

The Last Word™

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Another Trumpthug loses shit on Fountain Square

Right-wing galoots don't get to just threaten people in downtown Cincinnati. This isn't 1997.

On April 15, I attended the rally on Fountain Square against Donald Trump's fascist austerity agenda. In what I think is a brilliant move, the forces of good have taken back federal tax day instead of letting the Tea Party monopolize it. It's only logical, because *we*—not the Tea Party—are paying a disproportionate share of taxes.

I heard a march was starting in Covington at the Suspension Bridge approach, but I saw only a handful of people walking across the bridge to Cincinnati. Turnout at Fountain Square didn't disappoint. The rally drew many more people than any Tea Party event I can recall there. Despite this, the right-wing media ignored it—even though they covered every Tea Party rally where more than 3 people attended. The only news outlet I saw at our event was (brrring!) Channel 9.

It seems that most of Trump's few cultists descended on Berkeley to start a riot instead of trying to disrupt the Cincinnati event. You'd think Berkeley would have less patience with these right-wing bullies than anywhere, but it was Cincinnati of all places where I got them to lose their shit. There were a couple confrontations in Cincinnati within a few weeks after the "election", but the April 15 incident was as legendary as the rest—and we were *seconds* away from a brawl! They can dish it out but they can't take it.

The speeches and fun at Fountain Square were well under way when I noticed what appeared to be an adult man and a teenage male standing on the edge of the square along 5th Street waving a Trump campaign sign. I kept an eye on them, because I was *sure* they'd cause trouble. That's what *always* happens—without fail. When I saw them snaking through the crowd, I knew it was coming. They wormed their way to just north of the stage, and that's where the stupidity heightened.

Confronting them in return is fair game, since fascism is central to the Trump reich. For them to show up, slink through the crowd, and spout off at attendees doesn't do anything except impede the advancement of any credible discourse. So I walked past the man and said something negative about Trump, which I said 3 times (because he didn't listen the first time). The man instantly flew into a skizzum. He spewed some threats about shooting me in the head or some hogwash like that, and it escalated from there.

Fists were *this close* to flying, when some of the rally's attendees said he just wasn't worth it and got me



away from him. It's probably true that he wasn't worth it, since those of us on the left are generally more innovative and creative than those on the right, so we can use our brains to dodge the violence and money that the Far Right has.

This is the guy grabbing his crotch...



Assholes like this don't scare me anymore. If they want to go at me, *let them go ahead and take their very best fucking shot!* I don't look upon bullies kindly, and history hasn't been nice to puffed-up statist control freaks.

I bought lunch at Skyline Chili after the event, and the man working there praised my shirt, which had a picture of Matt Bevin with the words "This is a fascist" emblazoned across his foot-like forehead. Bevin's infamy spreads north of the river.

Now the experience point haul. There is precisely one other person out there paying any attention whatsoever to my Dungeons & Dragons & Donald game, and this scenario earned me 1,000 experience points.

Think. Do. Be.

Capitalism: the ultimate tyranny

How is it that capitalism isn't usually considered an authoritarian system, when it needs so many laws to prop it up?

You can't do this, and you can't do that. Capitalism means a life of Allowed Clouds. It's every bit as authoritarian as Soviet-style communism. One of the best examples of the excessive regulation under corporatism is so-called "right-to-work" laws. These laws—which now afflict a majority of U.S. states—sustain capitalism by requiring unionized workers to subsidize nonunion labor by banning them from entering into a union security agreement. Right-to-scab laws are an unconstitutional infringement on Article I's safeguard against impairing the obligations of contracts.

Corporate fascism is propped up by other laws too. Take ag-gag laws, for instance. These state laws punish whistleblowers who expose abuses by agribusiness, especially abuse of animals. The far-right ALEC even drafted a model law that would create a "terrorist registry" for whistleblowers. Some ag-gag bills would even make evidence of animal abuse inadmissible against the abuser, and a 2008 bill in California would have

prohibited posting information about these abusers (which was publicly available) on the Internet. Idaho's ag-gag law has already been ruled unconstitutional on First Amendment grounds, but enforcement efforts seem to be continuing in other states.

Capitalism gives more weight to property rights than to human rights. Under this feudalist ideology, a piece of land is allowed to exercise more rights than a human being is. Our laws give too much power to landowners to carry out improper evictions. By that, I don't mean your landlord evicting the people in the apartment next door because they made a bonfire out of phone books and Monopoly money in the den. I'm talking about evictions that lack either a *proper* legal or ethical basis. Capitalism lets landowners effectively deputize police as their own private security force to carry out these wrongful evictions. This is nothing but a land grab that harms residents who have invested their earnings in rent on a property that they now can't use—***even though they never abused the privilege of using it.***

And what about eminent domain abuse, like that by the developer who used the force of law to destroy an entire Newport neighborhood to build a Chick-fil-A?

Spreading the rigid capitalist message must rely on propaganda, not facts. So Congress passed another law—the 1996 Telecommunications Act—to facilitate the spread of these “alternative facts” on our airwaves. This law was a bailout to right-wing hate radio. Conversely, legal muscle was used to shut down Tantrum 95.7, a station that caused no harm to anyone.

This totalitarian economic engineering doesn't just deform modern America. The same philosophy also underpinned some of the ugliest chapters in the country's history, and it afflicts some foreign lands too—usually ones governed by friends of the Bush crime family. If someone who lives in a truly free society (and is fluent in English) reads this article and doesn't already know anything about different economic systems, they'd be shocked that a system as bad as corporatism even exists. All capitalism is vulture capitalism.

I'm gonna follow the diktats of capitalism unquestioningly...sike! Just joking! I'm not a capitalist, so I owe no allegiance to capitalist laws that are unconstitutional or unethical. I will resist. If you won't use something because you're afraid it will be taken away if you do, then you might as well not have it to begin with.

The debate is over. Socialism works.

Tobacco ad gets smoked

“When you're in a spot where you can't light up...”

That's an obscure one, so I'm not even sure if I got the words to the commercial jingle—or even the product—right. I'm pretty sure this radio commersh was for Skoal Bandits—a type of dipping tobacco in tiny pouches.

I'm not old enough to remember when cigarette ads on radio and TV were legal, but I do remember commercials for chewing and dipping tobacco—before those ads were banned once it was confirmed that smokeless tobacco causes oral cancer.

The above commercial was a doo-wop number sung in a nasal voice. It encouraged people to dip in places where smoking was banned.

One of the worst aspects of the ad is that Skoal misappropriated a noble word for their brand. By naming their product Bandits, they tried to make it sound like its users were glamorous rulebreakers and revolutionaries. I guess they thought mouth cancer was revolutionary. Plus, what laws or rules were dippers actually breaking? Skoal couldn't very well claim their product was



cool just because it let you rebel against some rule—since a smoking ban targets smoking, not dipping.

All I have to do is ride my electric bike in defiance of state law, and I'm much more of a renegade than someone using Skoal Bandits in a no-smoking zone. Whether or not to dip tobacco is your decision as an adult, but it doesn't make you a freedom fighter, seeing how it's legal and all. When I violated school dress codes, *that* was rebellion.

I guess you can say whoever named this item Bandits was a marketing genius, but getting people to think they're fighting the system by using a dangerous product doesn't seem right.

What's next? E-Bandits?

When you're in a spot where you can't light up, chew bubble gum instead.

Yes! A kid plopped his glasses!

There is hope for the country! Unfortunately, the country there's hope for isn't America, because this story is from a foreign website.

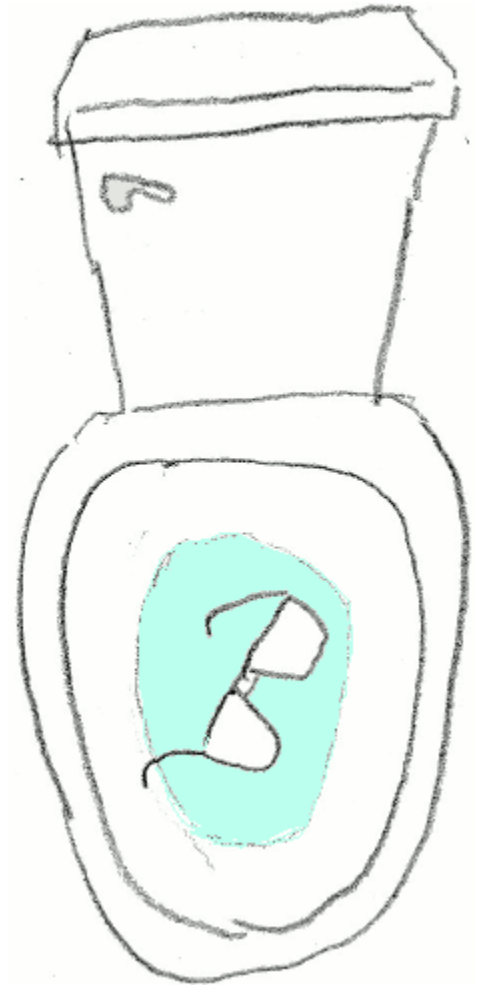
Still, I'm delighted to learn that a 6-year-old as recently as 2011 tried to flush his own eyeglasses down the toilet. He was only 6, so he was young and innocent enough that there had to be a damn good reason instead of just being a smartass. I'll give him the benefit of the doubt and assume it's because his glasses were hurting his eyes and nobody heeded his complaints because "kids like to complain."

A woman posted on a parenting website, "my six year old has dropped his glasses in the toilet. he cant be without them so what can i steralise [sic] them with?" The youngster "had already done a wee."

Don't try to clean the glasses. Please. Just chalk them up as a loss. He might as well have dropped his dentures in the toilet, since he's certain to someday blow a bubble with bubble gum that bursts on his spectacles, and he'll peel off the burst beegie and chomp it some more.

Somewhere in the world, there's now a 12-year-old boy who is no longer being forced to wear faulty specs, because he plopped them when he was 6. Or he got good ones.

That's no comfort to those who have *accidentally* dropped their eyewear in the toilet. Someone on Yahoo posted a message inquiring, "If you dropped your glasses in a poopy toilet would it be worth it to get them out?"



This month's Campbell County Tea Party scandal is...

Not to be a wet blanket, but this used to be a more serious political zine. So I'm covering this story.

Tim Nolan is a former Campbell County judge known for his many contentious political battles. The county's longtime political desperation once made it appear as if he wasn't as bad as other local Republicans—yes, the Campbell County GOP is *that* bad—but we can be thankful that in more recent years, Nolan has usually lost. Nolan did finally get elected to the Campbell County school board this past November—to the delight of those who long for the Footloosers' policies to be revived, though Nolan would go a step further and sell corporate naming "rights" for schools. But he lost his moronic lawsuit that attempted to shut down the Newport courthouse. He also has a defamation suit pending against GOPFacts.org, a website that accuses him of being "one of Campbell County's most vehement racists."

Nolan is also one of the leaders of the Tea Party in Campbell County, and he headed the Donald Trump campaign here. What a humiliating downfall for a former judge.

Another local Tea Party activist is already facing trial for allegedly selling drugs—even as he keeps showing up at government meetings and complaining about bicyclists using public roads. (Roads were built for bikes, dummy.) It's clear the Tea Party sells heroin. I was talking about Tea Party drug dealing even before that episode came to light. So—sadly—it comes as no surprise that the stories of Tea Party crime keep billowing out of control. Tim Nolan has now been arrested and indicted for human trafficking and unlawful transaction with a minor. Authorities say Nolan, 70, induced a minor into illicit sexual activity and gave alcohol to the minor.

If the allegations are true, this continues a long string of serious crime by the local Tea Party. It also underscores the bottomless corruption and crime in local government. It was bad enough when the Kentucky GOP took away someone's notary license for political reasons and tried to ruin their career. (Yes, I heard that story, so

the Republican Party is hereby ordered to wipe that smirk off their faces.) Plus, if Nolan is guilty, I *guarantee* there's other Tea Party politicians involved.

Nolan faces a preliminary hearing on May 5. Meanwhile, the story has made national news.

Ants marching

I'm about to utter the second-funniest possible sentence in the English language. Here it comes...

The bubble gum got ruined.

(The funniest possible sentence is: The bubble gum got ruined when someone put it in the toilet.)

It's not funny that bubble gum—a precious commodity—got ruined, and thereby wasted. But *bubble gum* is a funny phrase and *ruined* is a funny word, so it's a funny sentence. And in this story, bubble gum did indeed get ruined.

A woman (not the same woman who critiques each issue) e-mailed me a story of bubble gum getting ruined once back in 2004. She says she wasn't a frequent gummer, but on a whim, she bought a pack of pink Bubble Yum. She reports that she started goin' to town with her beegee while watching *60 Minutes* one Sunday and "bubbled one big bubble right after the other." I don't know how she remembers such minor details or what year it was, but I can remember details of much earlier events that didn't even involve anything important like bubble gum. (I actually remember the *exact date* that a family member started wearing reading glasses—April 1, 1980—even though I was only 6.)

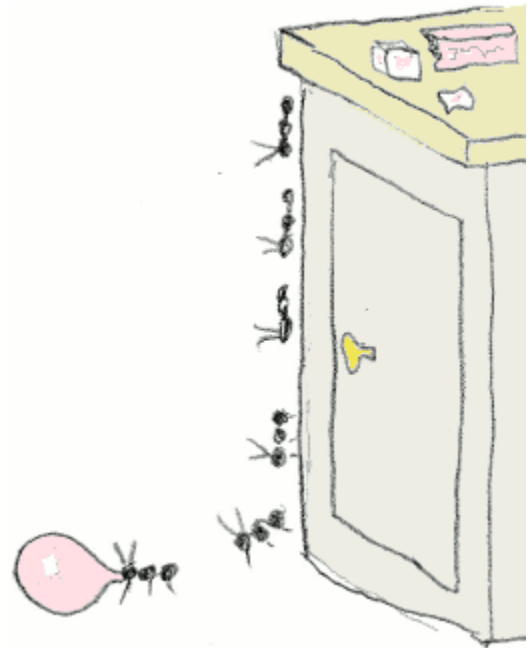
Being such an infrequent chewer, the woman in this story stowed what was left of this pack of beegee safely in a pantry drawer.

Apparently, it was a long time before the urge to bubble had to be satisfied again. Ages later, when she needed to bubble, she extracted the remaining beegee from the drawer. Then she discovered that the wrapper for each piece of gum had so many small holes that they looked like Swiss cheese. (I don't know whether Bubble Yum still used the big, bubbly lettering on its inner wrappers.) Somebody—clearly not a human—had been gnawing away at her precious bubble gum! Whodunit?

Not long after, a trail of ants was seen scampering away from the pantry cabinet. The logical conclusion was that her home had an ant infestation, and the ants ate her bubble gum. They'd also gotten into a box of rice, ruining it too

And all the little ants are marching! It's suitable that this story brings to mind a Dave Matthews Band song, because the band's drummer always bubbled.

Discard!



A person got mad because their copy of 'Busy Timmy' was ru

I'm surprised *Busy Timmy* is outselling my works on Amazon. Nothing against *Busy Timmy* though. In fact, I'll give it credit because the text uses the *Sesame Street* font.

A person bought a used copy of this classic children's tome off Amazon, and they were outraged at the condition it was in. Outraged, I tell you! They gave the book a mediocre review—not because of anything in the book but because of their copy's deplorable condition...

“Considering its age, the general condition of the book was fair to good. However, I was disappointed when I discovered that 90% of one of the pages was torn out. That wasn't mentioned in the description.”

They expected a children's book from 1948 to be in perfect shape? Think how many generations of tiny tots have mishandled it. A person my age may be old enough to have *grandchildren* who can read rudimentary books, but this volume was ancient even in my day!

I'd be angry too if I got a ruined book off Amazon. But come on! Books get old! I worked at the local library for years, and we had to pitch books that were less than 20 years old because of their condition. We had a "book purge" in the mid-'90s, and I had to sift through books that looked like someone gnawed fist-sized holes in the pages—which the libe had tried to tape up—accompanied by an ominous post-it note that said, "Should be purged." It also revived the memory of when I bit a huge chunk off part of the cover of a library book as a child

years earlier, for this very book was in the purge pile.

Books can become mere dust when handled by prying young hands.

Punker floss fun while it lasted

I want to have a word with our corporate overlords, so wipe that smug grin off your face.

When I discovered they made dental floss just for me, I thought it was the bee's knees. But they didn't have to be so discreet about it. I wish the packaging had just come right and called it what it was: floss for crooked teeth—or better yet, punk rocker teeth! Instead they came up with a euphemism—"tight teeth"—which sounds horrible. The website that calls them "teeth that are really jammed close together" sounds so much better. I'd also accept "disasters", if only because it sounds like the petty lament of an angry parent.

What I *really* need is floss whose thickness can be expressed with a negative number, but that would be a physical impossibility, so I took what I could get.

This punker floss seemed pretty damn punky. It slid and glid. You could build a playground slide from this stuff and not need any dog shit to lubricate it.

When I ran out of this floss, I used the floss my dentist gave me in the goodie bag. This floss was not labeled as being for punk rocker teeth, "tight teeth", or "disasters." It was just plain old floss. But it worked just as well.

When I discovered this, a frustrated scowl grew on my face. Did I pay more for punker floss when regular floss was just as good? Was the dental floss industry price-gouging us teeth punkers?

The answer: If poo. I don't know for certain, because when I went to the supermarket after that, I noticed they no longer sold punker floss, so I couldn't compare prices.

That's not to mention the near-monopolies that afflict some goods around here, which force consumers to violate their personal conscience when buying products. Our dollars should go to companies that act responsibly.

We teeth punkers are keepin' it real!

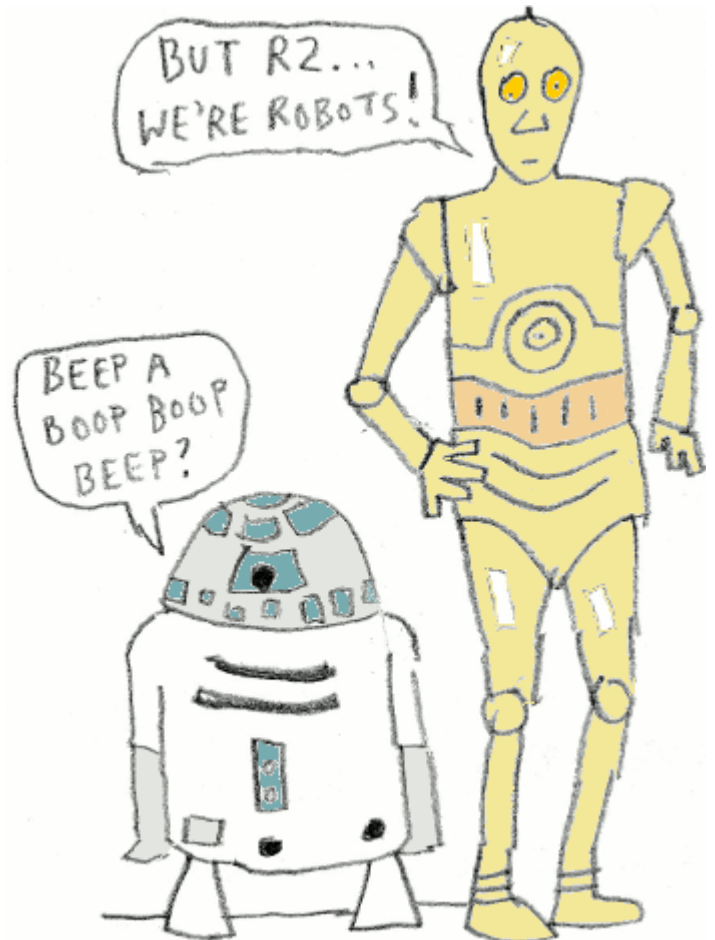
C-3PO has a long schlong (a poopysism)

If you watch the *Star Wars* series of films, nowhere will you see that C-3PO has a big dick hanging on him. It's just not there.

But tell that to Topps. In the late '70s—when trading cards often included a nice, big rectangle of bubble gum—Topps put out *Star Wars* trading cards. One of the cards depicted C-3PO with a gigantic penis. It looked like it was about a foot long! It looked like the Road Ruiner battery!

Many folks believed the droid was intentionally altered to add a penis. Indeed, the original photo used for the card shows him with a huge weenie—so the photo wasn't touched up for the trading card. Some believe that what actually happened was that a part of the droid fell off and—in the midst of this tumble—just happened to be positioned in front of his crotch when the photo was snapped. Nope. It was deliberate. I'm sure of it. The theory that now prevails is that it was intentional.

After an outcry, Topps rushed out a new version of this trading card, which airbrushed C-3PO's penis away. But the replacement is the much rarer version—probably because the original was so funny that people hoarded it instead of putting it in the spokes of their bike wheel to hear it make a cool sound.



The dentist prescribed Freshen-Up and I thought it was funny

Remember Freshen-Up? It was a chewing gum with a liquid center.

I don't think I've seen this brand of beegee since my outside agitation campaign at NKU in the late '90s,

when I noticed the snack stand selling it. But it was all the rage in my day.

I remember laying on the couch at home when I was growing up and trying to balance a pack of Freshen-Up on my thumb—because I saw people in the commercial doing this. Freshen-Up had a road atlas offer too, where we sent in Freshen-Up wrappers and got one of those miniature road atlases. The cover of this map book encouraged folks to bring Freshen-Up along on roadtrips.

Our dentist must not have been among the 4 out of 5 who only allow patients to chomp sugarless gum. For starts, I don't believe that statistic anyway, and for another thing, sugarless gum replaces sugar with cancer-causing chemicals. So for us, it was sugary Freshen-Up—without all those toxic chemicals!

Once when I was about 6 or 7, the dentist actually prescribed Freshen-Up to my mom. My mom got home from the dentist one day with a pack of pink Freshen-Up and said the dentist gave it to her. I didn't think much about it one way or the other. But then my brother said, "Bubble gum."

That's when all hell broke loose. I burst into uncontrollable laughter! This pack of Freshen-Up was indeed the flavor that was specifically labeled as *bubble* gum. It wouldn't have been so funny if it was just plain old gum. But nope. It was the bubble kaboomin' kind.

I had no idea bubble gum required a prescription. These days, it might as well, considering it's easier to buy heroin outside our local supermarkets than to find bubble gum inside. I bet the area's drugstores got tired of filling prescriptions from a dentist who thought bubble gum was a prescription drug.

I've had several different dentists over the years, but the only time I've heard any of them speak the magic phrase was a few years ago when my current dentist remarked that a substance used in dental procedures had a "bubble gum flavoring." But you couldn't bubble with it.



I don't have a senior portrait

Sorry I don't have a senior portrait to show you like most other celebrities have, but that's just the way the poo-poo glides.

I never got one. Probably the biggest reason is that, at the beginning of my senior year, I didn't even know the school year was starting until the night before it started. It was already September, but I had no idea what in the Wide, Wide World Of Warcraft I was going to be allowed to do. By then, I knew I better comply with whatever the system said.

Neither my school nor any photo studio had approached me about having a senior picture taken. Most kids in this fine land are approached about this, but I never was. I wouldn't have been too keen on it anyway. Senior photos are usually more formalized, which is outside my comfort zone. A bigger objection might be the fact that photo studios had already (keek!) ruined some of my other high school photos by touching them up, so I'd have a hard time trusting the studio.

I didn't have a mullet, so it's not like I'd be embarrassed for that reason—unless the studio added a mullet to my photo. I didn't have glasses that were too big for my head, but if I did, I'm sure my parents would've thrown an utter shitfit if I'd taken them off for the portrait. The oldsters were sensitive about things like this. If I had glasses, they'd rave about how the photo was only "accurate" if it included these specs—but they'd probably also force me to wear a tie, which I'd never wear anywhere else.

It was my picture, not theirs. I should've been the one deciding these things.

Believe it or not, some photo studios actually encourage kids to dredge up an old pair of glasses without lenses for their senior picture. The studios insist this will make the photo "accurate" while eliminating glare.

Do you get the impression that I don't like dealing with clinical accessories? I've always thought having them was other people's problem. Because BadAttitudeOppositionalDefiantDisorder™ buhhh.

Being allowed to go to a real school—Holmes High School—for only part of the day means I probably wasn't even mentioned in the yearbook, even though Holmes is where I got my diploma. It's my lousy luck that most mentions of me in yearbooks weren't for anything positive, since Brossart would rather leave a paper trail making sport of people. They think you get to laugh at someone after the school denied them the privileges that every other student got. I can appreciate jokes—for years prior, my family had been making jokes about certain things about me, and then we all laughed together—but some things aren't funny.

I'm not big on name-calling, but the Evil Empire earned it. They started their crap with me *years* before I started this zine and responded in kind. They shit in their hat, so now they have to wear it. They can dish it out but can't take it. I make no apologies for insulting school officials who enjoyed harming people.

In some ways, it upsets me that I was deprived of a senior portrait, since I feel like I missed out on what should have been a positive experience. But usually, people just laugh at each other's portraits anyway. If I can dig up an old photo of me from that era that's any good, I can use it as my *de facto* senior picture.

David Duke impersonated a woman (a poopysism)

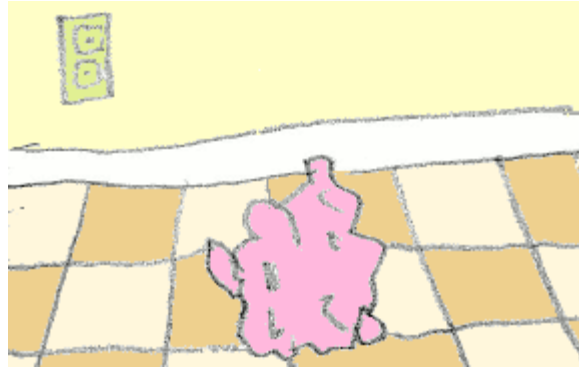
David Duke is the ugly slob who is known for his openly racist political campaigns in Louisiana and for defrauding thousands to pay for his lavish gambling expenses. The staunch free marketer and former KKK Imperial Wizard also impersonated a woman for a book he wrote.

Back in 1976, Duke used the pseudonym Dorothy Vanderbilt to write a self-help book for women. The volume purported to teach women how to "successfully meet and maintain a relationship with a man" and was full of advice on oral and anal sex. The book was reportedly just thrown together from information Duke got from women's magazines.

David Duke's apologists say this shouldn't reflect poorly on him, because he's never republished the book. Maybe that's because hardly anyone purchased the copies that were printed, so he didn't need to.

I've had 2 books published through a do-it-yourself publisher, and these venues are useful for authors like me who need to dodge censorship by major publishers. The good news about today's do-it-yourself publishers is that anyone can write a book. The bad news about today's do-it-yourself publishers is...that anyone can write a book. Yet big publishing houses are no better than the do-it-yourselfers. I have a knack for finding bad books. I don't actually buy them or read the whole thing, but they can be a barrel of laughs. I've seen some people try to make a quick buck by filling hundreds of pages with an idea that can be summed up on a single sheet of paper. But the incoherent babblings of the likes of David Duke or William Bennett are worse than almost anything the do-it-yourselfers put out.

Giant gumball invades Brossart



Uh-oh, someone chewed gum at school once 29 years ago! I'm gonna go tell!

What's the biggest wad of gum you've ever seen? I think I know what the biggest I've ever seen was. I have no idea who chewed it, but their mouth had to have been cavernous.

It all went down one day in freshman religion class at the hated Bishop Brossart High School. My seat was closer to the front of the room, along the wall with the windows. It was yet another day when the school wouldn't control the spoiled monarchs who constantly started trouble. Anyway, as I was sitting at my desk, I noticed something pink on the floor in the front of the room, maybe 8 feet in the distance. At first, I thought it was just a tissue someone had blown their nose on and thrown on the floor.

But as I looked closer, I concluded it was beegee. The wad was gigantic. It was as big as a baseball—but irregularly shaped and full of tooth marks.

Who could masticate such a thing? How many pieces was it? How did they avoid getting caught? How big of a bubble were they able to blow? What was going through their mind when they decided to dispose of it on the classroom floor? Did they count on anyone else thinking it was funny (which it was)? Did any teachers or other adults notice the gum on the floor? Who cleaned it up?

This was around the same time someone made a similarly hilarious spectacle in the boys' locker room in gym class. In this incident, it was just the wrappers. I don't know who it was, since I didn't see anyone gumming in gym that day. But they strewed the torn inner and outer wrappers of their bubble gum—it looked like several packs—about the locker room floor and on a bench. The mess didn't cover the *entire* floor, but it looked like a carefully plotted trail designed to generate maximum amusement. It was either Bubble Yum or Bubblicious, which I remember from the bright colors. Whoever did it knew they were being funny, since there's no other explanation why they'd throw all those gum wrappers there.

It just dawned on me that it could have been the same person who put that gigantic testicle of gum on the floor in religion class. Full disclosure: It wasn't me. Even if these messes were created by different people, it makes me wonder who hoarded bubble gum wrappers just so they could throw them on the floor of the locker room—and why their parents didn't notice their home was full of wrappers.

So many questions, so few answers!



WCLU gone for 30 years

WCLU was an amazing AM. It was my fave radio station when I was in middle school.

I'm talking about Clu 132, the Covington-licensed outlet at 1320 kilohurts. Through much of the 1980s, this 500-watt daytimer programmed a top 40 format with the broadest playlist of any in the area. I don't know how they fit their vast record collection into such a small building in Latonia. Bigger competitors like Q-102 actually did have some positive characteristics, but WCLU was much faster at adding new music—even though they'd also toss in songs I hadn't heard in years.

It's been 30 years—April 1987—since WCLU was sold, renamed WCVG, and had its format gutted. It's stunning that hardly anyone ever talked about this station back then—or now. In fact, WCLU was such a small station that *Billboard* thought it didn't exist at all, mistakenly reporting in 1991 that Cincinnati had been without multiple top 40 stations for a whole decade, not just 4 years.

This “secret” station should be appreciated not only for its wide playlist but also for its quirky, unpredictable, rough presentation. WCLU in the '80s was like the impacted incisor of Cincinnati radio: Everyone who knew about it loved it, even though they weren't supposed to. It's the art of imperfection. If WCLU had switched over to compact discs, it wouldn't have been nearly as good.

Yes, WCLU played vinyl. Almost nothing but. And it showed. I don't think they even carted up most of their music, and they didn't seem to have a budget to replace worn records. WCLU's own DJ's joked about this. After “King Of Pain” and “Waiting For A Girl Like You” crackled and popped throughout, on-air personalities observed that it was from “not exactly a compact disc player.” I swear Q-102 must have played “Never Surrender” *every hour*, but their copy didn't have the hilariously warped “clang clang” that WCLU had. It also sounded like WCLU's record of “Suddenly” by Billy Ocean was cracked throughout its chart run. I wouldn't intentionally ruin my records like that, but I gotta admit all the ruinment at WCLU was mighty interesting once it took place. It's just like how I didn't deliberately put a *Sesame Street* sore on my foot, but having it is a lot more exciting than not having it.

Someone on Facepoo said they used to hang out behind WCLU's building and play skeet shooting with records from the station. It sounded like the station kept playing these records after they were shot at. (It could be worse. A guy on another website says he used to be a DJ at a college station somewhere, and his friends used to spill beer all over the records while they were playing. This in turn brings to mind a TV commercial in the mid-'80s for a record rack that started off with a baby crawling around, finding a mug full of beer, and pouring it all over an album that was laying on the floor.)

And who can forget Joey T saying, “It's extra, extra sickening!”? Or the “H&R Blockhead Smuggling Tip of the Day”?

Q-102 used to publish its weekly music ranking on a little bookmark-sized sheet. You may be surprised to learn WCLU apparently distributed a printed survey too. A few years ago, someone posted online a copy of what they said was the last WCLU survey sheet ever compiled—when Club Nouveau’s remake of “Lean On Me” was ranked at #1.

It turns out that WCLU listeners probably dodged a bullet by not losing the station years earlier than they did. Clu 132 was owned by former Kansas City broadcaster Irv Schwartz, and it appears as if a big bank hounded the station out of business by forcing him to sell. The bank had tried to foreclose on WCLU as long ago as 1983. If WCLU was a right-wing talk station, do you honestly think it would have been forced off the air like that? For years after WCLU’s demise, there was a nationwide pattern of other legally licensed stations being closed by banks, with the FCC’s blessing, which afflicted some formats much more than others. I can’t think of any right-wing talk or checkbook clergy stations being closed like this.

I felt like I could truly call WCLU my own, and that it was unfairly taken away. You have to have some control over your life and protect the good things you have.

A calculator gum story that adds up

The woman who reviews this zine has another gum story, because I *begged* her to think of more trials and tribulations of that stupendous viand we call beegee. It’s not like I demanded she blow a huge bubble just so I could write, “She blew a huge bubble.”

She reports that one day back when she was in high school, she chewed gum—in possible violation of an Allowed Cloud—and ruined it by storing it in her calculator case. However, it’s unknown if she bubbled. It’s very possible, because lots of cool people have bubbled. The important thing is that she gummed.

Anyway, my friend was chewing gum in class one day. She says she “was a palmer”—which means she “palmed” her gum by hiding it under her tongue to avoid getting skeeped at. Then the teacher announced the class would include an exercise in which students sampled various food items—such as dry cereal and popcorn. My friend had to dispose of her gum right quick without getting caught. But either the wad must not have been completely bubbled out yet, or she didn’t bring any more gum that day—because she needed to save her gum to chew some more after this classroom project.

So she stowed it in her hard plastic calculator case to keep it clean, flavorful, and bubbleable. She thought it would be safe from all comers and the elements—but was she ever wrong!

At the end of class, she extracted this slab of gum from the calculator case and crammed it back into her mouth. She was in for a rude awakening! That’s because this once sweet, vibrant, tasty, stretchy plug of beegee had mysteriously acquired a taste of vomit.

Well, that wad promptly went in the drinking fountain.

Everything in this great calculator case caper adds up! But it’s still a mystery of how the gum acquired a vomit flavor. Were there vomit spores in the air to vomify everything?

A person tried breaking their glasses so they could get new ones

This story gives a bad name to the honorable tradition of breaking your own eyeglasses on purpose.

If you’re gonna lay hulk to your own specs, make sure it’s to fight capitalism—not to prop up capitalism. But some folks are too immature and materialistic to grasp this concept.

I found an Internet post from several years ago in which someone asked for advice on how to break their own gafas just so they could get new ones...

“I would really love a new pair of glasses but my mom won’t buy me a pair because I always wear contacts, but if they broke she would buy me a new pair. So how could I break my glasses, but making someone else do it by accident.



Preferably my mother, like set them under a chair and she breaks them by accident by sitting on them. ...”

You read that right. Someone—seemingly a tiny tot—wanted to break their glasses and blame their mom, just so their mom would buy them new ones.

People actually encouraged this by telling the poster to drop a chair leg on their glasses or smash them with a rock and make it look like an accident. But since this poster says they always wear contact lenses, why would they need new glasses?

Chuck E.’s in love...with rewriting lyrics

I’ve never been to Chuck E. Cheese’s—an uninteresting pizza restaurant that has a gray mouse for a mascot and features video games and a stage with robot animals that sing—more than 2 or 3 times, and I only went during school field trips. Some might say I was deprived, but I was just humble. And weird.

On one of those rare visits to Chuck E. Cheese’s, someone shit on the restroom floor, and my friend tells me she threw up at a birthday party at Chuck E. Cheese’s once in her childhood. If there’s a good place to throw up, it may be Chuck E. Cheese’s. The restaurant’s atmosphere appeals to very young kids, but I heard teenagers—who are too old for it anyway—aren’t allowed eating there without an adult. (Ooh, an Allowed Cloud!)

One of the most widely mocked features of Chuck E. Cheese’s is its sanitizing of popular songs. I remember one of the performances by the robot animals included “Rocket Man”—the tune popularized by Elton John. The song includes the line, “In fact it’s cold as hell.” But this performance changed the line to, “In fact it’s cold as *well*.”

Between stage shows, the restaurant played mostly the regular recordings of pop songs. These records were a few years old the last time I was there, and I don’t know if they’ve been replaced with newer music for today’s kiddos. A few years ago, my friend told me that one of them was Bob Seger’s version of “Tryin’ To Live My Life Without You.” The opening line in this song is, “I used to smoke 5 packs of cigarettes a day.” Not willing to encourage kids to smoke, Chuck E. Cheese’s reportedly played a recut version in which Bob (or a soundalike) sang, “I used to chew 5 packs of bubble gum a day.”

Since these were records from that era, I bet they also had the Dirt Band sing, “Sandy beaches, chewin’ gum every night.” (Sounds like an edit WRFN would have made.) Rupert Holmes probably had to redo a couple of his songs too. But his line “Not my brand, you understand” was probably safe, even though it sounds like it has to do with flatulence. (A little trivia about the Dirt Band song: Many copies of the 45 RPM single mistakenly reversed the labels for the main side and the flip side.)

Reminds me of that organization that issued modified versions of ‘90s songs that deleted the line in the Hootie & the Blowfish song that sang, “I was wasted.”

We got no money, but we can go. Wait, we can’t. It’s too far.

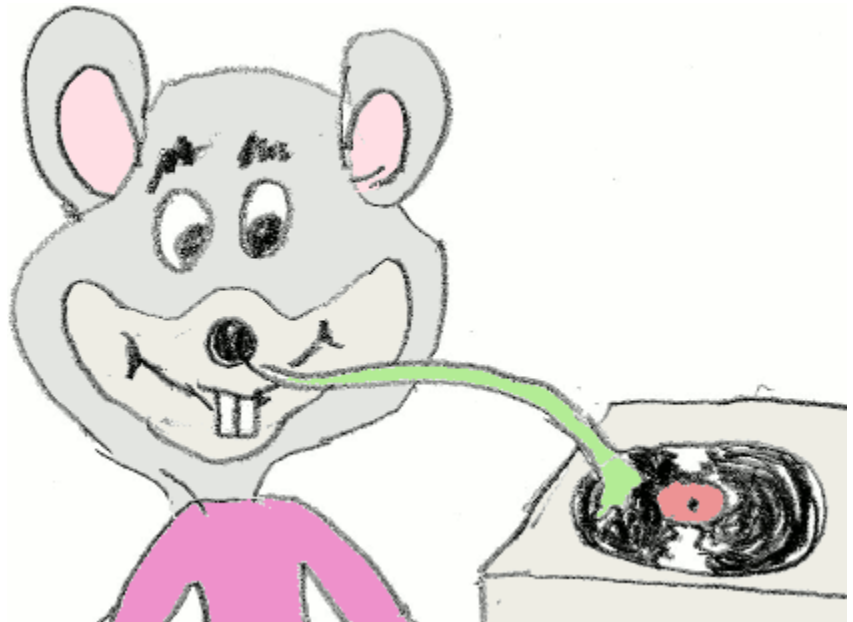
Another bad gum story

When people get bad gum, they remember it in perpetuity.

Recently, yet another individual regaled me—in person—with a story of lousy gum. She claimed the very worst gum ever to roam the planet was the kind whose wrapper simply bore the words “BUBBLE GUM”—with no branding whatsoever. It was generic beegee! She didn’t say *why* it was so bad.

I vaguely remember this kind. It seems as if not only could you not bubble with it—or it was too sticky if you somehow did—but the wad mysteriously shrank so much as you chomped it that it dwindled into nonexistence.

And that’s a damn shame.



A Zesta requesta!

This was a requesta to see who could Zesta the besta!

People really wanted me to Zesta. Let me be clear: They *really, really, really* wanted me to Zesta! Their entire lives were going to be ruined if I didn't.

As you know, Zestaing is the act—or the art—of chewing up Zesta crackers and sticking out your tongue. Cool people like me do it. Cool people like you do it. But that leaves a lot of cool people who still need to do it. Nonetheless, I'm willing to oblige when coolsters ask me to Zesta...



People should Zesta on TV more. There was an episode of *All In The Family* in which Sally Struthers did this with ice cream—but not with crackers.

Put your Zesta to the testa!

A person tried breaking their braces so they could miss school

If you want more entrancing tales of fighting capitalism by destroying clinical accessories, this one's a wash. I can understand wanting to miss school to avoid the right-wing indoctrination and bullying that fills our schools, but if you're so determined to combat capitalism, why not rock your jagged chompers instead of getting costly orthodontic work?

Someone on the Interpipes announced they had a friend who was trying to "break her braces" on purpose so she could miss school to have her orthodontist repair them. She wanted the braces busted "fast and simply."

If you're gonna miss school, why squander the day in an orthodontist's chair (or whatever they use)?

A woman scoffed at this caper and replied that she was "just too disgusted for words!"

I burst out laughing at this story because it's funny.

Operation KroGum expands to Corryville

With "low tax" Matt Bevin planning to expand Kentucky's tax on groceries to cover all food items—and squander taxpayer money on a special legislative session to approve this tax—I might go Krogering in Ohio a lot more. Recently, I went Roads Scholaring, which gave me a chance to peep one of very few Kroger supermarkets (or *any* supermarkets) in Cincinnati city limits—namely, the one in the neighborhood of Corryville.

This Krogie-Wogie was rebuilt recently—but it doesn't seem to do you much good if you're a gummer. As with other Kroger locations, this store carries a little bit of gum—but I didn't see any goodgum.

I didn't coin the term *goodgum*, by the way. Back in 1991, I heard someone use this word as he was

purchasing Bazooka at a gas station food mart in Highland Heights. I tucked this word away for safekeeping and now I'm unleashing it on the world. (It's also noteworthy that *bubbunk*—a word that was coined for a bubble of gum that makes a fart noise when being blown—is one of few New Language terms with 2 acceptable pronunciations: Stress may fall on either the first syllable or the second.)

I have to give the Kroger in Corryville credit though for playing a Thompson Twins song that I don't think I've heard on the radio since I was in 8th grade.

Meanwhile, the situation has improved drastically in recent days at the Kroger in Bellevue. I noticed they sell buckets of Dubble Bubble again—but instead of putting it in the gum aisle, they put it over by the pharmacy. Maybe bubble gum is in season or something. So if you're in the mood to munch on some beegie and bubble some biggies, get it while it's hot!

A person chewed money and thought it was funny

A person chewed money and thought it was funny. That rhymes, and you *know* it rhymes!

I attended what was sort of like an alternative class for the majority of school hours my senior year of high school, and there was an Allowed Cloud against gumming. People gummed anyway. They even bubbled! Can you imagine?

One day, one of my classmates was seen chewing something that appeared to be as hard as a rock. Was it beegie? The teacher feared the funniest. She approached the youngster and asked him what he was chewing.

He tried dodging the question. But the instructor persisted. She eventually grew frustrated and said something to the effect of, "Come on now, what's in your mouth?"

The truth was then revealed. The student opened his mouth and extracted 2 nickels.

The teacher got a disgusted look on her face and said, "*Money?! You're chewing money?!*" She lamented the grossness of it all, because after all, coinage was one of the most physically filthy things people might handle on a daily basis.

And you can't bubble with it.



'Electric Company' music for the '10s

Electric Company music was evocative of the 1970s. It binds the '70s together as a unique decade of innocence and progress.

I'm talking about the type of funky music that was always heard on the '70s kids' TV show. *The Electric Company* was creative but timeless. Many of the skits on that show don't appear too dated 40 years later—but the music sounds quaint today.

Did you know that the 2010s have their own equivalent of *Electric Company* music, and it's all over YouTube? You bet your bizcream! It's used as bed music in lots of slick YouTube videos. You'll find it in a lot of clips filmed by suburban soccer parents documenting their kids' yawn-inducing daily activities. It's also used in a lot of ads posted on YouTube by businesses appealing to children younger than high school age.

It's hard to describe this music, and I don't want to bore you with the videos that go with it. It goes something like this: "Boop boop ding *ding* ding ding *ding* ding..." I hear a little bit of acoustic guitar and lots of bells in this jumpy midtempo tune.

I don't know where they find this music, but it's probably public domain music they're allowed to use free of charge. I know one of the tunes is called "Spring In My Step", but it's not the most common one. Perhaps the most common track is titled "Carefree" (like the wildly unpopular brand of gum).

I guess this music is supposed to sound cutesy, but I think it's used primarily by adults who have the wrong ideas about what kids like and how they should behave. But grownups use music like this for their own videos too—and sometimes videos about their pets!

If YouTube was around in my day, I wonder what background music my parents would have used to document my childhood. I think *Electric Company* music—the original '70s kind—would have come in handy. It also would have been hilarious if they had recorded that earsplitting shriek I let out once.

Gum almost got wasted in grade school

I'm not much of an optimist (or optometrist), but I trust this story had a happy ending.

One day in grade school—I'm guessing 4th grade—a tutor who came to my school gave every student a stick of bubble gum in a bright pink and yellow wrapper. It wasn't because we deserved it—other than the fact that we kicked so much ass, but I guess that's a good enough reason.

When no adults were looking, a boy declared that his parents wouldn't let him chew gum, so he threw his piece of beegum—still in its wrapper—onto the floor in the hallway. There it lay, smiling its ass off.

I didn't pick it up, but I'm sure someone did. It would have been practically an impossibility for someone not to. So this precious stick of beegum was likely rescued from imminent and permanent wastage.

Uh, the kid's parents weren't even there, so how would they even know if he chewed gum? Was the gum microchipped? Not a very bright kid. Reminds me of Ralph Wiggum talking about how he's not allowed to use scissors. Some of my school pals led such unprivileged lives that chewing bubble gum and blowing huge bubbles that burst and stuck to their face was the most interesting thing they ever got to do, yet some spoilsport was throwing away perfectly good beegum!

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