

The Last Word™

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Eek! Right-wing leftists!



If it wasn't such a serious matter, it would be laughable that the same people who attacked Occupy as "left-wing" are now attacking those who participated in it as "right-wing." It reminds me of back in the '90s when some online Nazis said I was "right-wing" because I blasted greedy drug companies.

Do they even know what those terms mean?

These propellerheads think "right-wing" means anything they don't like. Examples of how they might use this term...

- "Somebody farted and it smells right-wing!"
- "I was watching my favorite program and this right-wing *H* comes on the screen, Ernie!"
- "That right-wing dog better not shit on the new crawlspace door!"
- "The weather is looking pretty right-wing today."
- "There's another right-wing booger on the wall!"
- "I lost my right-wing gloves."
- "I accidentally dropped my collection of Billy Vera records in the right-wing toilet."
- "Mom got mad because I wrecked her car, and it was so right-wing!"

These spiteful malcontents keep calling Tulsi Gabbard "right-wing" even though she had one of the most progressive records in Congress—and had only an 8% lifetime rating from the American Conservative Union. Latte laptopers kept vandalizing Wikipedia to call Glenn Greenwald "far-right" despite his criticism of America's right-wing foreign policy misadventures and the Bush regime's attacks on civil liberties. They call Medicare for All and criminal justice reform "right-wing." Yet they think the Democratic leadership is a vanguard of progressivism even though it's drifted further and further to the right for most of the past 30 years. If the Democrats had such progressive principles, why was the only member of the U.S. House who voted against the

commonsense Child Medication Safety Act of 2003 a Democrat?

These turgid grumps don't have anything to offer except mean-spirited word salads and ridiculous conspiracy theories about everyone else being paid off.

At least I didn't spend all winter pounding the war drum daily, arming neo-Nazi death squads overseas, and cheering fascism in the Western world. (Some "friendly" Western countries have shown themselves to be fascist dictatorships over the past 2 years, yet our overlords have at minimum turned a blind eye.) Now that the previous crisis has finally been milked dry, our rulers have decided it's time to take advantage of a new crisis to make us all behave. Not all of this is the Democrats' fault, but if the jackboot fits, wear it, Dems. And if it feels good, put it on.

A bunch of 'Countdown America' shows got ru

Remember *Countdown America*?

In the mid-'80s, Q-102 carried Casey Kasem's *American Top 40*. But WCLU carried *Countdown America*. Like *AT40*, it was a weekly countdown of the 40 biggest hit songs from coast to coast! However, instead of using the authoritative *Billboard* chart that Casey used, *Countdown America* used the airplay survey from *Radio & Records*. *Countdown America* was initially hosted by John Leader but in the fall of 1985 it was taken over by Dick Clark.

I'm sure WCLU aired *Countdown America* at a different time slot from when Q-102 ran *AT40*, as I remember being able to listen to both.

Some of John's commentary between records was seen as edgy. When "Relax" by Frankie Goes To Hollywood charted after a controversy over its suggestive lyrics, he said the song had "some good advice." Everyone back then thought that was clever and picturesque.

For a long time, I've been trying to get my hands on a copy of the honking instrumental bumper music that *Countdown America* had during commercial breaks. Sometimes it went on for a few minutes. I remember sitting at the Atari 800 while that bumper was on, dancing wildly in my chair, and mimicking the music.

But I can't ask John Leader to mail me a copy.

According to a comment I found on a blog entry about "Countdown America's amazing history", John kept 2 copies of each *Countdown America* episode he made. This was presumably in case one copy got wasted. But it was all for naught, for a flood ruined his entire collection—duplicates and all. This blogger said they have vinyl LP records of many of these shows though. However, they have "no restoration", and as we all know, ru is forever. Also, that comment was posted way back in 2012, so there's a chance these copies of the show were eaten by killer clowns a few years later.

That same blog entry reveals that even Wink Martindale had a countdown show.

When I heard about the flood, I got an image in my mind of an upstairs toilet leaking onto a shelf full of *Countdown America* recordings. Or—just as frustrating—a knob on the sink or bathtub faucet falling off so water shoots out of it.



Donald Trump likes toilets

Everyone knows Donald Trump was a stinker—almost as much of a stinker as several other Presidents in my lifetime.

But much as the otherwise disastrous Ronald Reagan at least gave us that delicious macaroni and cheese recipe, Trump is at least useful for one thing: He likes toilets. He especially loves to plop things.

Jimmy Kimmel recently had a segment about a book by Maggi Haberman that describes how the White House engineer kept having to unclog Trump’s johnnypot because he kept flushing paperwork down it. However, Trump denied it. He rushed out a statement declaring, “Also, another fake story, that I flushed papers and documents down a White House toilet, is categorically untrue and simply made up by a reporter in order to get publicity for a mostly fictitious book.” CNN asked Haberman if she was sure that it was indeed Trump himself who plopped those papers, and she replied that it had to have been Trump, because “this was his bathroom.”

The Kimmel segment pointed out that Trump likes to discuss toilets. It included a piece of an interview in which Trump said, “People are flushing toilets 10 times, 15 times.” It also included a snippet of a campaign rally where he said, “The only subject they ever talk about is toilets.”

That’s because toilets are funny.



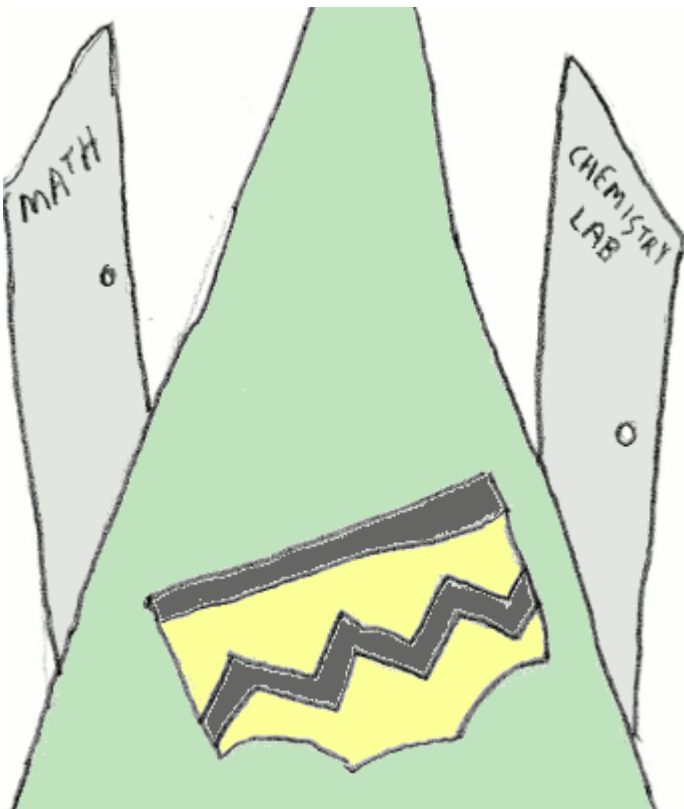
Underoos were under wear at Cal Poly

Brossart isn’t the only school where the team name is the Mustangs where ridiculous stuff happens.

Let’s go on Snap Map and zoom in on California Polytechnic State University, San Luis Obispo. Cal Poly has many notable alumnuses, such as “Weird Al” Yankovic and John Madden.

Back in 1998, I went on a little road trip to Oshkosh, Wisconsin. On the way home—I believe it was in West Bend, Wisconsin—I went into a McDonald’s restroom and saw what appeared to be a shredded pair of Underoos just laying on the floor. Underoos was a brand of underwear designed to look like the outfit of various comic, cartoon, movie, and TV characters. For example, there were *A-Team* and *Peanuts* Underoos. Underoos has what appears to be an official website, but it looks as if the brand is discontinued, as the site contains just a message from “Team Underoos” thanking customers for their “support over the years.”

Anybip, Snap Map depicted something



hilarious at Cal Poly a few weeks ago. It showed that somebody left what looked like Underoos just laying around in the math and science building. It wasn't in the bathroom. It was just sitting there in the hallway. It was as if someone pooped their pants and stripped in the hall when nobody was looking.

I bet that's what happened. How mature!

More broken eyeglasses! Imagine that!

I enjoy reading and listening to progressive commentator and comedian Jimmy Dore. So far, he hasn't let us down. I think the last commentator I enjoyed so much was Carmine Guzman, who peopled local AM radio in the mid-'90s. The past 2 years have seen an unprecedented sellout by "progressive" blogs, organizations, and commentators, as many were directly paid off to abandon their principles or moved to platforms that censor those who dissent from the official narrative. But Jimmy Dore is still Jimmy Dore!

In fact, Dore is so popular now that his eyeglasses are becoming the big style!

A few weeks ago, when I biked over to South Fairmount for the latest Roads Scholaring, I traversed downtown Cincinnati and found this laying along a curb...



That's a pair of Dore-style specs—ruined, run over, destructaroonny.

Who would destroy a pair of glosses associated with someone as illustrious as Jimmy Dore? It could only be because they don't like glasses in general. Just think what they'd do to those mid-'80s frames that looked like they were upside-down.

The age and gender of whoever deposited their glasses onto the street are unknown, as I've noticed that this style of glasses seems to be a unisex craze sported by children and adults alike, and are marketed as such by sellers.

There's a lot to process here, and it's an evolving situation.

Eyes without a face

The magic word is gonna get used, so roll out the red carpet for it!

Recently, at an art gallery in Russia, a painting valued at \$1 million was ruined when a security guard used a ballpoint pen to draw eyes on the artwork's faceless figures on his first day on the job. The painting dated from the 1930s and is now roodledy-doodledy.

This destruction was discovered by two visitors viewing an exhibition there. The painting was on loan from another museum.

There are now efforts under way to restore the painting without inflicting more damage—a process expected to cost thousands of dollars.

The time someone wrote "Mr. Hooper" on an artwork in high school sounds like nothing in comparison.

Alleged gumball thief accused of putting Shell through hell

There's a consensus that we need to run more articles about bubble gum. You know, that stuff you blow big bubs with. And this story took place right here in Kentucky!

Recently, in Berea, a man was arrested and charged with a litany of offenses ranging from burglary to public intoxication to drug possession. Police received a call from a Shell station saying the man had shoplifted a pair of sunglasses and fled to a nearby restaurant. Emergency responders then said they had received a call that the man was inside the eatery after it had closed.

The *Richmond Register* reports that when cops caught up with the man, he “was chewing bubble gum and was wearing two hats and sunglasses.” It was also reported that he had an entire handful of beegee. However, it is not known whether or not he bubbled.

A witness said the suspect broke a homemade mailbox inside the restaurant and used the pieces to break open a gumball machine to steal all the gumballs. But the man denied all of this and claimed he actually spent \$15 on bubble gum for his daughter, and that restaurant employees were the ones who broke open the machine.

Remember, you can make a difference!

People pooped their pants at school

When I was in elementary school, a student wet his pants in gym class and made a big puddle on the floor. I also remember one other time when my teacher asked a kid, “Did you pee your pants?” But it was less common for kids to poop their pants than pee.

Even so, it happens—and it’s *hilarious!* Not long ago, somebody posted a thread on Quora titled “I just pooped in my pants in school. What should I do?” Somebody replied with a serious suggestion that the soiled underpants should be cleaned by being dipped in the toilet.

In another Quora thread, a person said they deliberately shit their pants on the bus on the way home from high school. They then started soiling their pants regularly because they “just enjoyed it.” Somebody replied that they were delighted to have once found a friend who pooped her pants: “After that, we would meet at the park to hang out and poop our pants.” I read that and *burst out laughing!* Another person said they crapped their pants at school to avoid going on what they felt would be a boring field trip to a monastery. They also said they soiled themselves during Christmas mass so their parents would take them home and let them play with a video game they had just received.

Another thread said a high school bully picked a fight with a new kid, but the bully got his ass kicked and ended up “bawling like a baby” and shitting his pants.

Someone on a Pearl Jam message board said their teacher crapped his pants in class. The instructor suddenly left the room and came back 20 minutes later wearing a different pair of trousers.

On a Reddit board for teachers, someone said that when he was in kindergarten or 1st grade, he shit his pants, and the teacher evacuated the classroom because she thought the stench was a dead animal. When the truth was discovered, the school gave the student Superman underwear to change into. One teacher said they tried to fart in their classroom, but it came out as a poop. In another reply, a 6th grade teacher said a student observed, “It smells like dog poop over here.” It turned out that someone had shit all over the pillows, beanbags, and carpet in the reading corner.

On a gaming message forum, someone said, “In middle school one girl left a trail of turds to the nurses office.” Somebody else in that thread said some girl shit in a desk in middle school because she wasn’t allowed to use the restroom. Someone else said a college friend got drunk and “dropped a lincoln log in the middle of our bedroom.” Another person said their brother shit in a drinking fountain in high school and in a sink at Taco Bell. Another said that in 8th grade, a student returned to algebra class from the lav and told the whole class, “There’s a giant turd sitting on the floor of the bathroom.” Naturally, everyone else rushed to the restroom just to see it. Also that year, someone smeared shit all over the mirrors.

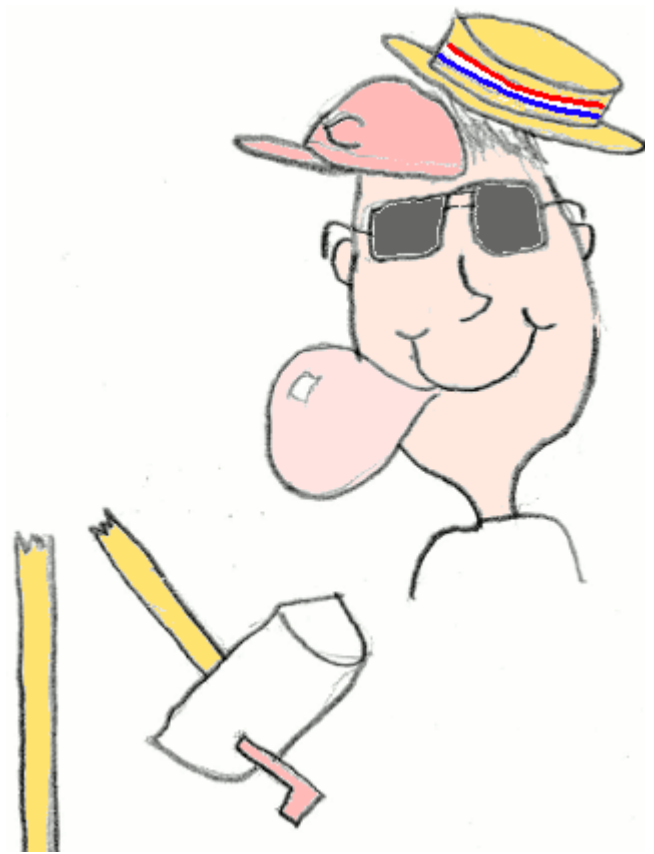
So that’s cool.

People pirated ‘Sesame Street’

It’s *not* a sunny day!

Today’s children have a right—a doggone constitutional *right*, I say—to enjoy *Sesame Street* episodes that are as good as the ones we grew up with in the 1970s.

Who can forget the Moog puzzles? The Number Painter? Harvey Kneeslapper? Mr. Hooper? The baker falling down the steps? The Hawaii trip? David? The orchestra conductor yelling, “Stop!” at the violinist? The



letters flying through outer space? The cartoon of the monster forming from cracks in the wall? “Five pounds of bubble gum please”? The I-beam? Oscar the Grouch was *mean*, and that’s how we liked him!

It’s all gone now, and it’s sad.

A few years ago, a glimmer of hope for today’s tiny tots appeared when it was revealed that every single episode of *Sesame Street* still existed. To celebrate the show’s 50th anniversary, Sesame Workshop was donating a copy of all 4,500 installments to the American Archive of Public Broadcasting, and they would be available for public viewing at the Library of Congress and a TV station in Boston. Somebody posted on the public Internet, “This is the happiest I’ve ever been in years, because as some of you know, I am a huge die-hard Sesame Street fan.”

Late last year, however, it all came crashing down.

The AAPB announced it was forced to remove all *Sesame Street* episodes because people abused this project so much. The above commenter said, “I am like completely devastated by this.” (It reminds me of when a man posted that he was distraught because *Today* preempted its “bubble gum day” for Arnold Schwarzenegger’s gubernatorial announcement.) A post on the AAPB’s blog said that “a user improperly downloaded episodes of *Sesame Street* that were restricted to AAPB premises.” Because of this, the AAPB “tightened security” and removed access to the show. The blog entry said, “We regret that the actions of a few irresponsible *Sesame Street* fans mean that other fans are now deprived of legal access to this cultural treasure on AAPB.”

This implied that someone was smuggling a flash drive into the Library of Congress or that station in Boston just to copy episodes of the ol’ Ses. Somebody commented that it was unfair to punish the show’s entire fan base because of these misdeeds: “This isn’t like, say, Social Security data or medical records of half the population being leaked. It’s a few old episodes of bloody ‘Sesame Street’ that probably hadn’t seen the light of day since the Carter administration.” But it turned out that the episodes were actually copied by someone who went through the trouble of hacking the AAPB. Once they did it, other folks saw how easy it was and did the same.

That’s because the ol’ Ses is just so cool.



Where have all the cool kids gone?

Let me introduce you to another of the big, greasy logs that the Really Serious People unleashed on the shit sundae that they made out of our society.

As America’s corporate, medical, and political establishment dug in during the 1990s, we began reading more and more about what they called *oppositional defiant disorder*. What is ODD? That’s a question any child may ask you—but it is not a childish question.

When I was in elementary school in the late 1970s and early 1980s, I looked up to the defiant teenagers who seemed to flourish back then. In high school in the late 1980s and early 1990s, I strayed into that disobedient

stance. It wasn't defiance for its own sake. It was breaking the rules to accomplish noble, ethical goals. It was positive recidivism. But I didn't do it *that* much, because school officials bullied us into compliance so much. Imagine how shocked I was in college when I stood up for myself *once* and was harangued about being "defiant."

Enter oppositional defiant disorder! ODD was the term being bandied about for people who displayed "argumentative" or "defiant" conduct. Ironically, those who are fondest of the word *argumentative* are narcissistic authority figures who are the most argumentative themselves. As they accuse others of being "argumentative", it's a form of projection and gaslighting. It takes two to tango.

"Defiance" and "argumentativeness" were considered a "disorder" no matter how right the "defiant" person was—if they were not an authority figure. An official symptom of ODD is that the "defiant" person "often argues with authority figures" or—in the case of children—with adults in general. An authority figure would not be diagnosed with ODD for arguing with somebody under their authority. It's only considered a disorder if the "argumentative" person is not an authority figure. If a person rightly challenges authority, that is considered ODD. But if an authority figure starts shit with someone under their agency, that is not classed as ODD.

Another symptom is that the "defiant" person often loses their temper. Damn right we're gonna be mighty salty after being treated so shabbily.

Yet, according to the official definition, those with ODD are not physically aggressive towards anyone, do not destroy property, and do not steal or deceive. In other words, good behavior is actually deemed a sign of this "disorder."

ODD was one of few "disorders" that seemed to produce no negative symptoms for those who had it and no costs to society. ODD was the "disorder" of 16-year-olds who purchased records their parents didn't like or wouldn't obey the dress code at school. In addition, the omnipotent, omnivorous Wikipedia notes that young people from lower economic groups have a higher prevalence of ODD. Translation: The diagnosis is issued to target and oppress people based on economic class. So ODD is another form of classism. Imagine that!

Predictably, big drug companies and other parties cashed in on all of this. Kids were drugged to fight ODD. In addition, a 16-year-old boy at a juvenile detention facility in Los Angeles was given estrogen as authorities claimed he had ODD because of elevated testosterone levels. As a result, he later required breast reduction surgery.

How much do you hear about oppositional defiant disorder today? Not much. For a while, this appeared to be a good thing. But quite the contrary, as this actually hides a chilling trend. The real reason you don't hear about ODD as much isn't that our rulers have become more accepting of rebellious teens. Rather, it's because those who would have been diagnosed with ODD 30 years ago are now either being excluded from our schools before they can even be diagnosed, or they have ceased to exist altogether.

The former seems believable, considering the absurdly high compliance our schools' fascist diktats now enjoy. Can you imagine a classroom full of students in 1979 not going absolutely ballistic if they were saddled with the sadistic crap that our schools engage in now? The most rebellious students today seem to be more compliant than the most obedient of a generation ago. But if kids are being excluded from school now, where are they going? There are some who are either homeschooled or simply no longer enrolled, and the schools are making no effort to bring them back, but it's probably not *that* many.

It's just as likely that they have indeed ceased to exist. They may have been "disappeared" by government agencies—which *does* happen. What's more likely is that the brainwashing in our schools has become so intense that defiant instincts have been permanently suppressed. Much of our political "leadership" has dedicated themselves to not only protecting bad schools but imposing their authoritarian values via curricula and disciplinary policies. This is their entire identity—a second skin. It isn't new, and it's lurked just below the surface for a long time in some settings. But now they're more successful than ever at getting it done.

Where have all the cool kids gone, and how do we bring them back? How do we fight back against the evil ogres who stymie our efforts? We need to restore the America we once knew—by any means.

Did gum run up the score against football fan gear?

Let's take a little trip back to May 2014! In that month's ish, I regaled you with an idiotic fictional scenario in which a person wearing a Superman costume mask and cape blew a bubble with bubble gum and uploaded it to YouTube. In this made-up event, this clip prompted a hostile comment: "Hey idiot, you wasted an antique Superman mask." (Don't search for that issue on Google. Google has removed it from their search.)

When I first thought of this scene, I *burst out laughing!* I surprised myself by suddenly coming up with something so stupid and funny at the same time. Now it's been downgraded from uproarious to merely hilarious, because it's no longer new. I know I also wrote an article back around that time in which I offered speculation that somebody somewhere may have similarly ruined a paper Big Boy mask by bubbling.

Now I've thought of something else that's just as ridiculous but much more likely.

Some years back, it was common for Washington, D.C., football fans to wear a pig nose when they went to see a game. It is unclear why. But you know what's even more common at sporting events? Bubbling. I don't just mean baseball—where even the players bubble—but other sports too. Spectators are always puffing out mean bubs. Just a few days ago, I even went on Snap Map and saw someone bubble at a basketball game at NKU. Bubble gum and pig snouts are an interesting combination, and you know *damn well* some football fan in the nation's capital destructed their pig nose by bubbling.

It isn't just Washington. Something similar happens in Green Bay! Throughout each football season, Packers fans fill the stands wearing cheesehead hats. These foam hats are patterned after triangular blocks of scrumptious cheese and are roughly the size and shape of the colonial-style hats that the Tea Party wore. The hats are big enough to loom in front of the wearer's forehead.

You know where this is headed!

There's a decent chance that a cheesehead hat was ruined when a bub got too big. Years ago, someone on the public Internet talked about his "hat trick", in which he planned to wear a baseball cap and blow a bubble big enough to reach the bill of the cap and lift it off his head. It's not entirely impossible that someone tried to do this with a cheesehead hat—and predictably failed. While it's possible they did this at home, it's much more likely that they did it at a game—in full view of other fans.

In my America, being cool is a must.

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