

## The Dark Side: toys for punk tock tots

BY LAURAH NORTON  
Features Columnist

It's easy being a full-grown, certified punk rocker. We don't have to spend a lot of time on our clothes



Wouldst thou woo me? Bring thyself to me, then, with a dead rat.

PHOTO BY AMY ROUSE

and hair (the idea here is to look like you slept in a dumpster and bought your pants off a junkie who spent all night throwing up on them).

The music's not a problem either; anything that involves lots of maniacal screaming, banging and an occasional heartening cry of "Anarchy! Oi! Oi!" is fine. Being an adult harbinger of chaos doesn't come with a lot of responsibilities...or so I'm told.

It's the younger punks I feel sorry for. All that youthful unrest

must be unbearable. Imagine being a kiddie punk. Oh, the angst!

It's hard to feel hard-core when you're wearing Osh Kosh Begosh. Velcro-strap Power Rangers sneakers aren't good for curb-stomping, and you wouldn't feel too tough skanking through the pit in pastel yellow bibbed overalls.

How alienated they must feel. So rejected.

I think that lines of toys should be designed for this forgotten sub-culture, the little punks among us.

I'm thinking 'Old School Punk Barbie' here; she'd come with a painted leather jacket and lots of scratched

vinyl records from obscure garage bands. Her accessories could be pink safety-pins and a tasteful heroin needle, or maybe magenta DKNY combat boots.

Tres chic!

For the hard-core male toddlers, there should be Transformers that actually turn into punk-rock stuff...they can't relate to rocket ships and phasers and all that crap. A beaten-up Chevy covered in spray paint and anarchy symbols...now that's something that fills even the

youngest hard-core heart with joy.

I'd like to see a 'Tickle-Me Sid Vicious' doll that projectile vomits vodka and barbiturates when kids squeeze his sunken belly. That would be adorable.

Or maybe a Superman-style action figure that's special weapon was an adamantium (like Wolverine's claws) mohawk.

I'd play with that.

For those political punks, the toy companies could manufacture socially educational toys.

GI Joe should come out with a line of "Punk Rock Punching Bags" for the military figures to kick the

crap out of. I'd especially like it if the Punching Bags had "Special Cracked Rib Action" and spit blood and teeth out when you push a button on their backs. If nothing else, our infantile rockers could learn to cover their heads and stomachs when some big guy is thrashing them with a tire-iron.

If that's not educational, man, I don't know what is. Or maybe a Speak 'n Spell that came with Sex Pistol and GWAR sound bites...the kids could learn to sing and read from their favorite ultra-violent songs!

The future's looking brighter and brighter.

## Campus Candid



Guess which middle-age man in this picture has discovered Rogaine.

COURTESY OF PHOTO ARCHIVES

WGFS 90.9 fm SPRING SCHEDULE 1998

Time	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
5 a.m.	Jon & Frank						
4 a.m.							
3 a.m.		**TBA**					
2 a.m.	Karl A.	Cur n' Quiz					
1 a.m.			Joe's Garage				
12 a.m.	Carla & Greg	L. Montanoz	Will R.				
11 p.m.				Transmission			
10 p.m.	Under the Influence of Noise	Shazak Theory		Error w/ Kahlil			
9 p.m.	Banhol & Acker	More & Boring	Kelby & Barragan	(house)			
8 p.m.	Brian & Jack	Scrutinize the Glass w/ Ralph S.	Mad Universe (ska)	Transmission			
7 p.m.			Will R.				
6 p.m.	Erica Y.	Colin R.	Concert Calendar	Chuck C.			
5 p.m.	Amy S.	Mary (folk)	Ignition Station	Chuck C.			
4 p.m.	Neilson & Jay	Shaken not Stirred	Laurah & Nancy (punk)	Chuck C.			
3 p.m.	James R.	Betsy R.	**TBA**				
2 p.m.	Donald E.	Melodrey W.	Bryan & Cody (hardcore)	Robert R.			
1 p.m.	Andy A.	10:30-12	Man R.	Kendall			
12 p.m.							
11 a.m.							
10 a.m.							
9 a.m.							
8 a.m.							
7 a.m.							
6 a.m.							

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