

# The Last Word™

Issue #515

September 2017

## Our Annual Back-to-School Issue!

### A cool person roadtripped in Detroit

A coolster—me—went on a fact-finding mission to Detroit from August 17 to 19!

Detroit is the hometown of original *American Top 40* host Casey Kasem, bubble gum chompin' comedian Gilda Radner, and R&B singer Carl Carlton. I could provide lots of inconsequential details about my trip by saying something like: A restroom at a Culver's had pee everywhere. Instead, I'll limit myself to more intellectual pursuits.

The Detroit Historical Museum was one of the highlights of my tour. It was free of charge—except for parking—and it's one of the best museums I've ever visited. The museum's lower level recreated an old city neighborhood and displayed an antique toilet...



The Detroit Zoo ruled too. Although many of the animals didn't want to show their faces that day, this zoo had a walk-through kangaroo exhibit. The zoo even had a warthog...



We also drove past the house where “Chain Reaction”—the hilarious 1958 short film in which a defective hi-fi shatters some guy’s irreplaceable record collection—was filmed. We even saw the pawn shop from *Hardcore Pawn* and the (keek!) ruins of the Pontiac Silverdome.

Best all, a person rightly got mad at Donald Trump. In the breakfast room at our motel in Utica, Michigan, the Donald appeared on the TV screen, and some woman mumbled, “Asshole.” No truer words were ever spoken.

As a bonus, a loud-and-proud bunker blast was detected at a park in Marine City, Michigan.

## Dirty asses don’t belong on the bed

There’s many good places for dirty asses. The part of the bed where you put your head isn’t one of them.

Butts get dirty. It’s unavoidable. The seat of your pants is almost certain to get caked with grime every time you leave your home. One of my few pet peeves is people subsequently sitting down on the part of a bed near where my head will be. It ranks right up there with people sticking their germ-y fingers in a drinking cup before handing it to you. It’s disgusting and rude.

Cool people agree with me on this, and I’ve never had to tell them not to sit on that part of the bed. I’m not so lucky with other folks, even though it should be common sense. Once they do it, it’s too late. The sheets must be washed before you sleep there. It especially infuriates me when someone sits on the bed after I’ve just washed the sheets.

Perhaps the most common way for an ass to get dirty is by sitting on a restaurant seat. People visit restaurants all the time. Whenever I do, I feel like changing my pants right after it. Beds get contaminated with restaurant ass when people sit on them. It’s even worse when they sit on your pillow. Imagine settling in and resting your tired noggin on a soft, fluffy pillow—and getting into a cozy position that only a coolster like you can enjoy. Now imagine what it would be like if your pillowcase is tainted by restaurant ass. Toilet ass is pretty bad too.

Garbage doesn’t belong on beds either. The types of trash I’ve seen on beds ranges from fast food packaging such as buckets to crumpled catalogs that people use to fill holes in walls. It’s also weird how food crumbs sometimes mysteriously appear on beds right where your head goes.

## Bubble gum vodka bursts onto scene

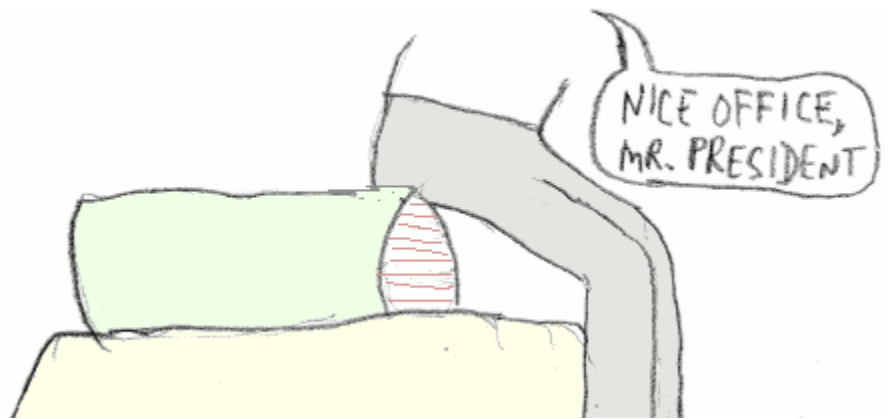
What back-to-school issue would be complete without an article about vodka?

Did you know they make vodka with a bubble gum flavor?

I just finished reading a book about old advertising signs painted on Cincinnati buildings. One of the signs advertised a brand of vodka. According to the book, this distillery still makes vodka, but now it comes in a variety of flavors. Guess what one of them is? Beegee, of course!

By that, I assume they mean the standard flavor associated with pink bubble gum. It’s hard to describe that taste, but it’s believed to mimic a fruit blend. Banana is obvious in some brands. Some brands of pink beegee are said to contain some peppermint and cinnamon too, and some taste of root beer. A little-known fruit called jackfruit is said to taste exactly like some varieties, and it’s believed that these gums contain an ingredient called isoamyl acetate—the same stuff that occurs naturally in jackfruit and gives it its flavor. Interestingly, one of the few ways to acquire large amounts of isoamyl acetate is from the distillation of whiskey.

The introduction of bubble gum vodka is a bit like when a Hubba Bubba soft drink was available—which was designed to taste like the gum. I never tasted this soda, but occasionally you could find it on local store shelves during the years when the gum itself was unavailable here. It’s also like how Cincinnati television personality Uncle Al produced his own line of gourmet popcorn that included a



bubble gum flavor—but like I said a few months ago, I never saw it in stores.

When you brew wine, you place balloons over the bottles and let them inflate. In my day, my grandfather used to make wine in his basement. When we visited my grandparents' place, you'd often hear the balloons popping. I wonder if bubble gum would work just as well as balloons.

## I mailed stale bread

I did something funny a few weeks ago. I bubbled. Just joking!

I did something even more uproarious than that—if that's humanly possible. I mailed household garbage in reply to junk mail. And I was right to do it.

I hate junk mail—and I hate being forced to subsidize it. Did you know the price of a stamp subsidizes junk mail, which is mailed at a vastly reduced cost to the sender? For years, I've advocated ending this handout, but the Really Serious People won't listen.

On August 10, I received an envelope that I thought was a check from my credit card company. That's because the envelope was that hard-to-open invoice style, and the logo on it was almost identical to my credit card issuer—and because the last time I got a refund on my credit card, they mailed me a check. (I got a credit card—not just a debit card—because I was afraid my credit would be ruined if I didn't. I'm careful to pay my credit card bills on time. Man, do they *hate* that! That's because they make their money from people buying expensive shit and having to pay late fees.) But when I opened the envelope, I found it was an ad for some crap I didn't want or need.

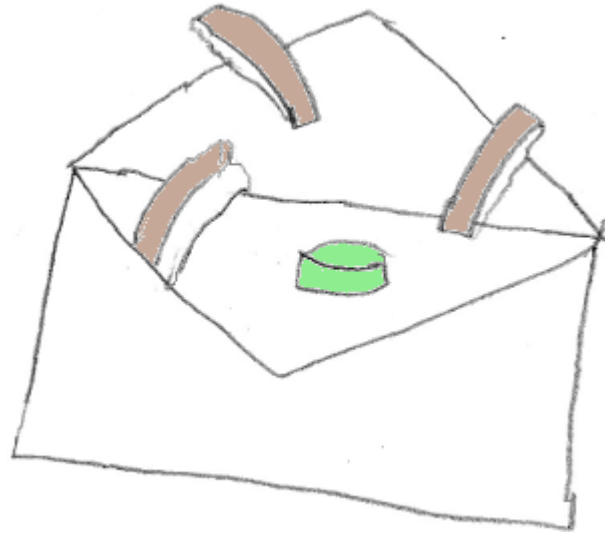
I was livid, because I was about to go Krogering, and I had to waste time dealing with junk mail. But I didn't get mad. I got mad *and* got even!

The envelope had a business reply envelope inside. You know, one of those “No postage necessary if mailed in the United States” deals. So I brang that envelope back upstairs and grabbed the first items I could find from my kitchen garbage can. These included dried bread crusts and a lid from a Mountain Dew bottle. I stuffed this rotting trash into the envelope, sealed it, and mailed it from the nearest public mailbox (which seems like it's about a zillion miles away, since they keep removing them).

For business reply mail like this, the recipient has to pay postage. In this case, that's the company that sent me the junk mail in the first place. And the heavier and thicker the item, the higher the cost! So when they receive an envelope stuffed full of rotten food and other garbage, guess who pays? Not I! It would have been funny enough just to send them an empty envelope—which they'd still have to pay postage for—but I always go that extra mile!

I assume what I did was legal—not like I give a shit about obeying rules. After the Celebrity ABC Gum Project some years back—which prompted Adam Ant and John Waters to send their chewed wads of gum through the mail—what's the harm in mailing dried bread crusts to a business that was just crying out for it by sending me junk mail?

Best all, I did the same thing again a couple weeks later. I received a stern-looking envelope labeled as “time-sensitive” that had no return address. I opened it and discovered it was an unsolicited credit card ad that included a business reply envelope. I stuffed that envelope with a deli roast beef wrapper and part of a banana peel and promptly mailed it.



## No disunion at reunion

Was my high school reunion really *my* high school reunion?

I keep calling it that, but I keep forgetting I never attended the school it commemorates. Although I wasn't allowed to go to school there, the Campbell County High School class of 1991 seems to have lovingly adopted me as a member—in contrast to all the schools like Bishop Brossart that have disowned me. In fact, I didn't even graduate from *any* high school until 1992, because Brossart forced me to repeat my sophomore year, since I didn't have any clout like the pampered shitgibbons who jostled with me there. (If flunking a whole year was my fault, how come it didn't happen at any other school? Gotcha on that!)

I've usually felt at home among CCHS alumnuses, since I went to school with them at Cline. I never, ever felt at home at Brossart. I despised Brossart since week one, and didn't want to go there in the first place—but I was forced to, because something something grownups. (The few times in my youth when I was allowed to make

my own decisions, I turned out to be right.) So imagine my delight a few years ago when I was invited to a CCHS 20-year reunion.

Not like that school was perfect either. I'm pretty sure I was invited because I was on the school's official class list despite not attending school there. Year after year, I was prohibited from enrolling, but the home of the Camels kept me on the class list during my high school years because the school got money from the state for each student.

This reunion was also around the time Mayor McCheese kept posting lies about me on Amazon. In preparation for the reunion, one of its organizers posted on Facebook that anyone who started trouble at the reunion would be ejected. I think what happened was that Mayor McCheese had threatened to talk shit about me at the reunion, and I think that's who this warning was directed at.

I didn't go to the 20-year reunion, but later I was invited to the 25-year reunion, which took place this past November. Fifteen minutes before the event started, I decided to go.

I didn't hear any trash talk at this event—except against Donald Trump, who deserves it. I can't imagine a Bro\$\$art reunion lasting 5 minutes without some fascist dickchop talking smack about me.

My school experience was abnormal, and this frustrated me for years. The Campbell County Schools began its vendetta against me when I was 6 and didn't let up even through high school. Through much of grade school, they forced me to be schlepped outside the county to go to school, so I couldn't build many friendships with other kids in Highland Heights. At that age, any time I went to Thriftway—where I snickered at the vaguely phallic company logos on frozen veggies—I didn't run into kids I knew.

You don't get to illegally exclude someone from public schools in his own community, and then complain if his classmates he was cut off from adopt him back. I think it's pretty clear that the assholes who started shit at Cline are vastly outnumbered, judging by how ready my classmates were to reacquire me.

## Do our schools radicalize domestic terrorists?

This zine has been designed to be more humorous since its post-Occupy reopening, but right-wing domestic terrorism and the recent escalation of fascism are serious, even deadly—and when there's a connection to local institutions, we must report on it.

What radicalized James Alex Fields Jr., the white supremacist who plowed down peaceful protesters in Charlottesville, Virginia? It didn't take long to discover that Fields was a fairly recent student of the Boone County Schools. I already knew that particular school system was dedicated to using taxpayer funds to advance right-wing causes. Most schools around here are. But I can think of at least one *specific* instance of the Boone County Schools doing so.

Early this year, the Boone County Schools lobbied for an ALEC-backed state law that repealed the requirement that contractors pay the prevailing wage for public projects. Now, for those unawares, there's still some public facilities lingering around in Kentucky that were built before prevailing wage was even required. They tend to be poorly constructed. Think of school buildings with inadequate windows (no sunlight) and carpets made of toxic chemicals, where teachers and students keep suffering health problems. Prevailing wage improved the quality of public work—and it was good for workers.

Who is supposed to be served by the repeal of prevailing wage? It's the wrong thing to do *and* it's bad politics.

The effort to repeal prevailing wage was part of a sweeping program in Kentucky backed by right-wing extremists. No dissent from this program is tolerated. Its purveyors include a state legislator who posted racist memes about the Obama family on Facebook, a lawmaker who posted anti-Muslim memes on that same site, Matt Bevin supporters who posted anti-Jewish comments on YouTube, and the state Republican Party apparatus that sent out antigay mail. Another tenet of this program is its implementation of an unconstitutional "right-to-work" law—which had origins in Nazi Germany. A leader in the early fight to implement right-to-scab laws in America was white supremacist Vance Muse, who supported these laws as an effort to maintain racist labor relations. Muse also tried to abolish the 8-hour work day, and he referred to the New Deal as the "Jew Deal."

With the Boone County Schools using taxpayer resources to lobby for that extremist agenda, I wouldn't



put it past them to try to indoctrinate students with right-wing propaganda. Even if there was no sign that the school district *directly* backed this extremism, the fact that it produced an alumnus with such an extremist mindset is a smoking gun that the school wasn't doing its job.

*Somebody* radicalized James Alex Fields Jr. I don't think he got it from playing Pac-Man. I attended northern Kentucky schools for 18½ years, and I think I know where he got it.

## Give me the gum...

“Cause there's roo gas in the air...And lots of bubbling everywhere...So give me the gum...”

Recently, we caught an *American Top 40* throwback installment from 1980, which included the smash hit “Give Me The Night” by George Benson. Someone observed that if the song was written by teachers at St. Joe's, it would be titled “Give Me The Gum.”

At St. Joe's, gum people did. Not nearly as much as at Brossart, of course, but there was a girl in my 8<sup>th</sup> grade class who crammed huge piles of pink Bubble Yum into her cavernous mouth at the end of each school day and always bubbled on the school bus. You also know about the time someone gummed anonymously when our class went to see a play—in bold defiance of our literature teacher's dictum. Still, it was much more common there for kids to fart and make a big production out of it.

According to legend, whenever a teacher at St. Joe's—like many other schools—caught a student chewing gum, they'd admonish, “Give me the gum.”

Whenever a teacher said this, I could never figure out which gum they meant. Did they mean the gum that was in the student's mouth? Why would they want someone else's chewed gum? Or did they mean any unused gum that the student had in their possession?

If it was the latter, what did teachers do with all the gum they confiscated? Did each school have an evidence room that filled up with gum? Is this like where the police are supposed to keep all the marijuana they seize? What happened when the evidence room got too full of gum? Maybe your teachers would have a “group blow” when that happened.



## YouTube helicopter parents hover

You all know about those slick, unoriginal YouTube channels from helicopter parents who keep posting videos every time their kids throw up or piss their pants. A few families out there have better channels, but they're more authentic and less polished, and this article isn't about them. Rather, this piece is about the corny channels that run rampant lately. It's actually surprising these folks post so many videos, because it seems like the effort to upload them would be like building the ancient pyramids to them.

What is their job? They don't live in mere mansions. They live in *palaces*. With most of these channels, there's no evidence that either parent works. So how do they pay for their homes and their kids' amenities? I was inclined to think the parents must come from such opulent backgrounds that they live off their own daddies' wealth. Now I think making stupid videos *is* their job. YouTube—now owned by Google—lets you make money from your videos using Google AdSense. Well, most of us. I tried monetizing my videos, but I'm still banned from AdSense after 7 years because they didn't like my left-wing political views that I posted on The Online Lunchpail. YouTube violates antitrust laws by designing their website so you can monetize videos only with AdSense.

Do the children in these videos go to the swimming pool *every single day*? It sure seems like it. On average, I get to go swimming about once a year, and when I was growing up, it wasn't much better. We usually just went to one of the local lakes that had shit and condoms floating in it. And we didn't go much, because it was usually too cold or it was raining—or my parents had to work, which seems to be an unfamiliar concept to some.

There's so many YouTube channels like this—but *they all show the same things!* Their kids all have the exact same activities. Every single solitary one. Their entire lives are programmed. There's no divergence from doing the exact same stuff everyone does in the other channels like this. The children's lives are so choreographed that they express unusual excitement over ordinary events like visiting the supermarket.

If you've seen these videos, notice how everyone says “like” between every other word—even the adults. Some of these clips focus on personal topics that would embarrass anyone capable of being embarrassed. The

parents in these videos would puzzle any psychologist.

And I'm quite a fan of these channels—just not for the reasons they'd like. These videos are so incredibly idiotic that you can't help enjoying them as a guilty pleasure. I don't watch them from start to finish but sometimes I leave the audio on in the background much like how you do with bad sitcoms, and occasionally, I'll get lucky and someone says or does something unintentionally funny. For example, they might blurt out the word *ruin* when you least expect it.

One of my few regrets about being born when I was is that I was a grown man when YouTube started. Otherwise, my folks would have been able to publicly document my young life, which was far more interesting than the trite hogwash that has come to dominate YouTube. I'm sure there'd be enough people out there interested in watching me fold my arms across my chest and say, "I *refuuuuuuuuuuuuuse* to do it."

I've made a career of being cool. Many of today's YouTube vloggers have made a career of repeating the same bad ideas over and over. I wonder if the kids in these videos will someday regret participating in this humiliating stupidity.

(Also, the dad in one of these YouTube channels is a Matt Bevin look-alike.)

## Congrats, Newt! You ruined bubbling!

Admit it. You agree with me that I haven't written enough about how crooked teeth improve the ability to blow bubbles with bubble gum. Feed some beegie to your teeth punker pals, and contrast their superior bubble kabooming skills against those of people with boring, straight chompers.

This theory has now been posited on a popular Internet message board, and—while one user called it "probably one of the dumber threads in the history of this board"—another opined that it's "an interesting observation." That user said that the unusual angle of a person's misaligned dentition may cause the bubble to "hold better" or it "allows the bubbler to hold the wad in place with less gum."

On the other hand, the consensus seems to be that the decline in quality of gum has done more to destroy the honorable sport of bubbling than the decline of crooked teeth has. But I'm skeptical of that. The sad fact is, not as many people today have punk rocker teeth as they used to—at least in America. You should have seen the crooked teeth that people had in the '70s and '80s. It was a great time to be alive! There were certain varying contours that people had in their teeth back then that you don't see nearly as much these days, and it's a damn crying shame.

You know who's behind this? Newt Gingrich and the 104<sup>th</sup> Reich. I'm actually serious about this. It was a Congress known for authoritarian extremism, but this is just another way they ate away at America's spirit. It was in the mid-'90s that many of us teeth punkers seemed to simply disappear. We were marginalized. That would be about when America entered the era when a majority of people would "correct" their punk rocker teeth. Uh, ever hear the saying, if it ain't broke, don't fix it? I'm sure cosmetic dentists were eager for customers long before then, but I think most folks decided to ruin their gnashers when they did because that's when the values of corporatism and conformity were really taking over. It was the end of what right-wing observers complained was society's "great disruption"—although this "disruption" from the mid-'60s to mid-'90s was actually the natural order of things.



When I started this fanzine of freedom in 1993, people used to share laughs with me about my Bart Simpson-like underachiever attitude. As another example of how suppressing the "great disruption" ruined everything, it was a couple years later when I started getting serious pushback. I remember a TV commercial for RC Cola set in the old Soviet Union that showed people defying the system by partying with RC in a small dance hall—when government agents suddenly barged in and busted everyone. The mid-'90s were like the scene in the ad when the Soviet agents came.

After people "fixed" their punk rocker teeth, they probably found they couldn't bubble as efficiently as before. Their little toofums were no longer in their natural position, which was designed by nature for bubbling.

They forever lost an important skill. There's a reason humans are endowed with so many teeth—instead of just one big, long, smooth tooth on the top and the bottom.

Newt Gingrich has probably never blown a bubble in his whole wasted life, yet his agenda destroyed this activity for millions.

Good luck with trying to make me “fix” my teeth, greedheads. I won't do it. I'd rather look like a cool person from 1979 than a clothes catalog from 2004. One of my duties in life is to preserve pieces of the past that were real and good—and not let them be squeezed out by that which is phony and corrupt. If America today would put as much effort into accepting punk rocker teeth as it puts into trying to sell unnecessary services to teeth punkers, society would be much better off. (Why did I just get a flashback about neighborhood kids arguing about the Life-and-Breath Sign when I mentioned crooked teeth and 1979?)

It's better to have an overbite than overdrafts—the latter of which you know quite a bit about, Newt.

## Don't close a book on a bubble... 'Cause they'll always take you in...

Have you ever closed a book on a bubble? Yes, I'm talking about the gum kind.

It's tempting sometimes. It's a variant of Bazookacidal tendencies—or what I call doing a Wright brothers. But it usually ruins the book—and contaminates the gum.

Occasionally, a book will survive. It seems like someone did this with an encyclopedia in the library at the alt-right Bishop Brossart High School. The thing about encyclopedias is that they come in a set. If one volume is ruined, the whole set is. I have a faint recollection of opening an encyclopedia and finding the pages stuck together with bubble gum. It was a thin, sticky layer, so that's how I could tell a bubble had burst there.

I was so hoping the librarian—an elderly nun—would launch a tirade about it, like when the deer bookends got broken when she tried to remove a piece of paper that said “Buy some baste” that had been hung from the antlers. But I never saw her reaction to the gum in the encyclopedia.

Somehow, she removed the pink goo. Later, I noticed that the only sign of the gum being stuck there was a small stain along the edge of the pages—which looked like it could have been caused by anything, such as pee.

When I was in college, a schoolmate blew a bubble the size of her head while she was reading a book. Nobody encouraged her to do it. She just did it. She didn't comment about it. It was so big that she had to lean back in her chair so it wouldn't burst on the tome. One could have easily closed the book on that bubble—but nobody opted to do so. What would be the point? How would that heal the world and make it a better place?

The Interpipes hosts websites like “Removing chewing gum from paper documents.” That site recommends freezing off the gum, and says this advice “came from the preservation department at an American university where they have successfully removed gum from the pages of library books.” Notice they use the plural “books.” This means a *university* has had *repeated* instances of students sticking beegie in library books. Not an elementary school. A *university!* How adult contemporary.

Gum ruins stuff.

## Gum turns gray

My business partner who critiques this zine with unparalleled dispatch has been within 50 million miles of gum before. Why, she's even chewed it!

You know the story of how she once stuck grape bubble gum in a vinyl folder, which caused the folder to grow purple droplets after the gum had been removed. At least you *better* know the story. I included it in these pages just a few months ago, so there's no excuses if you don't know it. You also know her laxative gum story, which caused me to lose 10 pounds in a weeks-long fit of uncontrollable laughter. Now she has a story in which beegie got ru.



Many years ago, as a high school senior, my current business partner bought a pack of pink bubble gum. To chew?! Yes, to chew. She chomped a slab or two—probably even bubbled—before the skeepee started. Her mom warned her not to chew the remainder of it at school, because she was so close to graduating that she mustn't jeopardize it by masticating beegies.

So she left it on her desk at home. But remember, in those days, everybody beegied. There wasn't a person alive who couldn't be counted on to be frequently seen with a gargantuan bubble expanding from their piehole. Surely, she must have acquired some contraband beegie from her school cohorts. When she finally needed the gum she had bought—about a week later—she unwrapped a morsel and discovered that the once-vibrant pink beegie had turned a dark brownish gray.

I didn't know gum could spoil that quickly.

That gum goed plumb into the dustbin. She should have chewed it so she could blow gray bubbles like Cletus of *The Dukes Of Hazzard*.

## I saw the eclipse after missing the one in 5<sup>th</sup> grade

Science!

On August 21, I went to Princeton, Kentucky, and saw the eclipse—no, not Eclipse gum, which I know you're disappointed about, since I haven't written about gum enough.

I missed the eclipse in 5<sup>th</sup> grade because they locked us inside the school. Their reasoning was that it might damage our eyes, but after the Campbell County Schools prescribed me Cylert, which actually *did* damage them, their credibility is shot. I was hankering to see what I missed. My photo here of the recent eclipse doesn't do it justice. The eclipse revealed the sun's corona—which is almost never visible. The corona appeared very suddenly—and frighteningly so—right when the sun became completely obscured. The sky became as dark as twilight even though it was early afternoon.



Hundreds of people gathered on the Walmart parking lot to peep it. Walmart didn't seem to appreciate it too much, and folks got skeepee'd at, but it's a corporation, so I don't give a shit what Walmart thinks.

I've become the world's go-to person for health conditions that have unusual advantages (other than making me such a handsome guy). You love me because of my strabismus—which is separate from the Cylert-induced vision loss—and this disorder enabled me to have a split screen view of the eclipse. At top, I could view the eclipse through the special eclipse glasses, and at bottom, I could see ground level by peering under them (in a reverse Mr. Hooper).

Highland Heights Elementary may have won one battle, but it didn't win this one!

## You down with OCD...

It's a sad, sad thing to be told you don't have schizophrenia after rocking it for 27 years.

My PTSD social worker says the schizophrenia diagnosis was imposed by incompetent shrinks, and he has other theories instead. For starts, he says I fit the criteria for obsessive-compulsive disorder. If so, it's because of the way school treated me. He didn't actually say that's the reason, but it's obvious it is.

He also issued another possible diagnosis, but I won't detail it here, because I've already proven I'm decades ahead of conventional medicine, and this diagnosis will fall to rack and ruin. Visiting this social worker has been a positive experience, but official diagnostic criteria still lag well behind my own findings.

After that session, it dawned on me what's probably going on. I think it's a case in which the American Psychiatric Association's diagnostic criteria have changed just so patients can't derive any positives from them—and have to suffer an added layer of humiliation from the diagnosis itself. (Schizophrenia isn't all that embarrassing, for in many more enlightened societies, it is in fact romanticized. Other conditions, not so much.) I think these guidelines cause people to be diagnosed only as it suits the system's purpose.



Post-traumatic stress disorder is disabling on its own and should be enough to qualify a patient for disability benefits. Trust me, you don't want PTSD. PTSD is *that* bad. But I never assume it qualifies, because—although I'm a lifelong civilian—Republicans say that PTSD was made up by war veterans just so they could collect benefits. The far-right Dr. Sally Satel—a psychiatrist who worked in the Bush regime—made a series of statements scoffing at veterans' PTSD claims. This includes a column in which she wrote that veterans were “seeking a free ride” by collecting benefits for PTSD. Around the same time, however, Satel endorsed overdiagnosing other conditions just so people could be institutionalized. If my goal in life is to cash in on government benefits—like the 1% falsely accuses everyone of doing—PTSD isn't the way to do it.

Plus, the Brossart thought police doesn't get to cause someone to develop PTSD and then complain when the person rightly collects disability for it (especially because the spoiled fartpipes who attacked me have never worked in their lives).

## I take requests

With the incessant pillaging by the 1% to pay for illegal wars and tax breaks for themselves, I'm not confident that I can stay in business if I don't take more requests from my fans for the content of this fanzine of freedom. A study reported in the *Richmond Register* says Kentucky now ranks dead last among all 50 states for economic development, so it's not like I can just get a good union job at a TV factory up the street like what we were promised in our childhood. (“Butbutbut something something McDonald's.”) As long as your requests for what I should write about are reasonable and interesting, my fans might be willing to pay me more to keep writing.

You've got ideas, and I've got the ink. This has become a more humorous zine in recent years, and hopefully you've become familiar enough with my sense of humor to know what fits. Send me your ideas! E-mail address is [bandit73@outlook.com](mailto:bandit73@outlook.com).

I'm on PayPal too!



## A person got mad because their gum tasted like soap

The stories of bad gum keep piling up like logs!

My business partner made a special effort to e-mail me to tell me about a foul flavor of bubble gum that she chomped once back around 1996. It was one of the leading brands of soft beegee. One website says this brand “is known for its constantly changing mix of great-tasting innovative flavors”, but luckily, they seemed to have changed this flavor right out of the mix.

My friend says that once—years before that—she had a soap eating contest with her neighborhood pals in which they put dishwashing liquid on their tongues, so she knew what soap tasted like. When she bought this flavor of beegee—which she says was “booger green”—it brang back memories of her soap eating competition. The only reason she didn't throw away the whole pack at once is that it bubbled reliably.

My smartphone beeped when I received her e-mail containing this urgent news bulletin.

I got a hilarious image in my mind of my business partner with a '90s Wilson Phillips hairdo and a spaghetti strap or a skirt over pants—blowing a huge green bubble and grabbing it out of her mouth as she makes a face about how disgusting the gum tastes.

Now you're going to insist she's not a real person just because she knows how to bubble and Donald Trump doesn't.

## A person bubbles because Harley Quinn does it

A woman blows big bubbles with bubble gum in public and lets them pop all over her face because Harley Quinn does it and her sister got mad and wants to sue the President of the Internet to make her stop because it's hurting her feelings and embarrassing her.

Harley Quinn is a comic book character who bubbles once in a while. Kind of like Ronald Reagan. On the Intertubes, there's a young woman who is angry because her older sister, age 29, bubbles in public just because Harley does it. The younger woman is embarrassed by her sister's incessant beegeeing, and vented on the 'Net about it.

The response to this complaint was universally supportive of public bubbling. One person replied in part,

“Now people aren’t allowed to fucking blow gum?” This person said to “stop being so creepy” regarding “something that virtually everyone has done since they were 6 years old.”

Another said, “Oh for goodness sake, who does it hurt if she blows bubble gum??”

Now you’re going to insist Harley Quinn isn’t a real person just because she knows how to bubble and Donald Trump doesn’t.

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