

The Last Word™

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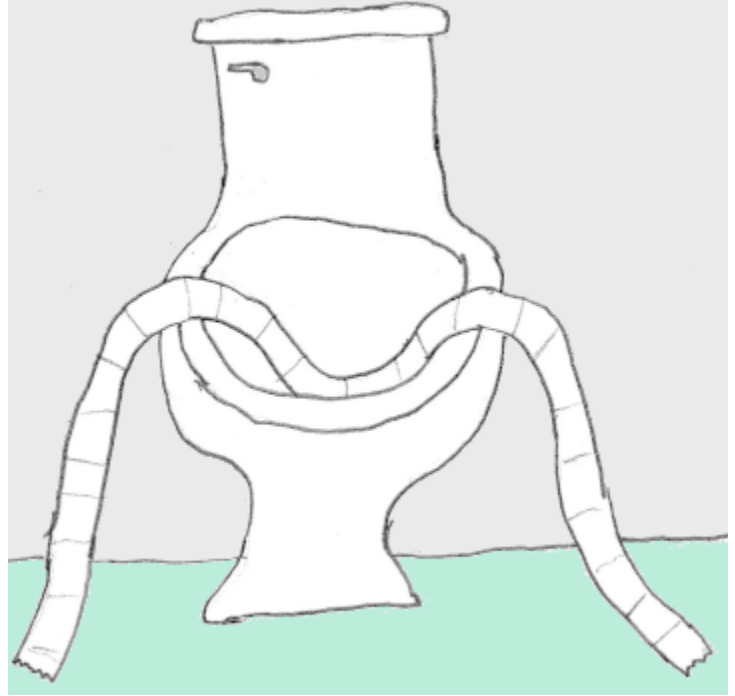
October 2024

Tonight I'm gonna party like it isn't 2024

To fight the burgeoning op state, I goied on a fact-finding mission to Minnesota and surrounding states from September 2-7.

This included camping a couple nights at Pikes Peak State Park in Iowa. A toilet there was funny. Most toilets are, but this one was extra special! There was toilet paper draped across the seat and onto the floor—on both sides. Somebody had forgotten to flush—and it was a Number Two! The soil rested atop the toilet paper where it dipped down into the bowl. Best all, it stayed that way throughout the better part of a day. And I do mean *better*. Some people speak of “the better part of a day” even when it’s a negative. But in this case, it was a plus.

Here’s more examples of how that expression can be used. It can be used to relay a positive observation, for example: “Oscar the Grouch complained for the better part of a day.” Or it can be used as a negative, for instance: “*Forbes* magazine complained for the better part of a day.” Language can be very flexible!



On our second evening at Pikes Peak, we burned the latest Brossart fundraising mailer. This beg-a-thon asked for money for multiple new softball and baseball stadiums costing millions of dollars.

Later in the trip, we visited Voyageurs National Park in Minnesota. The visitors center showed a Canadian-made film in which voyageurs in the North American fur trade were described as an “incontinent lot.” The film was dated 1964. At least it wasn’t made in the 2020s, because if it was, the actors would have all been wearing masks...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=m-RNt4wNxb4>

All things considered, this fact-finding mission ruled the crazy Minnesota way!

Will the sun ever shine again?

Every weekend and holiday of the summer—and possibly some other days too, depending on your schedule—you woke up bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, slid into your favorite swimwear, and skedaddled down to the nearest city pool or beach. No sooner did you arrive when the familiar pitter-patter of our famous flooding rains began to put a damper on the day. It didn’t let up until evening,

and the cycle almost invariably began anew the next day.

As flooding rains plagued greater Cincinnati this summer, residents suffered a historically wet season. Observers warned that the heavy rainfall could damage homes and other buildings, leading to costly repairs. Even foundations may shift, as the soil expands when wet.

On one recent Monday, a staggering 18 inches of rain fell along the North Carolina coast. Homes were flooded, lives were at risk, and even trucks were completely underwater. A man was seen kayaking to a hotel, and a McDonald's sign was blown away. It was called "a 1,000-year flood." In more recent days, a dam at the other end of the state failed, menacing a Tennessee town.

Louisiana's shrimp industry has been threatened with outright extinction because of this extreme weather. And dozens of Pittsburgh area roads were closed by flooding earlier this year.

Downpours continue around Cincinnati, and on September 24, the city broke its all-time rainfall record for that date. Crops have been ruined, and hay shortages have resulted.

Our weather bureau here at **The Last Word** has declared a natural disaster due to the heavy rains. This obligates government agencies to provide emergency relief for families that were negatively impacted.

Like it or not, the gloom is likely to only get worse. Now we're entering permacloud season—which won't let up for months. And how do we know next summer won't be wetter than this one was? It's a high bar to reach, but there's no guarantee we won't reach it. It's been far worse.

At the end of the day, there's a lot to unpack here.

Comic book gentrification not so comical

#\$%&!!!

Our friends on the public Internet have clued us in to a new attack on our cultural works, like the gentrification of record collecting: the recent degradation of comic books.

It's happening as we speak, though I'm sure "approved" media outlets will deny it. But who are you going to believe—the media, or your own eyes? The media doesn't have a great track record. They're even trying to rehabilitate the nuclear power racket's shattered reputation by downplaying the Three Mile Island disaster, which flies in the face of 45 years of objective data. I just can't believe we even have to debate that. We're being ruled by lying maniacs.

Comic book gentrification has been described as one of the worst cultural trends in our society in modern times. Comic books and similar publications used to be on the cutting edge. Now they do little more than amplify official messaging that is at odds with objective facts.

Writers and publishers may just be catering to collectors and sellers who increasingly lead gentrified lives. These days, the fart-like miasma of gentrification wafts all around them. There's a real science to predicting a person's character and outlook from other qualities. Some of the folks who have taken over the comic book biz lately can be quickly identified as being permanently glued to an endless feed of CNBC with their own bastepaste.

Zines are in better shape, but this hobby certainly isn't what it once was either. Instead of biting commentary about government cocaine dealing or Ronald Reagan shitting his pants, zines have largely moved into the realm formerly occupied by comic books. Will zines end up being gentrified too?

As we've had more and more experience in life, it's clearer than ever that we're ruled by a shadowy cabal that aims to harm us. If our overlords had good intentions, they would have screwed up at some point and actually done something that worked in our favor. But—*without fail*—new economic and national defense policies always go against us. Almost every new public policy of the past 40 years has hurt us. It's nothing but lose, lose, lose. In the rare case some new social policy actually helps us, they immediately try to reverse it and backslide to something worse than before.

Contrast today versus the conditions of the 1970s, and it's horrifying just how authoritarian and eliminationist our society has become. Things have gotten more idiotic and ridiculous all the time.

It's not only policies, but the media's propagandizing. It's amazing what they expect us to



believe. I suspect they even made up a murder out of whole cloth to back up their stances, as the full names of the victim and perpetrator were not released. How is it possible for the names of a murderer and his victim—who were both adults—to not be released? This is like the time some crybaby posted online that he had street addresses of people who were arguing with him, and when challenged to post them, he just posted a string of X's. Furthermore, the murderer had allegedly threatened people for a long time before the murder occurred, so if he was real, why wasn't he stopped then?

People who usually have opposing political views are now unified against the ruling cabal's growing totalitarianism—because our overlords are waging an invisible class war.

When NKU violated confidentiality laws

Remember when NKU decided to kick me out over a public cataclysm that I later proved was carried out by someone else? Remember when they broke the law by sending a letter to my mom about it? Remember when we had a party, and Bill Clinton brang really great beer?

Actually, I made up that last event. But the other events did happen.

NKU infamously expelled me—after they saw my fabled “permanent record”—and mailed a letter to my mom about it. I don't know how they found her address. I was 21 at the time. Because I was 18 or over, this violated the Family Educational Rights and Privacy Act of 1974.

And lo! This isn't the only way the school violated that law. Did you know that the law also required schools to protect students' medical records? Student medical records are usually covered not by the Health Insurance Portability and Accountability Act of 1996—which wasn't a law yet then anyway—but by the 1974 law. How did NKU manage to violate that provision of the law, dare you ask? During my battles with WRFN, the school inexplicably dragged a university official who had nothing to do with it into the fray. This gave other students easy access to my confidential medical history.

NKU wasn't even the only offender. Cline Middle School violated this same provision. After I got in a particularly ugly brawl in 7th grade, the school wrote a Strongly Worded Letter to the assailant. They didn't have any intention of punishing him, of course. I learned about the letter because that student wadded it up and threw it on the ground, and another student found it and showed it to me. The problem with this document was that it mentioned that I was being heavily drugged with a toxin like Cylert or Ritalin.

That was a violation of my medical confidentiality. Period. End of story. Do not pass go. Do not collect \$200. Instead, lean back and poo.

If you've never read me before, you might think there's no way that happened, or that the public wouldn't tolerate it if it did. But this is Campbell County, so unfortunately, there's a somewhat significant bloc of people who would *love* to see FERPA repealed. They think that would make it “the county of science.”

For its part, NKU has declined spectacularly even since I was a student there. It was bad back then, but now they seem determined to focus on the absolute stupidest shit you can possibly imagine. It's clear that NKU—and other colleges—have in recent years been culling students who they think might be a thorn in the side of authority. NKU is the most 2020s thing ever—and I mean that in a bad way. Plus, the school embodies elite-fueled impositions against a beleaguered public.

And before the usual suspects sniff that I would have had just as much trouble at any other college, I did attend community college years after NKU, and I didn't have a shred of trouble there. So put that in your pipe and smoke it!

NKU slammed the door on accessibility (a blast from the past)

This is a golden oldie from 2002. In fact, it's one that never charted in the first place: Major local media ignored this story, leading me to not being able to find it until now. But it's as relevant as ever,



because NKU's fascism is as relevant as ever.

A 2002 report says that NKU was constructing much-needed wheelchair ramps to connect its new Natural Science Building with existing buildings. But there was a big problem: The doors were not disabled accessible. They did not have the buttons to automatically open the doors.

In 2002. Not 1602. 2002.

An official with the construction company said the project was being completed in accordance with the Americans with Disabilities Act. But this claim was factually wrong. The lack of buttons forced disabled students to wait for others to be present to open the doors for them. This caused them to be late for classes. Thus, they were being denied access that was comparable to that enjoyed by others.

It was also reported that there was a budget request to add buttons. I just hope NKU didn't use budget cuts as an excuse not to add them—like how they were always citing cuts as a reason to slash activities when I was a student there.

All-Star parking struck out (a blast from the past)

Let's take a jaunt back to the bubble gum bustin' year 2015! That was when the Major League Baseball All-Star Game last came to Cincinnati. It was also when another power outage—which was caused not by weather, but just because—afflicted Bellevue's commercial zone, costing the city business from fans in the area to see the game.

While Bellevue was reeling from lost business from a power outage of unknown cause—one of many—things were also fashing up in Covington! The city of Covington gave free valet parking to luxury cars. No other cars received this privilege.

A website posted a notice blaring, "FREE PARKING FOR ALL LUXURY VEHICLES (Mercedes-Benz, BMW, Lexus, Cadillac, Porsche, Audi etc.)" The notice was adorned with an ornate design. The parking was located at the bottom of Greenup Street—in the well-to-do neighborhood where the city continues to give special parking privileges to wealthy residents.

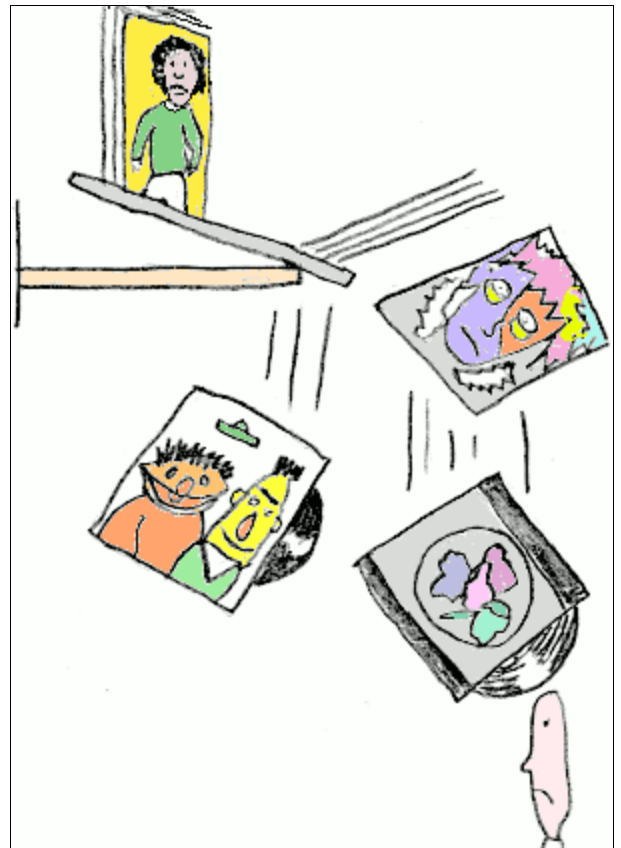
The city's elevation of luxury autos foretold not only the unearned parking privileges seen now but also other recent public embarrassments. City officials have openly supported overseas dictatorships. They've tried to punish protesters for demonstrations protected by the First Amendment. They took positions on COVID measures that would have made them sound like extremist scolds even at the height of the pandemic—which was completely disqualifying for any position of public trust or anything dealing with young people.

Maybe they were pushing the COVID catastrophism because they noticed the FBI was investigating other local officials for the thoughtcrime of opposing such authoritarianism.

Vinyl resting place

When I was middle school age, listening to Cincinnati radio was a real barrel of guffaws, because that's when we had WCLU to enjoy. I painted an image in my mind in which the DJ's were always fumbling with the records and other equipment. A delightful conceit it was!

In recent years, we've talked about the Kenner Close 'n Play—a record player that ruined records all up. We've also discussed Panasonic selling turntables with styluses designed to shred styrene 45's like sandpaper. But K-tel also got into the record destructing biz...



That's an old commercial for an invention called the Record Selector that K-tel put out. It was like a rack for record albums that allowed records to automatically move forward until you got to the record you were looking for. It was supposed to hold 24 LP's.

Lots of commenters on that clip said they had a Record Selector in their day. The main problem with it was obvious from the commersh. Even a 6-year-old could see what the problem was. As the records moved forward, it seemed to be putting too much weight on the records in front—which would break them.

Sometimes, the flipping of the records put so much weight on the front of the rack that the whole thing just tumbled over onto the floor and dumped albums everywhere.

Another commenter said the Record Selector slots left rectangular marks on all the album jackets. Another said the slots warped the records.

Such an invention really wasn't even necessary for people who didn't have many records. Someone quipped, "Oh my god, 24 whole records would just be too many to keep track of."

Another commenter said someone gave him a Record Selector when he was 8, but one day he just "found it busted on the floor, I don't know what happened." Yet another comment said the Selector "basically destroyed all my dad's Dean Martin & Perry Como album covers then got stepped on one day finishing the evil thing off."

But another commenter said they still had their Record Selector, and it supposedly worked right.

It was noted that milk crates were just as useful for storing records. But Kentucky has a law against unauthorized milk crate possession. I know that's not as bad as Matt Bevin's functionaries wasting taxpayer dollars to publish a report demanding slashing Social Security, but it's still awfully silly.

The only record when that report was put out was Bevin's record level of extremism!

Water district's excuses don't hold water

There's no wa!

This time, I'm not talking about Frisch's. I'm talking about Ward Avenue in Bellevue.

It's as if the Northern Kentucky Water District is marching up to residents, dancing around, and singing right in their faces, "There's no wa! Badeedle-badeed! At Frisch's Big Boy! 'Cause it ain't such a damn value!"

Recent media reports say folks on Ward have been confronted by either dirty water or a complete lack of water again and again lately. According to these accounts, it's happened about 8 times in only a year. But it's been going on for at least 5 years.

This appears to be because of repeated water main breaks. But the Northern Kentucky Water District has denied there are any breaks. People have visited their website, but the website always insists there is no break.

One day, after a break was reported, the water district let it go for a full 24 hours.

It's as bad as the frequent power outages plaguing the city.

The Northern Kentucky Water District is of course the same crew of clowns that was responsible for the noise violations caused by its poorly fastened metal highway panel in 2022. During the 5 weeks they allowed that to go on, they kept sending out trucks to block residents from tearing out the plate, but made no effort to remove the plate themselves—until I complained to city council.

My complaint worked. But usually, the city is very hands-off toward both public utilities like the water district and corporate utility firms like the electric company. In fact, it's more laissez-faire regarding private companies. Though the primary culprits in the failures of these services are the utility agencies themselves, the city's refusal to rein them in is evocative of the negative things we used to read about governments of major cities 40 years ago. Except now it's far worse.

Then there's the city's failure to do anything about the sidewalk being blocked for the past 3 months after the Fifth Third building collapsed—which violates the Americans with Disabilities Act.

Social bubble trouble

People worrying about the dumbest crap imaginable is the most 2020s thing there is. It has pit child against parent, brother against brother, sister against sister, neighbor against neighbor.

Let's go back to 2020 for a story we found on the public Internet about a ridiculous family feud. Someone posted that she got in a confrontation with her daughter-in-law that Thanksgiving about food that she brang to the family meal.

Apparently, the daughter-in-law was a great vegan cook. She brang "a ton of food dishes" to the meal, sporting a smile throughout. But the mother-in-law didn't appreciate it, because she thought the daughter-in-law just copied her recipes. This led to an argument that resulted in the daughter-in-law being kicked out of the gathering. The mother-in-law vowed never to invite her back. She even cut contact with her son.

Ridiculous? You bet your bizcream!

But here's the silliest part. Remember, this was 2020. So you can see where this story is headed. The commenter's post starts not with anything about this feud, but about how the whole family had "been taking extra precautions" because of COVID. It has nothing to do with the rest of the story, and by that time, nobody cared. *At all*. Certainly not Deborah Birx, who violated the rules she ordered everyone else to follow. The best part of the commenter's post was when she said her immediate family lived nearby or with her, "so we are bubbled."

They bubbled? You mean like with bubble gum?

Nah, it's just that dumb "social bubbles" fad.

Carry on.

Helicopter governing!

The rise of helicopter parenting—so called because these parents "hover" over their kids constantly—has been written about by others. These days, we have helicopter *governing*. It's not parents who practice it, but our government "leaders."

There are rightly laws to protect young people—i.e., those below the age of majority. But I have a problem with *adults* being barred from making their own decisions—just as long as these choices do not negatively impact others. I also have a problem with the fact that young people have become increasingly treated as property of parents or public officials.

First, let's talk about adults. Several years ago, the town of Brookline, Massachusetts, enacted an ordinance prohibiting the sale of tobacco products to those born on or after January 1, 2000. If this had taken effect on December 31, 2017, and if the applicable birthdate moved ahead each day, I wouldn't have cared. But this applies *in perpetuity* to folks born on or after January 1, 2000. In other words, if someone born in this millennium lives to be 1,000, they won't be allowed to buy cigarettes.

In my opinion, if adults want to buy something that might give them lung cancer, tough toilets. They're old enough to choose whether to buy it. If they want to get cancer, that's their own problem and nobody else's. It's a shame if it happens, but it's their lungs, not mine.

You could write an entire library of books on Brookline. Brookline tries to show the rest of the world how "educated" it is—but its public officials today aren't as smart as they think they are. The town has such a reputation that WBZ-FM in Boston reportedly launched a weekly show based entirely on real emergency police calls from the town. Brookline—being the wealthy community it is—also took COVID culture to an extreme. The town wasted federal COVID relief money buying 10 fiberglass



statues of turkeys. Brookline had a mask mandate as late as June 2022 and only lifted it because golf's U.S. Open was coming to town.

The mask rule even applied outdoors for a while—not because it was effective (which it wasn't), but because Brookline wanted to show off its cranky contrarianism. What's worse is that people actually *complied*. Yet a Reddit comment called the rule “stubborn and backwards.” Someone jokingly replied, “Hostility and stubbornness in Brookline? Guess there's a first time for everything.” Another Reddit post said that when someone walked around Brookline without a mask, they were harassed by complete strangers.

Brookline is also the hometown of some great political leaders—John F. Kennedy among them. But these days, it's becoming less a home of leaders and more a home of crackpots.

New Zealand passed a tobacco law similar to Brookline's a few years ago, but the country reportedly repealed it before it took effect.

Constant policing of what adults do is bad enough, but some laws regarding youth are also arbitrary. I'm not against some laws that specify age limits, but much of my stance is for consumer protection or preventing exploitation and abuse. Plus, if there are restrictions in place, it should be in proportion to the situation at hand. Yet it often isn't.

A few jurisdictions recently passed laws to prohibit anyone under 18 from even buying snacks like potato chips. They said it was to fight the obesity epidemic, yet they conveniently clam up when we point out that most of the obesity epidemic was caused by people being forced to stay home during COVID.

Much of what we eat today is poison. And most of it only appeared in our foodstuffs in the past 30 to 40 years. Why did food regulators like the FDA approve these additives? Wouldn't banning these additives be better than banning snacks altogether? If they had done the former, nobody might ever think to do the latter.

There have long been laws and legal principles that recognize personal autonomy in proportion to varying situations. There is something called the *mature minor doctrine*, which says that even if you're not 18 yet, you can make certain decisions on your own. The exact age and circumstances vary, and sometimes an age is not specified, but the doctrine exists under common law and other laws. Yet there are many locales where the mature minor doctrine is being chiseled away at.

I wrote a piece once describing how teenagers were being required to change their name when they didn't want to, usually because their mother married a new man. It's not only kids. It's adults too. A 22-year-old woman recently made an online post saying her father was forcing her to change her last name. She hadn't seen him since she was 5. Her father had also tried to kill her mother.

What takes place now differs starkly from what society was like in my day. I was allowed to ride alone on TANK buses even in my early teens. I first used computer bulletin board systems when I was only 13. I worked hard, and I had to get a job when I was a teenager. But grownup responsibilities imply that you have the maturity to use public transit and online media.

When I was 17, the idea that I wouldn't be allowed to buy snacks would have been laughable. There were stores near work and school where I bought snacky-poops all the time. Some of my classmates even got bubble gum there. Wow, they were living dangerously!

With laws being so far removed from what they were in my time, what's next? It's a slippery slope. If the trend continues, what might be unthinkable now could be the norm in a few years. I warned everyone before things got as bad as they are now, and my warnings went unheeded.

Children are not property. Civilized societies realize this. But our society has become too centered on the whims of selfish, spoiled adults who can't control their emotions and expect everyone else to solve their problems for them. We've also been subjected to what amounts to a decades-long advertising campaign that portrays controlling everyone's lives as somehow scientifically and morally superior. For a society to be civilized, it can't have helicopter governing.

When some sanctimonious has-beens decided to eep that parents own the air that children breathe, I didn't know this was meant to be taken literally, but now I think they actually wanted people



to take it literally. Just as bad is the belief that our disgraced political class should own the air that adults breathe.

Helicopter governance may fly in some random dictatorship, but in liberal democracies, we believe in freedom.

Rolling the dice with this gum trick

Recent months have seen a renewed zeal in these pages for the idea of blowing bubbles with bubble gum filled with Pepsi.

But I remember thinking many years ago of a similar trick involving game pieces such as dice.

I've never seen anyone try it, and I'm warning you point blank that it may be a choking hazard. I am not encouraging this trick. I'm merely describing it for the shock value.

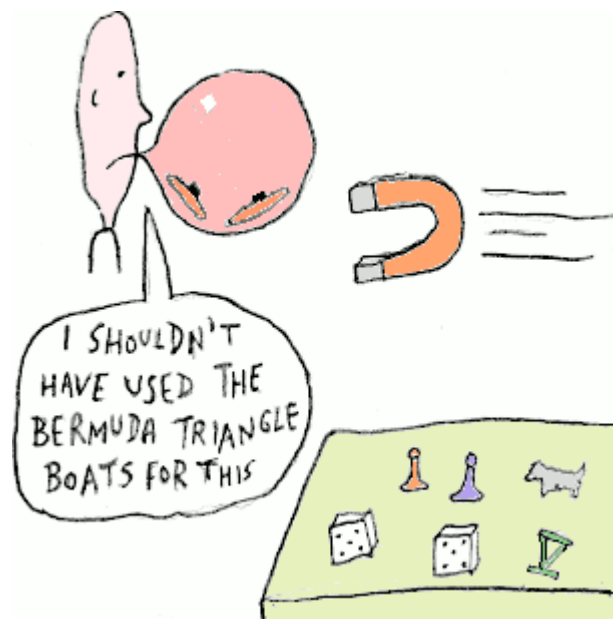
This trick involves blowing a bubble with bubble gum that has a piece of a board game inside it. It could be dice, a Monopoly hotel, a Risk army, or standard Milton Bradley pawns. I first thought of this when I was maybe middle school age.

Why did I think of it? It was because people who were old enough to know better kept picking items off the filthy floor and putting them in their mouth. Sometimes, they meant no harm. But at other times, they did it solely because they knew it spread germs, which they thought made them big manny men. I distinctly recall someone picking a wooden ruler off the floor and licking it.

It was revolting!

Blowing a bubble with game pieces inside is like the commercial where someone burst a balloon and money came out.

I'm a real hawk for sanitation. If you must attempt the Stupid Gum Trick described above—which, I repeat, is a choking risk—I hope to high hell you thoroughly disinfect the game pieces first.



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