

The Last Word™

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Comedy museum brings laughs to latest trip!

Peep this...



Now look at this...



Those are items I created from hands-on exhibits at the National Comedy Center in Jamestown, New York, in May. I went to this museum during my fact-finding mission to the Northeast, which also included Acadia National Park in Maine and other goodies.

The first item above is from an exhibit that lets you make your own meme. The second is from one that lets you draw your own cartoon. The desks, teacher, and the teacher's words were already drawn, but I drew the disobedient student and came up with his reply to the beleaguered instructor.

But one can't live only on laughs generated by comedy museums where humor is officially encouraged. You gotta add a dash of guffaws on the road! So a restroom at a Marathon station in Wadsworth, Ohio, helped do the important job of sewing the spectacle together. I call it the Wadsworth

wisp: I noticed someone had left a huge wisp of shit on the toilet seat, and there was pee all over the floor.

Not everything that happened on this trip was a heehaw inducer. We camped out a couple nights at Camden Hills State Park in Maine. When I tried going to sleep on the first night, I was plagued by an alien body in my eye, and after I got rid of it, I was kept awake by someone in the distance retching nonstop for an hour. We go camping to enjoy some quiet in nature, and somebody ruins it with their unchecked kecking. If they had farted all night instead, it would have been funny. But this was just disgusting.

Also, a La Quinta Inn in Johnson City, New York, advertised a nice indoor pool. However, there was no pool. It wasn't merely closed. It simply didn't exist at all. In addition, at this motel, I cut my toe on a bent, sharp piece of metal that was hanging out from under the bed.

This trip ruled the crazy bippus-busting way!



Big Pharma apologists in shambles

What happens when real life says I was right and Big Pharma drones were wrong about something that happened 25 years ago? The sad part is that it took somebody's death to finally prove my case.

These days, we have ineffective and draconian COVID mandates like lockdowns. But before then, we had other medieval quackery—like Ritalin. America was a Ritalin nation—and still is. It seemed the whole country was popping pills for attention deficit disorder—and it still seems that way. Much as critics of COVID catastrophism are silenced and censored now, it was the same with those who criticized ADD drug culture. ADD corporate drug pushers have been discredited time and time again—even by academic studies and the Cochrane Library—but the totalitarian, elitist media always sweeps these findings under the rug.

One of our first introductions to Big Tech censorship took place many years ago after people made Usenet posts that dared to question the overprescribing of ADD drugs. Usenet is public in every sense of the word. It is not a privately owned venue. Usenet is not even a structured network. It simply exists—like air and space. It has some moderated newsgroups, but the newsgroups in this story were unmoderated. Yet when anyone made a post criticizing overmedicating ADD, what often happened was that someone reported this post to the user's Internet provider in an attempt to have their account yanked. The person reporting the post was often somebody who claimed the rest of the time to be a champion of free speech and often accused others of trying to censor them. And shockingly, Internet providers often did revoke users' accounts all because they criticized ADD drugs.

One individual gave us a years-long string of posts harshly questioning the overmedication of ADD. He wrote with a whiff of humor but didn't reveal anything about his personal life. At one point, somebody forged cancels of his posts and deleted them—prompting him to justifiably repost the erased posts over and over again. It was repeatedly claimed by the Big Pharma apologists who ran rampant on Usenet that these posts were all from a certain middle-aged hippie in Oregon.

That claim seemed suspicious. Try as I might, I could not see how they came to the conclusion that the aforementioned Oregon man had created a fake persona to make all these posts. I couldn't find any mention of this man anywhere online, and I couldn't find any posts under his name. So I asked for proof. After all, if you don't have proof, fart real loud (to quote another post).

No proof ever came. I asked for proof more than once—and never got it. I was met with silence or personal attacks over and over. Nothing but silence and lip for years on end. Their say-so was supposed to be proof enough.

I still remember the name of the man who was blamed for the posts. Not long ago, I searched for his name online just on a whim. It turned out that he died a few years ago.

Here's the smoking gun that I was right to challenge the claim that he made those posts. After just a little bit of digging, I've discovered that the "offending" account continued to post on Usenet as recently as last year—several years after the man who was blamed for it died. This seems to prove that Big Pharma acolytes were blaming the wrong the person all along.

Questions remain: Why did they blame him? Did they just pick his name out of a phone book at random? Did someone have a particular grudge against him?

It appears the posts in question were actually posted by a man who used his own real name until he came up with an obviously silly handle to troll the drug lobbyists. I've found what appears to be a real social media account posted by this man,

which includes recent posts from him. Even a website that attacks him suggests he is a real person who has posted under his real name on Usenet. Apparently, by the time that website was written, the long-running fable that the posts were from a phony account had been abandoned. Better late than never, I suppose. But Usenet's self-anointed priesthood of "experts" doesn't have enough class to admit they were wrong before.

Devotees of the Ritalinization of our society did several things wrong: They censored others' posts for disagreeing with them. They blamed posts they didn't like on somebody who had nothing to do with these posts. They didn't provide proof when I asked for it. They made personal attacks. They didn't admit they were wrong about who was behind the posts that offended them.

The main point is that I've finally been proven right—25 years after I demanded that they prove their claim. That's also about how long it took for me to finally prove I wasn't the guy with the flannel shirt who supposedly threatened to shoot up NKU. That 25 years contrasts with the 25 seconds it took to prove I wasn't the man who was following women into restrooms there. All that took was showing university police the TANK schedule that proved I was on a bus at the time—and pointing out that I wasn't even wearing the same color of shirt as the real culprit. But, like Big Pharma apologists, NKU never corrects itself when proven wrong. These accusations were of bad behavior, and it's not just a case of being deemed guilty until proven innocent. I feel as if I'm considered guilty even after being proven innocent, because I was accused by a large institution that never owned up to its many mistakes.

The idea of being presumed innocent until proven guilty isn't just to protect you if you're wrongly accused by a lone crybaby who nobody believes anyway. It's also to protect you from bogus allegations by powerful institutions like major universities, corporations, and government bodies. You know, the people we're supposed to trust.

It's like how recently there was a shooting, and a TV station ran a photo of a man they said was a suspect, but it later turned out he had nothing to do with it. The FCC needs to come down hard on this station.

I don't know why the aforementioned account was still posting on Usenet last year. Everyone else had long since stopped using Usenet. Though Usenet is public, the censorship attempts and harassment drove people away—and into the arms of venues owned by huge corporations where the potential for censorship was even worse. The Internet is not the free frontier it was once advertised as. It hasn't been since the mid-1990s, and probably wasn't even then. The Communications Decency Act was ruled unconstitutional, but some people seemed to act like it wasn't and used it as a license to snitch on folks for wrongthink.

One wonders how the Big Pharma robots would react if presented with solid proof that they were wrong for a quarter-century. Judging by how they act about everything else, they'd almost



certainly dig in on their conspiracy theories instead of admitting they made a mistake.

Newberry closes book on toilet paper

Hot damn, toilet paper is hilarious stuff! But not everybody in Newberry, South Carolina, agrees.

Newberry was *not* named for the Newbery Medal. In 5th grade, we had to read very difficult novels that had won this award, while the other class got to read books that had won the Caldecott Medal, which were much easier. This was despite the fact that neither class was supposed to be more advanced than the other. We were just randomly assigned to these classes. Gee, I bet you didn't know all that! I've probably never told you that before!

Warehousing like this encourages school mischief. Maybe that's what happened recently in Newberry, South Carolina. In that town, a high school assistant principal has warned students that the school will remove all toilet paper from restrooms because somebody keeps flushing whole rolls of toilet paper down the toilets. An e-mail from the assistant principal says officials will take "the toilet tissue out of the restrooms for the remainder of the school year." Students will be required to obtain toilet paper from the office instead.

But another school official says this e-mail was in error and was designed only to scare kids into not being so toilety.

This follows a 2017 incident in which a New Jersey middle school was sued because it wasn't providing enough toilet paper – forcing students to use paper towels instead. While toilet paper chugs right down the crapper with ease, paper towels and napkins are not designed for toilet use. These items do not quickly dissolve, and will clog pipes and entire city sewer systems. One plumbing company recommended that if you don't have toilet paper at home, you should jump in the shower instead. But that's not an option at school.

If that e-mail in Newberry wasn't a mistake, lots of underpants there are gonna be poopy!

Foul-ups, bleeps, and blunders, St. Joe's style!

Something ridiculous happened once in 7th grade. Imagine that!

This story comes to us from the abyss of St. Joe's—which managed to be even worse than the abyss of Cline Middle School that I had just been expelled from. New details have emerged about this incident only within the past few years that make the whole thing even stupider.

I was forced to start attending St. Joe's late in my 7th grade year. I didn't "opt" for it. You're not going to believe this, but this school wasn't any damn good at all. It takes real arrogance and foolishness to keep insisting it was.

Each afternoon after lunch—weather permitting—we had recess on the parking lot. People played kickball and chewed bubble gum. They also did other cool things like track mud everywhere and burn stuff. One day at recess, I was right outside the cafeteria building, which also housed the 3rd grade classes. I got into an altercation with one of the usual suspects from my 7th grade class. I think he kept throwing a ball or a book at me. Whatever it was he kept throwing, I threw it back.

When this projectile sailed through the air and nearly hit him, he yelled, "You asshole!" He was right under the window of one of the 3rd grade classrooms.

That's when the real stupid began. One of the 3rd grade teachers poked her head out the window and yelled at me—accusing *me* of uttering this profanity. She chased after me, but I hid. I think I went inside another building at this nun-run empire and headed toward my homeroom. But this



teacher somehow found me.

I actually got in trouble for an offense I didn't commit. It probably went on my all-important permanent record.

I think my parents actually believed I was innocent of using this vulgarity – which I was – but I got in trouble with them because of a buildup of other offenses. I think the school didn't tell them about the other transgressions until then and the floodgates finally burst.

But just a few years ago, I actually heard about a detail about this incident I never heard before. Somebody who apparently was in that 3rd grade class at the time said that when the teacher bolted out of the room to chase me, she tripped and fell. That might be why it took a long time for her to find me, but nobody ever mentioned back then that she fell.

So the school thought it was my fault that the teacher fell? She was going to chase me regardless of whether I tried to get away.

The following year, in 8th grade, the brat who started the confrontation by throwing things at me kept at it. One time, he spent the whole morning telling some girl he was going to throw rocks at her at recess. He made good on this vow. During recess, he kept following her around and throwing pebbles at her head.

I bet now he's a county health director or school superintendent somewhere!

Enough is enough is enough...I can't go on, I can't go on no more...

More St. Joe's stupidity? Naw, it can't be!

I think this happened in 8th grade, and it's just as stupefying as everything else that took place at this dreadful Catholic school in Cold Spring. One day, we were in the cafeteria eating lunch. Usually, people just farted and threw stale food, but this time, they decided to play with the ketchup and syrup bottles too.

The cafeteria had those reusable plastic squeeze bottles. I remember somewhere where we used to pound these bottles onto the table so ketchup would shoot upward and hit the ceiling, but I think that was at a Roy Rogers restaurant, not St. Joe's lunchroom. Anyway, during the St. Joe's incident, several students grabbed the bottles and kept squeezing them so the contents would ooze out the top and stream down the sides and onto the table. This was particularly amusing because one of the bottles contained maple syrup. The result was similar to squeezing a bottle of glue like this, as it left the entire outside of the bottle and the table sticky as syrup coated it. But at least glue dries instead of staying sticky.

A woman who was about 60 who worked in the cafeteria saw all the abuse that the bottles were enduring, and she became enraged! She marched over to our table, seized the bottles, and exclaimed, "Enough is enough is enough!"

I can't go on, I can't go on no more!

Also, at Brossart, people used to deliberately step on packets of ketchup so it would shoot out everywhere. People also used to put the packets in their mouths, bite down on them, and pretend they were Gene Simmons spitting blood.

Big troubles, no bubbles!

A person shoplifted bubble gum. What is this world coming to? 1987?

The "Gas Station Encounters" channel on YouTube—which shows shoplifting incidents at a Cleveland area gas station store—gave us some laughs once before when it showed a man wasting 2 cans of Pringles by opening them in the store just so he could eat one chip. But now there's this...



Here's a rundown of that clip in case you're afraid a paper airplane made out of a photo of Ronald Reagan will fly out of your screen and impale itself on your forehead. In this video, a man strolls into the store while apparently talking to his girlfriend on his smartphone. It seems she wants bubble gum. To chew? To chew! To bubble with? To bubble with! After slinking through the store for a couple minutes, the man stuffs some Snickers ice cream bars down his pants. After hemming and hawing for a few more minutes, the man goes over to the Pepsi dispenser and starts to fill a cup. He then just decides to throw away the cup – thereby wasting it.

But then comes the real funniness. The man grabs a couple packs of blue raspberry Hubba Bubba bubble gum off the shelf and shoves them into his pocket. He's gonna take this beegie home and feed it to his girlfriend. Then he steals more candy.

After the clerk realizes the man pilfered candy, bubble gum, and ice cream bars, he chases him through the lot and tries making him pay for the stolen loot. The merchandise was soiled from having been shoved down in his pants.

The clerk tries making the shoplifter wait for the police. The shoplifter looks like he's about to cry! But before cops arrive, he strolls over to the Dairy Queen next door and is never seen again!

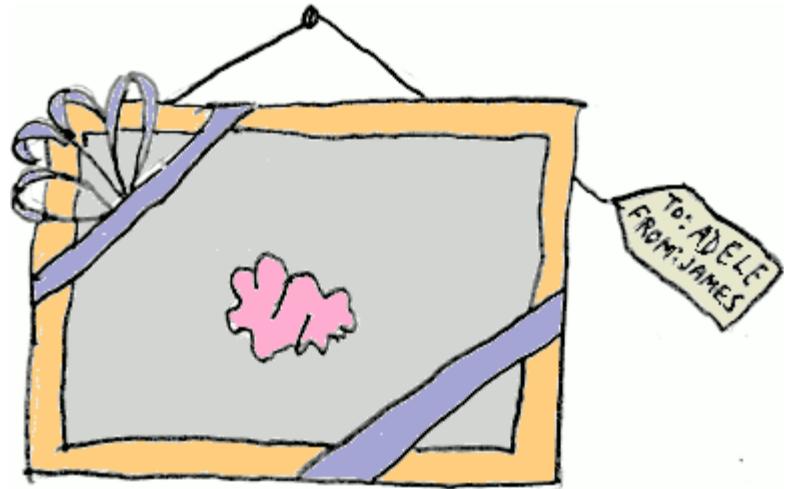
Gum can move mountains, revisited

Years ago, a feller posted on the public Internet that he pawed through a garbage can at a mall to retrieve a wad of gum chewed by Celine Dion when she made an appearance there. The man then chewed the singer's discarded gum on the bus on the way home from the mall. He saved the gum for posterity by sticking it on his bedpost. The man said of the gum, "Occasionally [sic] I touch it for good luck."

But that madcap stumblebum isn't the only person with an uncanny interest in Celine Dion's chewed gum. Not long ago, English actor and comedian James Corden related how he obtained a wad of Celine Dion's gum to give to singer Adele for her birthday. One day, James was on the set of a TV show with Celine and noticed that she happened to be chewing bubble gum. It is unknown whether she bubbled. When Celine was done chomping, James asked her to discard the wad onto a piece of paper and not fold it.

Later, James framed this slab of beegie and presented it to Adele for her birthday.

Adele went on to declare that Celine Dion's used gum was her "proudest possession."



4th grade troubles #35,708,321,568,932

Other than big banks, utility companies, and airlines, few institutions in America enjoy more protections and privileges than schools. Schools are essentially criminal enterprises, but nobody is willing to go to bat for families who fight them.

Fourth grade as you know was a disaster, as that was the year a teacher tied me to a chair, and another teacher shoved a bar of soap in my mouth. But there was also another incident like that. On the morning of one of the coldest days all winter, the aforementioned instructors decided to lock me out of the school building.

I was locked out for the rest of the day. The school had a big, red, metal door at the entrance. I remember a year or two earlier when somebody wrote all over it. After I was locked out in cold, windy weather, I kept pounding and kicking on the door in the futile hope that it would open. I actually hurt my hands and feet trying to break the door open.

This went on almost from when I got to school in the morning until it was time to go home in

the afternoon. I don't even remember what I had done to prompt the school to lock me out. It couldn't have been anything too bad, because it never was.

I had numerous confrontations with one particular classmate that year, but the school never punished him. He was a snitch, a crybaby, a bully, and a punk (not the good kind). While I was locked out, he opened the window of our second-story classroom and kept mocking me from inside. I think he even spit a few times. Later, we went to school together at Cline Middle School, and one day, he picked me up by my shirt and tried to throw me down into a puddle of urine in the restroom. He grew up to be a bank robber. Yet somehow I'm the bad guy for finally fighting back against assholes like this—which I wasn't allowed to do before.

Our schools could have a stupid-off and it would never end. We've learned just in the past few years that there is absolutely no bottom as to how low our schools will sink. Both public and private schools are guilty.

Who out there is standing up for families? Notice how hard it is to sue a school and win. The level and type of abuse committed by my 4th grade teachers has become more common in the past few years—and is cheered by the media—and that's a key reason there are now more homeschoolers than ever. Yet while homeschooling gains in popularity, homeschoolers are also facing more discrimination, even from public agencies. Schools' refusal to do their job is a clarion call to require schools to reimburse families for homeschooling expenses. One could argue that schools need that money. But they don't need it when they completely shirk the jobs they're supposed to do.

It's also only fair for families to have the same amount of assistance that schools get when they're in trouble. There's a whole system in place for rewarding schools' misconduct, yet there's no help for people on the receiving end of it.

Toilet prank may flush graduation down the drain

Something hilarious happened involving toilets. After all, they're curious devices.

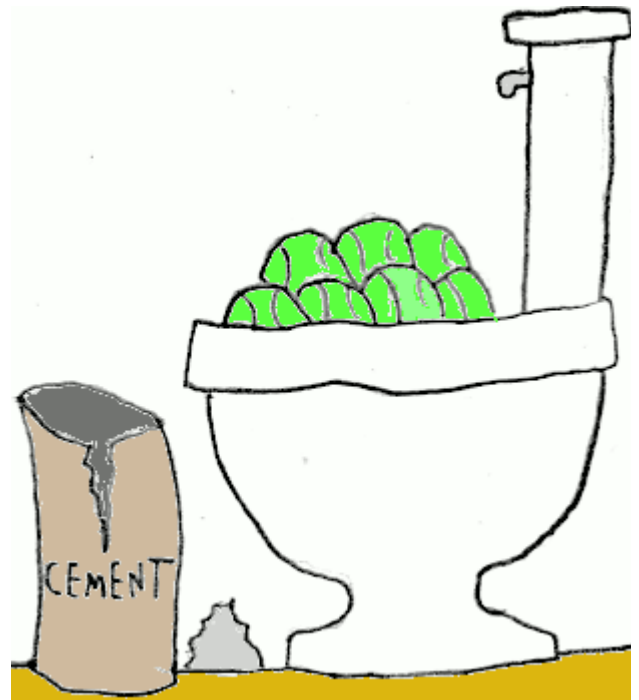
At a high school in Burlington, North Carolina, the beethooms have been plagued by unparalleled funniness. Incidentally, that's the same city where someone once complained on the public Internet because a department store cashier bubbled. Anyway, this school recently experienced a senior prank of the toilety kind. Students filled numerous toilet bowls and urinals with cement—which dried and ruined them all up.

Best all, someone put tennis balls in one of the toilets. It is unclear if this was a different donicker than those that were filled with cement, or if the balls just became mired in the goo.

It seems the students gained entry into schools overnight to carry out the deed. Other schools in the district experienced overturned desks and other mischief.

The school district threatened to ban any seniors involved from their graduation ceremony.

Peep the symbolism of the cement caper. Our schools mold young minds into unthinking cement slabs. So it's only fitting that cement landed in the toilets.



Give my regards to Sesame Street

Let's go back a few years to circa 1984 for this TV memory! This ranks right up there with "Next time I'll try Pepsi."

Most records are pressed on plain black vinyl or (if you're unlucky) styrene. But there's also something called a picture disc—a record that shows the cover art or some other picture on the playing surface. I've seen very few of these.

Anyway, there was a ridiculous commercial that aired on outlets like MTV. This ad started out innocuously enough, showing a piece of Paul McCartney's "No More Lonely Nights" video. Then the hilarity began. The voiceover man said something like, "Look what's happened to Paul McCartney!" A cartoon of a factory appeared, and the video was sucked into a chimney on the factory. The factory danced and churned. It was sort of like the dancing Statue of Liberty at the end of *Sesame Street*.

If you're not laughing uncontrollably right now, there's something wrong with you. I mean, seriously, there is something *really wrong* with you! I'd consult a therapist.

Anybip, this was a commersh for picture discs. The factory turned Paul McCartney into a record with his smiling mug on it.

I thought the ending of the ad was even funnier. It showed a column of random picture discs scrolling upward and leering at the viewer. The only disc I remember from this featured Patty Smyth of Scandal. I don't think the picture was from any cover art. It was just her glaring at you. It looked like she meant business. I guess I wouldn't be too happy either if I was dragged through a cartoon of a factory and made into a record.

Patty Smyth really *is* the warrior!

I saw this commersh precisely *once* in the '80s, and I burst out laughing!

More stupid gum news

Here's more news about bubble gum and the hilarious influence it has on society. Unfortunately, it's from a not-very-trustworthy source—which I define as most major American TV stations, networks, newspapers, and websites these days. This is from a station whose idea of an investigative report is complaining about a homeless camp, so don't take it as gospel.

America has an official religion: standardized testing. Most schools don't give a shit if you actually learn anything that will come in handy for your economic future or personal interest. Instead, they teach to the test. If they can find something to improve performance on the all-important standardized tests, they'll brush aside all existing rules for it.

That's why in classrooms in Portland, Oregon, teachers have been handing out gum to students. You know, that stuff people blow bubs with. They said it would improve students' concentration during the standardized tests.

However, one instructor said the privilege to gnash beegie at school would be revoked if gum or wrappers were improperly discarded.

Now for some keen insight that the regular media seems to lose. While school administrators, politicians, and the media treat standardized tests as unassailable, nobody in the real world gives a shit about these tests. So instead of chomping gum to improve concentration on the test, most students probably just tried to see how big of a bubble they could blow—which is more important than this test. After all, most things are.

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