

The Last Word™

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In the circle of life...It's the wheel of misfortune...

Big Tech censorship is barreling out of control. Every time I see the phrase "Big Tech censor", I start singing it to the tune of the old Big Red Smokeys commercial. While Big Tech censorship is heightening, so are older forms of book burning. And nobody lately has cheered this censorship more than the incels and paid trolls who dominate the *Cincinnati Enquirer's* "Greater Cincinnati Politics" group on Facebook.

Many among us have been confronted by traditional book burning. When I first registered to vote, I declared myself a liberal Democrat, because not only did I support access to good colleges but also the free flow of ideas. These forward-thinking principles

are absent in today's Democratic Party, but the Democrats were better back then. My experience with banned books as a high school senior only strengthened my opposition to censorship.

One day, our teacher marched us across the street to the public library. This was around the time I found the library had a book with small maps showing the boundaries of every TV market in the U.S., and I paged through it whenever I visited the libe. ("Gillette, Wyoming, is in the Denver ADI and not Rapid City?") The teacher borrowed a book titled *Circle Of Life* with the stated intent of allowing students to read it. It was a book consisting primarily of photos of rituals practiced by people of different countries and cultures.

Not long after *Circle Of Life* got to the classroom, it was censored. My classmates weren't allowed anywhere near it. Why did the teacher even bring the book into the classroom if it was just going to be banned? It's possible one of her bosses saw it and ordered it silenced. One day, the book was sitting on a table, and I picked it up to move it out of the way, and the teacher said something like, "Don't open that book because we can't use it in here." The fact that the book was censored only encouraged students to want to read it. Sometime later, a girl in my class found it and began reading it, and the teacher's aide took the book away and admonished in a singsong voice, "Censored!" I mentioned the volume later, and the aide said something like, "We're not supposed to have that book in school."

I was an 18-year-old high school senior, and the school was deciding what books I was allowed to read? That tome came from a library, not a porn shop. Amazon carries a book with a similar title and description, and it got a good review from a religion teacher. If this is the same book, and if it's squeaky clean enough for a religious school, why wasn't it allowed for high school seniors at the public school I attended at the time? I had a book at home that listed a few then-recent instances of books being banned in American schools and libraries. The *Circle Of Life* incident certainly qualified.

The teacher took us to the library a few times, even as the school discouraged independent reading and thinking. We could only look at books deemed "appropriate." But occasionally the teacher would borrow an item for classroom use. One day, she borrowed a record album containing easy listening covers of pop hits. One of



them was a version of “My Eyes Adored You” that sounded like it was sung by a choir. It sounded absolutely ridiculous! She kept playing the record in class.

But that was only an unintentionally comical side plot to the serious storyline of censorship. Right-wing book burners of yesteryear are today’s selfish shitlibs who seem to spend every waking moment arguing with the “dirtbag left” on Facebook. The intellectual gymnastics they use today to defend censoring books is stunning. According to these dour pod people, it’s not really censorship as long as the work is still available somewhere else where it isn’t censored. That’s like saying that if the phone company wiretaps you, you can just find a different phone company. Plus, they say it even when the book isn’t available elsewhere. They’ve also said recently that banning books is like the Emancipation Proclamation. They won’t explain how.

My guess is that they praise censorship because they’re losers who can’t get laid. They spend most of their time in their parents’ basement pretending Twizzlers are *Star Wars* lightsabers and using them to fight characters on TV. This guides their entire outlook on life. They see the world through a haze shaped by dogma and entitlement—and the rejection that results. It’s also like this with other issues. These are the same propellerheads who want school dances canceled unless dancing is forbidden. Don’t they know what a dance is? I don’t think they do, because they’re so hideous that they’ve never been to one.

These cave dwelling ghouls have a completely distorted idea about everything that takes place in life. They don’t think like you and I do. They don’t think like humans. They don’t think, period. To them, “virtual” can always replace reality, because they have no humanity. Worse, they act in bad faith. I’m sure it’s been explained to them like they’re 5 why Thanksgiving, beer tastings, school dances, and roller coasters can’t go “virtual”, but they just double down. If you don’t understand why these events can’t be “virtual”, ask an adult.

I thought censoring books was too low even for them. But nope. Nothing is too low for them. If you’re surprised our side would act like this, those who would censor are not on our side. People who start out burning books are always those who end up burning bodies.

Reopened schools = more toilet vandalism

It’s interesting how as soon as some high schools reopen, restroom mischief makes a comeback!

Snap Map isn’t just for colleges and beaches. Occasionally, a smartphone will be smuggled into a high school for some action-packed Snap Map fodder. It happened a few weeks ago at a Catholic school in Vermont.

After wading through a series of short clips that included events such as a teacher picking discarded food off a classroom floor, we got to the toilety stuff. The video sauntered into a restroom stall. There we saw a toilet. Perched along the rear of the rim of the toilet—next to the flusher column—was a big-ass log.

Somebody had shit on the rim of the toilet and let it just sit there to stink away!

It’s not as if colleges are getting any less exciting, as Snap Map has also revealed that someone at UW-Madison sabotaged a drinking fountain so it sprayed water all the way down the hall. Somebody threw a bicycle in the creek at Michigan State University—submerging it completely. Students littered a street abutting Ohio State University with broken couches as a Toto record played. Other websites disclosed widespread marijuana use on outdoor benches at Duke University. Media outlets grouched fluently about huge celebrations occurring recently at Syracuse University following the school’s basketball wins, but I haven’t seen much noteworthy about these events, other than the fact that they took place at all.

Snap Map. It’s not just for illegal raves anymore!

Let’s check out another library story

When I frequented the Covington branch of the Kenton County Public Library with some of my high school classes, something ridiculous happened once.

One day, we were gathered near the back of the libe in the reference section. Then we heard a man angrily yelling at the guard who worked near the front. “I’m gonna kill ya!” he pledged.



What prompted such a meltdown? Another man told us that this man was roaming through the library and slicing the covers off books with a knife. He was caught red-handed by the guard.

A weezer of the beez variety he was.



My dog was afraid of Pop Rocks

I've never understood the appeal of Pop Rocks. The only thing they do is pop while being munched. If you want candy that pops, try bubble gum instead, because at least you can blow bubbles with that.

A few years ago, I wrote about how my dog was afraid of bubble gum. He was also utterly petrified of Pop Rocks. I had a couple dogs growing up. The first was the one who chewed up Band-Aids and shit in our tent. The second was the one who was afraid of bubble gum and Pop Rocks.

Occasionally, kids brang Pop Rocks to school, as they were Pop Rock poppin' people. But I don't think I ever saw Pop Rocks until maybe 5th grade. A few years later, my dog was found to have Pop Rock phobia. Some family members got Pop Rocks somehow. They kept harping about how great they were, and about how I was an absolute weirdo because I declined to partake of this rather uninteresting confection. Then the real ridiculousness got under way.

As we were gathered in the living room, with the dog sitting stoically on the floor, people began pursing their lips as if the Pop Rocks were bubble gum and they were about to blow a bubble. That's when the Pop Rocks started popping. When the dog heard it, he quaked and started running off to one of his favorite hiding spots.

But people kept on popping Pop Rocks as they tried to get the dog to stay. They couldn't comprehend the fear that Pop Rocks induced.

It was like how when I was about 3 or 4, I was afraid of *Price Is Right* host Dennis James because he always looked like he was about to jump out of the TV, so my parents made me watch a whole episode so I could overcome my fear.

People popping Pop Rocks looked absolutely silly. If Pop Rocks could bubble, it would have looked less absurd, because bubbling is a positive contribution to society. During my big Western roadtrip of 1996, we drove through Twin Falls, Idaho, and a woman pulling off a side street famously appeared as if she was trying to blow a bubble without using gum. The same technique was seen in an attack ad in the 2003 Democratic gubernatorial primary in Kentucky, as Bruce Lunsford was depicted appearing to be doing the same thing. That's what the Pop Rock endeavor looked like.

Whatever the weather, Pop Rocks must truly be terrifying!

People still pee in college

When I was in college, students would pee on stuff every now and then.

But in today's "brave" new world, everything old is new again, and police reports at Merrimack College in North Andover, Massachusetts, confirm this. I found a recent police log on the campus newspaper website, and it isn't that interesting until it gets to February 5, where an entry snuck up on me and took me by surprise. That's where the log says police were called about "a male urinating in the parking lot in Royal Crest and a large group gathering with open containers outside." So not only did someone pee, but people also beered.

Early in the history of **The Last Word**, when I was in college, such an episode might not have been mentioned in this zine, because we had a different focus back then. One day, somebody overflowed a toilet something awful, but the top story was probably something like "Poopypants Pete" Wilson banning pogs (not that he did, but it's the sort of thing he would have done).

Weeks after the Merrimack incident, someone on Facebook said they saw some public urination right here in the Belv! They said they saw a man peeing on a lamppost in front of the funeral home on Fairfield as traffic roared by.

Students at the home of the Buffaloes won't be buffaloed

Despite the malicious attempts to impose a prison-like atmosphere at schools and colleges—which is much worse than even in the George W. Bush era, because our schools are run by such rotten people—this school year has enjoyed some of the biggest student parties in a long time. But a few have evolved into outright rioting.

An example of this happened a few weeks ago near the University of Colorado Boulder. A gathering near campus consisting of about 800 students culminated in a police car having its windshield smashed. Another car was flipped on its side. Fireworks were set off in the street, and traffic signs were uprooted. A reveler danced atop an Amazon delivery truck. But, as bad as this destruction was, it was inevitable because of the way students have

been mistreated over the past year. I'm not saying that makes the rioting right, but what did people think was going to happen? There's lots of actions that are never justifiable, but they become unavoidable when people's needs and aspirations aren't met or respected.

On the other hand, police using tear gas to break up the crowd was also not justifiable. Tear gas only encouraged more rioting.

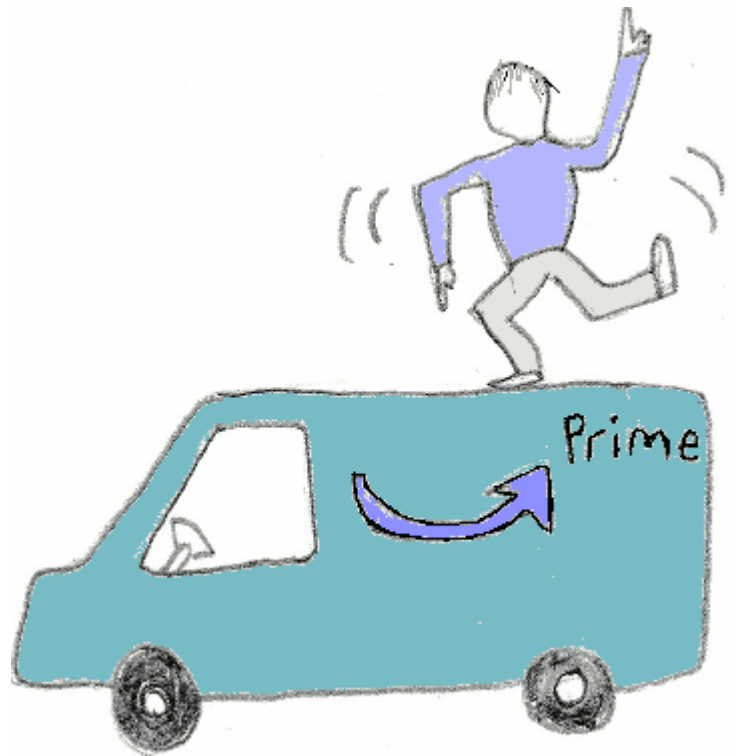
What was the media's biggest concern about the event? Was it property damage? Was it personal injury? It was neither. Rather—you guessed it!—their big worry was that *hardly anyone wore a damn mask*. The fact that they expected people to wear one brings to mind absurd images.

Meanwhile, the university threatened to expel students who attended the gathering—even if they didn't participate in any violence, property destruction, or illegal behavior. These expulsions were proposed despite the fact that the event wasn't actually on campus and was therefore outside the university's legitimate jurisdiction. Like at other schools, some percentage of CU's student body seems to be happy being treated as corporate property and has spent their time praising the school's draconian attitude—or criticizing the school for not being draconian enough. One privileged student has even circulated a petition demanding expulsion of the revelers.

Later, a news story revealed that the party itself actually was a "revolt" against the COVID-19 police state.

After all, back in September, Boulder County had a lockdown for people ages 18 to 22. An article said the lockdown was even more severe for anyone who lived at certain addresses, as they were required to "stay inside their residence at all times" and could not engage in outdoor exercise or travel to work or the grocery store. Folks on the Internet say Boulder was chill not long before, but it was ruined by "centrist" propellerheads.

The recent gathering drew almost 3% of CU's student body, which is actually a very high rate, for most people just don't participate in revolts every day.



Life's a picnic for writer who complained of beach gathering

The past year has been a bonanza for narcissists. They've lived every moment and loved every day (as REO Speedwagon would say).

That's because they like to complain. I love it when people complain—as long as they have productive solutions. But these bombastic soreheads don't do anything except stir shit and point fingers.

An example comes to us from a newspaper in Delta, British Columbia. Back in December, the paper ran a letter from a reader that the paper titled "Beach day ruined by COVID-19 rule breakers." Ruined! Hear that, everyone? The magic word! The writer said an unseasonably warm, sunny day at the beach was "ruined" by other folks who dared to have a picnic.

The picnickers' big crime? They were "laughing" and "talking loudly." **HOW HORRIBLE!!!!** This complaint ranks right up there with the media's idiotic claim that singing "Happy Birthday" was more likely to spread COVID-19 than other songs were. When the media claimed this, I got an image in my mind that the story was under a *Pravda* masthead or was being delivered by an anchorperson for a state-run TV network in a foreign dictatorship and was accompanied by subtitles in English. Another ridiculous claim like this was when they said having a beard spreads COVID-19.

The letter sneered, "Be forewarned, you know who you are and your bad behaviour has been reported to appropriate COVID-19 authorities." I bet it was. I bet the people at that picnic were really quaking in their shoes when they saw that letter.

The time to worry about big gatherings was March or April of last year. Not December. I had already taken a big beach trip 3 months *before* that letter was written. If you were still pointing fingers against picnics in December, you might be a narcissist. In fact, it means you *are* a narcissist. It's a litmus test that proves it.

Doesn't the writer of that letter have some "dirty" lyrics to censor or some file sharing sites to shut down?

The little brown bag is...dynamite!

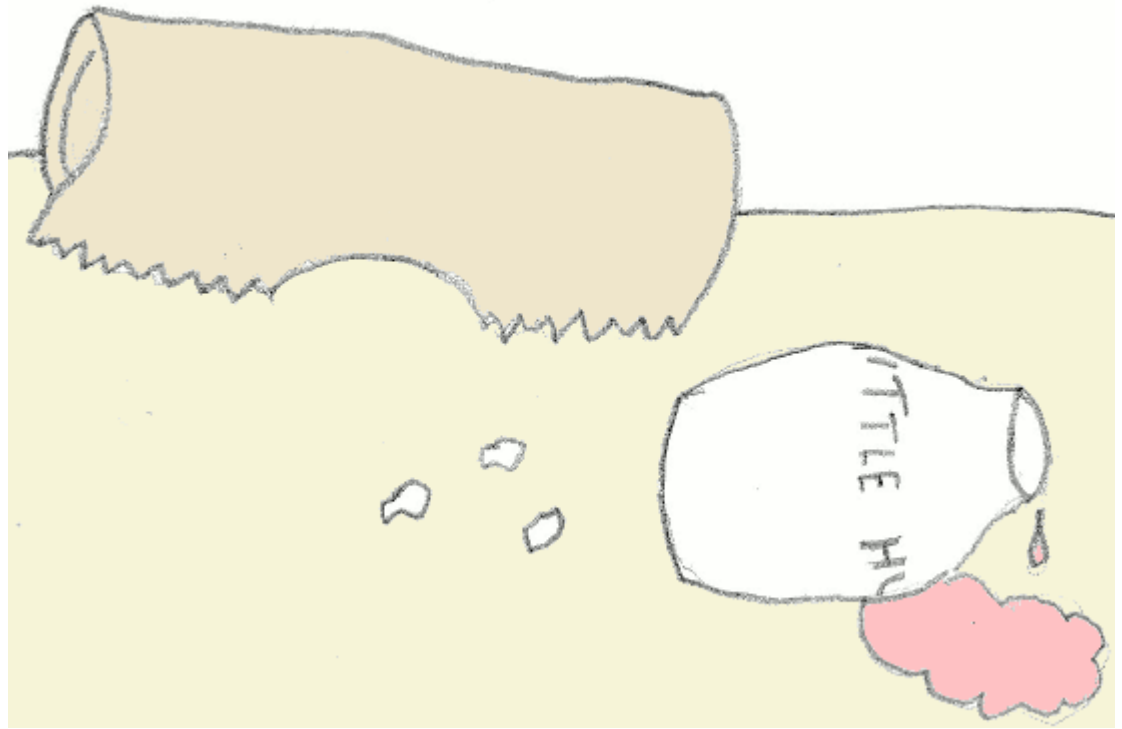
I just thought of something I haven't thought of in 40 years. This is almost exactly like the time some

bratty kid threatened to beat us up and bragged that he was “armed...with Ajax!”

Dynamo was a brand of laundry soap in my day. The jingle in the commersh good, “The little blue jug is...Dynamo!” One day in elementary school, some kid brang his lunch to school in a small, brown paper bag. At the end of lunch, he rolled the bag into a cylindrical shape. As the class was lined up and marched across the parking lot to the other building, the funniness began.

The boy had failed to discard the rolled-up bag and instead took it with him. Then he intoned, “The little brown bag is...dynamite!” He said it repeatedly. It did indeed resemble a stick of dynamite. An old article says a stick of dynamite might be 8 inches long and 1¼ inches in diameter. That’s about the same size and shape as the rolled-up bag.

He thought he could blow up a toilet using the paper bag he packed his lunch in? Someone who was very smart and very patient could probably figure out how if they had the right chemicals, but this kid was just some average brat. So we mostly just ignored him.



Gumball machine thief bursts town’s bubble

The town of Riverside, Ohio, is full of bubble gum poppin’ people. There’s a pizza place there that has a gumball machine where the townsfolk acquire big ol’ slabs of the stuff. Then they bop around town blowing herculean bubs.

But what happens when the town gumball machine is stolen? Even mentioning the idea is fighting words!

One morning a few weeks ago, a man broke into the pizzeria by throwing a huge rock through the door. He then reached through the door and stole the priceless gumball machine. Nothing else was pilfered.

An exhaustive manhunt was immediately launched. After all, when he stole that beegie, he stole from every man, woman, and child in Riverside.

Let’s catch this dangerous fugitive before he trades more innocent lives for a newspaper headline!

Couple who ran poop sorting operation indicted

I don’t know if I’ve ever recounted my story about the fake island country run by a dictator who didn’t do anything except “sort poop.” I had the image of shit rolling in on a conveyor belt as he divided it into “good poop” and “bad poop.” (The story goes that he also once visited Colorado and got in an argument with an elderly woman there.)

Now a San Francisco couple that started a poop sorting company has been indicted for allegedly running a \$60 million fraud scheme.

The entrepreneurs had founded a microbiome testing company that allowed people to submit a fecal sample to be tested in a lab. The endeavor grew to include clinical tests that could be used by doctors, allowing the company to seek up to \$3,000 in insurance reimbursements for each test. The federal indictment says the company received millions of dollars for tests that “were not validated and not medically necessary.”

One article described the company as “trendy.” The firm received funding from SillyCon Valley investors. One of the company’s founders even won an award for being an “innovator.”

In addition to running fraudulent tests, the couple are also accused of conning their investors and money

laundering.

Another mask bub (imagine that!)

In recent months, we've lived in an era in which masks were widely worn. It was also an era in which bubble gum was widely chewed.

So it was inevitable—like the heat of the sun—that even more people would join the pantheon of those who have bubbled while wearing a mask.

Back in December—when mask mania was perhaps at its zenith—a man posted on Twitter...

“Just blew a bubble with a mask on. Absolute disaster.”

Translated into coolster language: “Just bubbled a mean bub while getting owned by the posh crowd. Absolute hilarity.”

More vacations got ru

One day in English class when I was a high school freshman, we had to write a brief story of a real incident in our lives and read it out loud in front of the class. A girl in my class wrote about how a family trip was spoiled when animals got into their picnic basket and ate all their food. I wasn't paying any attention until the last sentence of her story: “The whole vacation was ruined.” The magic word got my ears to perk up!

I'm trying to find new stories on the Internet by searching for that phrase or similar phrases. I didn't find any as interesting as the one where someone complained that their family stayed in the hotel room the whole time watching *Dr. Phil* instead of swimming at the beach. I'm surprised I found anything at all with Google. Knowing Google lately, I expected that the first 50 pages to come up would be the exact same newspaper article reprinted in 50 different newspapers all owned by the same company saying, “The whole vacation was ruined because nobody practiced social distancing.” Usually I have better luck with DuckDuckGo and Yandex than Google. I didn't come up empty-handed though.

Last year, somebody complained that Airbnb decimated their vacation. They drove to a beach 11 hours from home, and 8 hours into the trip, they received a notification from Airbnb saying their booking had been canceled. Airbnb promised to book a new place but did not.

A few years ago, dozens of Canadian tourists reported that a travel agency destroyed their vacations to Cuba by placing them in a hotel where water leaked from the ceiling, the toilet overflowed into the hallway, and the pool was filthy. The stay was so bad that the Canadian consulate got involved. A tourist said the inn was full of “dirt and disgust”, even though the agency had rated it as a 3-star resort. The agency charged a huge fee to move the vacationers to a different hotel.

A recent Hawaii vacation was ruined all up when Airbnb placed tourists in a rental full of bedbugs. Airbnb wouldn't even tell them if they would put them in a different unit. Another person said they stayed at an Airbnb somewhere that had toothpaste all over the mirror and “splatters in the toilet as if someone just had diarrhea.” This guest also found a camera in the living room recording them.

One person said they flew from New York to Istanbul and then to Nigeria for their wedding. For no apparent reason, the first flight was delayed and they got to Nigeria a day late—causing them to miss their own wedding. Also, the airline lost their luggage. A week later, they were told they could retrieve their luggage, but only by buying another ticket to Istanbul. Then their luggage was lost on *that* flight too! It apparently never turned up.

A man said he took his kids to Walt Disney World some years back, but they misbehaved so much that he took them home 2 days early. Another said his Michigan trip was demolished because his kid just wanted to play with his smartphone the whole time. He said the entire vacation “feels like a waste.”

It isn't just vacations. One person booked an Airbnb in Colorado while relocating. They said the backyard was completely covered by dog shit, and that run-ins with the owner caused them to be banned for life from Airbnb.

Vacations got ru! Vacations got ru! (Cue that late '70s keyboard!)



In Grand Theft Auto V...It's the wheel of misfortune...

Man, the Democrats have set new highs in totalitarian bullying lately!

The Republicans used to be the party of book burning, but the Democrats today are worse than the Republicans ever were. This is objectively true. All they do now is censor, censor, censor—with a little bit of ableism, classism, and laughing over others' misfortunes thrown in for good measure.

More Democratic book burning is afoot in Illinois as we speak. State Rep. Marcus C. Evans Jr. has proposed a complete ban on all “violent” video games, blaming such games for a recent rash of carjackings. The bill is widely seen as being targeted at Grand Theft Auto V. This bill would expand a 2012 law against “violent” games that is already unconstitutional. A California law similar to the existing Illinois law has already been ruled unconstitutional by the U.S. Supreme Court in a 7 to 2 decision. (The author of the California law later pleaded guilty to federal racketeering charges related to his gun running.)

Among the categories of games the new bill seeks to prohibit are those in which a player commits “motor vehicle theft with a driver or passenger present inside the vehicle when the theft begins.”

Evans's stance has been likened to that of Jack Thompson—a disgraced far-right disbarred lawyer in Florida who jousting against rap music, shock jocks, gays, and the Grand Theft Auto series. When the 2 Live Crew recorded their anti-censorship anthem “Banned In The U.S.A.”—an adaptation of Bruce Springsteen's “Born In The U.S.A.”—Thompson wrote a frenzied letter to Springsteen's manager demanding that he “protect ‘Born in the U.S.A.’ from its apparent theft by a bunch of clowns who traffic toxic waste to kids.”

The Illinois bill has kablammooed the predictable claim that none of this is censorship because the items are available elsewhere—as it is a complete ban. It's not like the games are only banned if dispensed by condom vending machines.

Many of the recent carjackings were committed by youths who should have been in school. But their schools have been closed for a year. They haven't set foot inside a school all this time.

Dear Democrats: What have you been doing to reopen our schools? And don't trot out all the “great” things some DLC droid did 30 years ago.

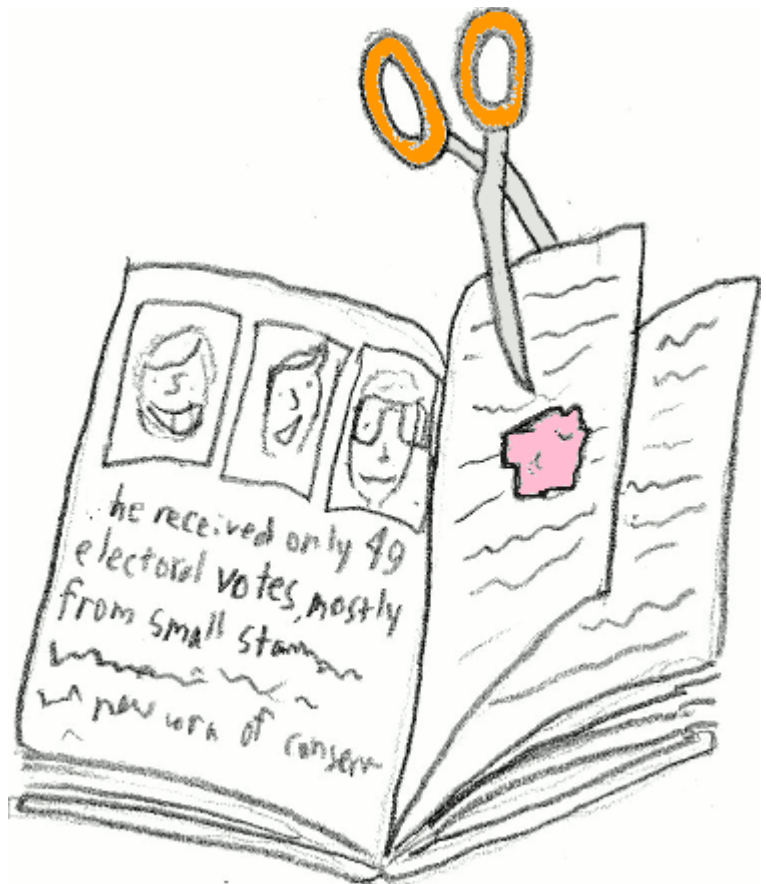
That's gum...That's what all the people say...

Before there were hashtags, there were books, pencils, and paper.

This story is yet another from the musty depths of Bishop Brossart High School. As you may know, a classmate once stuck bubble gum in my freshman science textbook. I got skeeped at because it caused me to accidentally rip the pages trying to get them apart. I also had to pay for the book even though it wasn't my fault. But that wasn't the only time at Brossart that a book got wasted by gum.

I remember one time—I can't even remember who the book belonged to or who stuck the gum there—somebody stuck gum in a book, and the gum was removed in a rather guffaw-inducing manner. It was a bit like filling an ice cube tray by running the water into only one slot and letting it overflow into the others. The gum was removed by using scissors to cut a big hole in the page around the gum. The wad of gum with paper stuck to it was thrown on the floor somewhere.

One other time, I found bubble gum stuck in a book, so right next to it I wrote, “That's bubble gum,” with an arrow pointing at it. It's like the #itsgum hashtag. There was also one time when there was no gum Anywhere In Sight™, but somebody wrote “gum” on a page of a book. Someone also wrote “Fonz” on a page of a textbook once, an apparent tribute to the *Happy Days* character—though nothing in the book had anything to do with *Happy Days* or the Fonz. This is also like the time someone wrote “Mr. Hooper” on



somebody's completed artwork in art class, even though the man in the drawing bore no resemblance to the friendly *Sesame Street* storekeeper. This prompted the art teacher to say, "Somebody's artwork got ruined over there." The magic word! It's also like the time at a public high school I attended later when somebody wrote on the floor, "Poo-poo on the floor."

Since most schools still refuse to reopen, what would be today's equivalent of sticking bubble gum or writing "gum" in textbooks? Probably the closest thing to it would be blowing a bubble big enough that it fills your entire Zoom screen, and trying to keep it inflated throughout the entire class. But some schools that are actually open have removed all books from the classrooms—like good little Nazis—so how can we solve the dilemma caused by having neither books nor Zoom? Thankfully, most classrooms still have headphones.

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