

The Last Word™

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Academia nuts

Here at **The Last Word**, we don't just *report* the news. We *are* the news!

The excitement continued on March 15, as we created an 11½-minute documentary mocking the decline of Northern Kentucky University. It was a beautiful day in the neighborhood, and we went on location at NKU the crazy **Last Word** way!

Academia has become as bad as the rest of our "expert" class, so it needs to have its wings clipped too every now and then. They have become right-wing extremists—or are they left-

wing extremists? We don't know, because we live in an upside-down era in which people who don't believe the CIA are called "right-wing." In any event, our entire higher education system has become both a pyramid scheme and a prison.

We can write off most of academia in the same way we write off other elites. We hope the stigma can be removed from those who opt not to get a college education—or are denied the chance to attend or finish college. We used to think college meant you were one of the best and brightest, but now, student communities are full of mindless conformists who idolize media hype. When I attended NKU in the 1990s, the student body still had a few vaguely countercultural types, and the community occasionally even tolerated them. Now they seem to be absent entirely, as we've woken up in an America where campus life is completely unrecognizable.

The dishonest, selfish, unseemly ogres who run higher education today have forfeited the privilege of me honoring what they think. They are not indifferent to humanity's values but hostile to them.

Hence our little documentary...

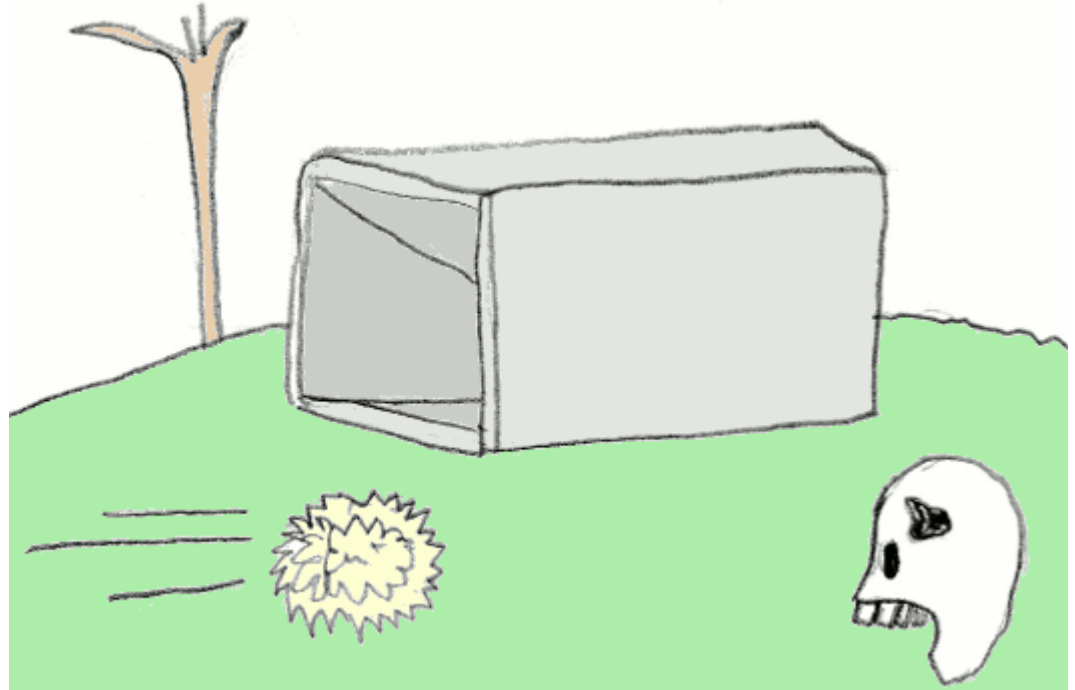
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VE-7_WykwUs

Despite the lack of students or any sort of gathering in that video, that was not during spring break. Spring break was the previous week. (NKU didn't have a spring break last year. The school—in one of its typical control freak moves—decreed in the fall of 2020 that spring break in 2021 was canceled. This was to keep an even tighter rein on students.) We had fine weather on the day this clip was made, yet there was no social activity to speak of. Nothing—indoors or outdoors. It wasn't just a lack of social gathering. There were also very few students studying, walking between classes, or anything.

Where did all the students go? I'm sure enrollment isn't exactly booming, but I didn't think it declined *that* much. Do they just take remote classes and lock themselves in their den all day?

The sad contrast with my years there in the 1990s is breathtaking. When I was a student there, the lawn with the box sculpture was a favorite gathering spot. Every day, dozens lollygagged on this knoll across from the Fine Arts Center for hours on end. People often brang blankets, food, or a hacky sack bag and occasionally even played music. Another popular place to socialize was in front of the University Center. There were also lounges and other seating inside the buildings. This included a lounge inside the University Center where I once noticed students gathering around a big-screen TV watching *Sesame Street*—back when the closing credits had a cartoon of a dancing Statue of Liberty.

But now the campus is 100% dead. I saw no socializing whatsoever. What's the point of even enrolling at



college if you just want to live like a hermit? For the fall 2020 semester, when almost all classes were online anyway, the school warned it would break up groups of students clustering together. But this is the spring of 2022. More importantly, if they said back in 1992 that they would break up groups of students, their faces would have been promptly laughed in—maybe even farted in. Those who don't want to return to the world of before 2020 are not your friends.

We're sure one of the excuses for the lack of social activity will be that NKU is for "serious" students. As if I went to school there to be funny? Another silly excuse will be that "things have changed" since we were in school, and they'll call us a bunch of dinosaurs.

Our documentary was unable to cover everything. Although I mentioned the infamous arrest at the Steely Dan Library, the university commissioning a sculpture that honored a racist movie, and the time a spoiled pizza was tossed into the outgoing mail slot at the post office, we didn't get to include the studio for broadcasting class where taco sauce once got smeared all over the record turntable. But I did include a men's restroom where the toilet was an absolute mess. I was aghast that the school had declined so much in the past 25 years.

In another 25 years, the world will be run by people who have that coveted sheepskin but absolutely no critical thinking skills. Sort of like it is now.

NKU's website shows a student wearing a t-shirt that says, "Obey worldwide." That sums up the current attitude quite well. We've gone from "Question authority" to "Obey worldwide." It isn't only college students who are carrying toilet water for the establishment. A few years ago, high school pupils still protested for worthwhile causes. But now, some high school and college students actually hold rallies demanding *less* freedom—not more. As a living example of the "slavery is freedom" mantra from George Orwell's *1984*, these goofy demands are portrayed by the media as supporting students' liberty.

In just the past 2 years, many colleges and universities have defrauded students by offering only remote instruction or breaking up social activities after promising the semester would be completely normal. They often waited until after students had enrolled and paid tuition to deliver the bad news. It's a classic bait-and-switch. But even if these schools had admitted all along they were not going to operate normally, this prison-like experience is not what education is supposed to be about.

To keep the higher education racket from going unchecked, many of the evil Nazis in charge of our colleges and universities should never be allowed to serve in a position of trust ever again. To restore some sanity to higher education, these untrustworthy ghouls must be replaced by people who do their jobs right. Sadly, the same is true of lower education as well. I don't use words like *evil* and *Nazi* lightly—but it applies in this case. If the jackboot fits, wear it. And if it feels good, put it on.

What a disgrace.

Someone stole a urinal

How is it possible to steal a toilet?

Why would you *want* to steal a toilet?

How can you even *imagine* stealing a toilet?

What would you do with it after you steal it?

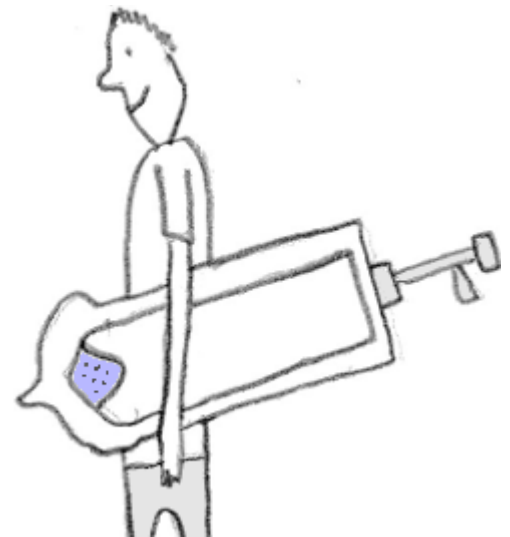
But it happened in February at a high school in Lincoln, California.

The boys' restrooms were plagued by the destructment of many a johnnypot. Students posted footage on TikTok of themselves vandalizing the lav. These events resulted in all boys' restrooms being closed except a tiny bathroom in the school library.

One clip shows a student throwing a soap dispenser across the restroom with all his might. A toilet was seen filled with about 15 rolls of toilet paper and a dispenser. And a urinal was stolen.

The closure of the restrooms caused many students to go outside "to pee in the bushes" (as a TV reporter put it).

Regarding the ruined toilets, the district released a standard "It is not tolerated" response. I have to give the school credit for one thing though: The school seemed willing to overlook the fact that the students weren't wearing masks when they filmed themselves.



A setback for Operation KroGum

Let me introduce you to another forgotten detail of local radio stations—like the creepy Boron and Sohio tones, or when WLW still played music and the Bengals roar would go off during a record (which wasn't really a roar, but rather more like the sound of an animal attacking someone).

I was an avid WCLU listener in the mid-'80s, and I noticed that its main advertisers included a vitamin company, a vacation package, and Campbell County Chevrolet. (It sounded like the Chevrolet commercial was recorded underwater.) One of few major national brands that advertised on WCLU was Purex detergent. There was also an ad for the U.S. Army for which I made this memorable parody...

“Know what I want you to do?”

“What’s that, sergeant?”

“Kill yourself!”

There were a few other major national advertisers heard on WCLU though. They aired commercials for—wait for it...

Are you ready?

Gum.

Unfortunately, the gum commercials on this station became less and less funny over time.

I remember WCLU running that series of Bubble Yum ads in which a man harangued his wife because she chomped too much of the zesty goo. I recall listening to the car radio in the parking lot at Cline Middle School, and when that commersh came on, I burst into laughter!

Those ads were automatically funny because they were for a bubble bustin’ brand of gee. Even Bubble Yum’s bubbling capabilities were mentioned.

Sadly, the Bubble Yum ads went away, and WCLU started airing more ads for brands of gum that were not specifically labeled as *bubble* gum and were not suited for blowing bubs. Among them was the dreaded Freedent—the gum for people with no teeth. So here we had Clu 132—a high-energy top 40 station with a generally youthful audience—airing ads for gum whose main customer base was grandparents with dentures.

This shift is directly analogous to what has been witnessed lately at the friendly neighborhood Krogie-Wogie.

Operation KroGum began as a response to the fact that the gum selection at Kroger had been taken over by brands that were not of the bubble kablammoin’ variety. They had gobs of Trident and Orbit, but there was no Bazooka or Bubblicious. But about 3 years ago, I noticed Bubble Yum roaring back with a vengeance. A space at the checkout lane was peopled with rows of pink packs of beegee featuring Floyd D. Duck smiling his ass off.

And people bought this gum too. I noticed the store was always running low on it, while other brands gathered dust on the shelves.

For most of the past 3 years, I usually haven’t used the express lane at this store, because the other lanes have the gum, and I wanted to see the Bubble Yum just so I could get some laughs. I didn’t *buy* any of this gum. I just wanted to see it sitting there for entertainment value.

Over the past month or two, however, Operation KroGum has taken a stark turn for the worse. The space for Bubble Yum in each checkout lane has been replaced by...

The suspense is building!

More Freedent!

Why oh why? Why was perhaps the most popular brand of gum replaced by what may be the least popular? Maybe it’s like how Kroger always closes their busiest stores. I can’t imagine that it’s actually a good business decision. I guess it’s possible that a lot of people’s teeth have fallen out because so many dentists were closed for 2 years, but even people whose teeth days are over are willing to risk disaster just so they can bubble.

But no bother! People who want to blow some bodacious bubbles can always patronize one of the convenience stores scattered about the area to obtain the necessary beegee. It’s Kroger’s loss.

Just before press time, it started to appear that this setback for Operation KroGum might be short-lived. I noticed one lonely shelf of Bubble Yum in a checkout aisle that nobody uses. But maybe they had some left just because nobody uses that aisle, or it was placed in an aisle nobody uses just so they can “prove” that this item is a poor seller.

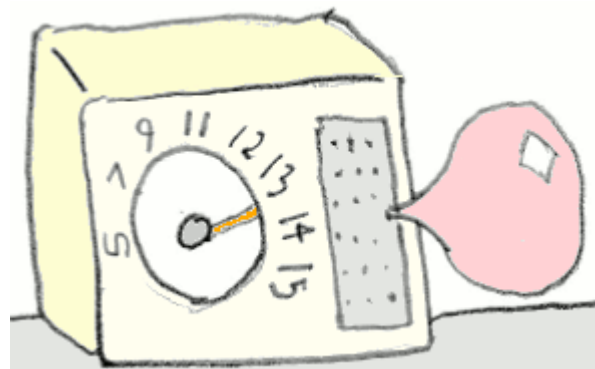
A bunch of toilet paper got burned in Nashville

This past February was a toilety month in America’s schools.

We all remember when the toilet paper was set on fire at Brossart, and 32 years later, this craze has spread to a high school in Nashville. Nashville really *is* fivish now!

In February, firefighters were called to the school after someone set a roll of toilet paper on fire. But they discovered the fire was out by the time they arrived. The blaze also burned the dispenser.

A school spokesperson vowed a complete in-depth exclusive investigation.



The same happened at a Pennsylvania high school back in September and at an elementary school in Dandridge, Tennessee, in December.

Also, someone posted on the public Internet a few years ago that he worked at a school where a 1st grader brang a cigarette lighter to school and set the toilet paper on fire. In doing so, he also accidentally set his underpants ablaze. He emerged uninjured but was suspended. In addition, somebody in that thread said an 8th grader at his school confessed to pooping in a urinal and was forced to publicly apologize at his graduation ceremony.

A person pooped all over the New York subway

This story is a microcosm of what I've noticed for the past 35 years—all rolled into one embarrassing equipage!

For a long time, I lamented people acting like complete slobs, and nothing was done about it. Yet all of society gets shut down over COVID-19. I raised concerns about what I call *restaurant ass*—which is when people sit on somebody else's bed right after sitting on a filthy restaurant seat—yet those who shrugged off these concerns are usually the same folks who have been terrified to leave their house for the past 2 years.

A recent event on New York City's subway system encapsulates this inconsistency. They're so worried about people riding the subway without a mask, yet feces flourishes unabated. A few weeks ago, somebody on Twitter posted a photo from inside a subway train. In the foreground, we see what looks like a white plastic garbage bag wrapped around a pole. The bag is covered with huge shit stains. The bag is elevated a few feet above the ground, as if the shit is holding it in place.

Just behind that, the floor seems to be coated with pee.

In the background, there is what appears to be a metal emergency door that is absolutely covered—covered—with shit. There's shit from the bottom almost all the way to the top.

You should probably wear a mask just because of all the shit—not because of COVID. In fact, you might want to wear a hazmat suit.

A train that was besmirched so spectacularly should have been taken out of service and completely—and I do mean *completely*—disinfected at the rail yard, perhaps even retired for good. But, according to the accompanying comment, this train was set to receive just a minor “cleaning” at the next stop—nothing thorough. All they were going to do was just spray a little bit of bleach around so it smelled better.

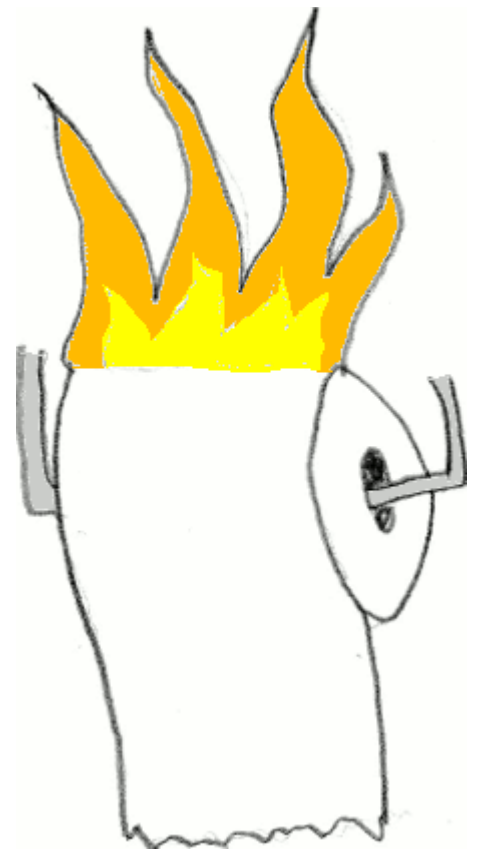
This article was about poo—with a little bit of pee mixed in for good measure.

Librarians want to close the book on misbehavior

I found a few shocking stories of strange happenings in libraries. What led me to these stories was a post on the public Internet that grumbled because libraries aren't allowed to refuse service to homeschoolers. This post implied that homeschoolers were responsible for the lion's share of library mischief, but there has never been a study that shows this, and there is no justification for this belief.

Rather, a number of posts by librarians describe an assortment of misbehavior by people from all walks of life. Regardless of age, economic status, gender, or educational background, some folks consider the libe to be their personal ruining grounds. I worked at the Campbell County Public Library in the 1990s, and there was a grogan or two, but that's nothing compared to what goes on in libraries nowadays.

A commenter said they once found a couple having sex in the stairwell of the library where they worked. A man once combed his hair at the library and piled up all the lice on a table. A group of men urinated off a



balcony. Somebody peed all over some books too, and someone once set off a smoke bomb in front of the circulation desk.

That ain't all! There was also a report that unsupervised kids kept tearing out all the pages of books.

Another website says library books were ruined when people used slices of bacon as bookmarks. Somebody also smashed a packet of McDonald's barbecue sauce between the pages of a book. A patron once microwaved a book they borrowed. The security tag in the book caused both the oven and the book to explode. Another customer borrowed 10 brand new DVD's—and his puppy promptly destroyed all of them completely. Another tried using their microwave to dry out a DVD that got wet in the rain.

When I was about 4 years old, I bit the corner off the cover of a library book. I forgot about it until about 15 years later when I worked at the library, and found the tome in a batch of books to be discarded because of their condition.

In a Reddit thread about spoiled library materials, a librarian said a patron kept losing and ruining books. He once borrowed a brand new book, and when he brought it back, it looked like fruit punch had been spilled all over it. Another commenter said a woman borrowed a brand new DVD, and when she returned it, the disc had bite marks from a puppy all over it. The woman claimed she never even watched the DVD or took it out of its case after borrowing it. Another commenter said a set of *Rawhide* DVD's was returned with a huge cigarette burn on the cover.

Stuff got rooned.



Not much aloha for Waikiki Beach toilets

You're stuck reviewing Cincinnati toilets year-round, but a few privileged travelers get to review Hawaii toilets instead!

In 6th grade, one of my classmates kept boasting about how he was going to miss a whole week of school because he was going on vacation in Hawaii with his family. In the run-up to his trip, he kept saying things like, "Aaaaahhh!!! You're all going to be confined to this stuffy classroom doing schoolwork, while I'll be on the sunny beaches of Hawaii!" He leaned back in his chair, smiled, closed his eyes, and put his hands behind his head in a relaxed pose.

But—to paraphrase Jackson Browne—I hear Hawaii will be open again soon. So reviews of its famous Waikiki Beach will again be more relevant!

A reviewer on a website gave the beach a bad review because the restrooms were a mess. She wrote...

"I had to use the restroom when we got there and there were overflowing, poop-filled toilets in 3 of the toilets in the women's restroom. In another non-poop filled toilet, the metal toilet paper holder had been wrenched off the wall and stretched out across the stall, blocking access to one of the few non-poop filled toilets. I didn't take pictures of the toilets because who the hell wants to look at poopy toilets?"

Another reviewer had this to say about the men's restrooms...

"One day I found that someone had taken a dump in the stall on the floor 2 feet from the toilet. On another day someone had taken a dump into the urinal that was dripping onto the floor."

Another said the toilets were "disgraceful."

One visitor refused to give the beach a perfect review, because people weren't wearing masks. Someone lodged a similar complaint about the boardwalk at Venice Beach in Los Angeles: "Literally just chilling like it was 2019." Wait until she finds out that in 1980 I was just chilling like it was 1979.

In a review of Ocean City, Maryland, somebody warned that beach visitors with dogs should "scoop up

pee sand” if the dogs urinate. Of course, other reviewers grumbled that people weren’t wearing masks on the boardwalk. Do they even know what a *boardwalk* is?

It isn’t just beaches that get funny reviews over toilet doings. Somebody gave a bad review to a McDonald’s in Washington state because the restroom “had diarrhea in the urinal.” A review of a Burger King in England was accompanied by a photo of a toilet. The lid was down, but there was wet toilet paper all over the lid. A review of a Wendy’s in Indiana included a photo of “fecies” that was smeared on the wall of the men’s room. Somebody pooped on the toilet seat too. A McDonald’s right here in the Tri-State had shit smeared all over the slide in the play area.

From the moment a toilet is installed until it meets its end, it is subjected to industrial-strength ridicule on review websites!

I live for the logs...Every day, every minute...

Log!

I used to live for the police blotter feature in the *Northerner*, the student newspaper at NKU. There were some entertaining stories in the police reports.

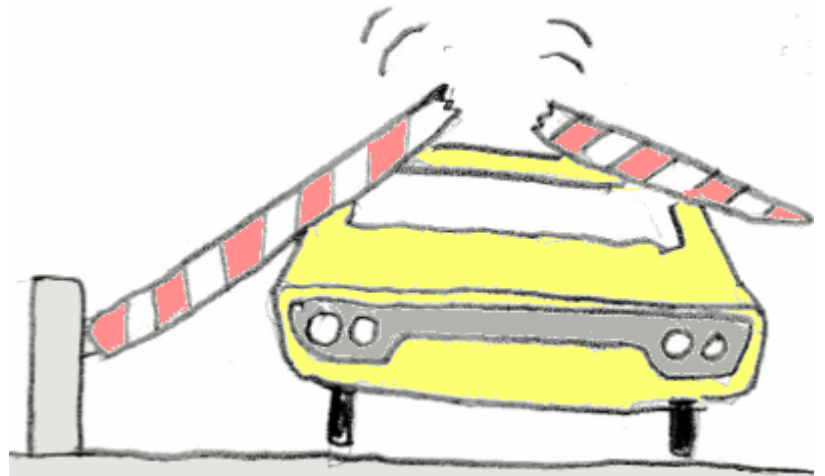
The *Northerner* in its current format doesn’t seem to have this feature, but I did find the website of the NKU popo, which does have some recent police logs. (Notice that I get your attention when I call it a *log* instead of just a *report*.)

It seems like the only thing people do now at NKU is commit crimes. When I went up there to film my documentary, the place was completely dead. Yet the police log is quite active.

There were a couple reports from early March in which a “known subject” crashed the gate at the parking garage so they could dodge parking fees. The log declares, “The barrier was damaged in the process.”

Another report says someone vandalized a garbage can lid at a parking lot. Another says a part for a computer was stolen from the science building. A golf cart was stolen from Lucas Administrative Center. Three bath towels were stolen from a laundry room. Perhaps the strangest report is: “Subject not affiliated with the University forged an NKU transcript.” If you’re going to forge a transcript, why make it look like it’s from NKU? Why not make it look like you went to Harvard or MIT instead?

I miss college!



Another gentrification project makes noise in the middle of the night (imagine that!)

Fighting against the burgeoning urban fascism of gentrification takes teamwork!

Appeals to teamwork aren’t always effective, especially after the past 2 years in which those who bark about how “we’re all in this together” refuse to follow the fiats they foist on everyone else. I cringe at “help wanted” ads for commercial businesses that invite people to “join our team.” I don’t think of for-profit enterprises as a “team.” That’s because I learned very early in life that if I want something done, I have to do it myself. That in turn is because I was unfairly excluded from activities and lost connection with the community.

But it’s hard to see how one person can stop gentrification all by themselves. I don’t have the energy to fight it forever, despite what some seem to think. Maybe as gentrification plagues more and more neighborhoods, more people will fight it!

Bellevue city officials are known for rubber-stamping every gentrification project that slides out of greedy developers’ anuses. Interest in gentrification land grabs briefly slowed during the pandemic, but now it’s roared back to life worse than ever. Now it isn’t just the city’s more built-up north and west that’s being afflicted but also its southeast, as the city is pulverizing a trailer park and replacing it with a luxury development.

As with so many other gentrification projects in Bellevue and Dayton in recent years—Manhattan Harbour, Kent Lofts, the pile driver on the river before then, countless smaller projects—it’s creating gratuitous noise. You may remember the pile driver that ran 24/7, the Manhattan Harbour construction trucks speeding and screeching their brakes in the middle of the night, the truck illegally traveling through the alley and repeatedly knocking over a wall, and assorted developers waking up the neighborhood with power tools. Now there are

reports that the construction at the old mobile home site is just as bad, as the noise there goes on around the clock.

The surprise is that the posts on Facebook complaining about it weren't deleted before I could read them, considering how quickly posts get deleted there now. Big Tech censorship really is a thing, despite what the pop-up media claims.

Over the past couple years, America's cities have molded almost all of their policy agendas to appease the classism, credentialism, superstitions, and totalitarianism of the spoiled gentrificationist elite. Rural areas generally don't do this except in school systems, which are lousy almost everywhere—but worse now in cities, thanks to this gentrification regime. Gentrificationists have declared war against the people of the cities they have invaded. Our cities are now a shell of what they were just a few years ago—in addition to becoming a police state. Much of this has resulted from a combination of elites' incessant shrieking on social media and public officials' willingness to slurp up everything they say. People with a lot of money and clout keep stomping into town and bumping their gums about the way we do things.

If we lived in a democracy, it would be easier to reverse this at the ballot box. Even in a city of only a few thousand people, it's much harder than in a town of just a few hundred. It costs more to run a political campaign in a larger town, and it's harder to cut through all the well-funded social media propaganda from community "leaders" that is posted year-round throughout each year. So what's a mere mortal to do? Stink?

Spill spill spill, haw haw...

I thought of a *great* idea for a TV show!

I haven't thought of a name for it yet, but the show would be sort of like *Hee Haw* except that people would spill stuff more. Maybe we could just call it *Spill Haw*.

This would be an entertaining variety show full of humor and music. Like *Hee Haw*, we would have music acts, but it wouldn't be only country. We'd have more rock acts, plus a little bit of rap. The show would also be full of brief humor segments, but the jokes would be even cornier than those of *Hee Haw*. The jokes would be so incredibly stupid that you just can't help resist watching the show. You wouldn't watch because the jokes are funny, but because it's funny that someone thinks they're funny.

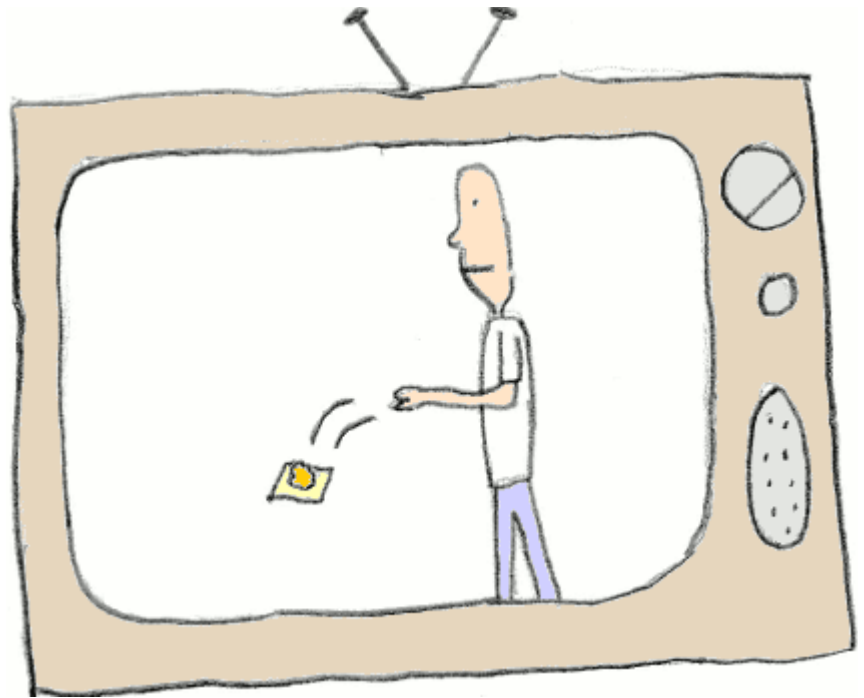
These vignettes would also include lots of physical comedy with gobs of clumsy thrills and spills.

We'd make sure this show is suitable for family viewing, because after all, the networks are pretty stodgy about sex and violence.

Here's how a skit from this show might unfold: We see people sitting around at a family gathering. One of the hosts of this event says, "I made some almond bark." Then they grab an almond and shove it towards the viewer, saying, "Arf-arf!" Get it? The show cuts to another skit. Later, we come back to this gathering, and a person walking across the living room accidentally drops a cracker covered with spread cheese onto the floor—and then, without saying a word, grinds it into the carpet by moonwalking on it. (Of course, instead of actually wasting food to film these sketches, we'd use props that only look real.)

Another skit might reenact the time when I was in elementary school when we did a science experiment where the teacher expected water in a bucket to defy gravity when it was turned upside-down.

Probably nobody else will steal my idea, because there's probably nobody else who has so much faith in it. It may be a moot point, because I don't expect any TV networks to pick up my idea, because they'd rather show unhinged rants accusing respected Army Reserve officers of treason.



Tape recorder fun

Ever use a tape recorder to make audiocassettes of cool things you said and did?

I did this in my day. The death of Emilio Delgado, who played Luis on *Sesame Street*, reminded me of how much fun it was to make recordings. That's because one day when I was about 8, I made a tape where I

imitated Luis's sunny personality. Luis never got angry about anything. He always had a happy tone and smiled as his voice rose at the conclusion of each idea.

Later, I had a boom box, and I noticed that when you pressed play and fast-forward at the same time, it would play the tape sped up. There might have even been a way to record it so it would be sped up when you played it like normal. When I was about 12 or 13, I made a tape in the den where I talked about flatulence. I remember saying, "Good farts brew like good beer," and listening to it sped up. I think this was the same recording where I noted that someone had ripped "a big, juicy one."

One day, I was just playing with our tape recorder and taped some stupid joke off TV, and I was promptly accused of taping over something important—even though the tape had been blank. To retaliate against me, a family member then taped over this, talking in a spooky voice and pretending to be part of a secret, reclusive family that lived in the attic and only emerged when nobody was looking to wreak havoc on things around the house. It was like the Not Me and Ida Know gremlins in *The Family Circus*. Maybe that's who kept wiping boogers on the wall or poked a hole in that *Time* magazine record.

Be cool.

I ruined someone's day by hiding bike

Let's go back to March 14—the day before I filmed my NKU video.

I had planned to film it that day. The weather turned out to be better the following day, so I pulled one over on the far right by waiting a day. But my plans were foiled on the day I had originally planned to film it.

Red Bike has been a good system so far, and I have no patience with those who abuse it. I was going to use one of the electric bicycles offered by Red Bike to bop on over to NKU. But at station after station, I couldn't find a suitable bike. I made it all the way to Newport on the Levee when I thought I finally found one.

The bikes are supposed to have a lock and a special key that you can carry if you chain it up somewhere. I didn't know how to use these and always carried around my own lock and cable—until the day before that, when my cable disappeared. So I found the instructions online for using the lock. However, when I went out on March 14, I noticed the key was missing from all the bikes. When I found a bike at the station in front of Newport on the Levee, I noticed it had been locked with the cable in the keyhole. It wasn't actually chained to the station, but it's clear what had happened: Somebody abused Red Bike by turning in this bike and taking the key with them with the intent on using that same bike later. They took the key in the hopes of discouraging anyone from using this bike.

Guess what? I borrowed that bike anyway and turned it in at a different station many blocks away.

That surely ruined the day of whoever abused Red Bike. They were stuck with the key for a bike that had been moved somewhere else. They misused Red Bike by trying to monopolize a bike, so I showed them who's boss! Because they are the ones who chose to abuse it, it is their responsibility—not mine—to make sure the key is returned to the right bike. They had the tools to do this: When you turn in a bike, Red Bike texts you with the bike number. Instead of blaming me, the only thing this customer needs to do to return the key is contact Red Bike to see where that bike has ended up. If it means they have to travel all the way across town to return the key, tough luck.

Without a way to chain up the bike, there was no way I could take it to NKU. I bought a new cable of my own at the bike shop, so I wouldn't have to worry about this again. By then, it was too late in the day for me to go to NKU. But I had the last laugh by waiting until a warmer day to make my documentary.

Keek! Ruin!