

A misty, teal-toned photograph of a swampy forest. A narrow waterway, possibly a cypress swamp, runs through the center of the frame, reflecting the light. The trees are tall and thin, with bare branches, creating a dense canopy. The overall atmosphere is ethereal and quiet.

SWAMP GAS and BARKING SPIDERS

“The voice has changed but the breath is still the same.”

Carlos Valdeperas

INTRODUCTION

The idea from learned minds is that the more we know, the more we learn, the greater the realization is that we know very little. Well, if this is true, why, as adults, do we seem to ask fewer questions? Those learned minds may have a plethora of explanations, theories, and hypothesis to this. Scientific papers and books may abound explaining why we ask why less and less as our living years pile up. My take on this, my explanation or theory will hardly make a hearty paragraph. Of course I am not a learned mind. I am not a scholar or a person of science. What I think I know is based on a narrow, limited, and skewed perspective. So in asking why we don't ask why as much as we use to I see it as us just being apprehensive (READ: afraid) of a) coming off as ignorant and b) coming closer to the fact that we know very little.

With that bit of nothing out of the way, I come to a specific why. It is a why that I probably stop wondering about as I left my early years, my single digit years and early teens. Grown up, I fell into step with the world around me and stop asking. I stopped wondering and instead just rode along with the world that surrounded me. I may now be grown, but I am closer to realizing that I am not grown up. I certainly have not come into a wealth of knowledge. I know some. I think I know more. But it took a harsh, abrupt change in my life to make me wonder about things that had stopped intriguing me; had stopped licking at the surface of my mind and making me think. And mind you, I don't completely hold that thinking need be profound. Just because one isn't trying to find the cure for cancer or understand some cosmic mystery does not mean one isn't thinking of something worth while. The most important world –to each individual- is the one that is within.

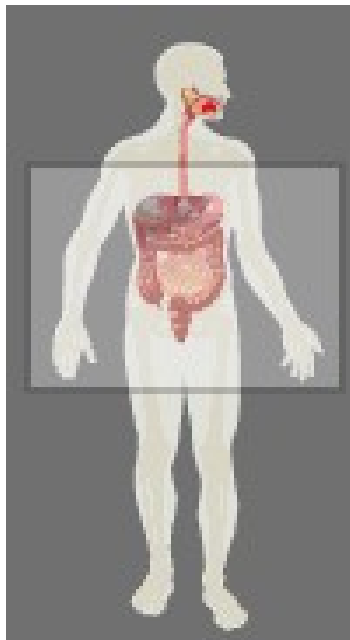
Right, so what was my why and what change in my life rekindled that intrigue? First the change. It came as a surprise. Not so much that I never saw it coming or that I was totally unawares. It was a surprise because it did happen. It came, tumbled over me, turned me and my life upside down like I was being rolled by force along a road of filth and depravity and I was powerless and utterly without control. Over and over I rolled, watching as if in a nightmare, as my life, my identity, my essence was thrashed, molested, and destroyed. But like with most things in life, eventually the dust settled –as the saying goes. It was as if I was finally able to get off the ground, stand up, and brush the dust off. I took in my new environment; my new position in the world. I was far from where I started. I was far from who I was. I was transformed into something, someone I never imagined I would ever be.

One of the aspects of this new existence included a new perspective on living in a world full of people. Other people. Strangers. I went from a world limited to those I chose to be around (with a few here and there I needed to navigate around) to forcefully living among not only strangers but way strange from what I was accustomed to. And this new arrangement included sharing constricted, restricted living quarters. This change was not a subtle change. I went from the world I had build over years to a world of strangers, living with strangers, and filled with strange rules and ways. A stark aspect of this force change involves boarding accommodations. I was reduced to living in a seven by eleven (7x11) foot cell. Not a bedroom. Not a bathroom. A one in all, shared with two strangers, for 20 plus hours a day.

This 7 by 11 cell brought many ramifications to my life. To say that it was a turning on its head of my life and everything I knew and was accustomed to does not convey all that it was to me. So many why's rushed to my consciousness. Some of these are penetrating and startling. Here though I cover a less dire why. It is still serious in its own way. It is still important. It still is worth asking. And why ask why? Why ask what? Why ask anything at all? Well, because it is something that is part of all of our lives. It can influence us whether we share a 7 by 11 cell with strangers or we live wide and free among loved ones.

Just like eating, just like pooping, or breathing or dying or paying taxes (well, almost), everybody farts. Yes, you fart. Call it passing gas. Call it having flatulence. Call it whatever you will, if you eat, you are bound to fart. Prince to paupers. Highborn to savages. Prim women to hard laboring men. Wild children to proper adults. Gas comes to all, and gas passes from all. This fact is never so severe as when you find yourself in very close proximity with others. A fart isn't so much taboo as a fact of life. It happens. It is real. But do you know why? Do you know the etiquette of farting? Do you think you will explode if you hold one? Do you find it always funny to force one out? Do you think you will always control when and how you fart?

Like so many other topics related to the human body, talking about farts, flatulence, and intestinal gas is just not done. Without sex none of use would be here. It is essential to life. Without it you will not live on; your genes will die with you; turn to dust. Yet speaking of it outside of crass, vulgar remarks is rarely done. Depending of what state you live in, talking about it may even be deemed lewd and felonious. Can you believe that? Yes, talking about sex can be a crime. Believe it. And other natural topics are just as ostracized. Taboo by our modern, shallow, desensitized society. Just as very few serious conversations are likely to be had regarding bowel movements, talking about flatulence is taboo. Why?



Where It Comes From

In today's society a fart is both an act and a thing. One word, two meanings. A verb and a noun. To fart is to expel gas from the body. That is the verb meaning. The act of expelling gas. That gas is often simply referred to as a fart. The noun of it. The thing. The gas. Simple. A discharge of intestinal gas. To expel intestinal gas through the anus -to break wind, as some would say. And if you do that expelling or discharging what comes out is commonly called a fart. Nothing complicated or over scientific so far. Just terms and ideas well ingrained in our everyday minds. Nothing of a scholarly level here. Nothing lecherous, offensive, or insensitive so far. Right?

Flatulence is the presence of excessive gas in the digestive tract. **Lumbago** is the gas –or a term for the gas. A little bit more scientific here, but not so bad. Even lumbago is far from scientific. The term is more often associated with a painful condition of the lower back like from a slip disc or sprained muscle. A more scientific look yields this:

*Intestinal gas comes from either swallowed air (nitrogen and oxygen) or the fermentation by bacteria of poorly digested carbohydrates in the colon, yielding a mixture of carbon dioxide, hydrogen, and methane. All the common intestinal gases are odorless; about 1% of the flatus consists of a mixture of other gases that cause the distinctive odour. Foods with high proportions of non-digestible carbohydrates, such as beans and other **legumes***, are associated with excessive flatulence; unusual flatulence not associated with specific dietary causes may indicate intestinal malabsorption or other disease process.*

* LEGUME= pod-fruit such as peas, beans, peanuts, and soybeans

That smells of science but still falls within the realm of every day. Why? Because we all fart. We all eat. We all poop. We all die. Some absolutes there, but are they wrong? Fine, if you say you never fart, at least you agree that you know of people who do. You may even have been around when someone passed gas and you instinctively and with some horror were able to identify the food(s) causing the excess gas. You knew what they ate, in part, at least, from the smell of the gas. Are we in accord with that last bit at least? 'Eww, it smelled like beans!' or 'cabbage for dinner?!' Indeed, the gas can have a resemblance to foods we consume. Like poop, it is natural and part of our workings. (You want sterile, neat, and antiseptic, and totally void of the gross factor try a life on a world of androids and machines. Our bodies are organic and produce organic waste. Gross, right? Deal!)

That gross, that offensive smell, that fart is natural. It is the presence of excessive amounts of gas in the stomach or intestine, which sometimes results in the expulsion of the gas through the anus. Gases are produced through a natural process in our bodies. Healthy individuals produce significant amounts of intestinal gas (**FLATUS**) daily; without rectal release, gases trapped within the digestive system produce bloating and abdominal distention. The gases have to go somewhere. The most common and easiest way for the gas to be dealt with by the body is to pass out. Although a normal occurrence, flatulence sometimes causes embarrassment because of the sound and **fetid** odour of the gases. Tighten that sphincter all you like, the gas will come out.

Right, so the presence of the gas is just part of the natural function of our living. It is scientific:

Flatulence, presence of excessive amounts of gas in the stomach or intestines. Most of the gas in the stomach consists of atmospheric nitrogen and oxygen that have been swallowed. As you eat, drink, or breathe you take in air. Air includes nitrogen and oxygen. The nitrogen is largely unabsorbable and travels on through the intestines. In one opening and out the other. (Or you could belch and let it out the way it got in –but that is for another volume.) Additional gases, principally

carbon dioxide, methane, and hydrogen, are formed within the intestines. The carbon dioxide, produced by fermentation, is largely absorbed. The other gases, produced by incomplete digestion of foods rich in starch or cellulose, such as beans or cabbage, are eventually expelled from the rectum as FLATUS. The disagreeable odor of flatus is caused by several sulfur compounds particular by mercaptans. Large amounts of gas in the stomach or intestines may cause distention and pain.*

**MERCAPTAN= sulfur-containing organic compound*

It is the public release of these gases that brings about the gross, the publicly unacceptable, the eww, and the taboo. And it is this very issue that needs to be addressed, brought to attention, made not-taboo. I mean, did you know that certain foods will produce that silent-but-deadly type of fart? It was right up there in the “science” of this. Incomplete digestion of foods rich in starch –carbohydrates found in seeds, fruits, wheat, rice, roots, and tubers-causes odoriferous gases. Those beans tend to get the most flak. With good reason, since they do seem to create some fetid, foul gas. Cabbage is another victim of blame. But these two foods are not the only culprits. It is the sulfur compounds within organics we eat. We can hardly evade them completely. Try to eliminate corn from your diet (or your life in general). It can’t be done. Not in our crapulent, modern society.

That modern world crapulence will feed the flatulence in us all. Blame should not be put on fermentation alone. The hardworking, complex human body deals with gases from fermentation quite well, absorbing the fetid waste. Like with everything dealing with our bodies, too much fermenting foods inside will overwhelm that human machine. Everything in moderation is the motto. Live it. Love it. Too much of anything and you will be dealing with trouble. There will be an adverse reaction. The balance of the system will be thrown off. Moderation. Try drinking gallons of water in a short period of time or taking lots of deep breaths. You will thrown your body’s balance off and pay the consequences.

Another victim of blame is carbon dioxide. Like methane, CO₂ is not alone the cause of all our fetid, odious troubles. Methane and Carbon dioxide alike are part of the system, but not the culprit of the foulness escaping through the human keister. They are often absorbed by the body. Their smells are not the offensive, clearer-of-rooms gases. Not as related to the human digestive system. Methane, carbon dioxide, and hydrogen, as it states above, are formed within the intestines. They are part of us. Natural.

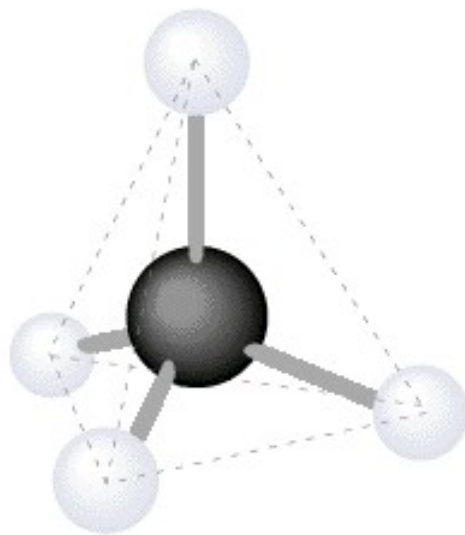
For my system, I have found that milk and heavy milk products produce some excess, putrid gas. It may be that I am simply lactose sensitive –not a severe reaction like lactose intolerant but enough of a problem that too much milk brings on an adverse reaction from my digestive system. It is easy enough to deal with –without the use of pills or the plethora of advertised medications. Which is good because medications can also create excess gases. Likewise for soy rich foods, I have noticed. And the flatulence that comes from eating soy rich foods has a very distinct odor to it. Not something you want to release in close quarters yet nevertheless natural.

Go out into the real, natural world and see if you don’t find gross and offensive under every nook and cranny. It is everywhere. It is a part of life. Consider a modern world gross –think chicken. Chicken is a staple of the Western world’s cuisine. Eat More Chicken, goes the slogan. You have hot wings, chicken fingers, chicken sandwiches, chicken burritos, etc. Chicken, chicken everywhere. But stop before you eat. Look at the chicken before it becomes the food you eat and you will see real gross and offensive. Investigate how that chicken goes from idea to a meal. Of course that is chicken as modern Western world has turned it into, but still, gross. Pigs and cattle aren’t much better. But we don’t think about these things. Not as they are –behind the curtain.

Nature is a polished wonder on the surface, but a rough, tough, crude system below the surface. This holds very true for our bodies. Ignore it if you want. Sugarcoat it if you like. Pretend it is all prim and proper. Shrink back from certain topics because they seem unsophisticated or unpolished or unseemly, but that makes it no less real and present. So flatulence, flatus, farts, and putrid, fetid, unpleasant smells are part of every human being. Everybody farts. In fact, a total lack of flatulence is often suggestive of a disorder rather than some social sophistication. A body that does not produce some gases is not functioning properly –no less proper than a body that is not producing liquid and/or solid waste. A good, working digestive system produces gas. Deal with it.

Now what is important to address is how you deal with the gas. Not how you deal with someone who passes gas but how you expel the gas from within your body, while in a modern, crowded, violent world. The gas will be there. It is in us. If you eat the gas will come. If you drink gas will come. If you live gas will come. (When you die, gas will come!) And you will find your body needing to expel it and knowing how and when and where is worth knowing; worth learning about; worth talking about.

Don't strain and hold it. Don't ignore it. Don't assume. Don't pretend. Flatulence happens.



● Carbon

● Hydrogen

Where It Goes

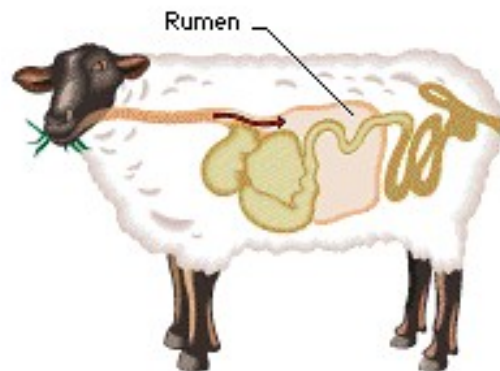
There was at one time a movement, at least in the United States, to combat the ill effects on the environment by carnivorous crazed human controlled, bovine populace. The scientific driven argument was that the ever increasing herds of carnivore-supporting cattle, cows, in particular, were producing an out of proportion dangerous gases (methane, mostly) that their science decreed was damaging our environment. Methane is one of the chief gases of a normal digestive system. In these villainous cows, it accounted (accounts) for the majority of the gases their system releases through natural digestive process, but in very large proportions. They are big animals. They produce big amounts of gas.

Lots of bluster and puff which like many things –again, mostly in the United States- never did come to any sort of definitive, earth shattering resolution. Cow meat is still a staple of American dinner choice (closely followed by poultry, I believe). Cattle still number in the thousands. And well, cows still produce huge amounts of methane –they fart... a lot. Where does it all go? Into the air, naturally. Does it threaten our existence? Maybe. Should something be done to reduce the number of cows in the world? Perhaps. I don't think I am alone in this, but I would have a hard time defeating my hunger for red meat. I like my occasional cow – preferably medium well, with a fried spud (or topped with some pig –in the form of bacon). Cancer of the colon be damned.

Now if someone were to suggest a way to harness this bovine wave of flatulence, that would surely be human progress, taking command of our environment in a positive way. It is done. At least one milk farm out there harnesses this flatulence, taking the large amounts of bovine methane, and use it to produce energy. Methane, after all, is a fuel. The particular farm I remember hearing about was totally or near to disconnected from the electrical grid, providing its own power by recycling the waste, the methane gas, of the cattle they managed in their production of dairy. How ingenious, no? (Oh, and as I remember it, this same farm also collected the cows' solid waste and sold it, in part, for fertilizer to a neighboring true free range chicken farm.)

So cow flatulence need not be such a critical, dire thing. Their farts can serve some good. Methane, after all, is a multi-purpose gas. It is a fuel gas. Naturally occurring. It is a product of the natural and ever occurring decomposition of matter. Humans use it in manufacturing, from producing plastics, certain drug, to dyes. Though it is found among other gases grouped as greenhouse gases, it clearly has many beneficial properties. The trick is to harness it. Harness it and use it. Treat it not as an unwanted waste product but an alternative, advantageous, positive product. It could be a future fuel to feed our increasing appetite. (While we continue to feed our hunger for red meat!)

Now if only we had the forethought to think of human flatulence in a way other than an insult, a foul habit, and/or a thing to avoid, ignore, and ridicule. Human flatulence, though perhaps not as full of potential as bovine flatulence, is still very much a natural, ever-occurring reality. It happens. It is within each and every one of use. Ignore it if you like, but it will come out. It must come out. How, where, when it is released, well, those are the things to ponder.



Jokes and Sayings

Pretending that you do not fart is much like pretending you do not... well, poop. Everybody poops. Sure, it is usually done in private, but it is no less natural than is flatulence. In our early years the poop, pee, and farts come without compunction. Someone is there to deal with these natural processes. There is no embarrassment, no shyness, and no question as to etiquette. The need comes and the need is dealt with. Naturally.

Keeping that need secret is foolhardy. Everybody ...farts. Babies do it freely. Unencumbered by rules, pride, or social etiquette. The gases come out as easily and frequent as other body waste; just as freely as laughter or tears. Nobody flinches away from that. (Well, some do flinch – skittish people unfamiliar with babies and their natural processes.) As kids, it can be a game; a thing of entertainment and amusement. Farting to disgust and repel adults (or peers –like certain attractive girls). Farting just to fart, as a contest to outdoor companions. See who can fart the loudest or longest. Fart to see who can clear a room the fastest. The possibilities there are endless –as is the flatulence.

Then we grow up and things change. Perhaps the development or discovery of the other great taboo, sex (and all associated with it –body changes, desires, obsessions, etc), causes one to withdraw, mask, or avoid ANY natural process. Everything becomes a secret. Things that brought amusement now bring dread. Something nature becomes something to spurn, hide, and pretend into oblivion. Maybe it should be said that as we grow older, these changes occur. Growing up suggests an increase in mental maturity. Taboos do not fit the concept of maturity.

But great lengths are put into play to mask the natural release of flatulence from our bodies. A large volume of text can be devoted to the myriad of ways the passing of gas is masked by adult humans. Just today I used the flushing of the toilet to disguise the rumble of escaping gas. (To me I was not giving in to the taboo afraid of being found out to be passing gas but helping “flush” away the fetid odor exiting from my derriere.) I can also admit to the coughing trick while urinating to conceal some mild flatulence. As if the process of urinating is so less ...unnatural than farting. You pushing out one waste, some other products of bodily functions will want to leave the body as well. Best to worry more about letting out some solid substances while standing than just gas.

Standing to urinate is primarily a male thing. I understand women can do it too but standing while we pee brings up the image of men more often than not. So, being a man, I cannot relate to how flatulence may inflict women while they sit to urinate. I would imagine it comes as readily if not more so. Thus the coughing diversion may not be limited to men alone. (Nor the flushing of the toilet, for that matter.) And there are so many other methods available to hide the sound of that escaping, dreaded, flatus. Have you not hear someone snort while standing by the urinal holding onto their fleshy member? Maybe the snort was meant for another reason; one that could be developed into an entire different volume, but it could just have been to camouflage the sound of an escaping fart.

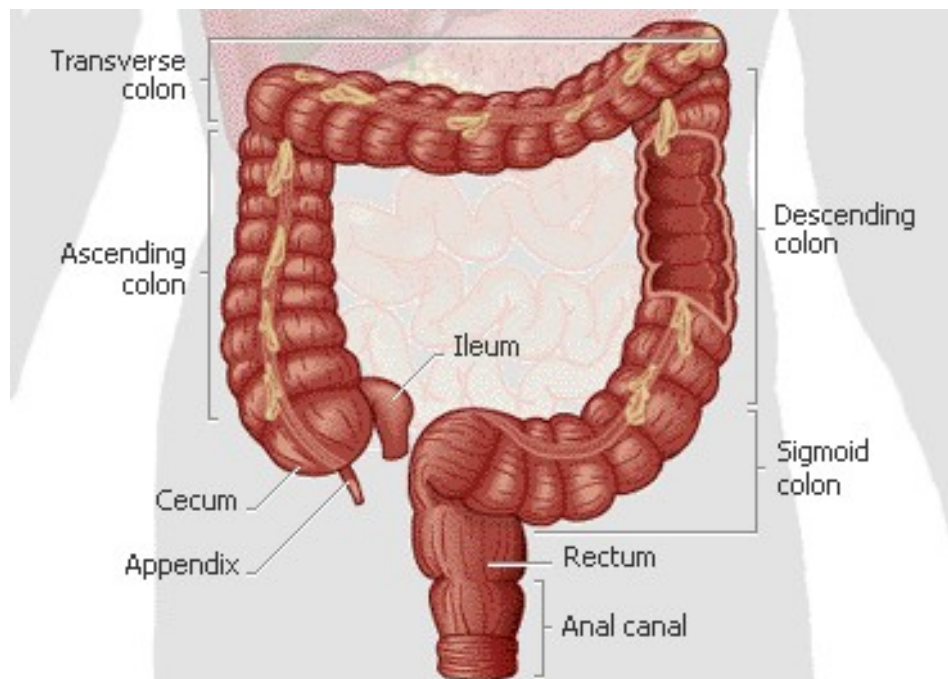
Denial is an almost automatic reflex reaction these days with many if not most people. It may be just as bad as hating or rejecting or condemning things that are not familiar or understood. But that is stuff to cover many volumes of dry text that this does not try to be. With farts, the simple fact is that we, as adults, don't want others to know our bodies are releasing natural gas. *Wasn't me!* Is a common reaction to a gas gone wild. It may well be that it wasn't you... this time, but you can surely recall many times through your life when intestinal gas just came out. Not a pleasant event if it occurs in a public place –or worse, if it occurred in an intimate, close-up setting. Yikes!

Oh and if the passing of gas occurs while engaged in sexual intercourse... wow! Our current social structure makes such a natural occurrence –both the flatulence AND the sex- impossible to address, discuss, or even make fun of. It is so taboo. But c'mon, have you not farted at the most inopportune of times? Fine, if not during intercourse, then maybe while engaged in strenuous physical activity; lifting a heavy object from off the floor. Have you never passed gas when coughing? Really?

If you smell'ed it, you dealt it! So it is said. If true or not doesn't seem to much matter. What should matter is avoiding passing gas in places where it will be smelled by others, in an environment where foul smells do not fit with normal social decorum. Like, avoid passing gas in a crowded church during the middle of the sermon. Flatulence has to come out, but not in such a hurry that you have to fart just anywhere. Some say holding it is bad for you. Well, as with much else in life, everything in moderation. Hold it, but not for ever. In that church scenario, you should be able to hold it long enough for even a long-winded speaker to stop speaking.

Farting during sex, well, that presents different social etiquette issues. I would think it falls under a trust thing. If the relationship is right, some flatulence (and offensive smells of other kinds) should not be things of disquiet. It would be like feeling comfortable with seeing your partner sit at the toilet to have a bowel movement. It is all natural. Everybody does it. Deal.

Do men fart more than women? Women don't fart, you say? Hmphr! I say. Flatulence is a natural process of living. That includes from the most vile and wild animal to the most prim and proper woman. Name your most esteemed individual, a saint, a queen, whomever... they fart. Maybe not in public. Maybe not aloud so it carries through walls or sends seismic waves through the earth. The sounds may not be mistaken for barking spiders or horse toads. But be assured, they pass gas. What some women may not do is pass gas in such an obvious way that others around them know it, but this can be true for some men as well.



The So What of it

So cows are blamed for excess methane in the atmosphere –possibly causing terrible damage as one of the offensive and dangerous greenhouse gases. Cows do fart and belch a lot of that methane. Chickens, well, the commercial breeding of them, the packing them into warehouse like structures by huge numbers does lead to some major stink –but not so much in the way of flatulence. It is a different kind of stink. Stink raises from those ever-growing land fills too. I guess as much if not more than from some boggy swamp somewhere. So much stink!

So what? Well, when it comes to the stink of flatulence, the object of attention should not be why it happens or who causes it but how to expel the stuff in a crowded, sociably immature society. Can you imagine living around elephants? Think of their farts... yikes! Bad enough that they must produce huge amounts of solid waste. In comparison we humans fart and poop so much less... yet have such great issue with these natural processes. Well, not to harp on use poor humans too much. Have you ever witnessed a dog fart? Not the sleeping, seems-to-be-dead-to-the-world dog, but one moving and doing. Then a fart blurts out. And the freak. Yeah, they are conscious of the flatulence too. (Just not in the way humans are. Naturally. We freak because it brings attention in a way we may not like. They freak because... well, its hard to say for sure. It tickles coming out? It is surprisingly loud? It produces a smell that briefly overwhelms their sense?)

We fart. We have flatulence within us. When it comes out, it can be the most foul, fetid, offensive odor anyone has ever smelled. Eyes may water. Paint may seem to decorticate, strip, or peel from surfaces. The escape of human flatulence, even from a demure, elegant individual (READ: woman) could be a room clearing event. It happens. It is a natural to use all. It does not signify some illness. The foul stench doesn't necessarily mean the person who dealt it is rotting from the inside out. No medical intervention need be indispensable. But, a little education could serve. Etiquette. Conduct in public. Manners. These are more than just concepts for the old and staunchy.

What? Avoid the escape of those natural gases in confined places. It will concentrate the smell and probably point to you as the culprit. That is never a good, sociably redeeming, positive, suitable thing. Maybe if you are seven years old and hanging out with some buds, but not so much after say, the age of eight. If you are over eighty, well, flatulence is as unsavory as the wrinkles, the unsteady gait, the loss of libido, and all else that comes from a deteriorating body. But you aren't over 80 yet, right?

Avoid farting in public. It isn't a hard concept to understand. Sure, people don't behave in public like they did, say, 40 years ago, but some sense of right and wrong should still be part of our DNA. Think of the social environment you are in when the urge to pass gas builds within you. Consider how those around you will react. Or better yet, pretend you are in among older, strict, proper people and deal with the gas appropriately. Would you fart or belch in front of your grandmother? Would you do it in front of the pastor/priest? Then perhaps you should avoid doing it around others as well.

When the urge is too great; when removing yourself from a crowd is not possible and the gas just needs to come out, try for open air. Try for a place where the smell will hopefully reach the least number of people. So like, don't stand right in front of the air-conditioning vent... or a fan, doorway, etc. You certainly don't want to PUSH the gas out. That may be great at age six – especially when it works out just right and it creates the type of rumbling one would associate with a large... thing –but later in life, the noise is just plain rude. Better strive for a silent release. Maybe silent but deadly, but at least it will be not come with the further offense of sound. Pushing for it out can also be burdened with the embarrassment of the ejection of some solid matter. There is little worse than spoiling your pants in public.

To balance some of the “don’ts” of this, if flatulence is a personal problem, as in it is unusually frequent, foul, and persistent, there are some things you CAN do to help. Since the flatulence comes from the process of digestion of food, monitor what you eat. As previously stated, beans are a common cause of the offensive gas. So, consider your intake of beans. Beans are a good source of proteins so it wouldn’t be proper to suggest an elimination of bean intake, but perhaps a reduction would be in order if the regular intake is high. How the beans are prepared is also important to consider. Soaking prior to cooking may help. Thorough cooking of the beans may help too.

It is wise to consider the regulation of other known gas producing foods. Cabbages every day is probably going to lead to... well, gas every day. Starch-rich foods will overwhelm your system if done to excess. So diet will play a role as much as the manners you adhere to. Everything in moderation applies all around.

When moderation just isn’t enough, of course there are other available options. In today’s world, there is a pill for just about everything. It holds true for flatulence. The Aveno, *there’ll be no gas*, comes to mind. Though nothing will eliminate gas all together, since it is a part of a healthy digestive system, there are means to reduce the presence of flatulence. As with many drugs marketed in our capitalistic society, some remedies come in naturally occurring form. For gas, the little know, rarely mention seed of the anise plant comes to mind:

ANISE, common name for an annual plant of the PARSLEY family. Native to Egypt, it is also cultivated in Syria, Malta, Spain, and Germany. The seed of the plant, called aniseed, is used as a condiment, in the preparation of the liqueur anisette, and in medicine as a stimulant and to relieve FLATULENCE. Aniseed has an aromatic, agreeable smell and a warm, sweetish taste. Both smell and taste are due to its oil, called oil of anise, which contains anethole. Anethole and its derivatives are used in perfumes and flavorings.

Everybody farts but not everybody has to do it every time it comes knocking on the keister door. What you eat will influence the production of gas, but WHAT you eat should not be a guide to your behavior in a civilized world. Don’t be an animal! (Or a mindless legume.) Etiquette is still part of our world. It must be! If you smell’t it you dealt it so why not deal with it; learn, talk, educate. It is not foul to talk about flatulence. What is foul is pretending it doesn’t happen. Everybody farts!

THE [smelly] END

