

# The Last Word™

Issue #562

August 2021

## 4 out of 14, peeps!

It's been a year since I revealed that I had plans for what I would do when the pandemic ends. With the pandemic over now, how are we doing with these plans?

I amassed a list of 14 plans. Not all of them were my idea, as some came from my peeps. Here's a rundown of these plans...

**1.) Road trip to a beach.** I think I satisfied this plan with my Ocean City trip last September, but there's more where that came from—but only if poo. I'm counting this plan as being fulfilled, thanks to Ocean City.

**2.) Read more books.** I'm working on this, but my physical condition isn't exactly improving concentration. (I have to take 5 or 6 naps each day.) Still, I'm counting this as fulfilled just because I've started.

**3.) Partay!** This will probably never be fulfilled, because our overlords didn't explicitly announce a day on which the pandemic ended, so nobody knew when to celebrate. That's *why* they didn't announce a day. They want the pandemic to last forever.

**4-14.) Everything else.** I'm likely removing one of my plans from the remaining 11 because of my declining health. Of the 10 that remain, I think I've done 2. It wasn't always with good results, but at least the parameters have been set. Of the 8 still left after that, 3 seem likely pretty soon.

All told, we're batting .286!

## You deserve to break things today

It can be a hell of an experience when people bust up shit, and this episode at a McDonald's in Indianapolis last August is a fine example...

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gR1XafU\\_FtA](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gR1XafU_FtA)

That clip comes to us from WTHR-TV, which reported on the event last October. As the pandemic was winding down, a friendly neighborhood Ron McDon faced undisguised wrath when it got an order wrong. The young woman who placed the order marched into the restaurant with her bag of food, approached the counter, and let the world have it.

Video showed a worker at the counter slapping the customer. After that, according to WTHR, "that's when the situation turned violent." Nope, it became violent when the customer got slugged. It might not be as humiliating as being slapped by Ronald McDonald himself, but it was enough to provoke the customer into jumping behind the counter. Then she ran back to the front of the counter and began knocking everything onto the floor—thereby wasting these items. The items included a whole box of straws. She also hit the now-standard clear plexiglass screen, leaving it dangling from one corner.

For another 4 minutes, objects were tossed about the eatery. The customer threw a "WET FLOOR" sign, a garbage can, and even a huge promotional sign behind the counter. She finally left the restaurant—only to come back a few minutes later to throw another "WET FLOOR" sign behind the counter.

The incident was 2 months old when that segment aired, but the station devoted several minutes to it and urgently encouraged viewers to call up the local Crime Stoppers tip line if they had any info on the customer. I should have called up the tip line and said, "Biddle gibzz!"



## Time cries...And I don't care...

You all love me because I'm such a bad, bad boy. When I'm bad, I'm so, so bad. I'm the only juvenile delinquent who is less than 10 years from being eligible to move into housing for senior citizens.

I made a funny on Reddit, where I frequent the "LockdownSkepticism" board. Obviously, the fine "LockdownCriticalLeft" board fits my philosophy better, but "LockdownSkepticism" is more politically diverse and much busier.

On the Fourth of July, someone posted a link to a *Time* magazine article, which I didn't bother to read, because I could tell it was going to be an alarmist panic piece just from the title: "The U.S. CoVid-19 Outbreak Is Still Bad—And Could Get Worse."

So I replied, "I'm still bad, and could get worse, but Time magazine doesn't write a story about me."

That was a good one, you gotta admit!

The *Time* piece was assumed to be idiotic in part because it was posted on a day when the U.S. saw its lowest new case count in almost 16 months. Great timing, *Time*! I had been fully vaccinated since April, and mainstream American politicians had declared the pandemic over, so why was COVID still supposed to be my problem 7 months after the vaccine was released? Apparently, the article complained that "unmasked citizens run rampant." Of course they do. Why should this be news?

Time Warner should have been called Time Scarer!

Perhaps the bigger story is that *Time* magazine is still around. But you can't use the online version to cut out the word *bunker* to inexplicably glue onto your school project about the election.

## Storm chasing equipment didn't weather storm of getting ru

A bunch of storm chasing equipment got ru, and you're going to marvel at it until the sun doesn't shine, 'til time stands still, until the winds don't blow!

Let's take a trip back to the decade of Occupy, killer clowns, and *Hardcore Pawn* for this exciting series of posts launched in 2019 found on the public Internet! It kicks off with a feller who posted a chronological list of storm chasing items getting lost or roodledy-doodledy. He starts with cameras that were each worth hundreds of dollars getting stolen and moves on to lenses that were wasted when he drove away with the lens on the roof of his car. During a storm, a camera and lens "disintegrated on the road", and he couldn't find them because the road was flooded.

One respondent said he left a lens on a guardrail overnight, drove 25 miles to retrieve it, and came within seconds of another person taking it. He also said a TV crew filmed him chasing a hurricane, and the crew's \$120,000 video camera got carried away in a storm surge. In addition, he said he had a brand new iPhone in a waterproof case to use in a hurricane, but right after this event, he took the phone out of the case and accidentally dropped it in the toilet.

Another person replied that he went on a ski trip decades ago, and on the way home, a member of his group "developed a flatulence problem." The car windows had to be opened to air out the stench. The car had automatic windows, and the commenter accidentally opened the wrong one, causing his camera to fly out onto Interstate 80 in Nebraska.

Another lost a video camera after placing it in floodwater in an effort to film the water being sucked under a roadway. What did they think was going to happen?

One said he left his tripod set up overnight during a backpacking trip. The wind blew it away, and it was never seen again.

When I say stuff got ru, it is meant like a dictionary. You may have read my anecdotes about a man who frequently visited my neighbors and lectured an unruly youngster about his unending misbehavior—particularly when he threw his toys down the steps or left brand new books outside in the rain. The man often had cause to say items were "ruined." He had a booming



voice, and when he said something was “ruined”, you knew it was indeed ru. I imagined his booming declarations over a sad flute music bed.

Keek! Ruin!

## Cut a fart at Kroger

Flatulence and Kroger supermarkets go together like rama lama lama ka dinga da dinga dong.

For a while, people kept ripping bunker blasts at our friendly neighborhood Krogie-Wogie like it was going out of style. Someone even released a silent-but-deadly in front of Charlie Luken as he was shopping at the Bellevue store. The former Cincinnati mayor, congressman, and news anchor could barely hold in his laughter.

Every visit to this store was like this animated Kroger commercial where someone added fart sounds...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KNkGvVpUmJ4>

I’m disappointed at the shortage of videos on YouTube in which people crack air biscuits in public. Most of the clips they do have are just people making fake fart noises with a special device. But there’s a few real Kroger trouser sneezes that have made it to YouTube.

Here’s a small Kroger backdoor breeze that was filmed late last year in Jackson, Tennessee...

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=c4FV8x\\_4TNc](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=c4FV8x_4TNc)

Here’s another Kroger rock snake. I don’t know where this store was, but I know it’s not the Bellevue store, because the customer wore a mask...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ruDG9IN4Hxc>

Cue the commercial with the Kroger oval rotating to this classic jingle: “Cut a fart at Kroger... *Voom voomavoom voop!*”

## Let’s bubble...Put on your red shoes and dance the blues...

A court case involving a painting of singer David Bowie blowing a bubble with bubble gum probably caused judges on a Berlin court to say “bubble gum”—except they would have said it in German.

German artist Michael Moebius is known for his paintings of famous people—such as Marilyn Monroe and Audrey Hepburn—bubbling. His painting of Bowie brang him into conflict with English photographer Gavin Evans, who alleged that the painting was ripped off from a photo he made of the singer.

The resulting series of court cases lasted for several years. Through all those years, very dignified judges must have looked extensively at these works and pored over ol’ Dave’s bub many times. After Moebius’s painting was first displayed at a London art gallery, Evans sued the gallery. That suit was settled for an undisclosed sum. Then, Evans sued Moebius himself in a British court. Moebius then sued Evans in Germany. Evans then moved his case there.

Now the case has been decided in Moebius’s favor. The court said Moebius’s painting was significantly different from Evans’s photo. The ruling said Moebius’s work shows Bowie “performing an everyday, yet absurd gesture with great seriousness.” In other words, bubbling.

Michael Moebius may have won his case, but legal fees cost him a 6-figure sum, and now he’s trying to recover that.

A lot of court resources went into a case related to bubble gum!

## Once you pop, you can’t stop ruining Pringles!

I’m not one to show much aloha to big corporations like stores, but it’s hard to resist the “Gas Station Encounters” channel on YouTube. That channel has scads of videos of people stealing from a gas station convenience store in Ohio.



It's even harder to resist when a clip uses the magic word repeatedly...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jAeDOVEc0Zk>

Here's a rundown of that recent video in case you're afraid a *Dynamite* magazine with Luke Perry on the cover will fly out of your computer screen and spontaneously combust. As shelves full of candy and sandwiches loomed, a couple walked into the store. The woman appeared to be chewing bubble gum. She didn't bubble. But she was chewing bubble gum! After the man inspected a humiliating stain on his shorts, he grabbed a can of Pringles potato chips off the shelf.

The man opened the can of chips and promptly devoured a Pringle right there in the store. Then he put the lid back on and placed the can back on the shelf—after he pawed through it.

He then picked up another can of Pringles and opened it. The video's narrator says, "He just ruined that can of Pringles for absolutely no reason." Ruined! Hey ruined! Where are you, ruined? Ruining stuff?

The man brought the second can of Pringles up to the counter like he was actually going to buy it instead of wasting it. But he didn't bring enough money. The narrator says, "They're just gonna leave us hanging with two ruined cans of Pringles." The magic word again!

At the end of the clip, the narrator urges folks to turn the man in to police "for ruining two cans of Pringles and eating one chip." Spooky music plays.

The man didn't even have to open the second can, because he didn't even eat any of it! He just plain old wasted it.

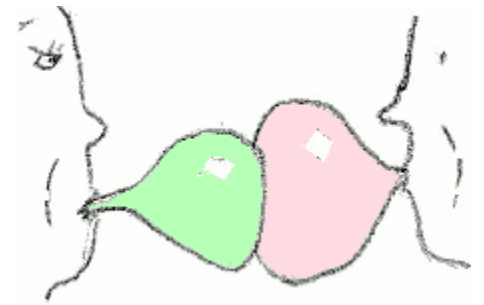
## People bubbled on 'The Bachelorette'

I don't watch *The Bachelorette*. Instead, I lean back and poo.

But someone told me about something hilarious that occurred on *The Bachelorette* recently. It's automatically funny because it has to do with bubble gum.

According to this account, the woman and the man on the show were facing each other, and they each bubbled. The bubs got big enough to collide. As the wads of gum were pressed together, they pulled away, stretching out the gum.

It's sort of like doing a Wright brothers—which is what I call it when a person blows a bubble and somebody reaches over and bursts it.



## Fascist is as fascist does

Remember our "America is fast becoming a police state" mantra? Anyone who laughed at us over that one is looking mighty silly right about now. What they thought was a conspiracy theory was actually a spoiler.

Now people who are fighting against police state monomania are facing the garbled wrath of selfish elitists who use projection to shift attention away from their own intolerance and hate. They do this by falsely accusing others of bigotry—even those who have worked on projects that fight *against* bigotry. Making false accusations like this is not cool. *At all*. Especially when those making the allegations are knee-deep in promoting hatred themselves. People have a right to clear their good name of smears like this. Prejudice is not who we are—or who we should be as a society.

The latest totalitarian hatchet job is the claim that anyone who opposed keeping schools closed for a year is anti-Semitic. I actually saw this smear being spread not only by minor public officials but also by a news website covering the story. The argument was so miserable that I didn't even bother to read the whole article and let it use up memory on my computer.

How is it anti-Semitic to expect that children are given a chance at a quality education?

During the past year, school officials have also posted that reopening schools is racist against Black people. *How???* If I was racist, I wouldn't have spent decades supporting efforts to fight racism. I've been attending Black Lives Matter rallies for years—the most recent being just last year. I also tried to bring Not In Our Town (a project that fights against hate groups) to Bellevue.

This is like when a progressive organization a few years back was falsely accused of anti-Asian racism. After this organization was smeared so much that it folded, we were stuck with that awful Forward Kentucky instead, which has abandoned real progressivism in favor of shitlib arble-garble. If talking down to their once-loyal readership, republishing anecdotes of questionable veracity, and trying to whip up frivolous lawsuits is shitlibs' idea of progressivism, they've missed what it means to be progressive.

I hate racism. I have values, and prejudice doesn't line up with these values. Otherwise, why would I have

spent 28 years publishing progressive zines and blogs? I have very strong credentials at speaking out against bigotry. Those making false allegations of bigotry are usually either paid online trolls or tinpot tyrants on school boards who nobody ever heard of before. Why should anyone believe them? Why should their word automatically be trusted?

This is also like when some of the nobodies who kept appearing on MSNBC accused those who supported Bernie Sanders over Hillary Clinton of being a bunch of male chauvinist hogs. There's no truth to it. Cut from the same cloth is the thought police on the "Greater Cincinnati Politics" group on Facebook that claims to be diehard Democrats while accusing others of being Republicans because they oppose Mike DeWine, a Republican.

All of these instances represent projection by those making the accusations. They're trying to make themselves look better by shifting all the negative attention to their foes. A loudmouth who crashed a school board meeting in Pennsylvania to demand keeping schools closed actually had been forced out of a political race for making anti-Semitic remarks. Wrongly accusing others of anti-Semitism is projection.

I'm very sensitive to avoiding providing grist for the mill of those who are looking for an excuse for a cheap shot. In the very, very rare instance I catch something in a new issue of this zine that could be misinterpreted as suggesting *even a hint* of prejudice, I rewrite the whole page with the speed of a falcon.

The recent crisis lays bare who the real fascists are. Bootlickers who have cheered the recent rise in tyranny would have been the ones turning in everyone if they lived in Nazi Germany.

I used to say that if we didn't fight back, we'd someday wake up in an America we don't recognize. The past 17 months shows I wasn't kidding. If you fell asleep in 2019 and woke up now and looked at any news website, you'd receive the shock of your life. It's actually even worse than I predicted. What's going on now is nothing short of fascist. Either that, or I just didn't know that cheering every government order without question is a pillar of liberty.

Shame on those who have let this happen. They have acted in bad faith, and their projection of their intolerance only makes it worse.

## A rugby clubhouse had poo everywhere

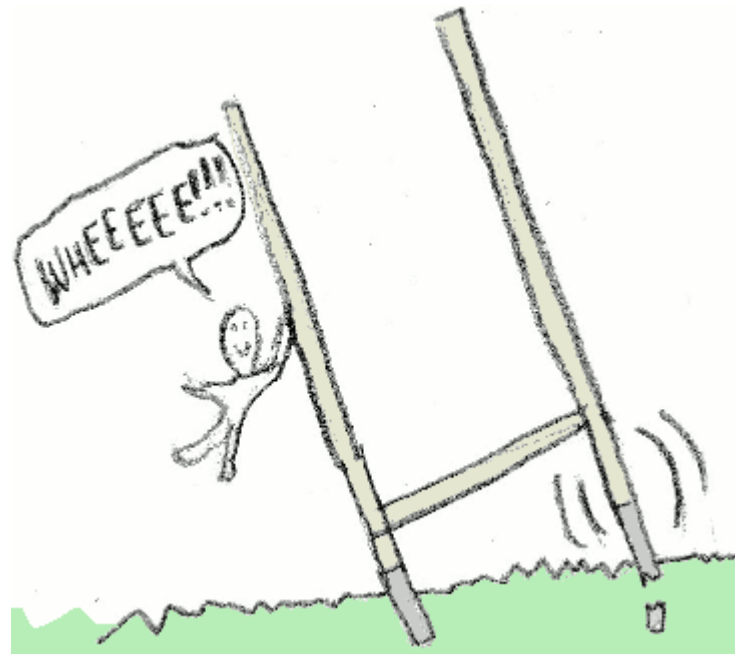
Some years back, we couldn't include every story like this, because we had such a backlog, but I think the dam finally broke around the same time the broken eyeglasses and Speak & Spell stories were big.

This story comes to us from Cardiff, Wales, and it's worth a million bubble gum and ruined sports card stories. People have been climbing onto the rooftop skylights of rugby clubhouses so they can break the glass and defecate into the locker rooms.

Let me clue you in about this dastardly deed. It seems that feces being found in the locker rooms is just the latest incident in an 8-year-long string of mischief at the park. The rugby team arrived at the clubhouse one morning to find poop everywhere. There was even a little bit of pee mixed in there.

The goalposts on the field had also been ripped down by people swinging on them. The costly posts have had to be replaced almost yearly because of these hijinks. Authorities said unruly youths used the clubhouse as an "adventure playground." Alcohol-fueled parties have become a frequent sight.

But it's the poo that makes it ru.



## Ridicule ruled 'Wild Kingdom'

*Mutual Of Omaha's Wild Kingdom* was a whole big-ass world waiting to be poked fun at.

This wildlife show was hosted for years by the late Marlin Perkins and the late Jim Fowler. I know a lot of folks love wildlife documentaries, and I'm sure Marlin and Jim were decent guys. But there were lots of things on TV in my day that were well-intended but still wide, wide open for ridicule.

I had no idea *Wild Kingdom* was actually a regularly scheduled show. The only times I ever remember

seeing it was when TV stations slapped it on the air because they didn't feel like showing what had been scheduled. Right before it, the station often ran a notice that the scheduled programming was not to be seen "due to circumstances beyond our control." Whenever a station said that, it was usually entirely *within* their control.

I remember seeing *Wild Kingdom* at least once when I tuned in to watch one of my favorite scheduled shows. This station often preempted my shows with either *Wild Kingdom* or old Movietone newsreels from World War II. One other time, I was watching a different station to catch some other show. The show I planned to watch wasn't one that I cared about any other time. Naturally, the one time I cared about it, *Wild Kingdom* was shown in its place.

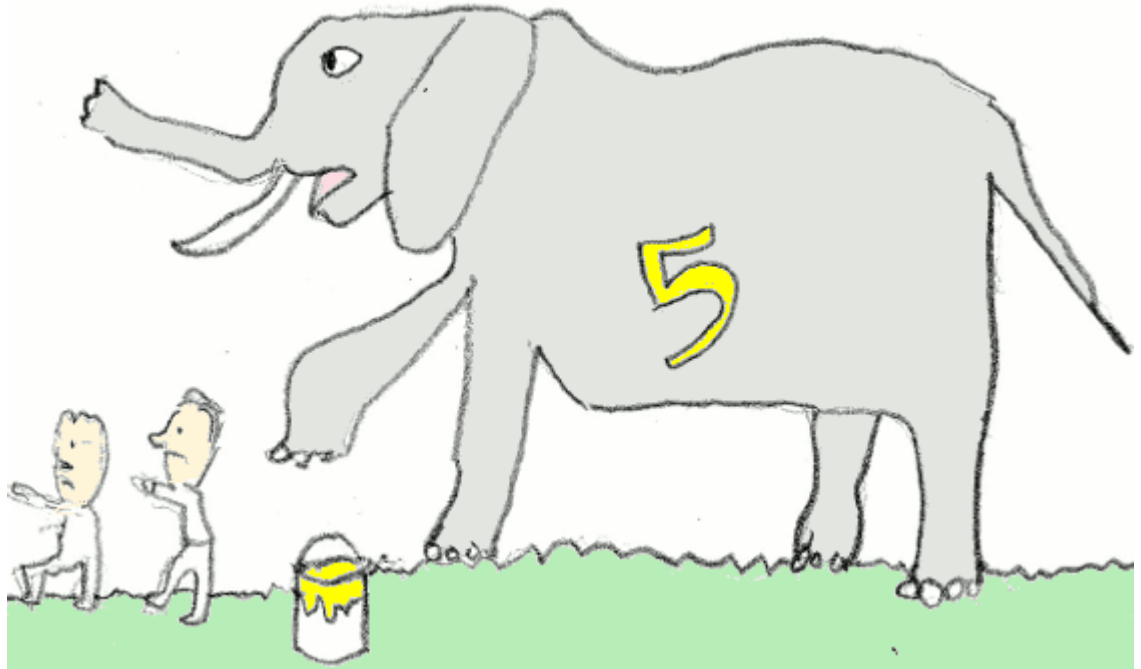
Someone on the public Internet said the NBC affiliate in Des Moines wouldn't show *Sanford And Son* in its normal time slot even at the height of its popularity, preferring to delay it until a weird hour. The station would tape it off the network to be shown later, and the tape would often break. So the station used *Wild Kingdom* as its standard fallback. (Another bit of TV trivia: Not long after the daytime soap *Search For Tomorrow* moved from CBS to NBC, it had an episode that couldn't be aired the way it was recorded because both the main copy and the backup copy were lost. So the network had the actors redo that episode live on the air. The crew could clearly be heard talking, and one crew member muttered over the air, "Goddammit!")

Many episodes of *Wild Kingdom* featured the hosts standing in a room with lab equipment or bookshelves with wild animals bounding about. The hosts would smile their asses off as they handled these potentially dangerous beasts: "I'm going to stick my finger up this alligator's butt. That's what we do in the *Wild Kingdom!*" Then they'd do a plug for Mutual of Omaha: "Don't get caught with life's finger up your butt. Buy Mutual of Omaha insurance."

Some scenes were filmed at a zoo, or an ocean or other natural environment full of wild animals. There was a scene where they moved a zoo animal to a different cage and another where they entered the zoo's eagle enclosure. Marlin once used a movable pile of straw with a hole cut out for his head so he could crawl around in the wild.

Supposedly, there was one episode where they inexplicably painted numbers on a sleeping elephant, and the elephant woke up and chased them. It sounds like a Number Painter segment on *Sesame Street!*

One of the first things that happened when I was forced to start attending St. Joe's near the end of 7<sup>th</sup> grade was that we were given a world map that came from *Wild Kingdom*. I think it even had a drawing of the hosts on the front of it. We had to cut continents out of this perfectly good map for a project, thereby wasting it. Marlin and Jim probably posed for that drawing just for us, and we had to ruin it.



A search on the public Internet reveals that *Wild Kingdom* also had coloring books. Biddle gibzz!

## Putting the 'P' in paint

Your kidneys are very delicate. So it's giantly important that you urinate when you feel the need to do so. I'm sure I've told this story before, but it's so uproarious that I need to tell it again.

In my late high school years, we often weren't allowed to use the restroom all day. We had to hold it in. Whenever we did get to use the crapper, we had to have a teacher take us, because the school didn't trust us. We were treated like babies.

I remember a few really bad days. One of them must have been fresh in my mind when I decided to fight

back!

I arrived at school one morning, and I already had to pee. I knew there was a decent chance I wouldn't be allowed to all day. But I didn't get mad. I got even! As I sauntered into the stairwell, I noticed there was a can of white paint under the steps. So I thought I'd add a little bit of yellow to their paint.

Peed in the paint can got.

The funniest part is that paint has to be mixed properly for it to work. So when they painted the walls with that paint, the paint would have peeled or cracked very quickly.

I seem to remember one time when someone kicked over a can of white paint at the bottom of the steps—coating the floor and doormat with paint. I have a faint memory of the janitor seeing it and groaning, “Uh-oh.”

It sure beats the rest of the stuff we were doing at school at the time, which included watching 20-year-old “educational” films, chewing bubble gum, and getting yelled at.

## I spend my money on pottery...

School is often a place where usual norms of conduct break down. Life may bounce along happily in every other environment, but school often disintegrates into behavior that wouldn't be tolerated in the civilized world.

I'm sure my elementary school janitor was a good guy. But there was a project at school where he—like so many others—wrongly assigned blame for something bad that happened.

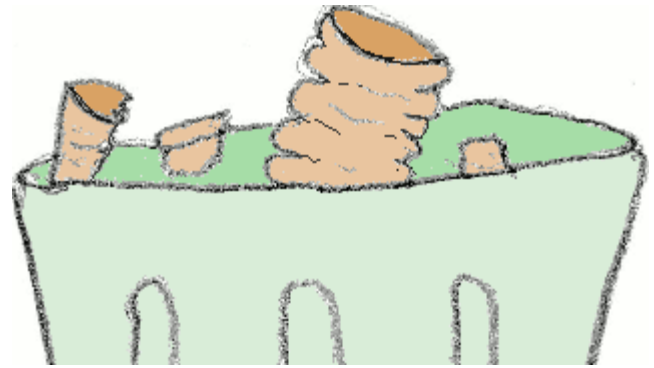
There was one year—probably 3<sup>rd</sup> grade—when I was among a handful of students assigned to a ceramics class taught by the janitor. I don't know how the school chose which students to place in this class. It seemed to be either random or alphabetical. One of the other students was the one who clapped because he solved an “equation” (which was actually a very easy arithmetic problem).

We had gobs of brown clay, and the janitor showed us how to throw it around on a board that had a big blade, which cut the clay to get all the bubbles out of it. One day, we were assigned to make a small cup or vase out of snaking rows of clay. After I sculpted this project, I turned it in so the janitor could put it in the kiln.

For days or weeks after that, I wondered why I never got the completed project back. A few other kids did—but not me. Then I walked past a trash bin in the room where we did our ceramics. My heart sank as I found the broken remnants of my project sitting among other broken sculptures. It turned out that these projects had broken in the kiln.

Some of us asked the janitor what had happened, and he very tersely blamed us—saying we had sculpted our projects all wrong. But nope. This was his doing. Like I said, I'm sure he was a decent feller. But even good guys make mistakes.

Cue those who say I'm wrong because I'm younger, even though now I'm older than the janitor was when this took place.



## Whispering campaign

Rulebreakers strikes again!

As you know, Rulebreakers was an idea I had for a brand of bubble gum whose advertising campaign showed people bubbling in places where it was frowned upon. But I thought of another good campaign for this brand of beegum.

Decades ago, there were TV commercials for toilet paper in which people would whisper, “Toilet paper.” This commercial for Rulebreakers would be similar in that people would whisper, “Bubble gum.” Then they'd snicker.

I'm not sure exactly how the commersh would play out. The ad might go something like this: A group of graduating high school seniors is having some beers at their favorite bar. The bartender blows a bub. Then one of the grads whispers to the others, “Bubble gum.” The others burst into laughter. Then the first grad says, “It's amazing how I can get you all to laugh just by whispering ‘bubble gum.’ ”

Then maybe somebody will say something about “the ru-zone of the Internet”, like somebody did not long ago, though I don't even know what that means.