

*The Last Word*TM

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You can still zine in the ‘Nati...Oh yeah...All right...

I’ve said it before and I’ll say it again. At **The Last Word**, we don’t just *report* the news. We *are* the news! It’s the same thing I said when I made that video that humiliated NKU.

On October 22, I attended Zinecinnati—an event in Corryville that brang together zinesters, self-publishers, and other ziney people to display their work. It was free and open to the public. I was there pretty early in the day, and I wasn’t there for very long, but the excitement was endless!

Zinecinnati had decent turnout. People were happily skipping about the room, chewing bubble gum, and smiling their asses off. Judging by photos I’ve seen of zine events in Charlotte and in Johnson City, Tennessee, it was like those well-attended events. Thankfully, it *wasn’t* like the embarrassing affairs I’ve heard about in a couple other cities, which hardly anyone attended.

One of the most important things about Zinecinnati was that I was one of the oldest people there. This means zining is getting some new blood, rather than becoming a relic of the past. But the content of their fine work was much different from what I expected. I thought most of their zines would consist of exposés about how “America is fast becoming a police state” accompanied by a drawing of Ronald Reagan with a huge cloud of fart gas emerging from his ass. Rather, most of them appeared to be sci-fi or horror zines. But that’s good, because that’s what they’re interested in.

One thing is for sure: Everybody was in a ziney mood!



Above all, pee!

I went on a little camping trip around Athens, Ohio, from October 5 to 6. A lifetime spent preparing for the journey. You might not remember that I visited Marietta in 1993, but I don’t have any photos from that trip, because my camera that contained them was stolen not long after. My Columbus trip of 1996 edged close to Athens, but you mostly recall that fact-finding mission because there was a Band-Aid floating in the motel pool and because a man spit a cigar into a creek and a turtle ate it.

But since you don’t like reading anything I write unless it’s about Big Boy or toilets, I’ll skip details like the routing. The toilets on the recent Athens trip were funny, as toilets usually are. Every time I used the restroom at the campsite, I had to stand way back from the donicker, because there was a huge puddle of pee on the floor. It appeared to be a fresh puddle each time, apparently produced by a gang of unrulyimps using the playground.

‘Twas pee and a force to be reckoned with!

First in bullshit worldwide

I once lampooned CNBC in these pages because its “breaking news” slide looked like it was blowing a bubble, but the entire channel needs to be humiliated from tonight until the end of time. I think CNBC rivals the *Los Angeles Times* as worst major media outlet in America. Yes, worse than Fox News Channel.

If Fox News is the cranky old neighbor or relative who still rants about the Panama Canal Treaty, CNBC is the stiff, faceless yuppie who doesn’t do much of anything—except stand there

looking stupid. So let me introduce you to the uproariously absurd concept of the CNBC News store.

People at the airport work hard, and not just those who do physical labor. If you have friends who work there, you can imagine them beaming widely as they quickly shuffle through the spacious corridors, clipboard in hand, while they bite their thumb and sip a brisk mill-mill just to keep their energy level up. Now imagine that they stumble upon the dreaded CNBC News store—which instantly wipes their mischievous, jagged smile away. I've been told Cincinnati/Northern Kentucky International Airport has a CNBC store. Photos show that it looks like a mall storefront, with headless mannequins out front. It appears to sell sweatshirt jackets, magazines, books, lip balm, souvenirs, and convenience store goodies. Evidently, the store has stood for years, even though I don't remember seeing it during the only time in my life I've ever taken a commercial flight.



The store gets some bad reviews on review websites, one of which was because it allegedly sold a broken pair of headphones.

Another reviewer complained that the selection of books at the CNBC shop at the Fort Lauderdale airport wasn't right-wing enough, but that's rather surprising, because CNBC isn't exactly a citadel of progressive populism. CNBC is like an uptown Fox News. Another commenter described the Detroit store as underwhelming, though it displays an electronic stock market ticker tape to bore us.

One article says Fox News, CNN, and *USA Today* also have airport stores—which are probably laughed at just as much.

Investigating this absurdity a bit more, I learned that CNBC's plans for airport stores were first revealed way back in 2001. Its first shop opened in Kansas City. It was said at the time that the stores would mostly sell items emblazoned with the CNBC logo, though this does not appear to be the stores' specialty these days. However, it's really just a branding. CNBC doesn't really own the stores. The company that owns the shops has a licensing agreement to operate under the CNBC brand.

Why brand your store with a cable channel everyone makes fun of? In the rare instance that I'm walking through an airport, and I happen to see a CNBC store, I'm not gonna say, "Wow! CNBC! I gotta buy something there!" And why would I want to carry around items with the CNBC logo? I have a foam Channel 5 cup insulator, because one day I was walking around downtown, and a reporter strolling down the street just handed it to me, but Channel 5 has been a lot more respectable than CNBC has. Unfortunately, Channel 5 is affiliated with what has become a shitty network—NBC, which owns CNBC—but every network these days is insufferable. NBC may be slightly worse than other networks because of the unendurable mess that *Today* has become, but ABC has *Good Morning America* to give *Today* competition for who can needlessly scare viewers the most while not following the rules they support for everyone else.

I've been told that the Minneapolis airport has a store called the Minnesota Store, which sells souvenirs related to the Gopher State. A local candidate for the Kentucky legislature has made a fool of herself by blaming COVID on people at this airport not wearing masks—even though it's hundreds of miles from here. Perhaps the CNBC News shop would do better if it sold items that appear to be blowing a bubble like its "breaking news" slide.

Line-in port goes wastage bastage

"Bloop-blop-a-bloop-blop-a-bloop! Let's sell computer equipment that doesn't work! Duuuuuh!"

There's a lot to unpack here, and by the time I started working on this article, I was starting to

push the previous weeks' woes out of my memory, so let's try to get things in order. Our previous ish talked about how the line-in port on my new computer is useless because Windows 11 downloads a bad driver that automatically lowers the volume any time you try to use it. This meant I had to get a USB cable instead. Well, here's how things have shaken down since a month ago...

I ordered a USB cable. It did not work—at all.

I shipped it back and ordered a different USB cable. It also did not work at all.

Then I ordered an adapter that had a line-in port and could be plugged into the computer's USB port. But it only had mono input—not stereo. Yes, in 2022.

Then I ordered a different adapter and a cable that was needed for it. This adapter was explicitly advertised as stereo: "USB External Stereo Sound Adapter for Windows and Mac." But I canceled this order because I found a comment that said it only had mono input despite being advertised as stereo.

After that, I finally found an adapter that has stereo input. Even it doesn't work the way I had my old system set up, unless I buy the right cable, but it works well enough.

Even if I get that cable, this setup will still hog one of the computer's USB ports. In addition, the computer's line-in port is wasted. I went through the trouble of getting a machine that has a line-in port, and I can't even use the port—due to Microsoft's pants pooing.

That it does a lot. Anyone who uses Microsoft's Outlook.com for e-mail has been bombarded with gobs of spam lately. People have complained about it on the ever-useless Microsoft Community forum, and nothing gets done. Microsoft suggested that folks add each address to their blocked senders list—which would be pointless because the senders keep changing their addresses. Then Microsoft actually suggested that people add the spammers to their safe senders list. Others complained that Outlook's spam filter is erasing legitimate e-mails. That's been going on for years. A few years ago, Microsoft denied it—then admitted it. The deletion of good e-mails continues while each user gets dozens of spam e-mails per day—the precise opposite of what it should be. Somebody also tested their blocked senders list and noticed it doesn't work anyway. It was also suggested that users click on a setting that others have pointed out does not exist.

Also, on my new computer, Windows keeps adding empty folders called "Saved Pictures" and "Camera Roll" to my pictures folder. I keep deleting them, yet they keep reappearing. Others have reported this problem going back to at least 2015, and Microsoft still hasn't fixed it.

Microsoft isn't the only party walking around with logs in its trousers. During my trip to southeastern Ohio, Google Maps automatically changed its language settings, and the instructions it gave for changing it back were wrong, telling me to click on settings that simply did not exist. That it automatically changed the settings was a bug that Google had known about for a long time but had opted not to fix.

But it may be Microsoft whose miasma is the stinkiest.



Provoked in Provo

A person wosted a bunch of McDonald's food.

In recent years, many public tantrums have been caught on video. They take place in grocery stores, drugstores, restaurants, and even Greyhound bus stations.

Let's take a trip back to the bubble gum bustin' year 2018! Free spaces were the rage, I biked to

Golf Manor, and this gem appeared on YouTube...

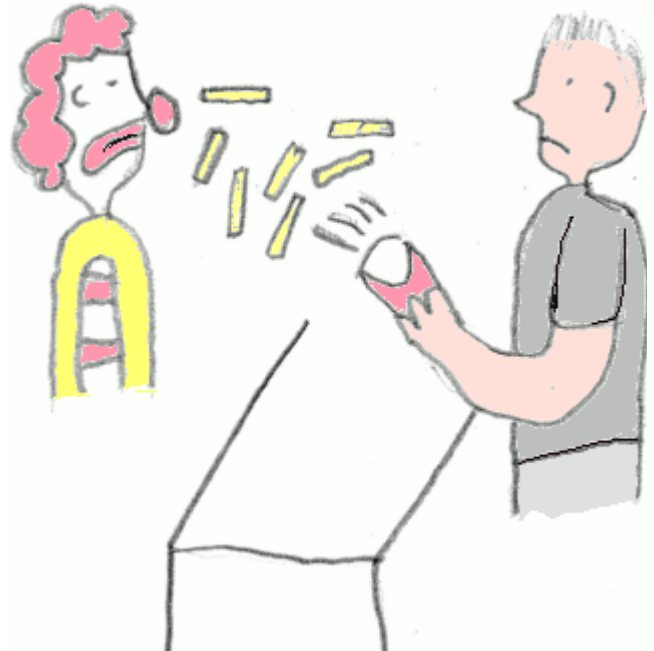
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-w9kJjGx_ys

Here's a rundown of that clip in case you're afraid you might die from laughter if you accidentally click on the video of the cast of *Hee Haw* singing "Tennessee Bird Walk." This 40-second video takes place at a friendly neighborhood Ron McDon in Provo, Utah. We see a customer standing at the counter, and we can hear him arguing with a cashier about something. It's unclear what the argument is about, but then we see the man knocking an empty drinking cup out of the cashier's hand.

A group of teens starts snickering, and the clerk threatens to call the police on the customer. She's calling the man on the man! She warns, "Get out of my store right now!" When the clerk uses the word *my* to describe the restaurant, I'm reminded of the "My McDonald's" campaign that unwittingly encouraged customers to trash McDonald's locations. The man then throws a bag behind the counter and tosses a poke full of fries up in the air. Another clerk appears to be trying to catch the flying fries – and looks ridiculous in doing so.

Evidently, the producers of *The Dr. Oz Show* contacted the guy who filmed that video so they could try to use it in an episode about restaurant tantrums.

Whatever the weather, it was a big day at Ron McDon!



The Bandit bounce!

If you're new here, I'd like to talk about how some "people" I know keep fighting old battles. They're even worse than Donald Trump. I've read that Trump holds babyish grudges over things that happened in 1986, but the dumb losers that I've had to deal with have incredibly insane grievances against me that go back even earlier. I think they were already at the point of no return in 1986.

That's why I kept having to use this zine to bawl hell out of seemingly disinterested parties. Some organizations chose to focus on matters other than getting justice. Justice delayed is justice denied. My articles appeared while many of us first started hearing media complaints about "social promotion", "superpredators", and other fabricated crises. Phenomena like these were either exaggerated or made up, but the media and public officials made every effort to fight them. It's like how now you hear complaints about "squatting" from those who don't even know what the word means. Meanwhile, nothing was done about the very real ills that I was force-fed. I beat my head against the wall, and absolutely zero was done.

Trust me, my response to what I experienced was very restrained indeed. You had to be there.

How out of control were the *real* predators I had to deal with? Around the early 2000s, they were still going full throttle. These were 30-year-olds dwelling on something that happened in middle school. The difference was that now we had e-mail. When e-mail became available, I'm sure they rubbed their booger-caked hands together in excitement.

One day, I found a website for old class lists. You could list yourself with your old classmates. I think the list I found was for my 8th grade class at St. Joe's. I added myself to this list.

It wasn't long before something very strange happened. I was working on my computer, when all of a sudden, my e-mail software started going haywire. It claimed to be *sending* an e-mail. Why?

I quickly realized that it was an automated e-mail being sent to someone who was contacting me using the class list I signed up for. Apparently, this person had sent me harassing e-mail before, so I had set up my e-mail account so anything they sent me would bounce right back – many times over.

Because I had also set it up so the e-mail I had received would be deleted instantly, I don't know what the e-mail said. I don't even know exactly who sent it. I hope they enjoyed getting

bombarded with bounced e-mails.

I wished that the bounced e-mails could shut their computer off. This may have been around the time the built-in e-mail software that came with Windows automatically opened executable files in e-mails—which once ruined my computer by opening a virus—so it was probably possible to accomplish this if they used this software.

Later, I stopped this practice of bouncing e-mails. For some reason, my account began bouncing completely innocent e-mails sent by someone on a mailing list I was on.

Leave it to some cretin from St. Joe's who I probably hadn't seen in 15 years to clog e-mail servers with their personal vendetta. Around the same time, some asshole using the handle General Zod cluttered The People's Forum with their crap. I traced these posts to lottery.com. It's not outside the realm of possibility that the e-mail that bounced also came from this person. In fact, there's a decent chance of it. I didn't expect the true identity of either General Zod or the e-mail sender to ever be discovered, because authorities were so singularly dedicated to protecting and even committing misconduct like this.

My adversaries are fighting such old battles that I almost expect them to take a position on the Coinage Act of 1792 or the Code of Ur-Nammu any day now.

Can you tell me how to get these lost 'Sesame Street' episodes?

A bunch of *Sesame Street* episodes are lost! (I wonder if a bunch of *Lost* episodes are *Sesame Street*.)

It has been reported before—even by mainstream media—that copies of every episode of *Sesame Street* that has ever aired exist in their entirety, probably in pristine condition. Now we know that was a load of roo gas, as now it's been revealed that dozens of installments of the ol' Ses cannot be accounted for. At last count, there were (ahem) 54 missing episodes.

When I say they're missing, I don't mean they're simply suppressed, as the episode with the Wicked Witch of the West was. (This episode recently appeared on YouTube and concludes with the same witch laugh that I recall at the end of at least one *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood* with Margaret Hamilton.) I'm also not talking about just one segment, like the cartoon of monsters forming from cracks in the wall (which has resurfaced), or the creepy skit of Ernie and Bert playing basketball to banjo music (which hasn't). What I'm talking about here are full episodes that are completely absent from Sesame Workshop's library and from collections held by TV stations or anybody else. No copies are known to exist.

Most of the missing episodes are from the early 1970s, but the series has a lost show from as late as 1977. Lost installments go well into the Luis era. Even the first appearances of Linda and of Oscar's pet worm Slimey are missing.

How did all this great material go missing, while the show's nauseating COVID-themed commercials and books are available in plain sight? Reportedly, some old episodes were misplaced,



while others were (keek!) ruined by events like fires and floods. Some were known to include segments that also appeared in other episodes, but all the storylines that took place on the street itself are gone into thin air—except a few segments dubbed into German.

Among the missing shows is one from 1971 in which Oscar started his own postal service because a magazine got lost in the mail. It was recently suggested that those in the government who wish air travel would return to being the COVID police state of a year or two ago should start their own airport instead of forcing everyone else to obey their proclamations. I guess Oscar's post office was sort of like that. The lovable grouch also had prominent roles in many other missing episodes. It's like how silent film actress Theda Bara's movies are almost all lost.

Some have speculated that the missing episodes will someday turn up. But most ordinary people out there didn't have a VCR yet in the 1970s. Some schools used to record *Sesame Street* and *The Electric Company* off the air using a kinescope—a camera aimed at the TV—and a few episodes have been posted from these black-and-white recordings, but these shows are not lost.

Now it's dawned on me about how suspicious all of this is. Until recently, it was reported that there were no missing episodes. This suggests that the loss of these episodes was recent and intentional, possibly ordered by the government because of wrongthink. Why? Because that's what always happens these days. Heaven forbid today's 50-year-olds go on YouTube and find Oscar the Grouch yelling at buses when they search for the "Move over, bacon" ad or post old home movies of their middle school field trip to Jefferson Proving Ground.

A person photocopied bubble gum

A vague memory of a past incident just popped into my head.

Somebody photocopied a wad of bubble gum. That's right, bubble gum. You know, that stuff you blow big bubs with. I don't even remember the precise details, but I know it happened—possibly more than once.

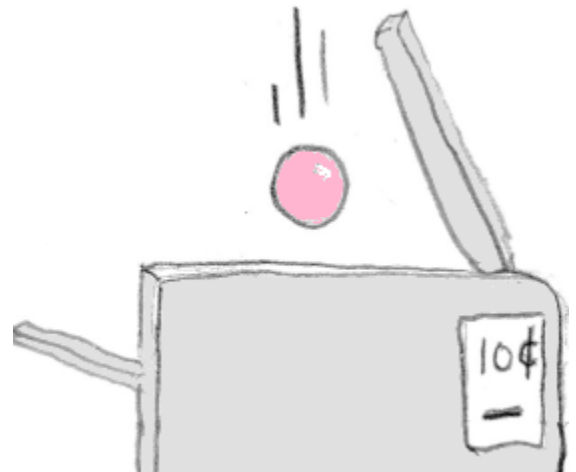
It could have been one day when I was about 14 and I visited the library in Cold Spring to borrow a book on stargazing after the Halley's Comet scare. It might have been the same day I was assaulted in the parking lot and everyone denied it happened even though it happened right in front of their face. (It's like the website that claims Windows 11 has a brightness slider when it's clear that it doesn't.) Anyway, there was a whole family talking and laughing loudly inside the libe. At the time, this was considered a "new library." This phrase meant that not only was it a fairly new building but also that it tolerated loud talking.

That family included some girl who was about middle school age who was chewing bubble gum. She even bubbled! This was not unusual, because this was when public bubbling may have been at its all-time peak. So why would I remember such an ordinary occurrence? It had to have been because something strange happened. It seems like while I was reading at a table in the reference section, this family sauntered over to the photocopy machine. I couldn't see them but I could hear them talking. I heard one of them say, "Eewww!" Then I heard the copier running. Then I heard somebody say, "Are you gonna eat that after you copied it?"

That might not be the *exact* words or sequence of events, but I'm digging pretty deep into the recesses of my memory.

I'm not sure this is the only time someone photocopied a wad of beegum. I also have a faint memory of seeing a person spit a huge wad of pink gum directly onto a copier. It wasn't a projectile spitting. They just opened their mouth and let gravity work its magic. But I'm not even sure if they copied it. They might have just closed the lid on it and left a sticky surprise for the next person. I don't even remember where this took place. It's now just a fuzzy memory, like an old educational film about juvenile delinquents with faded color and muffled dialogue.

People also photocopied other items considered taboo for copying. A girl at Brossart photocopied her face and it looked absolutely ridiculous. At another school, a boy photocopied his hand, burst out laughing, and threw it away before he got caught. This was around the same time



someone placed cigarette butts on the copier as if to copy them. My parents once told me that *60 Minutes* ran an entire story about a girl who photocopied her rear end.

This article is a bit like the oaptag story in that it involves lots of valuable paper getting wosted. But these events were not always free for those responsible for this wastage bastage. The copier at the library was coin-operated. This means somebody *spent money* to copy a piece of bubble gum! I hope it was higher quality than the copiers at NKU, where I spent money to copy letterhead and each sheet had streaks all over it.

Airlines ruining suitcases brings lots of excess baggage

Airlines losing or ruining luggage is like the tuna juice that got spilled on your complete Dungeons & Dragons core rulebook set in 2004: Promises are made to clean up the mess, but it never happens. I don't fly, and flying is expensive, so this is a topic that we must use sparingly. But when it rains, it pours.

A 2016 story said Alaska Airlines ruined customers' luggage by getting formaldehyde all over it. This happened because a passenger tried to transport 2 buckets full of dead fish in formaldehyde, and the airline spilled one of the buckets in the cargo hold. The chemical stunk up 118 suitcases, and a hazmat crew had to test the luggage.

A review of the Irish-based airline Ryanair said this airline unzipped the reviewer's suitcase and scribbled all over a dress with permanent ink. The dress was "now completely ruined." (The magic word!) In addition, her maid of honor dress was missing from the suitcase.

A flyer on Southwest Airlines posted on a message board that they were transporting 3 bottles of red wine in their suitcase. This customer was told upon arrival that the bottles broke inside the luggage, and was presented with their suitcase wrapped in plastic, accompanied by a broken wine bottle. An airline employee promptly blamed the passenger, even though it was already clear that it was the fault of somebody at the airline. But when the passenger opened the suitcase, there was no spilled wine inside it. This means somebody must have opened the suitcase, taken the wine out, and then broken it. One of the remaining bottles was undisturbed, but the other bottle was completely unaccounted for. Somebody replied saying that TWA once stole their entire CD collection from their suitcase. Inexplicably, a couple responses to this thread actually defended Southwest, saying airlines have no liability when items mysteriously disappear from luggage.

A 2018 news report said a customer of Southwest witnessed the airline leave his luggage out in the rain at Houston's Hobby Airport—which demolished clothes and tools that were in the luggage. Southwest then declared it wasn't liable.

A few months ago, a woman landed in Salt Lake City on a Delta flight to find that her suitcase was pulverized so badly that you couldn't even tell it was a suitcase. Apparently, it had fallen off the luggage cart and dragged under the wheel of a plane across the hot pavement.

In 2019, a woman on a business trip posted a profanity-laced YouTube video showing that an unspecified airline bore a humongous cavern through her purple suitcase—rendering it a total loss. The luggage was partially melted. Her workout clothes were in the suitcase, and she said it looked like



Cookie Monster had eaten them.

A Twitter user posted a photo of a brand new suitcase United Airlines ruined in 2014.

A review of Alaska Airlines said the airline destroyed a \$125 suitcase by running it over. Then the airline said it was the customer's fault for overstuffing it. The review included a photo of an R2-D2 action figure that was crushed inside the suitcase.

Someone recently posted a photo of a suitcase that Delta absolutely destroyed. Somebody replied that they keep having to replace their suitcases "because they only last about 3-5 years before an airline inevitably destroys them." That means your luggage is likely to get destroyed on every flight, as most people I know go much longer than 3 to 5 years between flights.

One flyer said Alaska Airlines broke the handle and wheels on their suitcase by throwing it 50 feet. The airline then refused to pay for it and dismissed the incident, saying it happens all the time.

The TSA is just as guilty as the airlines. Someone on Tripadvisor said they flew to a conference and had to bring a poster in a carrying tube. The TSA lost the lid for the tube, and the tube was "completely ruined." (The magic word again!) The traveler bought a new tube during the trip, and the TSA destroyed the new tube on the way home by sawing through it. Unbelievably, several people replied to defend the TSA. (People who defend the TSA for something like this are the type who lately brag about how liberal they are even though they believe everything the government says.)

The author of a website said the TSA cut through the locks of his baggage on an international trip and damaged the contents. He posted photos of the ruined items. It looked like someone had a bad case of diarrhea and wiped their ass on his clothes. It turned out that the TSA had mishandled a bottle of chili paste and caused it to break inside the suitcase. Somebody replied saying that TSA agents in Chicago destroyed his professional wedding photos and broke the glass on the frames. Another flyer said the TSA placed somebody else's belongings in their bag. Another said the TSA broke a \$75 tone amplifier in half. Another said the TSA destroyed their items on 3 trips in a row—including one in which the TSA broke a bottle of shower gel, causing it to leak all over their clothes. Another said the TSA somehow lost a brand new \$50 shirt. Another said the TSA spilled chili powder on their clothes. Another found her laptop, eyeglasses, and a piece of artwork destroyed, and her vitamins dumped out. Still another found that the TSA had dumped sand all over their possessions. The TSA apparently used a crowbar to break the lock on another passenger's \$300 suitcase.

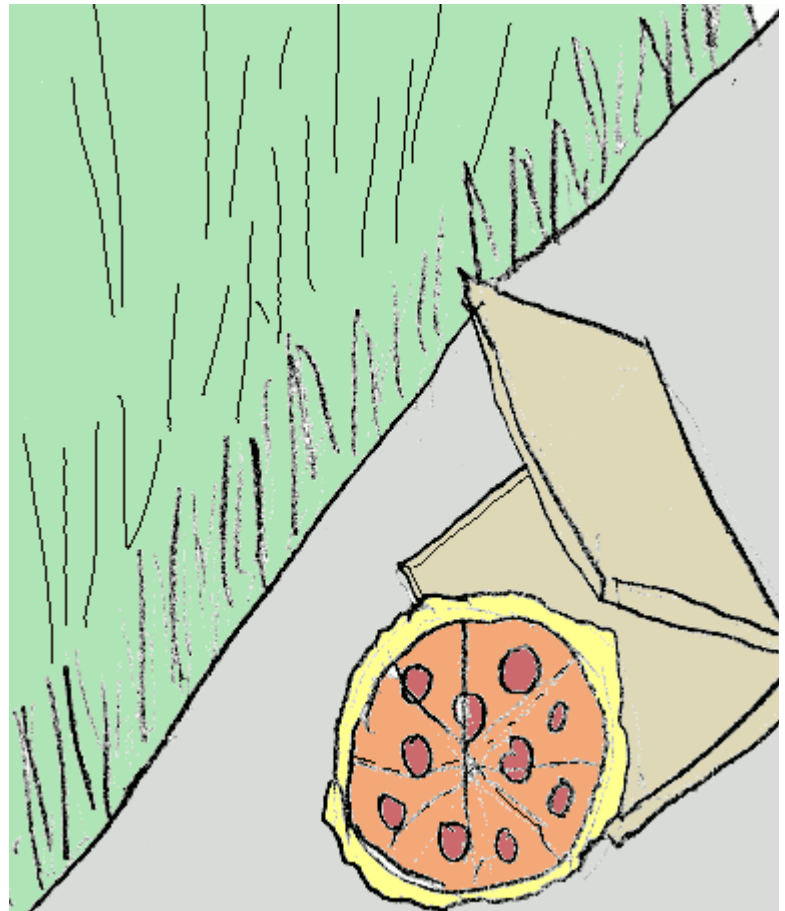
Wait! There's more! Another traveler left a comment on that page saying the TSA left his bag "completely ruined" and tore all the buttons off his jackets, shirts, and a custom-made suit. Important paperwork was shredded, and over-the-counter medicine was dumped everywhere. The TSA refused to take his complaint because he was not a U.S. citizen.

Leave it to the airlines and the TSA to cause us to possibly set a record for how many times the phrase "completely ruined" appears in one article.

Pizza got wosted in Milwaukee

I keep an eye on Reddit's Milwaukee forum. The glut of propellerheads humiliating themselves on that message board would make you think it's from the Silicon Valley—not a stable, working-class city like Milwaukee. Then again, we've read lately that even Milwaukee is no longer safe from incompetent clowns rising to positions of public trust—or from gentrification land grabs.

The World Economic Forum's burgeoning culture of corruption encourages the



privileged to be more wasteful than ever. The growing wastefulness was noted on Reddit. Someone on the Milwaukee forum made a post titled “Another crime on Milwaukee Streets.” The post consisted entirely of a photo of a perfectly good large pizza – with not a single bite taken out of it – resting on the pavement of a highway or lot.

The pizza was ru. In fact, it wasn’t just ru. It was roodledly-doodledy-ding-dong-doodledy-roodledly-ding-dong-damn-dong-roodledy-dong-blong-bubbly-dubbly-ruined all up!

You might stink it was a situation like the time a slice of pizza had to be tossed into the outgoing mail slot at the post office at NKU because it was spoiled. But the pizza being wosted in Milwaukee is different, as there is no indication it was spoiled. Nobody had taken a bite out of it to test it. That’s like smashing taco sauce on your own record player instead of the one at school.

‘The View’ flunks math

An *irrational number* is defined by Wikipedia as a number that “cannot be expressed as the ratio of two integers.” The square root of 2 may have been the first number ever found to be irrational.

In 2020, we ran a couple pieces about the antiscience that was worming its way into mainstream venues. This was in addition to the pseudoscience behind totalitarian COVID stay-at-home orders and the “new normal.” One article described how those who believed Earth is flat were gaining a foothold. Another was about how people who claimed to be math geniuses were insisting pi is 4.

Now—as with the unscientific reverence for draconian COVID measures—there’s a completely ridiculous claim out there being picked up by a major TV network. Somebody on my Twitter feed posted a clip from ABC’s *The View* that spends several minutes claiming the square root of 2 is not an irrational number. The exact date of this clip is not known. It features actor Terrence Howard, who says he can “prove” this number is rational using what looks like a balloon. The cast of *The View* cheers him on, as if this is valid science. The studio audience erupts in applause.

Howard said he gave a presentation on this theorem at the University of Oxford, and the school was not impressed. But *The View* dug in.

This is from a network that insisted we trust their COVID “science.” Not the real science, but the pseudoscience that was used as an excuse to double down on restrictions.

Investigating Howard a bit more, I discovered that he is trying to patent his theory that 1 multiplied by 1 is 2. “How can it equal 1?” he said to *Rolling Stone*. “If 1 times 1 equals 1, that means that 2 is of no value because 1 times itself has no effect. One times 1 equals 2 because the square root of 4 is 2, so what’s the square root of 2? Should be 1, but we’re told it’s 2, and that cannot be.” Howard has also claimed he has a Ph.D. in chemical engineering from South Carolina State University—even though the school does not offer Ph.D.’s in that field.

So there ya have it! ABC wants us to trust this man about math—just like how one of the media’s main COVID “experts” was someone whose only claim to fame was his books on *Star Wars*.

Records got ruined by poo water

I’m pretty sure the very first article ever to appear in this zine—back in April 1993—said that “**The Last Word** will shock you” with its wild antics. This isn’t just a humor zine—and certainly not just a serious political zine, after we spent our first 20 years beating our heads against the wall dealing with public officials who were utter idiots—but also a shock zine.

That means we get to discuss things getting ru. Not because it’s funny—which it often isn’t—



but because of the shock value.

A couple years ago, someone posted a thread on Reddit titled “Shit water ruined my record collection. What is the best way to clean the record?” The magic word got used again! The writer of this post stored their record collection in their bathtub. One day, sewage backed up through the drain and “the sewage water warped the bottom half of the album covers.” The post asked for advice on sanitizing the soiled records.

Somebody replied that flood damage is usually a “write off, especially with sewage”, because toxic mold will grow in the grooves of the records. “I had a bunch of records ruined by a failed hot water heater some years back,” they said. It’s that magic word yet again! The original poster replied in turn that their poo-daubed records were rare mint condition discs—but conceded that they must be discarded.

Somebody else replied, “you kind of asked for it by for storing your records in a shower. what an incredibly foolish thing to do.”

Last year, somebody posted that they “accidentally ruined” a rare, limited edition, mint condition jazz record by tripping over their dog’s bed and scratching the record all to hell. This commenter felt that they “ruined something great” and asked that folks post their own “stories of self-ruined records.” Somebody responded they thought they could fix a skip in a record by pressing down on the needle as it played. A few folks have tried this with success, but in this case, it just sent vinyl shavings everywhere. Somebody else replied saying their cat attacked their Elton John record as it was playing and demolished their expensive stylus.

The original poster also said their dog once released diarrhea all over a rare record that belonged to their girlfriend. Another commenter confessed to spilling beer all over a whole stack of records. One commenter said his cat chewed up a lyric book he sent away for.

A YouTube commenter once said he put a crate of antique 78 RPM records on the seat of his car, and his partner opened the car door, causing the crate to tip over and dump the records onto the flinty pavement—dashing them to smithereens.

After reading these stories, I thought of WCLU in the mid-’80s, and envisioned the station having overflowing toilets and dogs and cats creating mischief in the studio.

