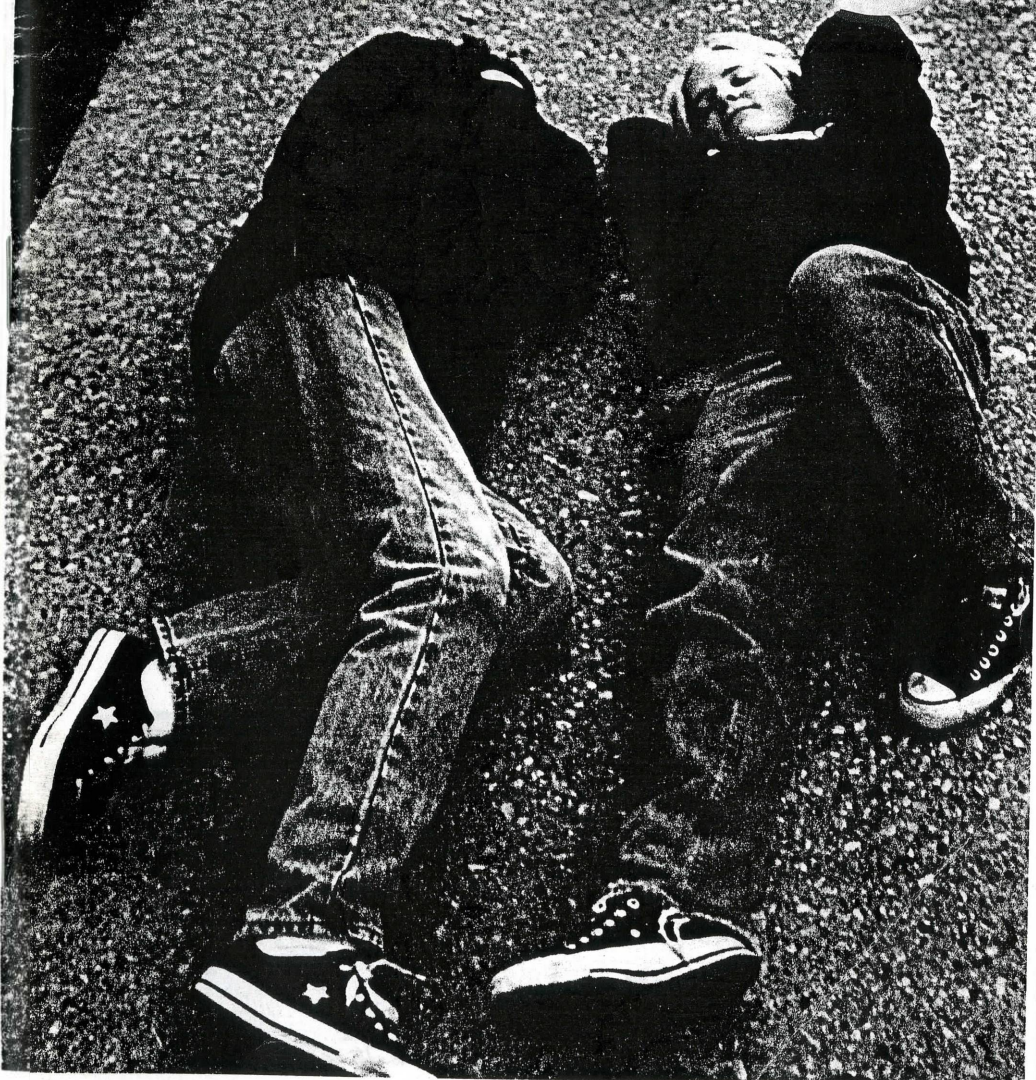


# TIGHT PANTS

## #5





Come one, Come all,  
to the ever exciting...



# INTRODUCTION!

You are holding in your hands the latest issue of the world-renowned Tight Pants Zine! In a climate where humor in zines is all but missing altogether, and the number of zines devoted to worship of Kathleen Hanna is somewhere in the triple digits, Tight Pants offers you a humorous and well-deserved diversion.

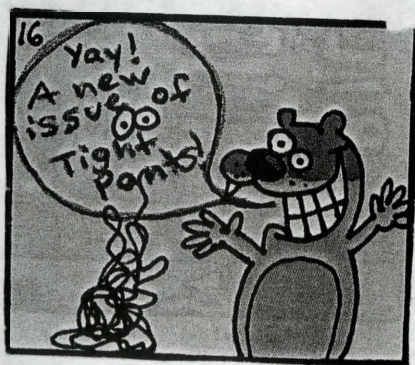
As always, you can get copies of Tight Pants (#1-5) for two stamps each. Or, if you want a lot of copies (either because you're a bit mentally unstable or you do a distro (and the two have been scientifically linked)) you can send me four or five bucks and I'll send you a big box of about 50-60 copies of my zine. (I just charge you for the cost of 4th Class book-rate postage.)

Whoever sends me a copy (original or taped) of 99's S/T LP will get a lifetime subscription to T.P., plus all of the back issues.

And now, onto the humor...

Madeline

Box 23  
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# THE HISTORY OF LES ANIMAUX ET MOI: A TALE OF BETRAYAL AND CRUELTY

( A Confession of Sorts )

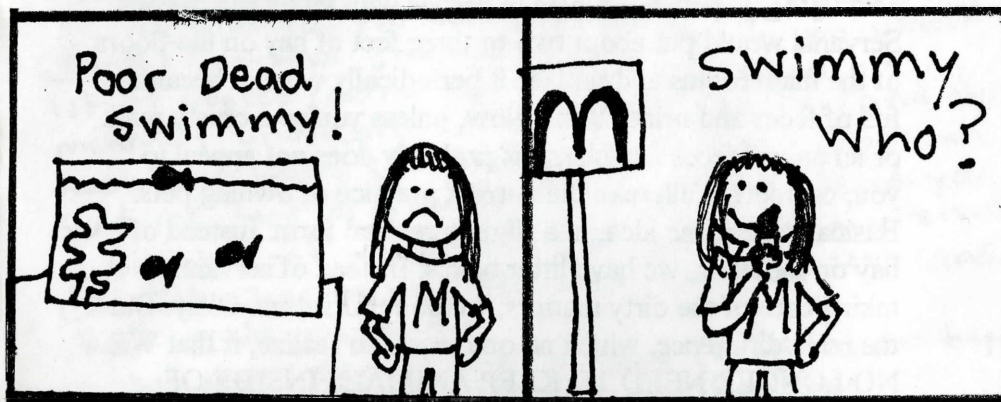
I do NOT like animals. Keeping animals in one's house ("having a pet") is one of the most poor ideas humans have ever had. The history of humans and animals is a long and sordid one, involving countless acts of co-habitation. In the Middle Ages, pets even lived in castles with kings and queens. Servants would put about two to three feet of hay on the floors of the main rooms and replace it periodically when it became full of feces and urine. Yum. Now, unless you're a crusty punk or an animal feces fetishist, this probably does not appeal to you, correct? Well, take the current practice of owning pets. Basically the same idea, in a slightly revised form. Instead of hay on the floor, we have litter boxes. Instead of servants taking care of the dirty matters, we do it ourselves. Okay. But the main difference, which no one seems to realize, is that WE NO LONGER NEED TO KEEP ANIMALS INSIDE OF OUR HOMES! In the Middle Ages and earlier, lots of people had animals to eat, do work, or sell, and these animals had to live inside when the weather got cold. Do we have this need today? No. So, should we have pets today? A decided and whole-hearted NO! GOOD GOD NO!

My point, well, in part its to justify the tales which follow, in which my cruelty towards animals is revealed to the punk community, followed by countless angry letters from animal rights activists. Also, its to jump ahead, to formulate a premature conclusion. So now that my intentions have been revealed, I will relate "The History of Me and Animals: A Tale of Betrayal and Cruelty." Onward.



# IMMORTAL GOLDFISH & TWIST CONE

When I was about seven or eight, my dad bought a lot of tropical fish. He let me choose one fish to be "mine." I chose a small red fish with tiny eyes. I called him "Swimmy." Swimmy did quite well, due entirely to my dad's diligence in feeding him (and all of the fish) and cleaning the aquarium regularly. And then, mysteriously, the fish started dying, one after the other. My dad couldn't figure out why. After a few weeks, only two or three fish were left. Swimmy was one of them. And then, one day, even Swimmy succumbed and floated to the top of the water. I was quite distraught. I could go into the whole "this was my first real experience of death" etc. etc. but really, although I was distraught, I recovered soon when my dad suggested that we go to McDonalds. There a few things that a twist cone can't fix.



After Swimmy died, I wanted to get a new pet of my own. My dad was extremely opposed to pets in general, with the sole exception of fish, so I got a goldfish. I can't remember his name, but I was genuinely excited when I first got him. I had a small aquarium for him, and I even bought one of those small fake castles that, for some reason, people like to put in aquariums. But, after a few weeks, I got bored with my goldfish. I began to realize that having a fish was annoying. It brought me no joy, and I had to feed it and clean the tank. So I did what any reasonable person would do. I stopped cleaning the tank. Mold started to grow on the edges. After a few months, mold would even sometimes form on the top of the water. I also began to be rather inconsistent with feeding the



# S INEGLECT, CRUEL HEARTLESS NEGLECT!

fish as well. I would sometimes go for as much as a week without feeding it.

So, imagine a goldfish, living in a filthy tank, hardly ever getting fed. You would suspect that it would die soon, right? Unfortunately, I was not that lucky (And don't think that I didn't hope for him to die all of the time, because I most certainly did.). The stupid goldfish **WOULD NOT DIE**. Months passed and he lived on, swimming in and out of the mold-covered fake castle. I decided to do some research at the library, where I learned that the average life-span of a store-bought goldfish is less than a year. So I figured that, at the very most, my stupid fish had a few months left. Wrong. It was not until a full **THREE YEARS** later that my fish died, defying all of the laws of goldfishery.

In the meantime, I had experimented with a few other animals, for, rather than acknowledge that maybe, just maybe, I did not like pets, I figured that it was just a question of certain **KINDS** of pets. Maybe I just did not like fish. So I decided to get a hamster. This took a fair amount of pleading to my dad, but eventually he gave in. I named the hamster "Cuddly" (See, even then I was incredibly creative!) and bought him a very cool cage, complete with a wheel and even a tube that he could climb up into. For the first few days, even the first few weeks, having a hamster was fun. But then, yep, you guessed it, I got bored. And then I started to clean the cage less and less. And then the noise of Cuddly on the wheel annoyed me and so I stuck the cage in my closet. And then, of course, I ended up cleaning the cage even less.

And then I realized that, unlike with fish, you could actually do cool (Read: mean) things with/to a hamster. So I started taking Cuddly out of his cage and making him dangle onto the side of a chair until finally he couldn't hang on any longer and he fell. And then I would do it again. And again. Fun!

Unfortunately, Cuddly did not have the strong will to live of my goldfish. After about two years, he died. We buried him in the backyard, in a hole about six inches deep. A few months later, we got a dog for a few days (who we had to return because he enjoyed peeing everywhere and attacking us), and



← NORMAL FISH LIFESPAN  
← MY STUPID FISH'S LIFESPAN

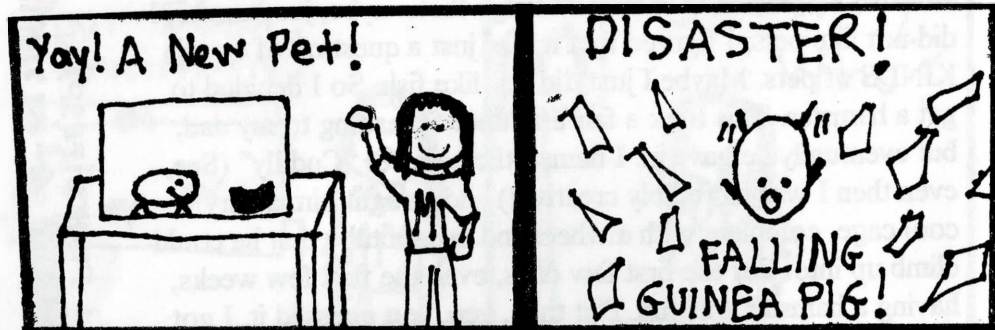


# HAMSTER CARCASSES & NEUROSIS...

(not the band)

he promptly dug up Cuddly. Note: This was NOT a pretty sight.

So, at this point you'd think that I'd give up on pets, right? After a fish, a hamster, and a dog, you'd think I'd have learned. But no. I decided to get a guinea pig. And I gave my cruelty free rein like I had never done before. (FORESHADOWING! FORESHADOWING!) Of course, at first I was genuinely interested in Mr. Piggy, as I was with Cuddly and my goldfish. I even had a fairly large, very clean glass aquarium, with fresh cedar shavings. I put the aquarium about three feet off the ground, on a metal stand that used to hold my dad's aquarium. About a week or two into the beautiful relationship between myself and Monsieur Piggy, disaster struck and our relationship was never the same again. One of my siblings, I



have forgotten which, knocked the aquarium off of the stand and glass (and Mr. Piggy) went flying everywhere. Mr. Piggy ended up in a corner, surrounded by shards of glass, and shaking. From that point on, Sir Piggy was not a normal guinea pig. If you tried to touch him, he would jump up in the air and then start shaking. He spent most of his time in the corner of his new blue Tupperware cage, staring into space. To say that he was disturbed would be putting it mildly.

After awhile, I naturally got bored with having a neurotic guinea pig. And then my sister decided that she wanted him. We would constantly switch the ownership of Mr. Piggy back and forth between the two of us. After awhile, one of us would forget enough about how dull and annoying it was to have a guinea pig and begin to think that it might be exciting again. So



# GUINEA PIG CORPSES AND MORE FUN!

that person would then request ownership of Mr. Piggy, which the other person would gladly relinquish, knowing all too well how dull and annoying ownership was. Eventually it got to a point where neither of us wanted anything to do with Mr. Piggy. So we took the huge blue tupperware cage and put it into the garage. Keep in mind that a.) it was the middle of the summer, with temperatures in the 90's, and b.) the garage most certainly was NOT air-conditioned. Of course, after we moved Mr. Piggy and his house out to the garage, it became much easier to forget entirely about feeding him or changing his water, to say nothing of cleaning his cage. If we checked on him more than twice a week, it was amazing, shocking, and, by our standards, incredibly and overly-kind. This went on for much of the summer, until one day we checked on him for the first time in about four or five days. Mr. Piggy was lying on his



side, stuck to the plastic cage, with his four legs stuck straight out in one of the funniest examples of rigormortis the world has ever seen. When I told my mom and she came out to see, she had to try hard (and a bit unsuccessfully) to keep from laughing. When my dad came home, we showed him, and he was put in charge of disposing of Mr. Piggy's corpse. But when he tried to pick up Mr. Piggy so that he could either bury him or put him in a garbage bag and throw him away, he ran into a problem. Mr. Piggy was stuck firmly on the side of the cage. So my dad tried pulling on him harder and harder. Then he picked up the entire cage and started banging it against a garbage can. Mr. Piggy still would not come unstuck. Eventually my dad just had to throw the entire cage, with Mr. Piggy still stuck on the side, into the garbage can. I often wonder about the reaction of the garbage men when they had to dispose of it.

## TORTURING THE RETARDED, CONT.

After Mr. Piggy, I still had not learned my lesson. And I got a cat. Only this time I wasn't incredibly cruel. She (the cat) was even fed regularly--which was largely because my mom took an interest in the cat and took care of most of the work. If it hadn't been for her, I don't doubt that the cat would have suffered the same fate as the rest of my pets (i.e. cruel, long, and painful death).

Finally, after the death of Suzuki (my cat) a few years later, I finally came to my senses and realized that I HATE ANIMALS. However, it was not until last summer that I truly realized how disgusting owning a pet is--and for this realization, I am greatly indebt to Stalwart Maureen, who first called it to my attention. Not only do I cruelly torture animals, I now also find them physically repulsive. On par with (and here's where I run into trouble) brain dead or incredibly retarded humans--who you have to take care of. Not fun. Repulsive, in fact. Of course, I do not routinely torture the severely retarded, but you also won't see me applying me a job in a nursing home anytime soon, for I am well aware of the fact that I would definitely be a less than sub-par caretaker. I doubt that I would hang my patients off of chairs until they fell (like I did with Cuddly) but I would have trouble really caring about their daily maintenance. And, at long last, I have reached the same conclusion about pets. No more pets for me, thank you! I do not need to have some creature roaming around my house who I have to take care of and affords me no pleasure. Fie on that! Death to the pet industry! And here, oddly enough, is where I reach a point of agreement with the Animal Liberation Front (albeit for different reasons). Humans should NOT own animals! There you have it. See, it DID end up being an animal rights conclusion after all!



I hate  
pets almost  
as much as  
I hate God!



(more slang from the)  
**BOOK OF LISTS!**

In Tight Pants #4 we brought you some very important and useful slang from the classic Book of Lists. Here's more - to improve your vocabulary and impress your friends!



(included are: the word, the definition, & its origin)

**Drip.** A tedious, unimaginative person. Especially students in 1940s.

**Corn pone.** Of or characteristic of an unsophisticated, rural person, especially from the South; a hick. 1965-70. RHD: usually disparaging.

**Ilthy lucre.** Money. Translation of New Testament Greek in Titus 1:11. 1520-30. RHD.

**Limflam.** Trick someone out of money. 1530-40. RHD: informal.

**Loozy.** A gaudily dressed woman, usually of questionable reputation. 1905-10. RHD: slang.

**Knee-high to a grasshopper.** Very small of stature. Early 1800s.

**Lunkhead.** Dull or stupid person. 1850-55.

**Malarkey.** Lies, exaggeration, empty bombastic talk. 1920s.

**Pill.** Unpleasant person. Late 1800s.

**Ralph.** Vomit. 1970-75.

**So's your old man.** Contemptuous retort. Early 1900s.

**Some pumpkins.** Highly admirable, impressive. Middle 1800s.

**In a swivet.** Anxious, concerned. 1890-95.

**Egghead.** An intellectual. 1915-20. RHD: informal, often disparaging.

**Boob.** Stupid person (1905-10); female breast (1945-50). RHD: slang.

**Call of nature.** Need to urinate or defecate. 1850-55.

**Hell-bent for leather.** Rapidly and energetically. Late 1800s.

**Fuzz.** Policeman or detective. 1925-30.

**Goldbrick.** Shirk responsibility; perform half-heartedly, loaf. 1850-55.

# THE CEREAL CORNER!

## THE HISTORY OF CEREAL

The Cereal Corner usually concentrates on contemporary cereal matters; but a sole concentration on current cereal news often overlooks the vast history of cereal. You know those "punk rockers" who think that punk started in the early 90's? You know how you want to throw things at them and tell them that punk has been around long before Green Day and The Queers? Well, I feel the same way about cereal. Sure, I'll discuss Discount, the Bobbyteens, and Darlington with you all day long, but if I then compare the Bobbyteens to Nikki and the Corvettes and you say, "Who?" well, then, I know where you stand. You are clearly not a music freak; you cannot give detailed histories of bands, scenes, and record labels. Very well. Not everyone can or should. But I am a music freak. And a cereal freak. And so I can, and do. Now I'm sure that a lot of you already know all about the history of punk rock. In fact, I'm sure that most of you would skip over an article entitled "The History of Punk" because its all been said before. The Clash, blah blah blah...Television, CBGB's blah blah blah...But the History of Cereal is a bit more elusive. Quite a bit more unknown. And vitally important. So, relax, get into a comfortable reading position (because this is going to be rather long--even more so than usual) and grab a box of your favorite cereal to munch on...because here's the History of Cereal.

The breakfast cereal was born in the late 1800's in a time of quack medicine in Battle Creek, Michigan. It all started with Dr. Kellogg. Dr. Kellogg was a respected medical man in his time, despite countless bizarre, dare I say stupid



# Warning: Exceptionally Long Article...

ideas. He founded the Battle Creek Sanitarium with a simple message: avoid drugs, alcohol, and tobacco; get moderate exercise, and eat a low-calorie, low-meat diet. Simple though it was, it was revolutionary for the times and established Kellogg as the great-grandfather of the modern self-help movement.

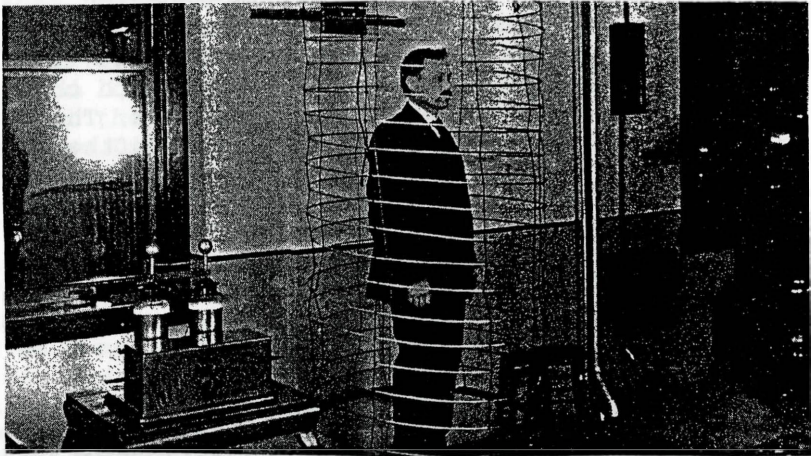
Kellogg championed "biologic living"—holistic healing with a bizarre twist. Literature from the Sanitarium (commonly known in its time as the San) described it as a regimen of "daily cold water and air baths, swimming, work in the gymnasium, wearing of light and porous clothing and frequent changes of underwear. Kellogg put his patients through a grueling schedule. They performed calisthenics at 7 a.m., followed by laughing exercises, Indian club demonstrations, and gymnastics classes. They were subjected to beatings with trunk rollers, poundings with chest beaters, and punches from stomach beaters. They stood on vibrating platforms to stimulate their lower organs (?! I'm assuming that by saying



A combination of healer, hotelier, and promoter, **Dr. John Harvey Kellogg** was one of the best known figures of nineteenth-century American medicine. After announcing that white clothing was medically beneficial, the good doctor sported nothing but white apparel. The influence of the publicity loving physician continues to hold sway over the world's breakfast table.

# Vibrating Chairs, Enemas, and Milk..

"lower organs" prudish Dr. Kellogg was trying to avoid the shockingly explicit term "gentitalia," but I could not find any information to either confirm or deny my conjecture), galloped on mechanical horses, or sat on Kellogg's patented vibrating chair (again, this is sounding more and more like a high-tech sex resort...). They bathed endlessly inside and out--with salt baths, douches, fomentations, and a high-powered enema machine that could put fifteen gallons of water through the bowels in a matter of minutes. They buzzed with oscillating current applied in a mild form of total-body electro-shock using the most modern equipment available--a dynamometer to measure muscle power, and x-rays and chemical



Under Dr. Kellogg's guidance, the San was transformed into a Disneyland of medical marvels. Innovative treatments included electric baths and a high-powered enema machine that pumped sixteen gallons of water through the bowel in a matter of minutes.

tests analyzed in the lab according to the most sophisticated statistical techniques. Kellogg ordered thin people to undergo twenty-six milk feedings a day and to remain motionless in bed with sandbags on their stomachs to increase absorption of nourishment. For high blood pressure patients, he prescribed ten to fourteen pounds of grapes (peeled) every day.

Kellogg also had non-medical advice. He warned female patients that novel reading was "one of the most pernicious habits to which a young lady can become devoted...as inveterate as the use of liquor or opium."



# Pancakes, Math, and Granola, cont...

According to Dr. Kellogg's philosophy, the key to human happiness lay in the digestive tract. "If the whole truth were shown," he wrote, "it would appear that the causes of indigestion are responsible for more deaths than all other causes combined." To keep his own system fully functioning, Kellogg not only ate bran but enjoyed a daily enema, administered by a personal assistant right after breakfast. "The bowels should be emptied at least twice a day," he warned, "and three or four movements are still better."

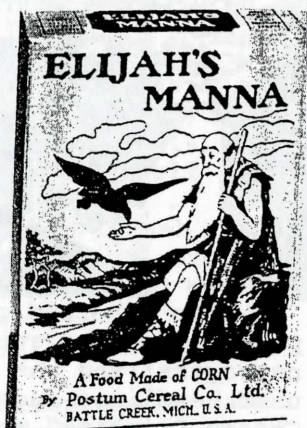
His commitment to health knew no bounds. He once said, "It is of more consequence for a teacher to know whether a child's colon is evacuated regularly and frequently than to know that he is acquiring proficiency in mathematics."

## SEX AND CORNFLAKES

Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, the inventor of cornflakes and peanut butter, was a radical in the kitchen but an ultra-conservative in the boudoir. Kellogg believed that meat eating inspired dreaded animal urges, including the urge to masturbate. In his book *Man the Masterpiece*, Kellogg listed thirty-nine signs of the secret vice including bashfulness, unnatural boldness, and the desire to eat pencils and chalk. For some patients Kellogg recommended using cornflakes as an enema in the belief that constipation induced "abnormal excitement in the genital region." To cure the more dedicated male "devotees of Moloch," Kellogg recommended bandaging the hands or "covering the organs with a cage." For women, Kellogg's cures were more drastic. "The author has found the application of pure carboic acid to the clitoris an excellent means of allaying the normal excitement," wrote Kellogg. In at least one case, the gifted surgeon wrote that he had been forced to remove the genital organs of a female masturbator "before the patient could be cured." Women who suffered from headaches and dyspepsia were much more fortunate. For them, Dr. Kellogg prescribed Womb Movement Treatment, a technique first used in Germany. As the patient reclined, an aide inserted a finger into the orifice nearest the womb and rotated. Blushing relief took as long as an hour to achieve, but many a skirted San regular swore by the practice.

Despite all of his work at his Sanitarium, Kellogg was still bothered by one question--How could one eat a healthy breakfast? When he was younger, Dr. Kellogg ate pancakes with a great deal of syrup. Such breakfasts now repulsed him and he knew that something had to be done. He began to experiment with cereal.

At around this same time, a man by the name of Dr. James Caleb Jackson created Granula. Kellogg created a similar substance, and also called it Granula. Jackson sued him and he was forced to change the name to Granola in 1881. By 1889, Kellogg was selling more than two tons of Granola



# Mr. Post, coffee, lies, & competition..

One day a seriously ill man named Charles William Post visited Kellogg's sanitarium, but Kellogg was unable to cure him. Only cereal coffee seemed to help. He left and a few days later miraculously recovered. He approached Dr. Kellogg and offered to pray for the patients at the San for the modest sum of fifty dollars per week. Kellogg refused. He returned to the San once again, offering this time to market Kellogg's cereal coffee. Kellogg again refused. Post then opened his own health spa, on the east side of Battle Creek. He called it LaVita Inn, and he offered many of the same services as Kellogg, but for a much lower price.

He then decided to branch out. In an effort to make more money, he began looking for a substitute for coffee. He eventually came up with a concoction he called Postum and founded Postum Cereal Coffee, Ltd.



Hailed as the "White City," C. W. Post's Postum Cereal Company plant was a utopian industrial complex and a major tourist destination by 1902, just seven years after he introduced Postum to the market. The outdoor conveyor belt that carried Grape-Nuts from the bakery (foreground building) to the grinding room was called the "Road to Wellville."

He then embarked on a huge ad campaign, proclaiming the evils of coffee (lie on coffee naysayers!) and the benefits of his substitute. He used headlines such as "Lost Eyesight through Coffee Drinking" and wrote, "It is safe to say that one person in every three among coffee users has some incipient or advanced form of disease. He called coffee a "drug drink," containing a poisonous drug--caffeine which belongs in the same class of alkaloids with cocaine, morphine, nicotine, and strychnine." He invented ailments like "coffee neuralgia," "coffee heart," and "brain fag" (?!). He used the grammatically incorrect slogan, "If coffee don't agree--use Postum."

In 1898 Post invented Grape-Nuts, "grape" because it contained maltose, which Post called "grape sugar," and "nuts" because of its flavor." He advertised Grape-Nuts with slogans such as "Brains are Built by Grape-Nuts."



# Mr. Post's Wit, The Bible, & more!

By 1900, Post was incredibly rich. His company was the largest single consumer of molasses in the world. Thousands of visitors came each year to tour his factories.

Kellogg was greatly angered by Post's success. He tried to compete with a cereal called Gran-Nuts, but it was so similar to Grape-Nuts that Post quickly sued and Kellogg was forced to remove it from the market.

Post's next invention was called Elijah's Manna. The cereal's title provoked a great deal of anger from those who thought the Biblical characters should not be used to sell cereal. Post wittily responded, stating, "Perhaps no one should eat Angel Food cake, enjoy Adam's Ale, live in St. Paul, nor work for Bethlehem Steel, nor could one have the healing benefits of St. Jacob's oil, one should have his Adam's apple removed and never again name a child for the good people of the Bible." By 1908, sales had dropped dramatically due to the name, and Post eventually gave it and renamed the cereal Post Toasties.

But Post was not dedicated solely to the cereal business; he dabbled in other business areas and even tried to start his own city. Eventually he became seriously ill again and on May 9, 1914, dressed in an expensive suit, he shot himself in the head.

At the time of his death, the Postum Cereal Company was worth \$70 million. His twenty-seven year old daughter inherited the company and became one of the richest women in the world. She expanded the company, buying up Jell-O, Log Cabin Syrup, and General Foods.

Around this time, a number of entrepreneurs came on the market, with cereals such as Grain-O, Sugar Flakes, Malted Zweiback, Malt-Too, My Food, Flak-Ota, Cocoa Cream Flakes, Frumenta, Norka, and Malted Oats. Battle Creek was invaded by business men with get-rich-quick schemes, committing countless acts of fraud and embezzlement along the way.

Meanwhile Kellogg was plagued by poor business decisions, most importantly his decision not to buy the rights to the newly-invented Shredded Wheat. As he later confessed, "The greatest business mistake I ever made was in not buying Shredded Wheat when it was offered at a reasonable price." Kellogg began to lose money, much to the

THE LONGEST ARTICLE IN THE HISTORY OF TIGHT PANTS!

# Three Cheers For Will Kellogg!

disappointment of his younger brother Willie Keith Kellogg, who worked for the company in a variety of low-paying positions.

Like his brother, Will Keith also had an interesting and bizarre life. When he was thirteen, he left home to join his father's broom business, selling brooms from a horse-drawn cart (and I thought working at a department store was bad). Eventually the broom business failed and Will was forced to work for his brother at the Sanitarium. He worked diligently, everyday, doing everything from book-keeping to capturing escaped patients (sometimes as many as 33 a day!). His brother paid him a very low wage, but eventually



The **Battle Creek Sanitarium** in the 1890s. The Italian Renaissance edifice sported a solarium, a large gymnasium, and an Acidophilus milk bar. The stream of wealthy international guests included Thomas Edison, Harvey Firestone, and Henry Ford.

agreed to let Will manage his publishing and health-food business and keep 25% of the profits. Will soon realized that his brother had far too many different products and was involved in too many different areas. He decided that, to make money, Kellogg must focus on one or two popular items. Naturally, he focused on breakfast cereal.

Flakes of corn, called cerealine, were used widely in the brewing industry, but it wasn't until 1898 that the Kellogg boys came up with a cornflake suitable for the breakfast table. They called it "Sanitas Toasted Corn Flakes" and sold it in blue packages emblazoned with a picture of the Battle Creek Sanitarium.

While his brother was touring Europe on a medical fact-finding mission, W.K. added a forbidden ingredient to the product--cane sugar. When the



# All Praise The Almighty Sugar God!

Doctor returned and examined the adulterated cereal, he was furious. Dr. Kellogg felt that sugar was unhealthy and argued vehemently against using it in cornflakes. His medical concerns were less persuasive than the opinion of cornflake consumers, who approved of the sugary addition. Sales of Sanitas Toasted Corn Flakes soared and the sugar stayed.

(A moment of silence, please, for the greater Will Kellogg, lover of sugar, and humanity.)

On February 18, 1902, a fire broke out and Battle Creek Sanitarium burned to the ground, leading many to believe, "the Lord is not very well pleased with Battle Creek." After helping to raise the money to rebuild the San, Will Kellogg focused all of his attention on the Battle Creek Toasted



Tony the Tiger has evolved during his long career. In 1953 Kellogg's most valuable feline crept across the pages of *Life* magazine on all fours. His latest incarnation resembles a man more than a jungle cat. (Photo by Scott Bruce)

Corn Flake Company. He slowly began buying up stock in the company, until finally, at age 46, he was the main shareholder.

Post used a variety of means to attempt to destroy the Kellogg cereal industry, including arson. But Will Kellogg prevailed. He embarked on a huge ad campaign, even hanging a billboard in Times Square. For publicity, he conducted the first ever airborne taste test. Sales of Kellogg's corn flakes soared.

# Tragedy and Corn Pops, Cont.

Will changed the name of the Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Company to the Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Company, and his older brother responded by changing the name of his Sanitas Nut Food Company to the Kellogg Food Company. Obviously, this caused more than a little confusion. Eventually the two brothers ended up in court. The case was settled out of court in 1911, in Will's favor. Eventually, Will acquired all rights to the Kellogg name, making him considerably richer than his brother.

Will was not an extravagant man, however, and his only real indulgence was the creation of an Arabian horse ranch, fulfilling a boyhood fantasy. He had three children, none of whom were remarkably successful. One of his sons, John Leonard, joined him in the Kellogg business, but left when Will interfered in his private life. John started his own company, called Food Town Kitchens. He invented a new corn-puffing method and tried to sell it to various companies. When his father learned of his plans to sell the method to General Mills, he sued John. Immersed in debts, and with a child on the way, John was desperate. In the winter of 1938 he committed suicide with a shotgun. Fifteen years later, the Kellogg company coldly used John's method to create Corn Pops.

Meanwhile the older Kellogg continued to work on various bizarre health foods, including Zo (the "Vitamin Breakfast Food"), and Sanitarium Fig & Bran Flakes. Eventually the Sanitarium was forced to close, due to defaulting on a debt. Today the Sanitarium is an office building for the Civil Defense Administration. Doctor Kellogg died in his sleep in 1943, at the age of 91.

Will Kellogg did not resign from the company until 1946, when he was 85 years old. After his retirement, blinded by glaucoma, he liked to spend his time driving around the factories, "just to hear the noises from the factories." He died in 1951, at the age of 91, like his brother.

But the Kellogg Company continued, and in the 1950's their Food Research Department began to investigate and debate the impact of presweetened cereals on children's health. Although many were skeptical, the presweetened cereals sold well, and Kellogg decided to keep manufacturing them for that reason alone. In fact, Kellogg's expanded their range of presweetened cereals, presweetening



# More Presweetened Greatness...

Corn Pops and renaming it Sugar Corn Pops. Sugar Frosted Flakes were next, and the public bought them in huge quantities.

The Post Company needed to comeback with a new cereal. And so they called in Al Clausi, the head of product development from General Foods. He didn't know anything about cereal, but he did know a lot about pasta. "The thought crossed my mind," relates Clausi, "why not take pasta, which comes in a multitudinous number of forms and shapes, and subject it to this gun-puffing process?" So he did, and when he showed it to the head of the



In 1956 kiss-and-tell *Confidential* magazine exposed the secret link between **Frank Sinatra's** legendary sexual prowess and Wheaties. Though the flap tickled General Mills, the company never exploited the free publicity, choosing Olympian Bob Richards to champion the cereal instead. (Photo by Stephen Govoni Jr.)

project he exclaimed, "Oh, my God! This is terrific! This is tremendous! This is what we're looking for!" And Alpha Bits were born.

With such massive production of cereal, mistakes occasionally occurred. One Special K package featured a recipe for Special K cookies. The cookies were drawn in a delicious rich brown, but when they were printed on the package the baked goods turned blue. According to John Long, Burnett's sharp-eyed ad man caught the mistake, after printing only "a couple hundred-thousand of those damned things."

# Tony The Tiger, Sugar Pops Pete, et.al.

Although cereal was already tremendously popular, it was not until the invention of television that cereal really became a part of mainstream American consciousness. Tony the Tiger, Sugar Pops Pete, and Sammy the Seal were just a few of the early cartoon creations. Not all cartoon characters were as popular as Tony the Tiger. "Big Otis" was a prime example. Big Otis was a Scottish warrior in

## KOSHER CEREAL

In addition to the issues of nutrition, safety, and value, the religious symbolism of the cereal box has also been a focus of consumer activism. In 1987 an advertising campaign for General Mills' Count Chocula cereal included an image of Bela Lugosi taken from the 1931 film *House of Dracula*. The cereal company overlooked the fact that Lugosi wore a six-pointed medallion on his chest, a Star of David, the symbol of Judaism. When Jewish activists complained about the imagery, General Mills recut the television advertising but refused to recall four million boxes of the cereal, arguing that the blasphemous art work did not present a health hazard. "We are not anti-Semitic," said General Mills spokesman William Shaffer. "Our interest was merely to use Dracula's likeness in a fresh and entertaining way."

In a separate religious incident, a rabbi visited the Post plant in Battle Creek every year in order to inspect the facility. The rabbi's visit was necessary to qualify Post cereals as kosher, a dietary endorsement that meant millions of dollars a year in sales. One year the cereal-inspecting rabbi rode up one of the 150-foot grain towers on a continuously moving ladder. To ride the lift back down, the rabbi had to step over a wide gap back onto the ladder. "He was up there for a while before he mustered the courage to just step onto that thing and grab ahold of it," recalled Bob Traverse. "Of course everybody got a big kick out of it. . . . 'You know, this poor guy was up there for four hours, ha-ha-ha!'" In 1994, the kosher cereal market heated up as Boston entrepreneur Marcia Smith began marketing a kosher cereal made from matzoh meal under the corporate brand name T. Abraham.

a tartan kilt created to sell Kellogg's OKs by making a connection between Scotland, oats, and strength. Needless to say, Big Otis was a total failure, leading Kellogg's president Lyle Roll to angrily comment, "I hate that big, red-bearded son of a bitch."



# Sir Bullwinkle & Monsieur Rocky ...

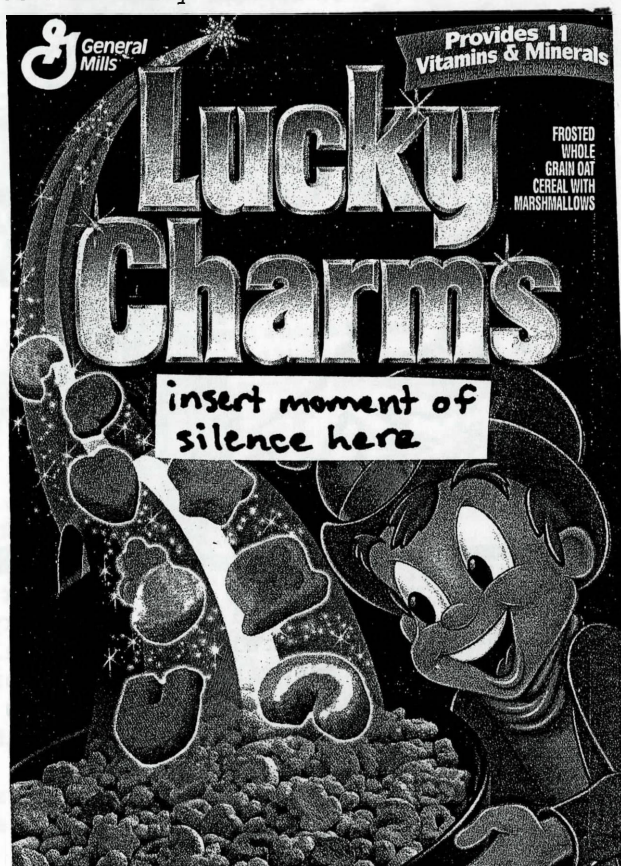
Many early and very famous cartoons got their start as cereal advertisements. For example, in the late 1950's Post sponsored The Mighty Mouse Playhouse, followed by the sponsorship of The Bugs Bunny Show. The characters on these shows incorporated Post cereal into their lives, often shouting out popular commercial slogans in the middle of the show.



Of particular importance to me, (and if you're cool, to you, too) is the creation of the Rocky and Bullwinkle show--due entirely to the cereal industry. In 1949, a businessman by the name of Jay Ward was injured when a truck smashed into his office. As he lay in his hospital bed recovering, he decided to leave the world of business for good. Ward and his childhood friend Alex Anderson began producing cartoons in Anderson's garage and came up with the ideas for cartoon characters named Rocket J. Squirrel and Bullwinkle Moose. Anderson decided to take a job at an ad agency, but Ward stayed committed to cartoons. He joined forces with animation writer Bill Scott and formed Jay Ward Productions in 1958 and created Rocky and Friends. Since Ward didn't have any money, he went around trying to sell his idea. General Mills was looking for a way to sell Cheerios. They loved Ward's ideas and bought the rights to the whole show, including the individual characters, angering Ward in later years.

## A Moment of Silence for Lucky Charms, cor

Another important point for me in cereal history is the creation of Lucky Charms, otherwise known as the best cereal of all time. Post was experimenting making cereal into strange shapes, and the creative department came up with the idea of an Irish cereal, with cereal shaped like shamrocks, half moons, stars, and diamonds. Lucky the Leprechaun was created to sell the cereal and in his first ads, he sang "Tis lucky to catch a leprachaun/But of course, nobody can/Catch me and you catch me Lucky Charms."



In the 1970's, a whole new set of sugar-based cereals were created, including Franken Berry and Count Chocula. Count Chocula was a great success, but Franken Berry suffered a serious setback because, as Bill Tollis, the artist who designed the corresponding characters for both cereals recalls, "when kids went to the bathroom, their stools were pink from the food coloring," Tollis also commented that the problem probably happened



# Cereal-Induced Madness, Cont.

with both cereals, "But with Count Chocula being brown, who would know?" Franken Berry was temporarily pulled from the market to correct the problem.

For some in the cereal business, the constant presence of cartoon characters proved to be too much to handle. "When you work on those things, you get a little nuts," confessed Tony Jaffe. "I used to dream about the characters--Bullwinkle, Rocky, the Rabbit...even Lucky the Leprechaun...They took over an aspect of...people I knew." Eventually Jaffe "asked to work on some adult stuff." Overall, he states that his experience with the cereal industry "was a bit disturbing."

The 1980's were marked by cereal companies buying the right to sell cereals based on popular television shows, toys, and movies. Cereals based

## TONY AND HIS TART

In the early sixties a crew from the Leo Burnett Agency shot a series of live-tiger commercials for Frosted Flakes at a Chicago zoo. The crew wanted to capture the jaw movements of the tiger on film and later refine them through animation to simulate Tony praising his bowl of cereal. One morning, the film crew set up in front of the tiger pen ready to shoot the male tiger. But there was a hitch. A female tiger was in heat. "You are not going to get him to do anything until he is sexually satisfied," the zookeeper told the director of the crew.

Trying to keep his production time to a minimum, the director told the zookeeper, "Fine, have him satisfied and let's get the production rolling." With the cameras running, the zoo keeper brought in the female and the two tigers had sexual intercourse. After sex, the male tiger gobbled down his breakfast, and the ad men captured just the jaw action they were looking for.

After producing the ad for Kellogg, the Burnett crew decided to have a little fun with their extra tiger footage. They took the fornication scene, stripped in the animated jaw footage, and dubbed in a new audio track. At the climax of the newly edited X-rated commercial, Tony dropped his jaw and howled, "It's GR-R-REAT!"

## PINK ELEPHANTS

As cereal companies rushed to design cartoon animals for their packages, ad men and artists discovered how surprisingly difficult it was to come up with just the right critter. In the late fifties Kellogg briefly replaced Little Jose, the monkey on the Cocoa Krispies box, with a pink elephant named Coco. The creature created a furor at Kellogg Company headquarters and was quickly pulled from the cereal aisle because "you see pink elephants if you drink too much," explained Orrin Bowers, an ad man who did work for Kellogg. "It sounds crazy but advertisers, Kellogg especially, take that very seriously."

In 1967 Post launched Corn Crackos. The box featured the Waker Upper Bird perched on a bowl of candy-coated twists. An internal company memo noted that "It looks like a bird eating worms; who wants worms for breakfast?"

Quaker ran into trouble in 1975 with Punch Crunch. The screaming pink box featured Harry S., an exuberant hippo in a sailor suit making goo-goo eyes at Cap'n Crunch. Many chain stores perceived the hippo as gay and refused to carry the cereal. Marveled one Quaker salesman, "How that one ever got through, I'll never understand."

on Barbie, the Ghostbusters, the Addams Family, Mr. T, and countless others were sold for an intentionally brief period of time, earning a lot of money quickly. However, many cereals flopped after the cereal companies paid for the rights. The Jetsons was one example. Another was the World Wrestling Super Stars cereal, which was pulled from shelves when a steroid scandal tarnished wrestling's image.

In the late 1980's to the present time, cereal companies are focusing on baby boomers, yuppies, and health-conscious adults. Some of the reason

# Fifteen Pages Later... The End!

for this focus can be traced to concerns about the nutritional value of cereal. In 1975 Consumer Reports conducted a study using 264 rats to test the nutritional content of various cereals. They found that the rats that ate Maypo, Cheerios, and Special K did well. Those that ate Sir Grapefellow, Baron Von Redberry, Total, and more than a dozen other cereals survived but developed minor problems such as nervousness and gray hair. The rats who ate Product 19, Quisp, Pink Panther Flakes, and numerous other similar cereals were not so lucky. They developed "rickets, edema, tremors, emaciation, and dehydration."

## RAPE-NUTS

In the early fifties the Grape-Nuts package came with a waxed-paper overwrap. The overwrap included a V-shaped fold in which the words *Grape-Nuts* appeared. According to a Post art director, a packaging engineer at the company made a small but significant error in designing the blueprint that told the artists where they could print and where they could not print. "They put the overwraps on the packaging machine and they were folding when all of a sudden, they had the product manager in my office saying, 'My God! My God! We've got a million packages that say Rape-Nuts on the side!'" The art director had a good laugh, but the packaging engineer responsible for the error failed to see the humor in the situation. "It was his product," the art director recalled, "and they had to recall all the packages and tear off the overwraps and put new ones on."

The study was very influential at the time, but was later found to have been inaccurate.

A greater problem concerning rats did not involve the Consumer Reports tests, but rather the problem of how to keep rats out of the cereal silos. In the 1970's a method was developed that proved to be successful. When it was discovered, General Mills wanted to incorporate it into a major ad campaign, but, as GM ad man Leo Stuchkus states, "You try to advertise that and they'll say, 'All this time you didn't tell us that rat feces were in the oats?'"

From medical quakery to sugary-goodness to New Age health-consciousness, cereal indeed has a long, bizarre, and interesting history. So the next time you pick up a box of Frosted Flakes or Fruit Loops, take a moment to pay your respects to the Kellogg brothers (especially Will--who, you will recall, brought the sugar to our cereal) and Mr. Post. Happy cereal eating.

Note: I am greatly indebted to the excellent and very funny book Cerealizing History: The Unsweetened Story of American Breakfast Cereal by Scott Bruce and Bill Crawford, which I highly recommend.



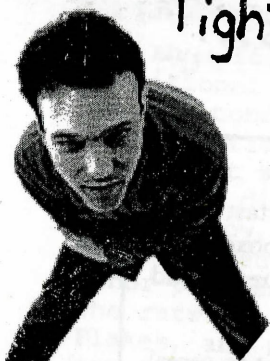
# Random Cereal Facts...

## AMAZING CEREAL STATISTICS

- ★ Americans buy 2.7 billion packages of breakfast cereal each year. If laid end to end, the empty cereal boxes from one year's consumption would stretch to the moon and back.
- ★ In the last one hundred years, more than 1,000 cereal brands have been created in the United States alone.
- ★ The cereal industry uses 816 million pounds of sugar per year, enough to coat each and every American with more than three pounds of sugar. The cereal with the highest amount of sugar per serving is Smacks, which is 53 percent sugar.
- ★ Americans consume about ten pounds or 160 bowls of cereal per person per year. But America ranks only fourth in per capita cereal consumption. Ireland ranks first, England ranks second, and Australia ranks third.
- ★ Forty-nine percent of Americans start each morning with a bowl of cereal, thirty percent eat toast, twenty-eight percent eat eggs, twenty-eight percent have coffee, seventeen percent have hot cereal, and fewer than ten percent have pancakes, sausage, bagels, or french toast.
- ★ Breakfast cereals are the third most popular product sold at supermarkets in terms of dollar sales. The five most popular products are: 1) carbonated beverages, 2) milk, 3) breakfast cereal, 4) cigarettes, and 5) fresh bread and rolls.
- ★ In 1993, more than 1.3 million advertisements for cereal aired on American television, or more than twenty-five hours of cereal advertising per day, at a cost of \$762 million for the purchase of air time. Only auto manufacturers spent more money on television advertising than the makers of breakfast cereal.

# Tight Pants Wearer of the Issue

## Dr Frank



Every issue, one lucky man, woman, or child is awarded "tight pants wearer of the issue." The

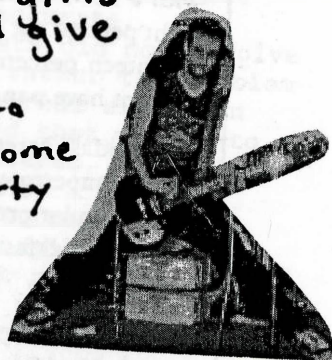


winner gets a copy of the zine and some candy, plus anything else I have lying around my room. This issue's winner is Dr. Frank of the Mr. T

Experience. Tight pants, yes. Also, great songs, a wonderful solo album, and the charm & good looks that make him The Most Desired Man in Punk Rock.



Many boys and girls I know would give one of their kidneys just to have Dr. Frank come to a sleepover party with them, eat popcorn, and watch movies.



All hail Dr.

Frank and his pants!

Send in nominations for Issue #6 now!

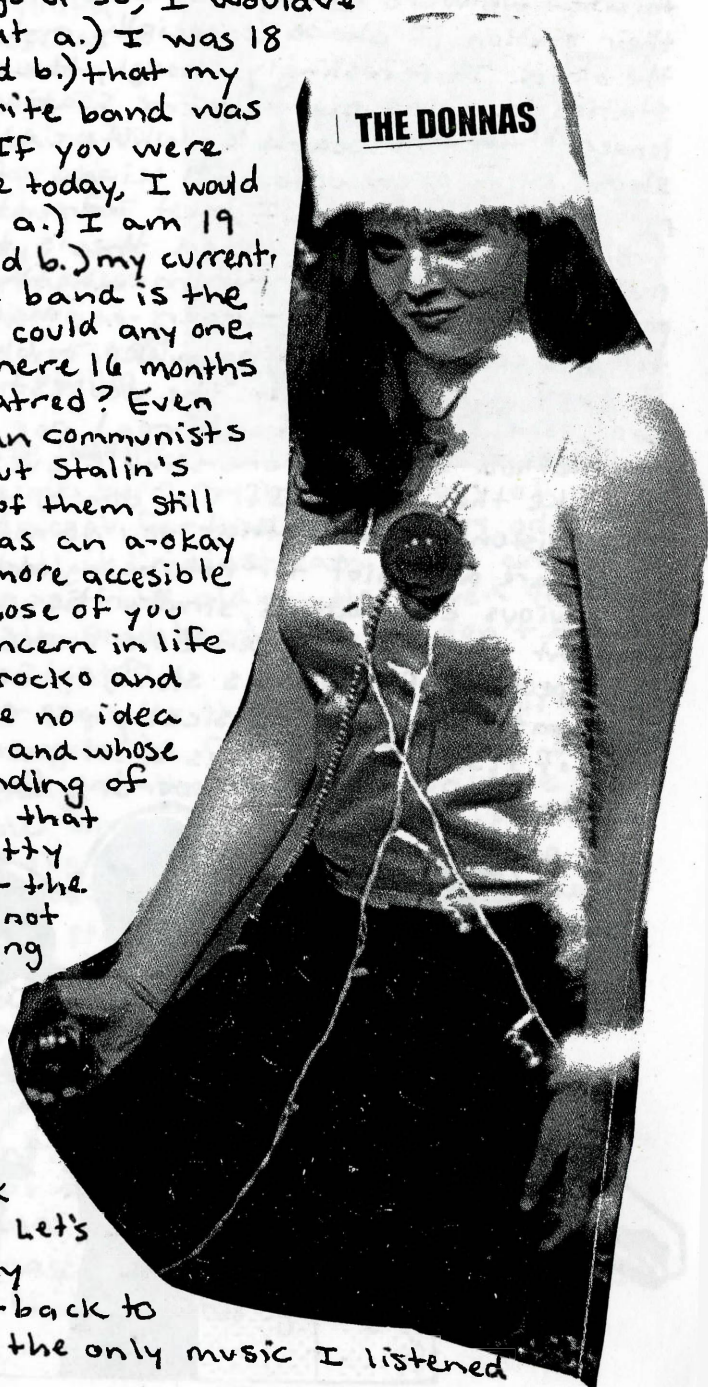




## Why I Hate The Donnas And/Or Why I Love Nameless Girl Groups

If you had talked to me about 16 months ago or so, I would've told you that a.) I was 18 years old and b.) that my current favorite band was the Donnas. If you were to talk to me today, I would tell you that a.) I am 19 years old, and b.) my current, least-favorite band is the Donnas. What could any one band do in a mere 16 months to earn my hatred? Even when American communists found out about Stalin's purges, a lot of them still thought he was an a-okay guy. To use a more accessible example to those of you whose sole concern in life is the punko-rocko and therefore have no idea who Stalin is and whose only understanding of communism is that "It sounds pretty fucking cool"—the Ramones have not written any song of worth in quite some time and yet people (yours truly included) still like 'em.

So let's back track—a lot. Let's go back to my distant past—back to the days when the only music I listened



# Pop Punk Idiocy, Phil Spector, and more..

to was what my parents turned the radio dial to when we were in the car. Like most parents, their station of choice (especially my mom's) was the oldies. Interestingly enough, the oldies station remains my favorite station by a longer-than-the-Beatle's-White-Album-long shot. So I grew up on all kinds of GREAT music. (At this point I must momentarily depart from my carefully planned thesis to discuss my method for determining whether fans of pop punk are merely hangers-on, merely in it for the coolness of being punk or whatever, or if they are genuinely the coolest-of-the-cool, if they are, in fact, real pop punk fans. My method involves one simple question - Do you like the oldies? If you don't, then either 1.) you listen to music that you do not like or 2.) you are an idiot for not being able to recognize the obvious correlations, similarities, and at times, blatant copying between 50's and 60's bubblegum pop, Spector stuff, Beatles stuff, etc. and current (and past) pop punk. Basically pop punk owes half of itself (sometimes a lot more) to the oldies. (The other half coming from punk land.)





## Jello Biafra Meets the Crystals, cont.

Anyway, uh... oh yeah, back to my youth. Because I listened to the oldies station all of the time, I grew up listening to all sorts of great music. My love for the Beach Boys and the Beatles originated in this period—as did my liking for most things by Mr. Phillip Spector.

But, of course, teenage rebellion made me turn my back on all of this music (except for the Beach Boys, oddly enough) and call it "mainstream radio crap." I was TOO GOOD for the oldies. Hey—when you're listening to the Dead Kennedys, you don't need the Beatles. Right?

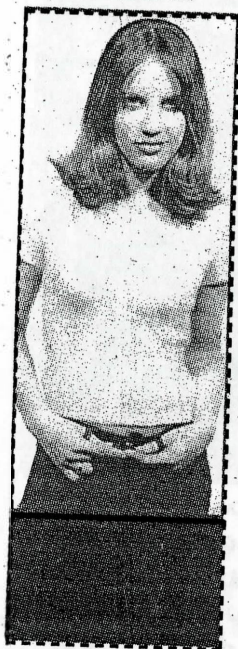
Wrong. After two or three years of pure punkdom I began to realize my folly. I started listening to the Beatles upon the sad, miserable end of a relationship and from there I regained my love of all the original pop greats. Then I began to see how similar a lot of pop punk stuff is to the oldies. Take the Queens, for example. Three words. The Beach Boys. Or the Muffs, or the Rezillos, or the Undertones. I could give tons of examples of bands who are incredibly influenced by the oldies.

So, my point? Well, you may recall that, at the beginning of this article, I was talking about the Donnas. So, back to my original point. The Donnas are essentially a low-budget version of a Phil Spector girl group.



# Screwing with the formula, etc.

Donna R.



Comparisons with the Ramones, of course, have a certain degree of validity; but the closest comparison is to the great girl groups - the Crystals, the Rondelles, and countless others.

The formula is simple. Take a bunch of cute girls. Find a male songwriter. Have that male songwriter write songs for the girls to sing (and maybe also to play). Make sure to have at least a few explicit or implicit sexual references. Name the band something catchy. Change all of the girl's names.

Sound familiar? The Donnas were based on this principle. I loved them - based on this principle. Their songs were great and catchy, it's true. They were cute. Also true. But the main reason is the whole package. The whole idea behind the creation

of the Donnas.

So, why do I hate the Donnas now? Well, aside from the fact that they sound horrible and have allowed themselves to be marketed to death by Lookout Records, **THEY HAVE SCREWED WITH THE FORMULA!** (More attentive readers will recognize the reference to Mike Love's comment to Brian Wilson, "Don't fuck with the formula!" as regards the Pet Sounds album. Of course, in that case Sir Love was horribly wrong, and in this case I am horribly right.) They have the audacity (those of us with a bigger vocabulary, yours truly included, might say the HUBRIS) to actually think

Donna A.





# Hubris, Male Dominance, etc.

Donna E.



that they could break with the formula and BECOME A REGULAR BAND. I cannot stress enough how poor of an idea this is. How could they think that a.) they have talent on their own and b.) that people actually wanted to hear their own songs? Negative on both counts, dear readers! Forsaking the male songwriter in these situations is a quite poor idea! In addition, they have strayed from their earlier Phil Spector sound to something that, if I was being nice, I would say is generically Runaways-ish. If I was being mean (oh no! not that!) I would say that it sounds like a combination of horrid Runaways-derived drivel and bad metal. Throw in super lame lyrics

put tons of money into an ad campaign. Appear on a soundtrack for a popular movie. And there you have it. The new Donnas.

So what are we to do? well, for starters, we can refuse to listen to the new Donnas. We can make a firm distinction between the new and the old and only support the latter. But ultimately, we will get tired of listening to the same 20 or so old Donna's songs. And therefore, I recommend that all good Donnas' fans take an interest in the great Phil Spector girl groups! Start with a good compilation and go from there. Allow me to especially recommend the Ronettes and the Crystals.

Also, we can support the competition. The Bobbyteens are a perfect example. A bit more rockin'! its true, but the same main idea.

Donna C.



# The Bobbyteens vs. The Donnas!

Finally, and most importantly, we can support and encourage the idea of a Battle of the Bands between the Donnas and the Bobbyteens.

It would start off very innocently (to get the Donnas to participate) and would culminate in the Donnas getting beaten up, old school style, by the Bobbyteens. No mercy.

The Purpose: to put the Donnas in their place (i.e. to scare them out of punk land for good.) We will not tolerate such worthless crap! We are better than that!

Act now! Steal copies of their recent LP and destroy them! We will not let the Donnas get away with this!



Twussy Donna  
asking to get beat up

The Line-Up  
Donna R. vs. Lisa  
Donna A. vs. Lisa  
Donna F. vs. Tina  
Donna C. vs. Russell

→  
tough Bobbyteens  
waiting to beat  
up the Donnas





# Cereal in the News

First the history of cereal, and now current cereal news. Too much cereal stuff in one issue, you say? Impossible, says I!

## Healthy diet needs more than cereal, study says

ASSOCIATED PRESS

CHICAGO - Cold breakfast cereal is the main source of key vitamins and minerals for American children, according to a government study, which says this is not necessarily a good thing.

Children may be eating fortified cereal in place of vitamin-rich fruits and vegetables, which contain fiber and cancer-fighting substances, said Amy Subar, a research nutritionist with the National Cancer Institute.

Her findings are being published today in the October issue of *Pediatrics*, a journal of the American Academy of Pediatrics.

The findings show how few of the foods with naturally occurring nutrients children are eating, she said.

Kellogg, the world's leading maker of ready-to-eat cereal, sees the study as good news. "It really does show the role cereal can play in delivering important nutrients in kids' diets," said a spokeswoman, Karen Kafer.

Subar said cereal is not necessarily unhealthy. In fact, fortified cereal appears to be among the more nutritious foods that children are eating.

"We just shouldn't kid ourselves that they're necessarily getting all that they need" from cereal, she said.

The study of 4,008 children ages 2 through 18 looked at 20 foods they ate between 1989 and 1991, and cereal was the No. 1 source of vitamin A, iron and folic acid for every age. Folic acid has been shown to reduce the risk of certain types of cancer.

The researchers did not reach a conclusion on whether the children were getting a nutritionally sound diet, but the findings suggested their diets may be lacking.

Gail Frank, a California dietitian and spokeswoman for the American Dietetic Association, said the findings were not surprising but also not terribly worrisome.

She said parents should not discourage cereal eating but should encourage their youngsters to have it with fruit on top or a glass of juice.

Lies! All lies!  
Sugar is the most  
important nutrient!  
Another bowl of  
Lucky Charms, please!

# And You Thought I Was Obsessed

I received this article awhile ago from a diligent tight pants reader. thanks!

**By Nathan Cobb**  
THE BOSTON GLOBE

CAMBRIDGE, Mass. — You might say that Scott Bruce is up to his old Trix.

For a decade now, the man who claims the dubious distinction of giving us the word "cerealectibles" has dedicated his professional life to vintage cereal boxes and prizes. He has amassed a world-class collection of the stuff. He talks eagerly of plans for a cereal hall of fame in Orlando, Fla., or perhaps even Las Vegas. And he's just published "Cereal Boxes & Prizes: 1960s," the second of his decade-by-decade tribute to the genre. In other words, his description of himself as "The Grand Exalted Flake" can be taken in more ways than one.

But the 43-year-old onetime sculptor is more than a little serious about Frosted Flakes and Froot Loops, about Tony the Tiger and Toucan Sam, about "Free Inside!" and "Only 2 Box Tops!" He earnestly points out that such goods are "universal commodities that found their way to every breakfast table in America." He expounds on the importance of character-driven merchandising, "whether it's Dwight D. Eisenhower on a Corn Flakes box in 1952 or Tiger Woods on a Wheaties Box in 1998." He even admits to eating breakfast cereal himself, although not for breakfast. "My favorite nightcap is Grape-Nut Flakes, though they're unpalatable before 10 p.m.," he muses.

As he talks, the lanky 6-foot-4 Bruce is nursing a bowl-sized cup of morning coffee while sitting in the living room of the North Cambridge, Mass., apartment in which he lives with his wife and two

young sons. His chair is upholstered to look like a Holstein cow. The adjoining room would be the dining room were it not for a cardboard lunar lander climbing structure that is roughly 8 feet tall and which was created by Bruce himself. "It can accommodate 400 pounds," he notes proudly.

These days, however, Bruce is interested in talking primarily about the 1960s. But never mind JFK and the Beatles. (Although in 1969 the latter did appear on boxes of Rice Honeys and Wheat Honeys — see box.) When Bruce talks '60s, he means such marketing successes as Cap'n Crunch and Cocoa Krispies, or such failures as Twinkles and Wackies. "It was an important decade because it represented childhood for a lot of baby boomers," he says. "But it was also an explosive time for cereal brands and characters. There were just too many of them, really. By the 1970s, there was a backlash against them on the part of grocers who wouldn't give them shelf space."

## Started a fanzine

Bruce says he long ago lost count of his own collection of cereal boxes and prizes, a stash that is "stored in various places around Cambridge" and much of which is constantly changing due to purchases and sales. Such stuff can fetch as much as \$1,000 if it's particularly rare or features a desirable character, although Bruce is clearly uncomfortable talking dollars despite the fact that his books serve as price guides. Still, he's not



# Iranian Pilots & Bill Gates, cont.

shy about discussing his practical reason for becoming a cereal-box pro during the mid-1980s: Lunch boxes of the '50s and '60s, a collectibles field he'd virtually invented and popularized, finally left him bored.

"The thrill was gone," he laments of the lunch-box genre, which he brought to the collecting public's consciousness via both a coffee-table book and a price guide. "It was exciting creating something, but it wasn't exciting maintaining it." So Bruce looked around and found another worthless object to help make profitable. "Cereal had characters like lunch boxes did, but has even more nostalgia," he explains. "After all, some kids carried lunch boxes, but every kid sat down at the breakfast table, read the box, and sent away his dime for a monkey ring or whatever."

Bruce amassed his box and prize collection, started a fanzine called *Flake* — discontinued two years ago — and began churning out books, including a history of the cereal industry. He plans to continue his series of tomes on vintage boxes and prizes with volumes about the '70s and '80s. And he waxes enthusiastic about negotiations with major cereal companies that he hopes will lead to — what else? — a Breakfast Cereal Hall of Fame that would include the core of his collection.

"When I was doing lunch boxes, I was really a carpetbagger," he confesses. "This time I want to leave a legacy."

Raised in Seattle, where he went to the same private high school as Bill Gates (his recent 25th reunion included a visit to Bill and Melinda's well-protected manse), Bruce graduated from Amherst College in 1979 as a religion major. He sculpted, traveled the world, taught English to Irani-

an helicopter pilots, discovered vintage lunch boxes, and eventually found cereal. Should you decide to become a cereal-box collector yourself, he has some advice: Pass up the pricey old stuff and start stashing boxes bought at your local supermarket.

"Eat the cereal, save the boxes, collapse 'em, stack 'em," Bruce says. "They're not like stocks and bonds. Don't take them too seriously."

You might say, then, that cereal boxes are simply a way to get your Kix.

## Greatest hits (and misses) of the '60s

■ **Biggest bomb:** General Mills Clackers (1969).

"Doughnut-shaped graham crackers that cut up kids' mouths like glass."

■ **Worst tasting cereal:** Kellogg's Corn Flakes With Instant Bananas (1965).

"Freeze-dried bananas which melted down to disgusting mush when milk was added."

■ **Hottest cereal box:** Nabisco Rice Honeys and Wheat Honeys, featuring the Beatles (1969). "Great crossover appeal." Worth as much as \$1,000.

■ **Most unlikely cereal box character:** Jack E. Leonard, Post Alpha-Bits (1963). "How bizarre to use a nightclub comedian to sell a kids' product."

# Are you a Beach Boys fan?

The first in a series of interviews concerning The Beach Boys.

Name and Occupation:

Christopher Appelgren, lookout records

I have heard rumors that you are a huge Beach Boys fan. Perhaps an even bigger Beach Boys fan than myself. Are these rumors true? How big of a Beach Boys fan are you really? I really like them. I made a decision to get everything I could related to the BBs. I have constant passion for the band.

Explain briefly why you love the Beach Boys.

They have written and performed some of the most beautiful, sweet, sad, important but overlooked music ever. The sounds speak to me.

Over the years, many have debated on the greatness of the Beach Boys (specifically Brian Wilson) compared to the greatness of the Beatles. Although this issue is a complicated one, I will start off with the simple question "Which band was greater?" Also, how do you think "Pet Sounds" and "Smile" stack up against such classics as "Abbey Road" and "The White Album"?

I don't know. I think both bands are amazing, but totally different in approach. the Beatles seem casual and natural, the beach boys complicated and constructed. I am more obsessive about the Beach Boys personally. The geography has something to do with it, I am more California than UK.

A lot of people think that the Beach Boy's early preoccupation with surfing themes seriously impaired the ability for people to take them seriously later on--for example, in the "pet sounds" era. Other people argue the opposite, saying that the Beach Boys proved that they could succeed in two different genres. In your opinion, what is better--the early period (surfing, girls, et.al.) or the later period (pet sounds, smile, lots of drugs, etc.)? Do you agree or disagree with Mike Love's statement (made when Pet Sounds was being recorded) "Brian, don't fuck with the formula!"?

I think all periods of the beach boys are excellent and if not excellent than entertaining. I love the more sophisticated sad songs, and they blossomed fully with Pet Sounds, but even the albums before, Today, and Summer Days and Nights are awesome and have sweet sad songs. But I really dig the output after Smile, like Friends, 20/20, Surf's Up etc. Those are the hidden treasures.

On the topic of Brian Wilson, what is your favorite strange/crazy Brian Wilson story, if you have any?

After flying out to Michigan to teach the beach boys good vibrations and previewing some of the smile recordings, Brian called from the plane and had his wife gather all his friends and Smile associates at the airport for a photo session. Within a short period the Smile recordings were abandoned and most of those people were out of Brian's life.

Brian Wilson-- certifiably insane or just a little weird?

Sadly, I think he is out of it for the most part.



# Kokomo, telescopes & feces, cont.

Favorite Beach Boys song, Beach Boys member, and Beach Boys album, s'il vous plait.

I Can Hear Music

Carl Wilson

Friends

Mike Love: an evil force. Yes or No.

I'd just say he's the cheesiest.

The song "Kokomo." Thoughts?

It's a boring song, but I can sorta get into it.

## THE PATENTED TIGHT PANTS BEACH BOYS QUIZ

1. Name of Brian Wilson's first wife.

Marilyn Rovell

correct

2. Name of Brian's 24 hour therapist.

Eugene Landy

correct

3. What did Brian's dad make him do in the family kitchen that scarred him for life?

I don't think it happened but... supposedly made him shit on a plate.

correct

4. Brian Wilson once met Elvis Presley. True or False.

I think false

incorrect

5. Brian once proposed that he and his wife open up a 24 hour drive-thru to sell what item?

Telescopes, but they opened a health food store.

incorrect  
(vegetables)

6. Who was the only Beach Boy who surfed?

Dennis

correct

7. Who wrote the song "Kokomo"?

Mike Love and Terry Melcher

correct

8. What is Brian Wilson's favorite song?

Be My Baby

correct

9. How did Dennis Wilson die?

Drowned

correct

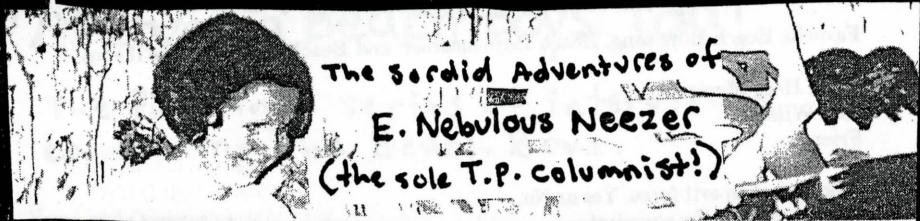
He was worried that the song was causing real fires. ↑

10. Why did Brian Wilson lock up the tapes to the "Fire" session in a safe (during the smile recordings)?

He supposedly burned them, but that didn't happen either. In fact they made a promotional movie for the song with the BBs in a firehouse.

1/2 correct

Evaluation: Mr. Appelgren got 7 1/2 correct out of 10. Not bad at all. Of course, he DID say that he can "sorta get into" the god awful Mike Love creation "Kokomo." All in all, I'd say he scores about a 7.8 on the Beach Boys True Fan Scale®. A completely subjective measurement naturally. But I'm always right.



It began on a drive home from the East Side with my friend, Katie. Passing 59th and North, I spotted the cheaply made sign in an otherwise empty window: Sweets on the Ave. "Candy," I thought. My mouth watered, and my sugar glands began to secrete at a rapid rate. However, knowing Katie already knows that I am a sugar fiend, and not wanting to have to buy candy in her presence (similar to alcoholics, who prefer to drink alone or in the company of other drunks), I didn't say anything. I thought I might check it out later, with the only other person who would truly appreciate such a store (Ed Note: Um. Aren't you forgetting someone?), my brother, Peter.

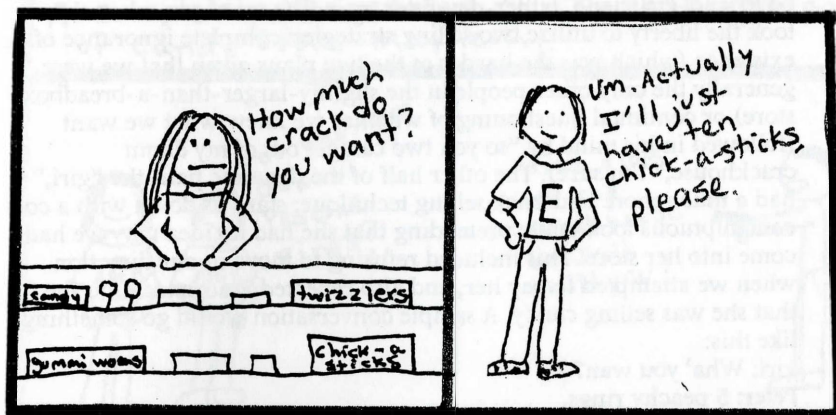
Before this story progresses any further, it must be said that my brother and I are not your typical sweet-toothed youth. Growing up, we went to another candy store, The End of the Rainbow, religiously each week (often each day) with our pennies and nickels. There, we would stand behind the counter, pushing forth a penny or two as we hand-picked each piece of candy from the dozens of glass jars on the wall. We often calculated our allowances in terms of expenditure abilities; 50 cents: 1 sour grape (.03), 1 nick-n-nip package (.10), 1 candy lipstick (.10), 1 gummy worm (.07), 1 box of mini jawbreakers (.10), 1 candy flying saucer (.05), and 5 candy raisins (.05). Over the years, the store passed into three different hands; it couldn't make enough money on the candy, and rent prices kept increasing. Finally, it closed. Today, an appliance repair shop stands in its place. Seeing a new candy shop on North, I drifted back to the good old days, and hoped for a new, maybe even as good, place.

Candy store of my youth, however, this place was not. The store had no cute decorations or even paint on the inside, and consisted solely of a wall of clear tupperware containers filled with candy, a soda machine, and shelf of snack food. The owners did not have that nice, Mr. Wonka-esque look. As we entered, they stared at us as if it hadn't occurred to them that they may have to deal with customers. The man (the manager, we presumed by his mannerisms and brute orders to the girl) was middle-aged, tall, and muscular. The girl was in her twenties, with hair braided into dozens of locks, and dressed in a slightly-too-tight tank top and jeans. She stood, slouched over, and smacked her gums. Peter and I looked around; there were no other customers. Walking slowly up and down in front of the counter, we surveyed the choices: hundreds of old-school brands, each in their individual boxes, lined the walls and display case. Finally, Peter selected 10 Big Bubble balls of gum, and I dictated the exact variety and flavor of the 50 tootsie rolls and candy chews I desired (he had pointed out the existence of variety bags, but I hadn't wanted to take the chance of getting the bag with 25 banana chews and 25 peach chews). Despite the less than friendly welkin, we left the store, clutching our brown bags filled with candy, happy.



# Candy store or Crackhouse? cont...

Now, imagine finding this lovely candy spot, filled with hundreds of unheard of varieties, and learning that it is a crack house. Maybe I am jumping ahead too fast; I realize that crackhouses and candy stores generally don't exist as one. I also must point out that I have never visited a crackhouse, so I don't know if they typically sell penny candy on the side. But, I do know this: there is no way this store was just a candy store. Things began to set off sparks in my mind, and the word "crackhouse" finally entered it after several trips. Let's get to the evidence: 1) The store had no cash register. Payment for candy went straight into the owners' hands, and if change was needed; they disappeared into the back room for a few minutes. 2) They never sold any candy to anyone else in Peter or my presence in the entire eight months it existed. The candy supplies never seemed to dwindle, and the placement of the candy in the cases never changed from visit to visit (I realize that it might seem strange that I would even know what the placement of the candy was, but I have a very good memory that has nothing else better to do in its spare time than



commit such data to long-term storage). 3) They seemed to be very angry or surprised at the fact that someone did in fact want to buy candy from them. It was as if we were slowly eating away at their front, and causing them to have to keep replenishing their supplies. There were several times when I noticed them giving us a look that seemed to say, "This is a damn crackhouse. Why are you the only two that don't know this? You come in here each week and eat my damn candy, which ain't even s'posed to be sold."

Even after I came to this realization (strengthened by other events detailed later in my story), I refused to do anything about it. After all, what could they do? Tell us it's a crackhouse? Begrudge us they might, but they had no choice but to sell us their candy. When I told my mother about it jokingly over dinner one night, she laughed with me. Then, being the conscientious Alderperson that she is, she gave me a look that said, "It's not really a crackhouse... is it?" I told my sister, who thought that a crackhouse on 59th and North Avenue had to constitute one of the funniest things to happen in Wauwatosa. Peter and I came to refer to it as the crackhouse, and would leave notes on our kitchen table indicating that: We have gone to get some crack. Be back in 10 minutes. Peter and Emily.

# Asbestos, Futility, & Breadboxes, cont...

It's not like the owners didn't try to give us hints that our business was not wanted. Peter and I knew that we needed to buy our candy and leave. Once, having bought our candy and preparing to leave, Peter found he could not open the asbestos-filled, 100 pound door. Grasping the door handle with both hands and leaning his whole body back in the opposite direction, he again made a futile attempt. Meanwhile, the girl stared at him with a look of pure disdain. Finally, she said, "I don't know what the problem it wit you people. You jus' pull da damn door and press on da handle." This did not help matters, for now Peter desperately tried to get out of the store, turned bright red as he yanked at the door a third time. Luckily, it budged, and we managed to slide the eight inch opening before it slammed behind us.

As salespeople (whether of crack or candy), one would think that they might have tried to make the best of it. The idea of selling their products, however, had apparently never occurred to this husband-wife, boyfriend-girlfriend, father-daughter, pair. The manager, when there, took the liberty to utilize two selling strategies: complete ignorance of our existence (which was the harder of the two plans given that we were generally the only other people in the slightly-larger-than-a-breadbox store) or continual questioning of whether we knew what we want (followed in his mind by "so you two can get out of my damn crackhouse," I'm sure). The other half of the dynamic pair, the "girl," had a much more laid-back selling technique: stare us down with a cold, contemptuous look while pretending that she had no idea why we had come into her store. This included refusing to move in our direction when we attempted to pay her, and also repeated ignorance as to the fact that she was selling candy. A sample conversation would go something like this:

girl: Wha' you wan?

Peter: 5 peachy rings.

girl: Wha'?

Peter: 5 peachy rings.

girl: we ain't got none.

Peter: They're right there next to your shoulder.

girl: Wha'?

Peter: 5 peachy rings.

girl: we ain't got none.

Peter: The peachy rings are right next to you.

girl: Wha'? You mean the peach rings (followed by cold stare)?

This happened on numerous occasions, including when I tried to buy a jumbo pickle, and she replied, "Why?," then told me she didn't have any.

At this point, I put my hand on the pickle jar at the end of the counter. She then proceeded to tong one out and drop it in one of the brown paper candy bags, brine and all. I imagined her selling crack after hours, and wondered if she did a similar routine:

girl: Wha' you wan?

buyer: crack (whispered).

girl: Wha'?

buyer: some crack (slightly louder).

girl? huh?....

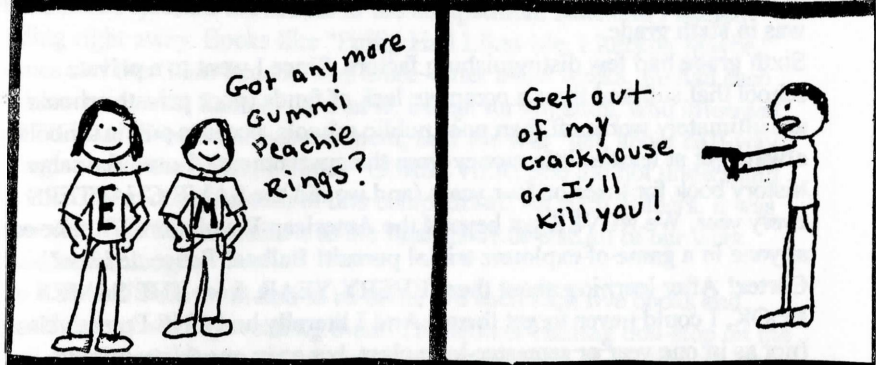


# Addiction, Flintstones Chews, & more..

The question may be occurring to you at this point: Why did you continue going? If it had been possible for me to overcome my store-created addiction to Flintstones Chews and chick-a-sticks, I wouldn't have. However, about every week or so, my body organs would cry out for sugar and old-school candies; I had to give in. I also think the store knew about my needs: I was told on one instance that the store would soon be opening at six am each day. Why would anyone need candy at six am?, I thought. This was not a store that really needed to spread its customers out throughout the day.

Things started to go downhill. My sister, Maddy, came home, eager to visit the crack house for herself. I had gotten her addicted to coconut long boys via the parcel post. She and I were on a walk a few days after her arrival, and I suggested a detour to the store. We walked around the corner, opened the door, and were greeted by the manager, hunched over in a corner in the back. He yelled, "We ain't open! Get the hell out!" in a

## A Completely Exaggerated (i.e. Fake) Depiction of Candy Store Mayhem...



desperate, guilty voice, and Maddy and I took this opportunity to make an exit. We paused, however, to verify that the store did in fact have these hours (it did). In doing so, we noticed the placement of both "open" and "closed" signs in each window of the store. It took us at least two weeks before I returned to the store, and I only entered after seeing another customer inside (whether he was there for candy or not I don't know).

Added to this rather uncomfortable incident was the fact that on several later occasions, the only customers I bumped into were 8-10 year old boys buying cigarettes (which were nicely placed in a big stand right between the B-B bats and the super pixie sticks). As school began, our trips became less frequent, and then, in November, we found a sign in the window: closed. This seemed very odd, considering that I had been there only a week or so before, and they had mentioned no intention of closing nor did they have any signs about it or any sales of the final candy. The store windows had been covered with taped together newspapers, keeping Peter and I from seeing the inside. "If I had only known. I would have stocked up," I thought, miserable. I mentioned the closing to Maddy, who directed me to check the arrest reports for the past few weeks in the library, perhaps due to having seen Manhattan Murder Mystery too many times.

# Searching for candy in crackhouses, etc.

I didn't, though. It didn't matter now that I knew I may never again taste a green Flintstones chew, a peach-shaped lollipop, a cinnamon-flavored hot dog gum, or a giant, spicy style pickle. Peter and I have adopted a new strategy. We now search for the candy store fronting as a crackhouse. So far, our success has been limited. Most of our attempts have fallen along the following lines:

Peter and I: (whispered) We are...ahem....looking for a chick-a-stick and one giant b-bat.

Crackstore owner: Wha? We ain't got none.

Peter and I: We are willing to make it worth your while. 1 chick-a-stick, one b-bat please.

Crackstore owner: Huh?

## The Greatest Tragedy of Our Time

You are probably all familiar with tragedies such as Hamlet and Death of a Salesman; but most likely none of you are aware of the greatest tragedy of the century. Its not a literary tale; it is all too real. The year was 1990. I was in sixth grade.

Sixth grade had few distinguishing factors. Since I went to a private school that suffered from a complete lack of funds (poor private schools are ultimately worse off than poor public schools, because public schools always get at least a little money from the government), I used the same history book for three or four years (and we did the SAME CHAPTERS every year. We NEVER got beyond the American Revolution. I'll take on anyone in a game of explorers trivial pursuit! Balboa! Ponce de Leon! Cortez! After learning about them EVERY YEAR, from THE SAME BOOK, I could never forget them.) And I literally had ONE English class (not as in one year or semester-long class, but as in one thirty-minute session, given randomly one day in 7th grade) and TWO Science classes (Geology. 8th grade. The teacher gave each of us a pile of rocks and told us to figure out what they were. When he was met with blank stares, he just gave in and told us the names of all the rocks and we put the names down on our worksheets and then promptly forgot them). I took Spanish, but we went through at least four teachers a year, in part because we couldn't pay them anything, and also in part because most of them were crazy. Most of the teachers were only there long enough to teach us the colors and

make us say, "Donde vives?" "Vivo en Wauwatosa." Our favorite Spanish teacher was a man by the name of Senor Ballantine, whose wife was a local news anchor--with a fake arm. Being sixth graders, many of my classmates were fond of asking him, "Is that REALLY a fake arm?" over and over again. He left rather soon.

In the midst of such a challenging academic climate, one event stood out to all sixth graders. The pinnacle of twelve-year-old achievement. The coolest honor ever. The Battle of the Books. One team of three sixth graders from our school versus one team of three sixth graders from



# Boring layout due to lack of space, cont.

another local Catholic school. Thirty books. Two months. The winning school got to keep the Battle of the Books trophy until the next competition.

My friend Kate and I decided to be on a team together. So we just needed one more person. The choices were limited. And we were forced to go with Amanda. Amanda was the type of girl who still wanted to play "pretend" and "family" at the age of twelve. I remember one particularly annoying incident where I went over to her house after school, only to find out that she wanted to play "grocery shopping." At age twelve. No thanks. Despite her immaturity, she was still fairly popular, due almost entirely to the fact that she was cute and had lots of clothes. Needless to say, Amanda was not a scholar. Or even slightly competent in the academic realm.

Soon after the teams were chosen, we were given the list of thirty books to read. Each person on the team was supposed to read ten of the books, and then, in a few weeks, there would be a tournament to decide which team would represent the school in the competition. Kate and I started reading right away. Books like "Philip Hall Likes Me, I Reckon Maybe," "James and the Giant Peach," and more. After a few weeks, we had each read our ten books. Each of us, that is, except for Amanda, who informed us TWO DAYS before the tournament, that she was "um, about half-way through one of the books, I think." CURSE HER! She did not understand the intensity and importance of this competition! As sixth graders, it was all we had! We had to make it to the final game or else all of our work would be for nought!

So Kate and I did what had to be done. We each took five books and spent the next two days reading them. I remember reading non-stop on the porch outside my house, only stopping to eat and go to sleep. Kate and I would call each other and ask, "How far are you?" "Almost done with the second book." "Halfway through the third book." Until finally, we were all done--in time for the competition.

The tournament was basically a series of questions about the books--plot, characters, etc. Some of them were just "Who wrote \_\_\_\_\_?" The trick was that you had to use the exact title and the exact name of the author as written on the list of books that everyone had. So, for example, if the book was called "A Tale of Two Cities," the answer "Tale of Two Cities" would be incorrect. Or if you said Beverly Cleary when, in fact, the list said something like "Beverly R. Cleary." Anal bastards, huh?

So, in addition to memorizing characters, plot lines, etc., we also had to commit to memory the entire list, exactly as printed, of the titles and authors. Being the diligent competitors that we were, Kate and I carefully memorized the list, making notecards and quizzing each other.

Finally the big day was upon us. It was time to prove our knowledge to the world (or at least to the kids in our class). The competition got underway with a series of simple questions, which gradually got more difficult. Early on, our team had the lead. Kate and I knew every detail

# Failure, Outrage, & Despair, cont.

about every book. Interestingly enough, Amanda felt that she had the same knowledge, even though she had only read half of one book. So, when the teacher asked a question like, "In 'Pippi Longstockings,' what does Pippi's father do for a living?" Amanda would offer suggestions. "I really think he's a doctor. No really, I'm sure." Kate and I would give her looks of disdain and then choose the correct response. ("sea captain," of course).

Nearing the end of the competition, we were tied with another team. Question after question was asked to break the tie, but both teams kept answering correctly. We still remained confident, knowing that there wasn't a single detail in any of the books that we didn't know. We WOULD persevere, and move on to the final competition to win the trophy.

And then, the fateful moment. A routine and simple question was asked, to which we quickly responded "Summer of the Swans." The teacher paused, and then uttered the tragic words, "Sorry, that is incorrect." Kate and I were shocked. We knew that the answer to the question was indeed



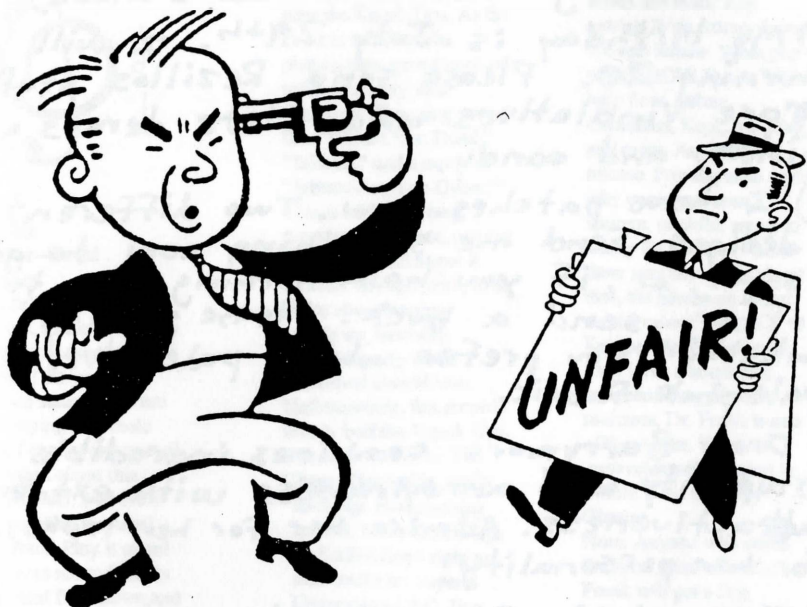
"Summer of the Swans," and so we raised our objection to the teacher. And then she said, "Sorry, but you said 'Summer of the Swans,' and the correct answer is 'The Summer of the Swans.'"

Now we were more confused than ever—for we knew that the list clearly said "Summer of the Swans." What kind of cruel treachery was this? We were outraged. And so we did what any self-respecting sixth-grader would do—we went home and told our parents. They called each other and gradually got more and more angry over the injustice done to their offspring. The rage culminated in a letter written to the teacher explaining that the list we were given clearly said, "Summer of the Swans," and that, therefore, there should be another competition to determine the finalist.



# War-Like Atmospheres & Power, cont.

As it turns out, there were actually two separate lists. Each was made by one sixth-grade teacher and distributed to their class. (We had two sixth-grade classes.) So our teacher had made an error on the list. And now the other teacher (whose team had won) would NOT allow a rematch. She gave no explanation for her unjust ruling except that, regardless of errors by anyone, we still did not give the correct title, and that was that, and now her team was going to go on to the final competition. Of course, any reasonable attentive reader would quickly find that the explanation for her actions was due to the fact that she suffered from a bad case of



I.A.O.S.G.T.W.N.R.P.S.I.L.E.M.P. O.T.Y. O.W.M. M.L.L.L.B.L.L.F.(I Am Only A Sixth-Grade Teacher With No Real Power and So I Like to Exert My Power Over Twelve-Year-Olds As A Way of Making Myself Look A Little Bit Less Like A Failure). One might also diagnose her as suffering from A.D.R.T.W.A.W. I.M.D.W.I.C.S.T.M.T.E.V.(The Acute Desire to Replicate a Team-Like or War-Like Atmosphere Where I Must Do Whatever I Can So That My Team Emerges Victorious). Of course, these two syndromes have been clinically proven to be linked.

So, in the end, we did not advance to the final competition. The team who did lost miserably, unable to answer most of the questions. Kate and I looked on in anger, muttering all of the answers under our breath. From that day on, Kate and I both nurtured a hatred for that teacher--by the name of Ms. Jan Smith--and a general distaste for school competitions. Our enthusiasm had been forever lost.

And so ends the greatest tragedy of our century.

# Random Notes Written at the Xerox Machine After Realizing I Had One Blank Page...

- ① I forgot to mention that the cover is a photo taken two summers ago of me and my friend Maureen.
- ② The next issue of Tight Pants will be out in September or October. (I only have access to free xeroxing while I am at school.)
- ③ My birthday is July 29th. I will be turning 20. Please send Rezillos stuff, Rare Vindictives and Blatz demos and videos, and candy.
- ④ I have patches now. Two different designs. Send me something cool to get some, or, if you have nothing cool to offer, send a buck. Please specify whether you prefer white, pale blue, or pale pink fabric.
- ⑤ Drew Barrymore combines incredible stupidity and annoyingness with extreme attractiveness. Admire her for her looks, NOT for her personality.
- ⑥ I may be in France in the spring, meaning that Tight Pants, Inc. might go temporarily out-of-business for a few months. Start planning possible suicide methods now.
- ⑦ Why do I only charge you, the reader, two stamps? I am going to be spending about 20 hours xeroxing - all for you. How about sending me some Tootsie Roll Pops (preferably the red ones) in exchange?
- ⑧ Weezer's second album rivals any pop punk release of recent memory. Soace Filled. Mission Accomplished.



# (BORING) RECORD REVIEW SECTION

where the cereal/music connection is made®

100% Subjective Record Reviews!!!!

100% Subjective Record Reviews!!!!



**Boris the Sprinkler—Suck!**  
(Go-Kart Records)—Being a huge Boris fan, this immediately went into the top ten albums of the year. The first three songs alone are worth buying the whole album. I cannot say enough good things about this band. Humor! Wit! New Wave and Pop inspired! Play it loud! Play it often! Buy it in as many formats as possible! Bow down and worship the holy glory of Boris the Son-of-a-Bitchin'—Sprinkler!!!! This is Lucky Charms!

**The Knockups/The Chase (Super-8 Underground)**—If you like the Brentwoods, old Dommas, or Lofi and the Chones, then you NEED to hear the Knock Ups. As far as I can tell from the photos, they are a bunch of teenagers—very cool teenagers. They sing songs like “I Want You Dead,” “Jailbait,” and a cover of “Johnny Are You Queer?”. This is easily the best surprise of the year, coming out of good old Super 8 records. Garage punk, lo-fi, lyrics about beating people up, basically everything any smart individual should love. Unfortunately, this record is only half the Knock Ups. The other half is by The Chase. Three girls, really lo-fi pop. Not anything special. More Knock Ups PLEASE! Send eight or nine bucks to: Super-8 Underground P.O. Box 12125, Berkeley, CA 94712 and get your copy today! Although this is regular Cheerios on the part of The Chase, the Knock Ups are pure Corn Pops all the way through!

**Dr. Frank “Show Business is My Life” (Lookout Records)**  
Yay! Finally, the genius Dr. Frank’s solo album! What can you say really about this man? Pop genius. With extraordinary wit and humor. What pop punk SHOULD be. With help from Aaron Comethus, Kepi, Joe King, and more. An excellent release. Proving once again why everyone—man, woman, or child, wants to marry Dr. Frank. (And if there was any doubt about that, the photos on the cd set the record straight.) Few people in punk rock truly have a talent that transcends stupid punk rockness. Dr. Frank is one of those men. The best new release I’ve heard in awhile. This is Lucky Charms.  
Note: Anyone who sends me good pictures of Dr. Frank will get a free subscription to Tight Pants.

Note: I review whatever people send me, plus a few records I come across that I particularly like. If you want to have your band or label's releases compared to cereal, mail your record, tape, cd to me today!

# Subjective drivel, cont.

**Lillingtons "Death By Television" CD (Panic Button/Lookout)**—This release kinda surprised me because it was a lot different from their last release. Not worse, but quite different. Louder, more rock, etc. There are some GREAT songs on this release. If you're a fan of the Lillingtons (or Screeching Weasel—Ben Weasel's influence on this release is more than slight) then you should pick up this cd pronto. This is Waffle Crisp. A much stronger taste than its sister cereal, French Toast Crunch.

**Loli and the Chones "Rock 'n' Roll Genocide" LP (Repent Records)**—If you're smart, you already love Loli and the Chones. If you don't love THIS release, well, then YOU DON'T LOVE ROCK 'N' ROLL. And how does that make you feel? More simple, rough, rockin' genius! Buy now! Buy now! Loli and the Chones will beat up all competitors! Great drinking or party music. Great road trip music. Great in all settings! Buy now! This is Cinnamon Toast Crunch!!!!

**Sleater-Kinney "The Hot Rock" CD (Kill Rock Stars)**—I was VERY excited when this album came out. I rushed home and listened to it, and, well, it's not BAD. In fact, I would even call it GOOD. But after "Dig Me Out," one would expect "The Hot Rock" to, well, ROCK. And rock it does not. Bah. This is Honey Comb. Not bad, just generally not what I'm looking for in a cereal.

**Cleveland Bound Death Sentence "Rumble Seats and Running Boards" and "East River" EPs (THD Records)**—Really far up there in terms of the best seven inches of the year. Put Aaron Cometbus in a band (Sweet Baby, Crimpshrine, Pinhead Gunpowder, et al) and I am rarely disappointed. The kind of lyrics you've come to expect from Sir Cometbus, plus a winning rough pop formula. Wonderful. This is Granola (one of my new favorite cereals, and its rough composition parallels the rough pop stylings of this great band.)

**Buck "Jerry Hall" EP (Sympathy for the Record Industry)**—At first I was wary of Buck, for I knew that the world did NOT need another cub. Fortunately, this rocks in ways that cub could only dream of. A catchy A-side, and a B-Side cover of the class "Out of Luck." Good show. If anyone tapes me their full-length album, I'll send you cool stuff in the mail. This has potential. This is Trix.

**Darlington "Bowling Betty" EP (Mutant Pop)**—Some more songs from pop-punkers Darlington, catchy, but I prefer the album. Still, a worthwhile purchase. This is Fruit Loops.

**Ben Grim "King-Size Special" EP (Gumshoe Records)**—Pop punk from Wisconsin (here here!) on the A-side, with Rev. Norb appearing on the B-side to sing a cover version of "Civilization's Dying." Having Norb on the B-side is reason enough to pick this up. This is Fruit Loops.

**Dirt Bike Annie "Sitcoms and Summer Camps!" EP (Break-Up Records)**—Catchy tunes about the usual pop punk themes. You need this seven inch for the song "Are you ready for the summer?" which should start off your summer mix tape. This is Count Chocula (without milk). VERY sugary.

**Bis "Action and Drama" EP (Wiiiija Records)**—For those not in the know, Bis sings about candy, sugar, hating rollerbladers, and other important issues. If general candy-induced spazzicity is your thing (and it certainly is MINE!) then you NEED to listen to bis. NOW. This seven inch does not disappoint. Class bis on the A-Side, with a cover of X-Ray Spex' "Germ-Free Adolescents" on the B-Side. Plus a cool cover. This is Frosted Flakes—extra sugar all around!

**The Bobbysteens "Treat Me Right" EP (Screaming Apple Records)**—Another classic from the glorious and always rockin' Bobbysteens. Although not as good, according to yours truly, as their other seven inches, it's still the Bobbysteens, and is therefore still miles and miles (kinda a Who reference) above most other releases these days. Put this on while you're getting ready to go out and get some action. This is Honey Nut Cheerios.



# MORE MUSIC! MORE CEREAL!

**I Love Rich "Live, Wet, Drippin' with Sex" (Big Dump Records)**—Song titles like "Mary is a Nut," "Dehlah is a Lesbian," and "Debbie's Got the Rung." However, do not immediately file under "Queers-lookalikes," for bow down to the stylings of Joe King they do not. Basically a rock album. I felt like I could take or leave this cd. This is Golden Gramams.

**Spooky Pie "Poisonberry" (Boo Records)**—X meets bar rock. I don't know. I do like old X, but this doesn't really make me too excited. The promo material throws in comparisons to the likes of Johnny Thunders, which I really cannot agree with. Oh well. This is generic Golden Gramams.

**Doc Happer "Zigs, Yaws, and Zags" (Go Kart Records)**—Okay. Basically the term pop punk describes this sound. Unfortunately (for the outcome of this review) I have lately taken the attitude that pop punk falls into two categories: excellent (Pinhead Gunpowder, a fair amount of Screaming Weasel, the Parasites, for example) or horrible in its genericity. (Aha! I created a new word!) So since I can't call this "excellent"... This is Wheaties.

**The Millbastards "Dead Black Stars" EP (R.J. Records)**—Boring, not anything that I'm into. Pretty much just boring rock. This is regular Cheerios, without milk.

**I Against I "Headcleaner" (Epitaph Records)**—First of all, this obviously falls outside of the range of stuff that I usually like. But this doesn't just stop with the "outside-of-the-genres-I-like" indifference. It travels over to the "music-that-annoys-me-so-much-that-I-don't-know-whether-to-laugh-or-attempt-to-track-down-and-beat-up-its-creators." Epitaph tells me that "The story of I Against I is a classic punk rock tale." False! The REAL story of I Against I is the story of some stupid teenagers writing unbelievably (even by contemporary standards) clichéd lyrics, with the traditional (Read: generic) Epitaph sound. Bah. This is Puffed Rice. Generic and plain, but it also gives you a really bad taste in your mouth.

**v/a "Honest Don's Greatest Shits"**—A decent comp from Honest Don's. Featuring Chixdiggitt, The Teen Idols, J Church, and others. If you've never heard any Honest Don's stuff, this is a really good place to start. Of course, the best place in my opinion to start is to buy the Chixdiggitt CD "Born on the Fourth of July," mainly due to the fact that two of my current most-depised bands (the Riverdales and Anti-Flag) are both on this comp. But hey, you winsome and you lose some. This is one of those cereal variety packs—but without any Lucky Charms or Corn Pops. Still a good value.

**v/a "Forward til Death" (Lookout Records)**—Okay, okay, let the naysayers do their naysaying. But Lookout STILL puts out great stuff. This comp is a vital purchase for any fan of pop punk. There are many great songs on this cd (Servotron, old Donnas, Groovie Ghoulies, etc.), but I must call special attention to one song in particular—THE FIRST RELEASED SONG FROM THE UPCOMING SOLO ALBUM BY THE POP GENIUS KNOWN TO THE WORLD AS DR. FRANK. I personally have listened to this song about 100 times in the past three weeks. Its performed using one of those kiddie plastic guitars—which only furthers the point that Dr. Frank, no matter what instruments he uses, can do no wrong. You need this! You must buy this! This is a cereal variety pack with both Lucky Charms and Corn Pops!

**Groovie Ghoulies "Fun in the Dark" (Lookout Records)**—Yay! I was most happy when I discovered this in my mailbox one afternoon. For the record, the Groovie Ghoulies are currently MY FAVORITE BAND TO SEE LIVE. Unfortunately, their releases never live up to the glory of their live show, but then again, that would be hard to do. Catchy, Ramones-influenced in the best possible way...I love the Groovie Ghoulies! This is Corn Pops!

# More Meaningless Reviews! Yay!

**Darlington**  
"Girltrovery" CD (Last Beat Records)--Wow! This is a great pop punk release! Catchy times a thousand, goofy lyrics, cute band members. A winning pop punk formula! Forget Screeching Weasel, 1999 is about Darlington! This is French Toast Crunch!!

**Moral Crux** "Something More Dangerous" CD (Panic Button/Lookout)--Some of the best stuff I've ever heard from Moral Crux. Catchy in a old Stiff Little Fingers way. This was in my cd player for many weeks. This is Cocoa Krispies (without milk).

**Candy Snatchers**  
"Human Zoo!" (Go Kart records)--Basically a rock album. Definitely a must buy if raw rock and roll is your thing. (not to be confused with garagey raw stuff like the Rip Offs, but rather good old plain rock and roll). This is Raisin Bran--if you like it, you love it.

**Young Pioneers** "Free the (Young) Pioneers Now!" (Lookout Records)--I am not a Young Pioneers fan. This album was half punk, half folk, and it really did not appeal to me. There you have it. I do not attempt to hide my subjectivity in these matters. This is Honey Smacks. I have never liked them and most likely never will.

**Millencolin** "Same Old Tunes" (Epitaph Records)--Their first album, released in North America for the first time. If you know even a tiny bit about my musical tastes, you'll know that I tend to dislike the entire Epitaph sound--to say nothing of the Fat Wreck Chords sound. If you like Millencolin, buy this. If you don't, congratulations! More money to buy cool stuff like the Knock/p/Chase split LP! This is regular Cheerios--a lot of people love 'em, I personally could never see why.

**The Dimestore Haloes**  
"Everybody Loves You When You're Dead" EP (Pelado Records)--Another excellent record from the band that brought you one of the best albums of last year ("Thrill City Crime Control"). Still the same '77 NYC punk mixed with old school rock 'n' roll. Still excellent. This is Fruit Loops.

**Union 13** "Why are We Destroying Ourselves?" (Epitaph Records)--The promo information mentions the phrase "out of the barrios" more than a few times. At first I thought that Union 13 wasn't "real" hardcore, but Epitaph informed me in their press release that "it is the real deal, and something to hold onto for years to come." Well, I don't know about you, but I really don't want to have to hold some generic Epitaph release in my hands for years to come. It sounds dumb, and plus, my arm will get tired. This is Product 19, dull, predictable.

## Contact information for the labels:

THD Records P.O. Box 18661 Minneapolis, MN 55418  
Wiiija Records 17-19 Alma Road London SW18 1AA  
Pelado Records 521 W. Wilson #B202 Costa Mesa, CA 92627  
Panic Button P.O. Box 148010 Chicago, IL 60614-8010  
Kill Rock Stars 120 NE State #418 Olympia, WA 98501  
Break-Up Records 3935 Farm Brook Lane  
Columbus, OH 43204-5003  
Mutant Pop 5010 NW Shasta Ave. Corvallis, OR 97330  
Sympathy for the Record Industry [www.sympathyrecords.com](http://www.sympathyrecords.com)  
Screaming Apple Records Dustemichstr. 14, 50939 Koln, Germany  
Gumshoe Records 5500 Prytania St. Box #133 New Orleans, LA 70115  
Last Beat Records 2819 Commerce St. Dallas, TX 75226  
Lookout Records P.O. Box 11374 Berkeley, CA 94712-2374  
Go-Kart Records P.O. Box 20 Prince St. Station New York, NY 10012  
Repent Records 1120 S. Orme Ave. Boyle Heights, CA 90023  
Honest Don's P.O. Box 192027 San Francisco, CA 94119  
Super-8 Underground P.O. Box 12125 Berkeley, CA 94712  
Epitaph 2798 Sunset Blvd. Los Angeles, CA 90026  
Big Dump 3757 N. Seminary Ave. Apt. H Chicago, IL 60613-3817  
Boo Records P.O. Box 691138 Los Angeles, CA 90069  
R.J. Records 124 Withers Brantford NY 11211



# Page of... Porn?

Whereas in the past, dozens of people have sent me a wide variety of porn, in the past few months I have received almost nothing except the most generic Playboy-type porn. Bah! Fie on Playboy! Fie on air-brushed bodies and too much makeup! This is a punk zine! Or at least its not a mainstream magazine! I want strange stuff, d.i.y. stuff, etc. If submissions do not improve, the fabled page of porn will have to go out of business.

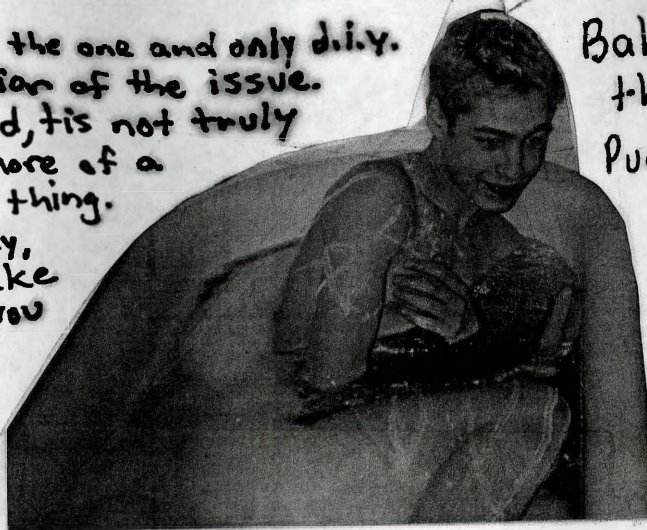
Here is the one and only d.i.y. submission of the issue.

Granted, tis not truly porn. More of a cutesy thing.

But, hey, you take what you get.

Nudity anyone?

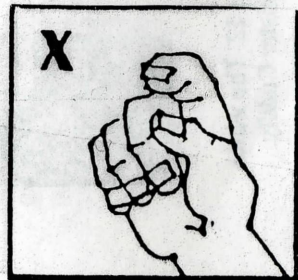
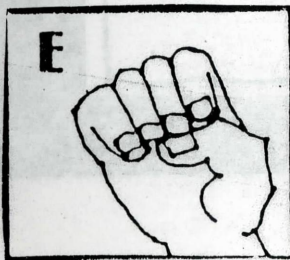
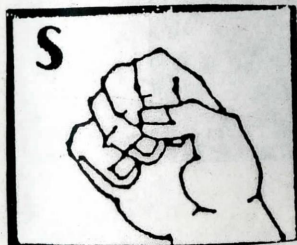
Please?



Bah on the Puritans!

More Nudity!

No Playboy crap!





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



Tight Pants Summer Headqtrs.  
2208 N. 72nd St.  
Wauwatosa, WI 53213-1808



Photographic evidence of my cruelty to animals, circa age 12. The white thing dangling precariously off of the chair is/was my hamster Cuddly.