

# The Last Word™

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## It all ends here...

Not to belabor the point, but academia needs their faces farted in.

In 2019, I considered going back to community college and getting a 2-year degree. Our February 2019 ish described this devious plan. I had finally given up for good on Kentucky's broken education system because a public college in Kentucky took a field trip to the Creation Museum. So I looked into Cincinnati State instead.

Anyone who watched local TV in the late 2010s was bombarded with constant ads that sang, "Cincinnati State...It all starts here." The commersh made the school look pretty decent. The Cincinnati State community appeared to be diverse, intelligent, and inclusive.

Look how much money the school squandered on those ads—money that came from taxpayers and students who paid tuition. We all know what happened to our schools and colleges in early 2020. After March arrived, the rest as they say is stupid.

If I had enrolled for a 2-year degree, I would have only made it 7 months. In March 2020, schools went to remote instruction—which we now know is too rickety to be worth a shit. It was a ripoff. With the conditions in subsequent semesters, there was no way in hell I was going to come back after that.

In other words, I made the right choice by not going back to school. So there. Nyeh!

If there were scholarships for 46-year-olds, the money would have been ruined thoroughly. This would have been a poor use of funds—and the wastage bastage would have been 100% on the hands of COVID maximalists, who are as malicious as the terrorism maximalists of 20 years ago.

I did visit the campus in late 2020. It was completely dead. Not a person in sight.

Meanwhile, back in Kentucky, there was Gateway. The events of the past 2½ years have made me thankful I didn't enroll there either. In November 2021—I repeat, *November 2021*—the president of Gateway posted a very desperate YouTube video about...masks. That's not a misprint: *November 2021*. I'd already been on 7 road trips since the start of the pandemic by then, and I'd been on 3 local college campuses barefaced, while Gateway was stuck on matters from 20 months earlier. They're gonna turn this into a 40-year crusade like ol' Jimbo did, aren't they?

You could tell by the prez's urgent tone just how bad his desperation was. Clearly, people were choosing not to wear masks at school. He acted like that was a crisis. Imagine falling asleep in 2019 and just now waking up to find that anyone thought that was a crisis.

The past 2½ years have been legendary for our rulers' idiocy. Hell no, I'm not gonna shut up about it. These lifeless bullies shit in their hat, and they will hear from me about it until the day I die. The stupid is gonna go down in history. That's a done deal, so get used to hearing from me about it.

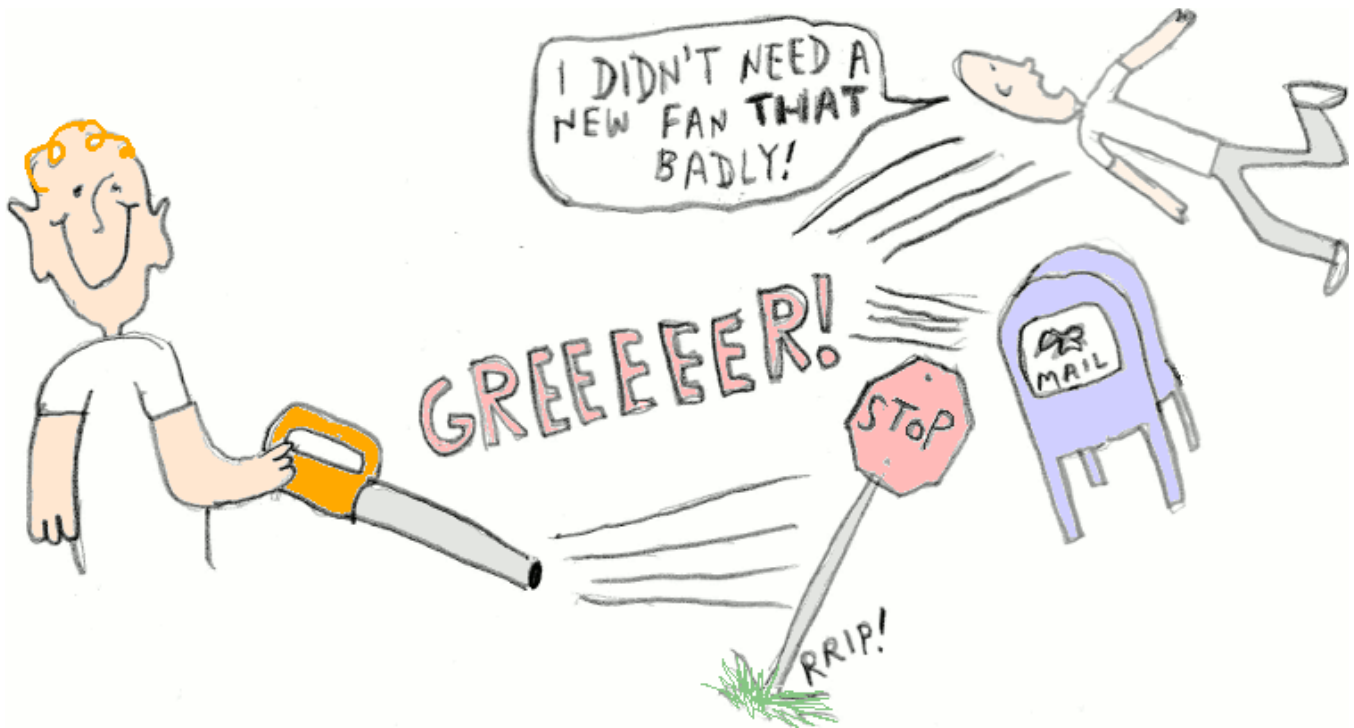
I cannot defend some of the things they did. It's simply impossible.

Everyone I know agrees with me on this. It's unanimous. They've told me privately that they're out of patience with COVID maximalism. They won't dare say it in public, but if only you knew what they say in private.



Much of academia are scoffers against America, freedom, and all of humanity. They see the world as if through a haze. They don't care about progress, justice, or academics – but compliance. As Muse has been singing lately, "No more defiance...We just need your compliance." If there's one thing I hate, it's a bully. I know bullies when I see them. And academia has a lot of bullies. Some of the most educated people around are among the dumbest losers you can imagine.

## A gentrificationist keeps running a leaf blower



I still haven't regained my health, so I've wosted another month by doing pretty much nothing except continuing my 15-year-long task of sorting my record collection and playing with FreeBASIC.

Some days are for listening to music, and some days are for computer programming. I decide which days are which. The latter requires much more concentration than the former – if you're serious about it. Some of my BASIC programming is so deep that I can't be distracted by music – let alone gratuitous noise. It's not like it was when I was 12 when I could program while mimicking the *Countdown America* music bed.

In recent weeks, Bellevue has announced yet another major gentrification project. I seem to recall a push in the last decade to put apartments there that would have been far less expensive than the luxury housing being planned now, but a few classist loudmouths screeched that it would attract the "wrong kind" of people. Some folks also feared those apartments would bring too much traffic – which admittedly is a valid concern – but these worries are being completely brushed aside now that luxury homes are planned.

The new project was of course rubber-stamped – and most of the public didn't even know about it until after it was approved, so they could not provide input.

Meanwhile, my immediate vicinity has been plagued by someone authorized by gentrification moguls to run a loud leaf blower almost nonstop. It started late last year, and there have been periods of months when the blower runs for hours on end every single day. There are never leaves on the ground, because it's where there are no trees. For hours, the man paces back and forth on the sidewalk in front of some buildings with the blower – blowing at nothing. It's like Joe Biden shaking hands with the air.

There was also one evening recently when it sounded like somebody outside kept blasting diarrhea out their ass.

Noise has been an ongoing problem in the neighborhood for decades now – much of it caused by pile drivers and squeaky truck brakes serving past gentrification land grabs. You could say I could just drown it out with music, but it often happens when I'm concentrating on my BASIC programs.

We're working on programming today. We're not sorting music today. Why? Because BASIC is what we're working on. I have to treat the gentry like kindergartners: No, we're not listening to "This Is A Song About Colors" right now. It's computer time, kids.

Unlike the marauding gentry, some of us have things we have to do. Got places to go, my homies and me. And wherever we are will be the place to chew gee.

Gentrification tycoons intentionally create nuisances such as noise and odors just to drive down property values. Then they can buy up property cheaply. Then they cease the smells and noise, and cash in on the property values going back up again. Residents are priced out.

I wish the people of Bellevue could band together and hire a smart lawyer who can sue over gentrification, which is an illegal manipulation of the market. Like when a comic book shop announced it would destroy copies of a rare Batman comic just to drive up the value of its remaining copies, gentrification creates scarcity through intentional manipulation. This is basic economics.

## A shrink mentioned flatulence

The psychiatric racket is a whole big world just itching to be ridiculed!

Lately, I've been thinking about how back around the time I was in 8<sup>th</sup> grade at St. Joe's, the school sent me to a psychiatrist because I kept getting in trouble for minor disciplinary breaches. I only saw this quack a few times. Throughout my many decades of existing, I visited several other therapists, and all competent practitioners agreed that I wasn't the crazy one. Generally, psychologists and social workers formed a consensus that I was pretty sane, and that I was more or less a victim. But psychiatrists – who were able to prescribe drugs – usually acted like I was one missed Cylert dose away from being a serial killer.



St. Joe's sent me to their shrink because competent examiners weren't giving them the answers they wanted. School officials started with their bogus conclusions and worked backwards from them. They didn't like the message so they sought a different messenger. This is an example of the *smart idiot effect* – which means they dug in after being proven wrong. Their shrink was way over in Kenton County, and every session was a waste of time. On the other hand, I may have had to take time out of school to go over there, so it wasn't that much of a waste.

This Republican psychiatrist always wore the same white shirt. I don't even remember what he babbled about most of the time. One of few things he said that I remember is when he talked about flatulence. One day, he suddenly made a reference to people at my school "passing gas." I don't know what provoked this, because I hadn't brought up the topic. He implied that some members of the school community might need a psychiatric remedy – as if their bunker blasts weren't caused by eating too many beans, eggs, or cookies.

It wasn't clear if he was talking about a silent-but-deadly or a loud-and-proud. I had a feeling it was an LAP, but it could have been as SBD, since he always seemed to like speculation instead of provable facts. He didn't act as if it was a source of humor but rather a serious issue.

Like I said, I saw this psychiatrist only a few times. I don't remember why we stopped visiting

him. I wanted to stop, but I'm sure that's not why we stopped. I was never asked about these things. Consent before being "treated" was an alien concept—almost as alien as it is today.

If you objected to "treatment", it was assumed something was wrong with you. It's kind of like how today the media gaslights people who object to placing entire countries on house arrest to fight COVID. But let's do an experiment. As part of this experiment, you'll need a room that smells bad. Perhaps it should be filled with foul-smelling objects. The presence of the stench must be unambiguous. And it must be not just mildly unpleasant but *bad*. Now invite a representative sample of friends, family, and acquaintances to this room to see how they react to the stink. You'll notice that while everybody has some negative reaction, it differs. Those who have participated in gaslighting will just deny the stinkage or say it's just a harmless part of life. But notice that they're speaking as if their nose is congested. That's because they're trying to hold their breath. By contrast, those who think freely will acknowledge the foul scent and skedaddle out of the room. This is nature's shield that lets us avoid breathing poisonous chemicals.

It seems like those who think for themselves are in a minority now. There's a lot of pop "science" out there now trying to make it into a "disorder." But admit it. You've been in rooms that smelled *horrible*. Did you get up and leave, or did you sit back and tolerate it? I only stayed if I was a captive audience.

What ever happened to the flatulence-obsessed shrink? Evidently, he still actively practices. But in the meantime, he seems to have become a hero among local school systems. It's a form of failing upwards. Failing upwards is a bipartisan scourge. George W. Bush appointed senators who were defeated for reelection to prominent positions in his disastrous regime, and Joe Biden and Gavin Newsom have promoted public health officials who committed COVID atrocities to higher positions as well. I think the Democrats may have become worse than the Republicans, after they adopted failed public health measures as their identity. But both major parties already had factions built around failed education policies. It's a revolving door that rewards incompetence and sometimes even sheer malice. Some of these lifelong bullies acted in bad faith, yet there was always an even better job or more accolades awaiting them.

But nah, there's no conspiracy. That's only a myth.

## A kid cussed and somebody gasped

I solemnly swear or affirm that this really did happen once. This is the sort of thing my family would either say didn't happen or say that I did it. But nope. It really did occur.

One time when I was about 11, we went shopping at a "discount" store—probably Kmart in Highland Heights. We were walking through some boring part of the store—maybe the shoe department—when we strolled past a group of 2 or 3 kids. One of them was a boy who was about my age. He was arguing with the other kids about something, when—in frustration—he muttered, "Fuck!"

It wouldn't be a big news story if he didn't say it loudly enough to prompt a negative reaction from strangers. But we weren't so unlucky. An elderly, white-haired woman turned around and gasped! She looked like she was about to punch the kid! I thought the display of earth-shattering profanity was funny, but older generations responded with shock!

They didn't have cuss words in 1909?

One website says *fuck* did not appear in any English-language dictionary until 1966, though





newer dictionaries included examples of the word dating back to 1568. A man posted on the public Internet that there was a girl at his elementary school in 1960 who said to a teacher, “Fuck you.” An animated *Looney Tunes* short from 1933 titled *Bosko’s Picture Show* also used this word. A few observers have said this cartoon actually says *fox* or *mug*, but the consensus of a vast majority of film historians is that the word is indeed *fuck*, and a YouTube clip confirms it. This was probably a parting shot by the producers against Warner Brothers animation head Leon Schlesinger. The intonation was unusual, but the word is clear. “Give Me The Keys” by Huey Lewis & the News used similar intonation so the word would be printed as *park* on the lyric sheet so radio stations would play the song, but everyone I know always heard it as *fuck*.

So the old woman’s shock was likely faux. Funny – but faux.

If I was 11, this would have been around the time Robert Martin wrote the offending word on the chalkboard in math class and blamed me, and the assistant principal repeated the word, before informing me he was going to make me take a lie detector test about it. The big shock to me was that the *assistant principal*—of all people—used this word! It wasn’t a big surprise that a troublemaking student used it, but the *assistant principal*?

I don’t know the exact date of the kid cussing at the store, so I don’t know what the #1 song in the land was at the time. If I had to take a wild guess, it could have been “We Are The World.”

This isn’t the only time a person gasped. When I was in high school, there was an aging teacher who sat in one day for a teacher who was absent. A loud-and-proud bunker blast got ripped, and she gasped in shock!

I also remember one time during my youth when one of my schoolmates mumbled a crude insult under his breath to a school bus driver—because he *knew* it would provoke an angry reaction from her. But she just ignored him.

## Forging ahead (a blast from the past)

Here’s an oldie but goodie from the bubble gum bustin’ year 2003!

My Big Cleaning has unearthed thickets of forgotten toxic goo on my computer. What I used to do was save news articles I found online about the latest madcap far-right authoritarian misadventures and give them titles like “A Nazi lies”, “Homeland Security Nazism”, or titles that claimed specific politicians engaged in sex acts with domesticated animals. This was in the hopes of commenting about the story shortly thereafter. Then I’d forget about it, because the next story that happened would invariably be even worse. (Contrast where we’re at now versus 1980.)

I also saved some important communication from 19 years ago regarding some harassing e-mail I received. This was

several years after the online war against me peaked, yet I was still getting bombarded. The e-mail in question was from someone with an account from Worldnet—a rogue Internet provider operated by AT&T. Worldnet was probably the source of more online harassment against me than any other ISP. (Nyx—which now claims to be the world’s oldest ISP—didn’t even have enough users to outdo Worldnet. But Nyx’s hypocrisy was unmatched: It bragged of being a free speech bastion, yet some of its admins reported Usenet posts for disagreeing with them.) After I reported the cyberbullying from Worldnet, “the AT&T Internet Investigations and Security Services team” sent me a reply saying that the harassing e-mail did “not emanate from an AT&T WorldNet Service account.”



Just for old time's sake, I feel a vooping coming on. Voop. I'm trying to resist! Voopa. I can't help it! Voop. Ah, what the hell? *Wrong!*

American Toilets & Testes was full of shit when it said the e-mail did not come from a Worldnet account. It most certainly did. It gets sillier. AT&T's e-mail went on to say the offending e-mail was "forged to implicate AT&T WorldNet Service's involvement." No. It wasn't. At the time, there was a gang of desktop warriors who relied on strength in numbers to shout down everyone else. See the people on Twitter who are clamoring for new COVID lockdowns now? Well, I remember what they were doing in 2003.

Did AT&T actually think I forged it, or did they think someone else did? The message path very clearly implicated Worldnet.

Either AT&T believed in a wild conspiracy theory that someone was trying to ruin the company by going through the trouble of forging an e-mail, or they were willfully lying about the e-mail's source. AT&T purchased CNN in 2018—and you know what's become of CNN's standards since then. CNN used to be a respected news agency. Look at it now.

## Thumbs down for YouTube hiding downvotes

I had a blast in the late 2010s when much of my fun came at the expense of cosmetic dentistry practices that spammed YouTube. Their videos kept showing up on my recommended list all because I used YouTube to listen to "Crooked Teeth" by Papa Roach on the band's official channel. Plus, crooked teeth are cool, and anything that tried to suppress the culture of dental asymmetry was opening itself up to industrial strength ridicule.

Every time a cosmetic dentistry ad was recommended by YouTube, I promptly downvoted it. Particularly bad ones got extra treatment, as I commented that the practice "must assume I hate my life." I used that same comment when TV stations posted a "news" story that was actually just a puff piece for a cosmetic dentistry business that the reporters cooed about, or when medical professionals posted some slick video that tried to shame people who had strabismus. The dentistry clips were a kind of class warfare against the working class. These videos appealed only to vanity. Many people we know are worried that their drinking water is full of poop or that their kids can't even go to school, yet someone is trying to sell them a fix for their impacted incisor they've had since they were 8 that never causes any problems at all.

In the late 2010s, I was in the best frame of mind that I had been in since early elementary school. Despite declining physical health and the Trump regime, I actually felt like I could go back to the office. If not for my vastly improved mood, I wouldn't have felt able to fly to the human rights conference in Washington, D.C.

But now all my downvoting has gone wastage bastage. Last year, YouTube stopped showing the number of downvotes on each video. It still shows the number of upvotes—but not downvotes.

But why? There has been some strong speculation that it's because the pandemic prompted so many truly terrible videos. These include "public service" commercials to air on TV stations and promo clips posted by colleges that parrot COVID dogma. Worcester Polytechnic Institute posted a video that was so humiliating that the school apparently took it down right away. Yet there are very few videos on YouTube that challenge the failed "zero COVID" regime found in America and elsewhere—because YouTube removes them for wrongthink.



Some have said that the loss of the downvote counter is part of a long-running pattern in which YouTube always caves to a few whiny babies who demand changes to the site. The site's many small content creators opposed the move the most, while it was a few big studios that generally supported it.

By 2021, one of the videos with the most downvotes was a promo for a film praising Anthony Fauci. Dislikes outnumbered likes by about 33,000 to 1,300. Someone commented on that video, "Glad to see Disney finally getting into the Horror genre." TV Brick spokesperson Jen Psaki's press conferences also had many more dislikes than likes.

In a word, disabling the downvote count was an effort to stage-manage public opinion to favor elites.

With the dislike count hidden, I was deprived of a useful tool to embarrass cosmetic dentists, campus graybeards, and lockdown bootlickers. It was tempting to post more in the comment section instead, but I'd probably get in trouble for that. I stumbled upon videos of graduation ceremonies posted by schools and colleges, and I wanted to post comments praising grads and audience members seen without a mask. There were plenty of chances for that, because *who the hell would want to wear a mask in their graduation photos?* But you can bet your bizcream I'd be blacklisted if I posted such praise.

There's a glimmer of hope. I installed the Return YouTube Dislike extension, and now—like magic—the downvotes seem to show up again like in the good old days. A lot of those slick university videos seem to have been downvoted to oblivion by others. Evidently, however, newer downvotes must be estimated by using votes of those who use this extension as a sample. I'm also worried about what punishment befalls me just for mentioning this, because this is the sort of wrongthink that would get me accused of being a "hacker" for viewing "secret" information like the number of downvotes a video has. Chrome also disabled the extension—but it was restored later.

## State employee in pink cowboy hat accused of flushing toilets (a blast from the past)

Let's take a jaunt back to 2005! Lots of chill stuff happened that year. Pat Benatar gave a free concert where a woman in the audience blew a huge bubble with bubble gum that popped all over her face.

But the year's second-biggest news story came to us from the lowly depths of Ohio's state government. The Associated Press reported that a 48-year-old state worker was reprimanded after she and other workers reportedly acted like "drunken teenagers" during a conference of state agencies. According to a visitor of a state park, the worker donned a pink cowboy hat, yelled profanities, and led other state employees as they "ran amok" in a restroom and repeatedly activated the toilets' automatic flushers.

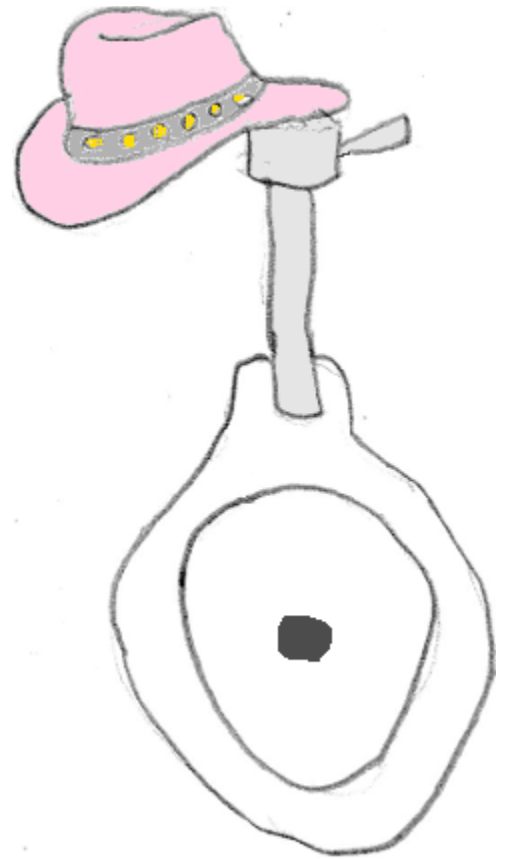
The visitor said in her complaint to the state that she didn't want to "have to look forward to running into any more of your drunk employees on my vacation."

But the employee who led this raucous scene said the toilets were malfunctioning.

## Come and slam on our door...

Our annual back-to-school issue is a tradition. There were a few years a long time ago when we didn't publish one—because we didn't feel like publishing one—but we have boycotted this tradition since 2020 because of schools' malicious refusal to return like normal. Even the abysmal standards that defined our schools before then are now far too high for them to meet. This school year is starting as the most normal so far this decade, but I don't trust the child abusers who run many of our schools not to backslide, and that's not to mention the schools that still won't do their job right.

Schools kept getting proven wrong again and again, but they dug in as long as they dared.





Lately, however, each ish has devoted a lot of space to school matters. This edition is no exception, as I regale you with the story of a weird teacher I had once. I'm not going to say what years I had this teacher, because she might be reading this—even though she's damn old now.

She wasn't just strange. She seems to have been a narcissist. I didn't see it back then, but I see it now. It could be that many years of fading memories allow mostly just a person's negative characteristics to be remembered, but my long-term memory is so superb that I should be able to remember positive aspects too.

One of the most aggravating things she did was borrow books and records from the library, leave them laying around the classroom, and refuse to allow us to read or listen to them, saying the content was offensive. Some of these books and songs were well-known and had been available to people of all ages for generations.

She once got mad at a student because she listened to the "wrong" radio station—as if a radio station would broadcast anything "dirty." This teacher once showed us a movie that was only PG-rated, but fast-forwarded through many scenes that were central to the plot, considering them offensive. She once lectured some of my classmates because some of the things they liked were allegedly "Satonic."

After a student was either expelled or pulled out of the school, this instructor later told an aide that the student was a Satanist—though there was no evidence that this was true.

There were a few other students that this teacher particularly disliked. There was a girl in this class who got in an argument with this teacher and said, "God gave me a mouth. I'm allowed to talk." The teacher angrily replied, "No you're not!"

Not everything this teacher did was scolding or censoring. She once lugged a TV into the classroom just so she could watch *Three's Company* reruns in class. Yet the jokes on *Three's Company* were more suggestive than some of the things that were censored in that classroom. The teacher once borrowed every copy of a popular and highly acclaimed book from the public library, and when there still weren't enough for each student, she photocopied much of it—and it was a thick book. This reflects on the school's general inefficiency, as it would have been better for the school to buy enough copies for each student to borrow. Then the school would have had these copies for future classes for years to come. This teacher also thought the Bee Gees were called the "Bee Jays."

For the American flag in the classroom, instead of using one made of cloth, the instructor found a full-page flag that was printed in one of the local newspapers. She went through the trouble of laminating that page and somehow posting it on the wall above the chalkboard. It was up so high that nobody could reach it.

But there was one shocking incident involving this teacher that stands out all these years later. One day, she assigned all of us to read a lengthy poem. The poem was very old and full of unfamiliar words. When students said they didn't know what the words meant, the teacher—in a frustrated tone—said, "Do I have to get Mother Goose for you guys?" Instead of having us look up the words in the dictionary in the classroom, the teacher inexplicably took us all to the public library to look them up there. When we got back to class, she threw a huge, screaming temper tantrum in which she slammed the door with all her might!

Going through so much trouble to get an American flag or look up words in the dictionary was





like how Kermit the Frog built a “what happens next” machine that had numerous complicated steps to perform simple tasks.

Here’s an unrelated anecdote I can’t fit anywhere else. This story involves a different teacher I had. According to an online post I saw, this teacher once paddled an entire class of students because someone used the school’s record player to play an Andy Gibb record and danced to it. The dancing was too loud, and the teacher could hear it downstairs.

Weird people are weird people. And sometimes they get into positions where they have to interact with other folks. It doesn’t matter what they claim to stand for. Their shocking actions are a window to who they truly are. Watch for the Liz Cheney mannerisms.

## Tonight I’m gonna party like it’s not 2022

Wanted: new medical providers.  
Requirements: must think like it’s 2019.

I wrote in our July ish about burgeoning corruption and questionable practices by monopolistic healthcare providers locally. I gave plenty of warning that if they didn’t get their act together lickety-split, I would have to cancel my next appointment.

They had to call my bluff, didn’t they? Never call someone’s bluff when they’re not bluffing. When you pick a fight with the American people, you lose. When it got to be a week before the appointment, I had no choice but to cancel it.

You don’t know how good that felt. It pays to stand up for yourself. That’s because they’re bullies.

As George W. Bush would say: “Fool me once, shame on, shame on you. Fool me, can’t get fooled again.”

So that medical practice is gone –out of my life. That is, unless they someday clean house and fire the bullies who run it. Don’t count on that.

I don’t owe anyone an explanation of all the details as to why I left.

I also don’t understand others’ insistence on defending this provider –after they criticized my main doctor several years ago, who was great back then. Up is down. Down is up. If I want to be contradicted, I’ll get cable and go watch CNBC.

People used to defend leeching, lobotomies, ads that said “more doctors smoke Camels”, and Ritalin, because these things used to be considered mainstream medicine. Those who defend some of today’s practices are going to look mighty silly 30 years from now. I’m on the right side of history.

This has so far been the decade of rule by bullies who grew up to run many of our institutions. In fact, it’s even worse than that. I get an image in my mind of a stage show that features happy music and dancing cartoon characters while the audience is being waterboarded.



## A person chews gum in Singapore

Singapore has one of the most totalitarian governments in the world. So naturally, there is probably no regime that the American media adores more. The media is downright hostile to the workings of liberal democracies, and prefers dictatorships.

Since 1992, Singapore has outlawed chewing gum. That must be why the media loves it so. Most of the media *hates* it when you blow a bubble! There are exceptions, of course. For instance, the now-defunct *Kentucky Post*—despite its faults—would actually mention bubble gum blowing contests without bashing them. But if you want to make the media lose its shit, bubble the meanest bub you can muster!

Some people deny that Singapore has ever banned gum. For example, there's this video from just last year...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FT4-MLxnKdY>

That slick 13-minute clip from 2021 is titled "THE TRUTH: Chewing Gum IS NOT Banned in Singapore. Here Are 10 Facts About Chewing Gum in Singapore!" The narrator insists—*insists*, I tell you!—that beegie is not banned in the island city-state. She says it's not really a ban, because it applies only to the *sale and import* of chewing gum.

That sounds like a ban to me. If you can't buy or bring in gum, where can you *get* gum?

Other videos confirm that beegie is banned. Some clips were posted by people younger than 30 who say they've heard about the days before the ban, but that the ban has kept them from being able to chomp the stuff themselves. Some websites about the ban say folks may only bring in a "reasonable" amount (defined as only 2 packs) and that it may only be used for private consumption.

The video featured here says that after the ban was enacted, stores all over Singapore were ordered to stop selling gum. Over 5 million packs of gum were confiscated, and 5 store owners faced criminal charges. How is that not a ban?

The narrator also says it's not a really a ban because Singapore later began to permit several brands of gum as long as they were prescribed for health reasons. You have to register to buy these brands, and they are available only from pharmacies.

This clip spent 13 minutes trying to explain that gum isn't illegal in Singapore—only to prove that it *is*!

This video must have been filmed with special authorization, because a very strange thing happens near the end. Somehow—someday, someday—the narrator is seen walking down the street, and she whips out a small, green container of...

Are you ready for it?

*Gum!*

She grabs a morsel of the zesty goo and stuffs it into her mouth. She smiles and strolls away.

But she didn't bubble.

## Don't just stand there, bust a vein...

What's an ish without another fart story? Less cool, that's what.

This one takes us back 32 years. When I was starting junior year of high school, I was in a class where a student kept loudly passing gas and laughing uncontrollably. This wasn't uncommon. But what was really funny was what the teacher said afterward.

The teacher gleefully announced he was kicking the student out of class, with a threat that he would be turned over to higher-ups for some public embarrassment. This sent the student into further laughter—as if he had no shame in any potential penalty. But after the student was escorted out of the classroom, more funniness ensued.

The instructor launched a rather whimsical speech to the class about flatus. He speculated on whether the student had a girlfriend, and if he ever ripped bunker blasts around her. The teacher envisioned the student sitting on a porch swing with a romantic partner and just letting one fly. But he added, "If I passed gas in front of my girlfriend, I would be *huuuuuuuuuuumiliated!*"

The student also had a rhyme to justify cracking air biscuits: "I'd rather let it out and be ashamed than hold it in and bust a vein!"

## A person chewed 40-year-old 'Dallas' gum

TV shows used to put out trading cards—sort of like baseball cards. They often came with bubble gum. People would buy packs of cards, but I think they cared mostly about the gum. You'd see folks walking down the street showing off their peerless bubbling skills to their friends. It was a big day when people got gum, because they built their lives around it. In my day, you could just bop right into a corner drugstore as you smiled your ass off, buy some gum, walk over to the library, blow some big bubs as you spilled the card catalog and got all the cards out of order, and run back home with a colossal orb bouncing from your piehole. All of this in public!

Among the TV shows that had trading cards was *Dallas*. You may remember that the entire *Dallas* legacy was decimated when they revealed a whole season of the series was just a dream. Anybip, a clip appeared on YouTube dealing with *Dallas* cards and the bubble gum therein...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aoQ1xejfTpl>

That video was made by a couple who loves the '80s and *Dallas*. They had just bought 5 unopened packs of *Dallas* cards from 1981 off eBay. Guess what was included with the cards? Here's a hint: You can blow bubbles with it.

They open the packs of cards! One of the cards was ruined by the stale stick of gum sticking to the back of it. Later, the man shovels a piece of 40-year-old gum into his mouth. We hear the gum loudly crunch. He quickly discards the beegee and likens it to "eating a book."

Needless to say, he didn't bubble.

At the end of the clip, they show off a J.R. Ewing holiday ornament that plays the *Dallas* theme.

## Here it comes...That funny feeling again...

Fart jokes were a mainstay when I was 12 or 13. Now I'm the oldest middle school student in the world.

There was a time when it was customary to warn of an impending bunker blast by declaring, "Here it comes." After the rock snake was released, one would say, "There it went."

During a good bout of flatulence, there were often several cycles of this before some spoilsport would become enraged, march towards the farter with a scowl, and take a swing. They would invariably miss, causing the farter to burst into laughter.

The "Here it comes" battle cry would yield much flatulence when it was used in mass media. For example, each episode of *The Price Is Right* began with the announcer saying, "Here it comes!" Whenever this show came on TV, people would always try to time a trouser sneeze so it went off right after this declaration.

Several hit songs at the time also used these words. Perhaps the biggest was "Why Can't This Be Love" by Van Halen. The opening lines were, "Whoa, here it comes...That funny feeling again." Another example was "Hanging On A Heart Attack" by Device, which had a line that goed, "You try to get up and here it comes again." If you were in your den with your boom box or transistor radio, you always had to have a good pooteroony prepared for when Device or Van Halen crackled across the airwaves. You also needed good running shoes so you could get away from assailants who inexplicably were not amused by toilet humor. It quickly got to the point where as soon as either song's opening notes were heard, said assailants would brandish their fist as a warning.

There it went!

## Some people don't know what a zine is

It's pretty bad when a bunch of squares call their products "zines" when all they do is stenograph establishment propaganda.

There used to be regional zine events in some nearby cities. I was wondering if there were any coming up, because my business partner wants to attend one. I stumbled on something in another city that initially looked promising, but it turned out this event is run by some of the biggest losers you'll

ever meet. I'm not going to say exactly which event, because it's not really relevant right now, but suffice it to say, it's embarrassing.

I try not to make fun of innocent people, but they're not innocent. They shit in their hat, and there's a price to be paid. I remember a kid in high school who was always starting trouble. One day, I finally got fed up and flicked a Cheez-It at him, which stuck to the center of his greasy forehead—humiliating him in front of a whole cafeteria full of students. The bullies who run this “zine” event are buffoons just like that kid. For starters, all their past events have been online only, because they were afraid to leave their homes until *this year*. For their first in-person event, you have to register in advance so attendees can be spaced widely enough to practice social distancing. It'll be almost 2023, and they think it's 2020.

At a “zine” fair, no less! Zines are supposed to be about creativity, humanity, and innovation—not bullying and bootlicking. They probably think the *Atlantic* is a “zine.”

Much of the information about the organizers of this gathering sounds like a parody. Yet it isn't funny. It's a mockery of what zines stand for.

Crap fills the event's website, and everything they say that sounds positive is likely to be undercut elsewhere on the site. That's not to mention the wording that itself sounds like a parody. The most idiotic part is where the event claims to be geared towards a working-class audience, when they don't take a single damn action that suggests this is true. In the late 2010s, we wove class consciousness into every ish. Our class awareness floated freely in all that we did. What have the organizers of this “zine” convention done to embolden the working class? They also claim to respect all points of view, but they disrespect the views of those who challenge them.

And then they copyrighted their stupidity. Who the hell is going to copy it?

Surprisingly, somebody did. There was a “zine” fest in another city a few months ago that apparently was just as bad. But nobody showed up. This contrasts with a gathering in the Charlotte area way back last year that appeared to be a *real* zine event. Photos show that gobs of folks attended it—because it was the real deal.

Remember, folks, the Dumpty Dance is your chance to shit your pants!

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