

# Punk Rock Tisha Girl

by Joe Huertas

Buzz. This was the hymn of Tisha's worn out amplifier. Inside this hypnotic noise was where Tisha found her truest self understandings. She knew she wasn't a guitar hero, and she knew she was no Barry Manilow either, but she knew she was the most punk rock bitch to any damn place and to her that was all that mattered. Her green hair represented her ideals and her cardigan sweated slouch reflected her intensity. Punk was her clique and defiance her niche. Alone was a time of day she knew quite well. Thrown across the floor like a wasted junkie, she tugged hard on her golden navel decor as she pondered about the friends that she thought she once had. At one time or another fairy tales seemed conceivable to Tisha. In such a morbid world of overglamorized self image and vigorous dedication to breadwinning ethics, punk rock seemed to be her knight in shining armor. There was a new bible she read, and its commandments were not engraved on tablets of stone as mommy and daddy had once taught her, but on ear-ringing screams of angst and lost cause. Lyrics did not matter to her as much as the rage did. She embraced this common bond with others and together they formed their clique. Anywhere and everywhere were the places they were found. Deconstruction and bouts of anger were the relics they chose to leave behind as evidence of their existence and self-worth. Tuesday evenings were band practice and boy did Tisha feel connected then. Yes, getting high felt good to her, as a matter of fact, getting high felt real good, but nothing could equal the emotional trauma felt in the music. Alienation, stagnation, detached, betrayed, nothing matters, hopeless, no fucking idea of where to go, boredom and nothingness was the single theme presented in every song they wrote.

Rail was the drummer. She was the leader of the pack. A true anti-nazi skinhead with enough Celtic body design to challenge the works of any starving East Village artist. Her tattoos were the shit, Tisha thought, and her words about God connected exactly with Tisha's own conclusion that there was none. Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny and God were the same fuckin' thing.

On the bass was Phyreteco. Her basic character outline was quite simple to Tisha. She was the one who always laughed about Kurt Cobain blowing his head off. She was the one who called the N.R.A. just to thank them for supporting the shotgun that rid the world of what she considered to be "the epitome of a commercial sell-out planetary malignancy." Pretty strange coming from someone who called Tisha every third of the month with her dad's .45 down her throat, but she had the raddest Dead Kennedys T-shirt around so Tisha knew she was cool as shit.

Her singer was Laritey. She taught Tisha something odd, something that never quite registered to a full degree in her head. She taught Tisha about the tomato plant. She said that a tomato plant seed begins as nothing, progresses itself into something, to later on inevitably wither back down into a dead nothing. A living contradiction. Deep. Real deep shit for Tisha, but it always served great purpose for their "Fuck the Fascists" conversations.

This was them and they were Suckjelly. Real punk rock, real stain glory, real true friends. Suckjelly was not just another garage band to Tisha, it was her reason to live and her reason to die. It was the one clique that she found to be exclusive in its treatment of the underdog. Just her and a shitty guitar would tell the world something important. Tell the

world something that she felt it really needed to know. Make someone once and for all finally understand who the fuck she really was. Make someone finally hear the ugly truth about this dissipated union so many proudly call America.

Tisha never did practice on her six-string thing, but she knew that eventually she would get better. She didn't mean to. She probably didn't even want to, but it happened. One day it just fuckin' happened.

The buzz slid deeper into a different key and conformed itself comfortably inside this new understanding. Sitting alone, Tisha saw time not move once again. Her self-declared friends were self-declared enemies. Their appearance remained the same, but they were completely different now. Contradictions, living contradictions.

Maybe Tisha just might cut her hair. Maybe she may even consider getting a job, but she definitely knew that tomato plants were cool and not getting high was out of the question.



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