

# The Last Word™

Issue #525

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## How cool people roadtrip in Vincennes

By...bipping! That's how.

On Memorial Day weekend—Saturday and Sunday—our coolster caravan scooted over to southwestern Indiana, because. This was a long Scholaring that also counts as a mish. We traveled light.

Sadly, however, nobody peed on any gas station floors, nor were any celebrity look-alikes or bunker blasts detected. A pity indeed. Then again, I had very short notice, so I didn't know where to look for such hilarity.

However, compared to other automotive roadtrips in recent years, this one was leaner, meaner, greener! We didn't try to visit every county that had 12 people, nor did we patronize any luxury restaurants in a hopeless effort to impress their rich customers (not like I ever have before). A proud, confident teeth punker am I.

## Stoned again...a tonsil stone, that is!

If you ever pry out a tonsil stone, you won't know whether to flush it down the toilet or keep it forever because it was a part of you! It's not some alien accessory that someone foisted upon you. Maybe you can make jewelry out of it.

On April 26, 1999, I unambiguously experienced a kidney stone. (It was the same day as an *Ally McBeal* episode in which Rosie O'Donnell bubbled.) The hospital had me pee it into a strainer, and I noted in these pages that it resembled a bacon bit on the salad bar at Frisch's Big Boy. But the hosp didn't let me keep this beaut, because they wanted to analyze it. I've yet to receive the results.

On a recent Sunday—June 10—a different kind of stone was discovered. I was plagued that day by the feeling of a small object lodged in my throat—accompanied by a sour taste. Beegee could have alleviated the rancid taste, but I'd still have to combat the discomfort.

What was causing this ordeal? The Internet revealed that it was most likely a tonsil stone. But how do we stop this crap from hap? I gargled with Pepsi. That didn't dislodge the stone. What was a mere mortal to do? Stink?

As I settled in for an action-packed 1985 installment of *American Top 40*, the stone was causing me to gag. To fight this menace, I stuck my finger deep into my mouth, probed for the stone, and deftly pried it free. It flew onto the floor of my office as Casey Kasem introduced the Power Station at #27.

The Interpipes reports that tonsil stones are made of food particles, boogers, and other useful things—all rolled together into one convenient amulet. Best all, they stink. It was smaller than a pea, and it was stinking up the whole room. It actually looked somewhat like the kidney stone...





I wanted to keep it, but—because I read on the Internet that tonsil stones release an even stronger sulfur smell if you break them apart—I broke it up instead. Sadly, however, no more odor was forthcoming.

Tonsil stones usually travel in packs. A couple weeks later, I extracted another with my toothbrush. It stunk up the bathroom when I broke it apart.

Tonsil stones for the win!

## Psychiatry protects dominionism

Many of us slog under the misconception that the checkbook clergy and its followers only care about right-wing social issues—not economics. But even years before Facebook, they proved their populism was phony. The dominionist agenda governs not just the bedroom but also subjects like taxation, labor, and welfare—and it favors the rich. According to their propaganda, if you are rich, you must have been good.

Many folks have a similar misconception that right-wing media figures, editorial boards, and professionals only care about economics and not social issues. Again, nothing can be further from the truth. For every CEO or big company that supports socially conservative causes, how many are there that support liberal positions?

The psychiatric racket even protects and coddles the social and economic right-wing extremism that defines dominionism. The American Psychiatric Association's *Diagnostic And Statistical Manual Of Mental Disorders* has defined delusional disorders as consisting of beliefs that are not “culturally accepted.” In other words, a delusion is considered normal as long as enough people believe it. It doesn't have to be anywhere near a majority. It just has to be relatively common among those who stage-manage what we're allowed to think.

For example, the laughable belief that America has record-low unemployment is a delusion. But you won't be diagnosed with a delusional disorder for believing it, because there are enough people in the pop-up media who seem to believe it. Denying climate change is also a delusion. But—even though a vast majority know that climate change is real and caused by human activity—enough people deny it that climate change denial won't get you institutionalized for a delusional disorder.

Conversely, many *factual ideas* might be sufficient to get one diagnosed with a delusional disorder. Needless to say, however, don't start thinking that the psychiatric industry's broad definition of delusional disorders—which excludes right-wing delusions—will let you collect Social Security Disability. You will always be considered disabled enough to be forcibly “treated” but never disabled enough to get benefits for it. Count on it. That's as certain as death and taxes. Some right-wing nobody recently wrote an article demanding that Social Security tighten the mental health eligibility requirements—even as the diagnostic criteria for forced “treatment” grow wider, except of course for right-wingers. In fact, the government has already tightened requirements (again) so that disability applicants are 30% less likely to win their appeal than in 2008.

The biggest problem with a superiority complex like this is that only inferior minds have it.

I know this sounds like another problem we can't just bubble away, but maybe the “pucker up and blow” guy on the news was right. Studying this issue is soul-sucking, and it wears on you. It's like beating on a locked

GOTTA CHECK GALLUP  
TO SEE WHO GETS  
COMMITTED TODAY



metal door. At least gum is cheap.

## A Roads Scholar fed gum thief sullied Super Bubble

For years, one of my goals in life was to get a certain other road transport enthusiast from Kentucky to mention bubble gum. It can't just be gum. It has to specifically be *bubble* gum. I already got him to mention *Sesame Street* at least a couple times—like when he said he watched the series premiere even though he was too old for it, because someone had led him to believe the show would be full of his favorite comic book characters.

This man has been known for his increasingly conservative political views that have made him a pariah among other Roads Scholars. But recently he admitted in an Internet posting that he once gummed—using a bubble bustin' brand of beegee, no less. He finally used the magic phrase—*bubble gum*. And I didn't even have to prompt him for it! The subject came up in a message thread about cool ways to get revenge on evildoers.

He says that when he was in middle school, he hoarded Super Bubble in his locker, for he enjoyed chomping it. Probably even bubbled, though I hear from a reliable source that the bubbleability of this brand has declined precipitously in recent decades, and the bubbles no longer even get big enough to burst and stick to your face like they should. Oddly enough, some dentists have begun including Super Bubble in the goodie bags they give to patients. This is also the brand George W. Bush chewed whenever he locked himself in his office and threw his reading glasses.

Anybip, someone kept breaking into our Kentucky roadfan's locker and stealing his prized bubble gum. So our Kentucky roadfan came up with an idea. He unwrapped several pieces of gum from his stockpile, somehow hollowed them out, and filled them with cayenne pepper, black pepper, and other additives that don't belong in bubble gum. Then he wrapped them back up and put them back in his locker.

Predictably, these tainted pieces of bubble gum got stolen too. But whoever was stealing the gum never stole it again once they bit into a slab and found it was full of pepper.



## I watched 'Roseanne' because Becky farted

My teenage years are in tatters now that so many sitcom stars from that era have been disgraced. Bill Cosby has been convicted of indecent assault, Kirk Cameron has become a right-wing religious fanatic, and Lisa Whelchel has endorsed child abuse. I didn't regularly watch the sitcoms that each of these actors starred in at the time, because I bubbled instead. Wait, I didn't bubble either. Unless I did. I didn't keep a bubble log, so I don't know. I watched the *Cosby Show* episode where Vanessa got drunk, but that's about it.

In the latest sitcom scandal, as you may know, Roseanne Barr made a racist comment on Twitter. I wouldn't even call the remark a joke, because it lacked a necessary element called humor. The "shit stinks" sayings on the People's Forum were jokes, because they were funny. Roseanne's comment wasn't. It's her own fault she lost her show because of it.

I wasn't a regular viewer of the original *Roseanne*—but I made a special effort to watch one particular episode in 1989. That's because I heard that in this episode, the character Becky was going to pass gas at school. You see, people ripping bunker blasts at school was a topic I was familiar with, because this was in the Brossart era. But what's funnier than passing gas? Passing gas on TV!

Becky's backdoor breeze itself didn't appear in the show. But her loud-and-proud air biscuit was central to the plot of this *Roseanne* installment, and it was discussed extensively. After all, why wouldn't it be? When someone cracks a wafto, it should be the #1 topic of discussion until the next trouser sneeze.

But that was the old *Roseanne*. Because of recent events, the show's once-honorable legacy is now in ruins. TV stations used to fight over getting an ABC affiliation just so they could show *Roseanne*. Not anymore.

Meanwhile, a white supremacist page on alt-right website Facebook has been spreading a meme complaining that *Roseanne* has been canceled while *The Cosby Show* has not. Uh, when was the last time *The Cosby Show* has had any new episodes, geniuses?

## I watched 'Hooperman' because John Ritter stuck his head in the toilet

*Hooperman* was a short-lived "dramedy" in the late '80s starring the late John Ritter as the title character, a police inspector. Despite the name, it had nothing to do with Mr. Hooper, the friendly storekeeper on *Sesame Street*.

In an era when I didn't watch much prime-time TV—remember, this was also when Brossart gave me 3 hours of homework each night—I looked fiveward to one particular *Hooperman* episode. I had heard that this episode would include Ritter dunking his head in the toilet. My ears perked up when I heard that.

Finally, the day came. “John Ritter’s gonna stick his head in the toilet tonight,” I was assured—as if I didn’t already know, because I’d waited a week and probably marked my calendar for it. I had to walk on eggshells for a week to be allowed to watch it—which was damn near impossible at Brossart. As *Hooperman*’s time slot approached, we all gathered around the TV in the living room. The show started with ol’ John in the shower with his head covered with shampoo suds—as the faucet broke.

Here it comes! He’s gonna do it!

John stepped out of the shower and approached the donicker. He leaned over and...

Wow. What a letdown.

I thought he was going to put his head in the toilet *bowl*. Instead, he put it in the toilet *tank*. This wasn’t one-zillionth as funny as if he had stuck his head in the bowl, because the bowl is where all the pee and poo goes.

I don’t know if I was as disappointed as the man who complained because Arnold Schwarzenegger’s gubernatorial announcement caused his bubble gum blowing contest to be canceled. I think that guy was inconsolable.

With the bottomless abuse at Brossart, I didn’t have much time for TV, so the TV that I watched had better be good. Now that I have a social worker, now I understand that fighting Brossart’s abuse also took every last shred of energy out of me. Once during the Brossart era, a relative mailed me a book that looked interesting, but I never got very far at reading it, because I had *so little energy* that I couldn’t stay alert long enough to read any more of it. Almost *every waking moment* was spent dealing with Brossart. You *never catch up*.

In the meantime, the other side partied (while accusing everyone else of partying and not working).



## Freudent: why does it exist?

Freudent’s the one! Yes, it’s the one brand of gum nobody chews.

You already know Freudent has been produced by Wrigley’s for over 40 years and that its selling point is that it isn’t supposed to stick to dental work. You already know we poked fun at Freudent because hardly anyone buys it. Oh, there are a few spoilsports out there in cyberspace talking about how they got some Freudent because it’s not supposed to stick. But they’re not cool people like you and me.

Gum should stick. That’s part of the fun! Would you enjoy gum so much if it just slid off of everything like it was greased with fresh dog shit?

Freudent gathers so much dust on store shelves that I can’t believe it’s actually profitable. I understand not everything has to be profitable. If I only did what was profitable, society would be deprived of this fine publication. But Wrigley’s is a business. Businesses, sadly, are supposed to Make Money.

So I think I figured out why Freudent is produced and is so widely available even though nobody likes it. I think it’s a tax write-off. Sometimes you’ll read about a musician or band making a bad record just so they could get out of a recording contract. I think Freudent is sort of like that. I think Wrigley’s makes an unprofitable gum just to lighten their tax burden.

I'm not saying Wrigley's is doing anything illegal. If you could legally pay less in taxes, wouldn't you? If Matt Bevin gets his 8% sales tax on food, I plan on doing my grocery shopping in Ohio instead. That wouldn't be against the law (though the tax itself probably would be). Tax *evasion* is illegal, but tax *avoidance* isn't, since it means using *legal* methods to pay less taxes. Wikipedia even makes the distinction on legality.

On the other hand, is it *ethical*? For me to buy food in Ohio would be, because buying it in Kentucky would only redistribute my hard-earned money to the rich without getting anything more in return. But a corporation has an ethical duty to pay all taxes—not find a way out just so its execs can feel good about themselves.

## 'Fat Albert' talked about heavy shit

"Hey hey hey!"

Long before Bill Cosby became one of the latest celebrities to experience a stunning downfall, one of his most famous endeavors was *Fat Albert*—the animated series of the 1970s and 1980s.

*Fat Albert* always included a lesson, as Cosby would narrate the show in brief live-action segments in which he was usually seen painting items in a garage. Many folks think of *Fat Albert* as being designed for very young children, because of its Saturday morning time slot among other cartoons. But as the series evolved, its subject matter became more sophisticated.

In 1979, one of the cartoon's characters even beat off to porn...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TCPrHyXf8aQ>

Here's a synopsis of the second half of that episode in case you're afraid it includes the commercials and the Flavor Fiend from the Bubble Yum ads will jump out of the screen and steal your gum. In that installment, Fat Albert's pals are introduced to pornography, and they think it's the greatest invention ever. They grab some pornographic magazines and smuggle them home.

Later, we see the character Rudy taking his magazine into his bedroom and shutting the door behind him. He lays down on his bed and admires the centerfold. Then we see his alarm clock advancing a few hours, and he falls asleep.

Yep, he basted his turkey. He pulled his joystick. He polished his trophy. He pulled out his fiddle and rosined up his bow.

Rudy from *Fat Albert* masturbated to a porn mag! There's absolutely no doubt whatsoever that's what he did. Watch that scene and see for yourself!

The funniest part is when his mom opens the door and finds him.

One of the most terrifying *Fat Albert* scenes aired in 1984...

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=U\\_eO98ynJTU](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=U_eO98ynJTU)

In that episode, the cop with the drill sergeant voice takes Albert and his friends to visit a prison. When I found this on YouTube, I was afraid I'd have nightmares about the prisoners. Some of them were among the most horrifying, dangerous, sinister characters ever to appear in a cartoon. The inmates describing prison life might as well be talking about capitalism.

Some prisoners threatened to rape the cast of *Fat Albert*.

That was actually an edited version of that scene. Evidently, the original version included stronger language and aired precisely *once*. The original has never appeared in any DVD collection, and it's believed that no copies of it even still exist.

*Fat Albert* still had some influence when I was in college. During my WRFN days, some of the other DJ's used to run out in the hall and yell, "Hey hey hey!" This created such a hilarious disturbance in the otherwise calm hallway that the university threatened to ban them from the station.



## People fought over Bubble Tape and wasted it

Ever want something so badly that you end up accidentally destroying it when you finally acquire it?

It's like the episode of *The Simpsons* where Bart and his buddies fight over a rare comic book. Or the kid who was so excited to get a Stretch Armstrong for Christmas that he stretched it too far the day he got it.

It can be the same way with bubble gum. Everybody wants to bust beegie. Some people just snatch the stuff right up because nobody will object. But some sneak around in their attempts to procure it, perhaps because their parents or their dentist frown upon it—which makes it even more valuable.

But someone out there on the big mean Internet says that the zeal to acquire bubble gum went awry when they were in 3<sup>rd</sup> grade. This person's classmates were bubble gum poppin' people, and they all wanted to bubble in the worst way.

So this person smuggled a canister of Bubble Tape into recess at school. The person discovered their schoolmates were eager to trade an entire week's worth of snacks for just a couple inches of Bubble Tape. Inevitably, however, the beegie was so highly coveted that the kids fought over it. They all wanted to break off the longest strand, and they weren't letting it go without a fight.

In a fit of unchecked gluttony, one of the kids on the playground opened the canister instead of tearing off a piece in a dignified manner. This fighting over the Bubble Tape caused the entire roll to tumble out of the container and onto the pavement in one piece—thereby wosting it.

All that gum, wastage bastage!

Wyyyyystage byyyyystage! It was wyyyyystage byyyyystage!

Meanwhile, some woman—also on the Internet—got mad at her parents because they fed her 6-year-old son Hubba Bubba, which enticed him to bubble, nearly dislodging his dental work. Live a little, will ya?



## A person got mad because their 'Sesame Street Treasury' wasn't treasured

In last month's ish, I regaled you with the story of *The Sesame Street Library*. Someone ordered this 15-volume set of books from an Amazon outside seller but received only 12 books—which were in tatters.

A few years after this series was released, the *Sesame Street* demolition derby came back for more (as Ratt would say)! That was when another 15-volume effort was released—this one titled *The Sesame Street Treasury*.

For a long time, I'd associated the word *treasury* with *Sesame Street*, and now I remember why. Although I'd outgrown the ol' Ses when this set hit stores, I think my mom once showed me this series in a bookstore thinking I'd be interested. It was like the time she got a book at a yard sale that I was too old for.

This set reportedly consisted of material from *The Sesame Street Library* and a few other works that the show put out, such as a cookbook and a book on sign language. By calling it a *treasury*, you feel even more guilty when copies of it get ruined. The very word highlights how each volume is supposed to be treasured forever.

But some people have something wrong with themselves, and they didn't treasure *The Sesame Street Treasury*. There's some sick people out there.

Someone tried to order this series from an Amazon seller, but she reported receiving only one volume. "And it was moldy," she wrote in the review. *Moldy???* What sort of debased weirdo allowed a prized *Sesame Street* book—one that's part of a *treasury*, no less—to become moldy? And what did they do with the other 14 volumes? Bubble with them? Nope, because it's not gum.

The destruction of this set of books might not have been carried out by anyone who rightfully owned it, but perhaps a family member who mishandled the volumes. I can just imagine what happened. The books probably belonged to a child who eventually outgrew them but didn't want to discard them, because they were still in good shape and could enlighten future generations. When this person went off to college and moved out, their parents probably put the books in a stack of items to be thrown out. The person probably saw this and went ballistic about the idea of the books being thrown away, and an argument ensued. Eventually, the parents agreed to keep them, but they shoved them in a closet where the toilet leaked on them. Either that, or the parents nagged them that they shouldn't take their books with them to their new place because they might get stolen—and they ended up getting stolen from the parents' home anyway. But it's unclear why the thieves left one volume behind.

## Poo-poo got all over stuff in Louisville

It's good to know the *Courier-Journal* still has content besides its idiotic "Matt Bevin for President" campaign.

Recently, the office of Louisville's police chief got flooded by raw sewage when inmates in the jail upstairs overflowed the toilets.

The prisoners stuffed bedclothes, jail-issued jumpsuits, and other goodies into the tinkletoriums—thereby clogging them. The wastewater flooding the chief's office highlights the inadequacy of this aging jail—which is used whenever the main jail becomes overcrowded because pretty much everything these days is illegal. Inmates held at this jail are those with no history of disruptive behavior. A police spokesperson said there's no way to know if inmates who clogged the toilets actually intended to damage the chief's office.

Plop!

## A kid broke a statue and almost had to pay for it

Something got ru in Overland Park, Kansas.

That city has a community center where children often run and play inside. One of the hallways also contained a very fragile statue.

You can already see where this story is headed.

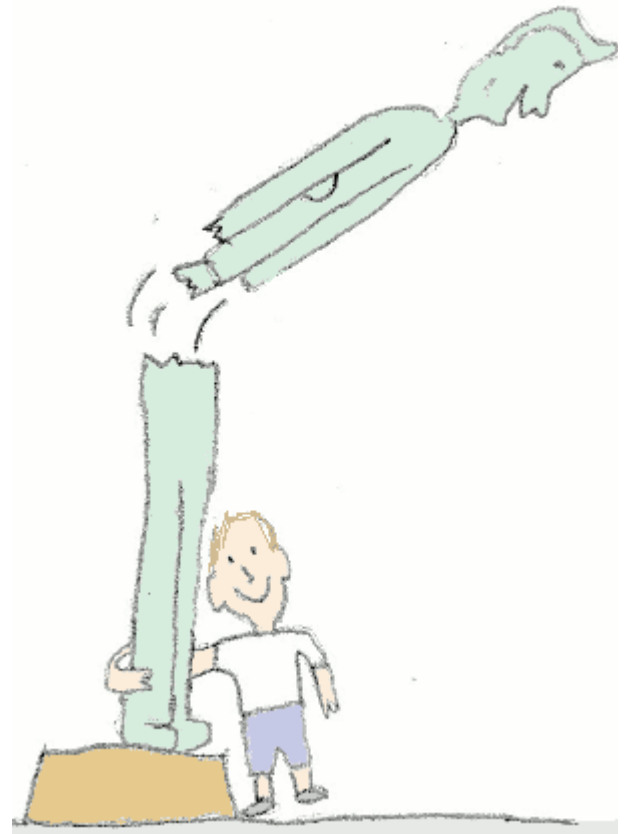
Recently, a 5-year-old boy was playing in that hall when he saw the statue. He promptly bipped on over to it, wrapped his arm around it, and pulled it plumb-bob down.

The statue fell to the floor with a smash. The boy's mom figured they'd have to pay for it, but sticker shock set in when the city told them how much it would cost: \$132,000.

The city went after the family with extreme gusto—expecting them to pay every last penny. The family received a letter accusing them of negligence. This despite the fact that it was the city's fault for putting a fragile statue in a hall where kids play.

A city spokesperson said the statue was on loan to the city. "There's a societal responsibility that you may not interact with it if it's not designed for interaction," he insisted, even in the face of evidence showing the city was wrong.

Eventually, the city decided not to go after the family after all—and let the city's insurer pay for the damage. (Moves face towards reader.) That means justice prevailed. (Moves face away from reader.)



## Alt-right barbarism and betrayal

My long-running blog *The Online Lunchpail* is event-driven—focusing mostly on serious current news events. **The Last Word**—at least when we still cover serious subjects—has become topic-driven. One of the most serious matters of late is the Trump regime's ghoulish and illegal policy of separating immigrant families, the hypocrisy surrounding it, and the fake news that has fueled this hypocrisy.

America has been building up to such barbarism for decades—so, sadly, I'm not surprised by this policy. I also feel a sense of betrayal.

There have been cases in the United States in recent years in which victims of home invasions have been punished for defending themselves from intruders. In at least one case, hooligans broke into a home, the victim killed them in self-defense, and the victim was charged and convicted of murder. Not just assault or even manslaughter—but murder.

As a victim of repeated home invasions in 2009-10, if I'd caught the intruder, I would have done the exact same thing the man in this case did. I would not have hesitated. Don't break into homes if you don't want this to happen. It's that simple.

I feel betrayed because authorities argued that defending yourself from violent intruders isn't what we do in a civilized society—while those who supported prosecuting the victim are the same people who now favor Trump's family separation policy.

How can the alt-right whine that we should be nicer to violent criminals, while at the same time support Trump's barbaric immigration policy that terrorizes innocent children?

I'd been led by The Media to believe that the home invasion victim had lured the intruders to his home to kill them. If that was true, he should have been charged. But investigating the case further, now I know that was fake news. All that time, I was believing a lie—a lie spread by the pop-up media.

Few criminal defendants in modern America have been defended by the alt-right as much as George Zimmerman, the neighborhood watch coordinator who killed an unarmed Trayvon Martin. They claimed the castle doctrine gives a person the right to follow someone around in a public place to shoot them. Then why wouldn't it give a person the right to protect their own life *at home* during a home invasion?

The only conclusion is that the alt-right—including the Tea Party—is itself a program to promote crime. Maybe they know they're such losers that they'll never be winners, so they retaliate against the world by shitting on everything they touch. It highlights what I've known for 30 years, which is that you can't trust the system. I'm also reminded of the story of the narcotics detective in Louisville who accidentally left his McDonald's receipt in the box he stole money from. His error took down the entire drug task force, as it was found to be performing illegal warrantless searches of drug suspects. Instead of doing cop-type things like fight crime, the detective did thug-type things like steal money—and his unit was found to be breaking other laws.

Let's all sweep it under the rug and pretend this makes us cool kids.

## WellCare throws a little shitfit

Every time I go for the mailbox, I gotta hold myself down.

Each day, there's always a chance I get mail from WellCare—and when I do, it's usually bad news. WellScare is an HMO that Kentucky requires people of normal means to use. As a general rule, socialism works—except the parts that have been privatized. WellCare is a living example.

A few years ago, WellCare assigned me to a different main doctor without asking me. Their website that ostensibly would have allowed me to change it back was broken. It was far worse than the Obamacare website, which I never had trouble with (despite the lies by The Media to divert attention from the Tea Party's government shutdown). So I had to argue with WellCare on the phone repeatedly to get them to change it back. I also didn't appreciate WellCare's telemarketing calls. They were worse than Spectrum.

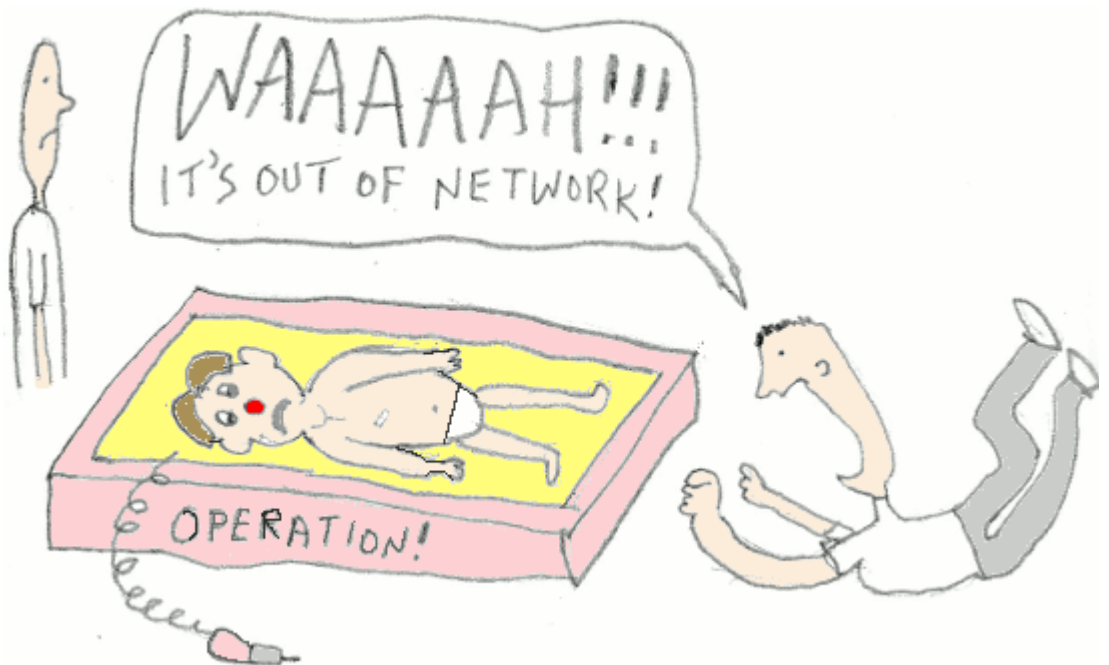
Now I've received a letter stating that WellScare will no longer cover scheduled visits to any of the local St. Elizabeth hospitals—even though St. E has a monopoly in northern Kentucky. The letter lists some hospitals that they'll still cover—but none that are close.

Why? Because they're Out Of n3tw0rk lol. I'm sure you've heard that excuse from HMO's and insurers before. Well, HMO's don't take the Hippocratic Oath like doctors do. So HMO death panels shouldn't get to decide these things. If I need life-saving treatment at St. E, I'm going to St. E, and if WellCare doesn't like it, they can always flush themselves down the toilet. Their greed be damned.

Who died and made WellCare the world's Allowed Cloud?

There's one good thing about WellCare's toddler tantrum though. The fact that the letter allows hospitals in Ohio—along with the fact that my main doctor in 1995 was in Ohio—should kablammo the arrogant smirks off the oozing mugs of those who say you can't visit out-of-state doctors.

A few weeks after this letter, I got another letter from WellCare. This one said they were still going to cover St. E visits after all. Evidently, the backlash was so great that WellScare backed down.





Not so tough now, are ya, WellCare? They're like the bully who finally gets their comeuppance and slinks away humiliated.

## Operation KroBread?

Kids in small towns love it, clowns love it, even friends with Charlie Brown love it. But not anymore.

You're gonna have to pick your jaw up off the floor, because a big company actually got one right for a change by denying responsibility for something. Instead, the blame rests with a different big company.

It's much harder to find good bread than it used to be. I gave up buying bread at some stores, because it always tasted like dishwashing liquid or bleach. So now I buy it at the friendly neighborhood Kroger. In recent weeks, I've bought Butternut white bread at Kroger a couple times, and I've noticed that it's smelled and tasted like a mix of urine, mold, and a sweaty locker room. It was disgusting. I'd been buying this brand for a while, and it wasn't like this before.

After the second instance, I marched right back to Kroger and exchanged it for a different brand. While I was there exchanging it, I could actually smell the stench rising from the Butternut shelf—which I didn't notice earlier. It was so bad that I gagged and almost vomited.

Later, I e-mailed Kroger about this, and they got back to me saying they're not responsible for the quality of the brands they carry. They didn't even seem willing to investigate the possibility that something in their store might have been making the bread spoil. They were passing the buck.

Guess what? Kroger actually got it right. The whole thing is Butternut's fault. I found numerous complaints online about Butternut changing their product in the past few weeks, making it inedible. These complaints came from customers of other stores—not just Kroger—and from other cities.

You're busted, Butternut.

Nabisco is busted too. They ought to be called Nabusted! Shortly after George W. Bush seized power, Nabisco ruined its line of crackers that included Sociables. After all, when does any consumer product ever improve?

Na-bus-ted! Ding!

## An art pen! Wow!

You know who once ate breakfast cereal? A certain woman who critiques each edition of this zine, that's who. She says she doesn't touch the stuff nowadays, but she's obsessed with cereal, and wants me to talk about it.

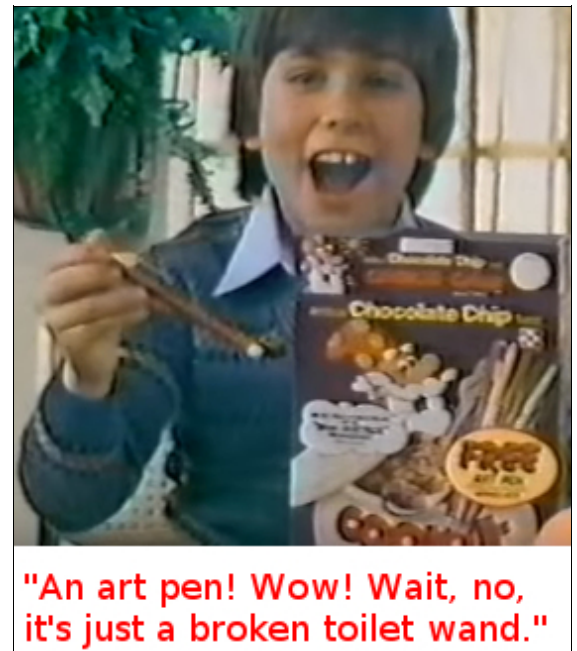
I swore off cereal during the cereal industry's price-gouging scandal of the '90s—when I no longer liked cereal anyway. But cereal is associated with my generation. In my day, it was probably much more widely consumed and advertised. I have many fond memories inspired by cereal advertising.

Cheerios liked to tout itself as part of a nutritious breakfast full of enough vitamins to give you energy to last the day. I know it was no match for a day of Brossart, but who can forget the TV commercials? Inevitably, the lines "We make Cheerios low in sugar...Kids make Cheerios #1" were parodied to become "We make Cheerios low in boogers...Kids make Cheerios Number Two." Get it? Number Two!

That ad campaign mostly came after the famous "Cheerioioios!" ads. These commercials always featured a cartoon of a youngster opening a box of this cereal, and the box would yodel, "Cheerioioios!" It sounded a bit like the Ricola commersh of the '90s. The animation consisted of white lines on a black background—like a chalkboard.

When I was 10 or 11, this stirring chant inspired some neighborhood hijinks. I hung out with a classmate who lived up the block—who had burned a couch in the woods. One afternoon, we stood near the top of the street and yodeled at the top of our lungs, "Cheerioioios!" We wanted to hear it echo off the hills. The neighbors were furious!

My business partner who reviews this zine is still waiting on the edge of her seat to find a 1987 commersh for an unspecified brand of cereal with a free bubble gum offer. I regaled you of her desperate quest in our May issue. The '80s were the decade of bubble gum being included as a prize in cereal boxes. Cocoa Puffs and the line of monster cereals that included Count Chocula seemed to be the likeliest sources, and Super Bubble seemed to be the most common brand of beegee they included.



I remember many commercials for cereal with a bubble gum offer going something like this: The first 15 or 20 seconds of the 30-second spot would be about the cereal itself. The rest of the ad would promote the gum—often with the cereal mascot’s voice talking over it. It often included a clip of 2 kids—one of them blowing a huge bubble, and the other gazing at them, exclaiming, “Wow!” However, the 1987 ad being sought reportedly differed in that the gum portion featured only one person.

Bubble gum wasn’t the only cereal prize that elicited such exaggerated excitement. Remember this classic?

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LGNKRqBn0q4>

That ad appears to bear a blurry copyright date of 1982 and advertises Cookie Crisp cereal. Cookie Crisp included an art pen as a prize. “An art pen! Wow!” the kid in the ad declares, as if he’s just defeated capitalism or something. For decades, I thought it was Frosted Flakes that had the art pen. But Frosted Flakes had something even better: the Diving Tony!

Among the worst prizes were those that could not be redeemed. Researching for this article, I found some cereals that included coupons for brands of bubble gum I’ve never seen *anywhere*.

Aye aye, Count!

## How to get a gentrificationazi to lose their shit

Supporters of gentrification are some of the biggest right-wing hypocrites you can ever hope to meet, and there’s one aspect of their wicked agenda where if you challenge it, they’ll go bananas.

If you want to make them mad—I mean *really, really, really mad*—you should say that the sheriff should stop enforcing foreclosures.

They have no counterargument, and they can’t cope. That’s because the foreclosure pandemic exposes their hypocrisy. Gentrification artificially jacks up housing prices—but its supporters won’t fight against foreclosures, even though foreclosures devalue nearby properties that people already own. The gentrification thought police supports higher property values only when it suits themselves. I think they support foreclosures so they can buy the devalued properties cheaply and then sell them or rent them out at a much higher price. In fact, I don’t just *think* that’s why. I *know* that’s why.

It’s babyish really.

They’re chomping at the bit to use their favorite argument: comparing their opponents’ stance to welfare. They want in the worst way to claim that not enforcing foreclosures is a form of welfare. Remember, we’re talking about people who said Obamacare is welfare. (OpenOffice finally knows the word *Obamacare*. Yay!) They think SSI and Medicaid are welfare. They haven’t come right out and said that a halt to foreclosures is welfare, but they’ve kind of sputtered around it. They don’t want to say it directly, because they know it’ll make themselves look stupid—though they’ve done a mighty good job of that already.

NKU intentionally devalues property too. They buy houses and neglect or demolish them, which devalues nearby properties so they can buy those for less. I’m sure big corporations do it too.

Corporations are not people, but people who cheer gentrification are corporations.

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