meet the standards we expect from our products.

Great care is taken to make sure each package shipped from our plants contains the correct product weight. Since the packaging operation is automatic, it seems that a mechanical failure may be responsible for the inaccurate fill. We appreciate that you have taken the time to notify us and will review the information you provided.

We regret any inconvenience this has caused and hope you will continue to use and enjoy our products.

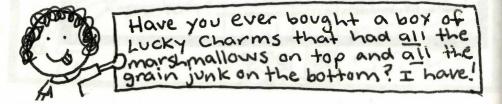
Sincerely,

Bury Surold

Beverly Overvold



General Offices at Number On



Patronizing PR Talk! Yay!

PART FOUR! DOCUMENTS FROM CEREAL ADVENTURE!

Here are two documents I received while working at Cereal Adventure. And you think YOUR job is ridiculous!

DAILY NOTES 02/03/2002

GROUPS: None

B-DAY PARTIES: None

TRAINING:

Superior Customer Service.

How many of you tried to find out every child's name that you came into contact with yesterday? Did you notice it made any difference? How?

Trivia:

Something to Think About... "People acting together as a group can accomplish things which no individual acting alone could ever hope to bring about."

TIDBITS:

Make sure you check your schedule. Some times have changed.
Sign up for mandatory Fish Training (Feb. 25th).
Sign up for Holiday Party (you may bring one guest).
Radios and Radio check out and check in. We will start a system by Monday to ensure radios are returned for recharging.

HAVE A GREAT DAY!



We received these sheets everyday filled with inspirational messages.

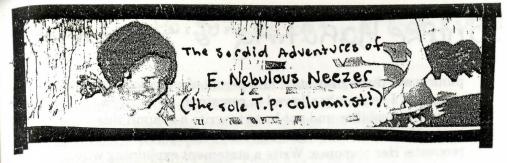
You know, working for \$8 an hour and no health insurance CAN be fulfilling.

Display a Good Attitude!

Cereal Adventure New Employee Quiz!

- 1. What are the three A's.
- 2. Give three ways to display a good attitude.
 - a.
 - b.
 - c.
- 3. Appearance is important. Circle T or F
- 4. If late or not able to make a scheduled time I am to
 - a. Call as soon as I know
 - b. Let it go, it doesn't matter.
 - c. Come up with a reason the next day.
 - d. None of the above.
- 5. I get (5, 6, 2, 10, 3, 7, 4) non excused absences before I'm terminated.
- 6. What do I need to do in case of an injury?
- I should never (sit, stand, walk, talk) when I'm on the floor.
- 8. ____ Is the maximum number of riders on the
- When I can't make a scheduled shift and I know ahead of time. I should
- 10. What would I do differently about orientation?
 - A.
 - В.
 - C.





Greetings Tight Pants Readers.

For the past four weeks, January break-induced laziness has driven me to new levels of sloth in my daily routine. I have started sleeping on the couch in order not to walk upstairs at night (the downstairs is also warmer). I have stopped actually showering and instead wash my hair



in the sink or over the bathroom tub (also due to extreme hair clogs in the drain). I have taken to playing Nintendo at all hours, despite the fact that my NES system is so old that it breaks down unexpectedly roughly once every half hour, making it impossible for me to beat a single game. The most serious casualty of all this lethargy, however, has been my Tight Pants column, which as of this moment remains unwritten. Despite repeated attempts on my part to back out of writing one, Ms. Tight Pants has been unwilling to let me off the hook. I even gave her a good excuse. I am leaving for Moscow in three days, to study Russian language and won't be back until July. I also promised her I would do extensive research on the Russian

Snake Handling & Smoting.

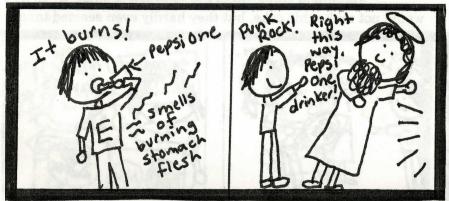
punk scene during my stay, and plenty of ridiculous stories as well, if I were only allowed to remain in my current state of immobility and not have to write a column this issue. Ms. Tight Pants ignored these perfectly reasonable requests. Her response: Write a statement explaining why you won't be writing a column, and it will end up being a column anyway, since you are incapable of making any single point in a short amount of space.



And so, here we are. I am writing a non-column, and you, thanks to Ms. Tight Pants, are reading it. You might think I would have a lot to write about at this moment, given that I have devoted the past four months of my college career to research on the Appalachian snakehandling sects (for a complete transcript of my paper, send 20.00 to Tight Pants, re: serpent handling paper). Instead. the more I researched, the more I found myself agreeing with roughly 90% of the serpent handlers' philosophy and beliefs. Think about the following for a moment. If there really is a God, and He really did even 10% of what has been credited to Him, is it really that impossible that He would give humans the power to handle a few copperheads? In fact, isn't even MORE likely that He would give us this power, than that He would not? Why shouldn't we expect to be able to do incredible things? Life after death? Divine smoting? Immaculate conceptions? Snake-handling seems downright reasonable in

Drinking Poison & Eating Cookies!

comparison to these earlier feats. When you read about all the stuff God allegedly did back in the old days, you realize that people back then really had to earn the right to life after death. Today, people consider it a give-in. I say, it can't possibly be that easy. There has to be a catch. Now, I grant that the catch may not turn out to be that you have to handle deadly serpents, drink poison, or heal the sick, but all of these things certainly aren't going to be counted



against you in the long run. At the very least, they might be considered "extra credit," and could neutralize other things you may or may not have done in your lifetime. If you think about serpent handling in this light, it almost seems more dangerous NOT to handle serpents (except for the whole getting-bit-and-dying-from-snakebite problem). I myself have taken to handling garter snakes and drinking Pepsi One (a low-grade form of poison, in my opinion), and plan to work my way up into the more serious serpent handling activities.

All told, I have made good use of my spare time these past months in only one respect. Actually, I have been meaning for a long time to discuss this activity in a Tight Pants column. Now seems as good a time as any. For the past few years, I have been testing the boundaries of Original Cookie Co. I assume that most readers have at some point in their lives either eaten or ordered an Original Cookie cake from their local mall. You order a giant cookie and they write a special message on it

Abortions, JFK, & Israel!

appropriate for whatever occasion it is you are celebrating. Typical messages: "Happy Birthday." "Congratulations." "Best of Luck." And so forth. A couple years back, Maddy was having a birthday, and we decided, why not get a cookie cake? They are quite tasty, you know. Getting simply "Happy Birthday Maddy!" seemed dull and obvious. Why not something more original, as the store's name itself suggests? I put forth a few alternatives. We settled on "Happy Third Abortion, Maddy!"

You might think that Original Cookie employees would not make this cake, but they hardly even seemed to



notice. The only slightly awkward moment came when they opened the cake up at the store to show us (Original Cookie always shows you the cake before you pay for it so you know they got the message right.) It was fairly crowded at the counter and the cake and I received several confused/angry glances from nearby customers.

A few months back, we decided to get a cake to eat in celebration of the end of final exams. I suggested a few messages, my favorite being "JFK Jr: Rot in Hell." In the end, we decided to go with a cake with "Israel" crossed out on it. We called it in. Other than having to repeatedly spell out I-S-R-A-E-L on the phone to the employee, there was no problem.

A couple hours later we get a phone call:

Original Cookie Employee: Is this the person who placed the cookie order today? Emily: Yes.

Censored by the Cookie Thugs!

OCE: You forgot to specify what color frosting you wanted.

Emily: Red, White, and Blue.

OCE: Ok. Your cake will be ready tonight at 7:00 pm.

Thank you. Have a nice day.

So, my friend, HJ (who is very obviously Jewish) and I go in that night to pick up the cake at our local mall (which, by the way, was the mighty Mall of America).

HJ: We are here to pick up a cookie order for Aaron (HJ's name).

OCE: Hold on a moment. You need to speak with my manager.



Long pause.....Large, unkempt, and angry-looking woman approaches.

OC Manager: We cannot make the cake you ordered.

HJ: Why not?

OCM: It is against store policy. HJ: What store policy is that?

OCM: We don't make any cakes with political messages on them.

HJ: This is a political message?

OCM: Well, we don't make any cakes with names of countries on them.

HJ: Is this a set policy?

OCM: Yes. I already spoke with general headquarters today concerning this cake.

HJ: Can I get a copy of this policy?

OCM: No. I have been waiting here all night for you to pick up this cake so I can go home. Now, what alternative message do you want on your cake?

Patriotism Saves the Day!

HJ: God Bless America.

OCM: Fine. It will take a few minutes.

What is particularly ridiculous about this whole thing is that the cake we eventually ordered ALSO had the name of a country on it. Even though we didn't get the cake we wanted, it was certainly worth it to have Original Cookie call their general headquarters to verify whether they could make an anti-Israel cookie cake. I think the conclusion we can draw from this is that if you want to order a really offensive Original Cookie cake, you should do so when there is no manager on duty. Despite setbacks, I will continue to push the Cookie envelope in the future. As incentive for others to do likewise, I offer this--Anyone who



sends in a picture of an Original Cookie cake with a suitably offensive message on it will receive a 5.00 Original Cookie gift certificate from me (the picture must clearly show that it is an Original Cookie cake. No DIY offensive cakes please!).

Well. I have done my column duty for this issue. In the next issue, be prepared for lots of ridiculous foreign travel--Russian living stories. That is all.

Fun Russian Fact of the Issue: The word "comrade" is not Russian. If you say "comrade" to a Russian, they will have no idea what you are talking about (unless they live in America). The Russian word for comrade is "tovarish."

The Proud! The Brave! The * Tight-Panted! *

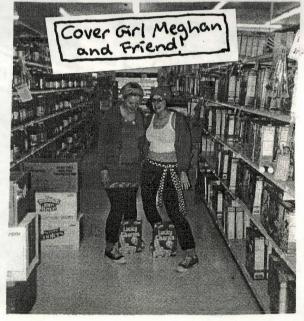






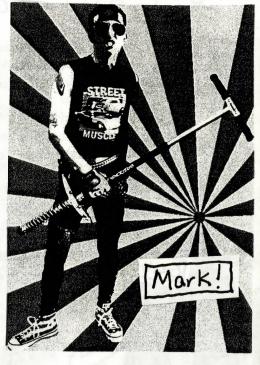
Send in photos of yourself wearing tight pants and get an official "I Am wearing Tight Pants" button! funk ROCK!

西岛

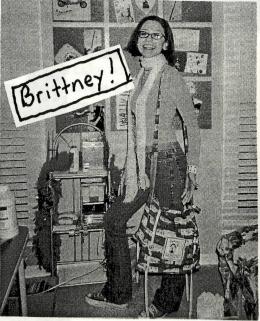


The Parade of Pants!









One Last Dee Dee Page!

when my friend Chris gave me this old issue of when my friend Chris gave me this old issue of the MRR (March 1985) I got to read one of the most ridiculous interviews ever! Let's hear it for a man who didn't know his own age!

original Interview ro Donny the Punk



TALES OF TERROR rock rest home!

NO.23

MARCH 185 Secret rocks medical world

ETERNAL

RAMONES DISCOVER YOUTH bassist old

JURR: How old are you?

18. 1951 Well, 'I'm 28 (DeeDee was born Sepi. I)

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50, Uh,

Planet Earth 1988

33

(Dee Dee Ramone)

year

the solution to peace isn't clear the terrorist threat is a modern fear there are no jobs for the young they turn to crime turn to drugs battle ships crowd the sea 16 year olds in the army our jails are filled to the max discrimination against the Blacks

Russian and American war machine will destroy mankind's dream they shoot their missles in the air they do not care they do not care guerrilla armies rule the street no more Christmas or trick or treat is this what the future will bring I pray for peace more than anything

the solution to peace isn't clear the terrorist threat is a modern fear there is no future for the youth there is no hope for the young death destruction bombs galore the rich are laughing at the poor our jails are filled to the max discrimination against the Blacks

Deebee: I used to have like no morals at all but about four years ago I decided to quit taking heroin and I started going to this program, Odyssey House. They don't give you any methadone or anything; you don't take any drugs at all. I started going to group therapy and this therapist. Harold, this black guy started teaching me about human feelings and that I was not ifferent than anybody else even though I was rock star and everything and I was still the same as everyone. And he made me come back down to earth and gave me a moral outlook. I even read the Bible and everything to get some insight into the world and stop hating everything.

DeeDee | know. Like I'm a karate experious |
and laways carry a krife and I know how |
and laways carry a krife and krow woodays, and laways carry a krife and krow woodays, and a gun a gun a gun know how o use everybody carries of know how to use everybody agun, I don't know how o use o lawe pistol never shot a gun a know how o use o lawe pistol lawe pistol lawe how o use o never snot a gain, have to take piston guess you provided of a guess you lessons. Not necessarily, have I didn't really lessons in it to work, not necessarily in the novel, the notation of t



maddy, 296A Nassau Ave #3L, Brooklyn, NY USA