

MAGGOTS (Part 1)

How I Took Down the Bush Dynasty, and Inadvertently Brought You Donald Trump

By Rod Webber

(This is the first 79 pages. The other sections will be released incrementally.)

INTRODUCTION

These Blind Molerat reporters were sent around the country in all manner of blunderbuss and bouncy castle— how else could they protect these *Romper-Room-journalism-school-rejects* from the scourge of the truth? I mean, if they walked out among the people, in the streets they might have developed ideas which conflicted with the official narrative being dictated by their corporate overlords. Sumner Redstone, Bob Iger, Jeff Bewkes, Rupert Murdoch, Jeff Bezos, Michael Bloomberg, Sheldon Adelson, Patrick Soon-Shiong, and so on.

Politicians, puppet-masters and propagandists had all come together to form a savage and unholy alliance to loot the Earth of its natural resources, and in the process, wreak havoc on humanity. Their end game? Personal enrichment. Interdimensional Space Maggot was the only way these soulless leeches could realistically be described— maybe, tick, louse or cockroach— but at the end of the day, they were maggots, and as such, they still had time to grow— and there was no telling what kind of monster they would transform into.

Truth be told, I felt sympathy for the Molerat. I had often contemplated whether they had been born these blind, spineless, burrowing creatures, or if they had just been stumbling in the dark so long that they had developed a Pavlovian response to the thought-pellets shoved down their cake-holes. What compelled them to spend days chewing on these desperate hallucinations, until they either choked and killed them or they managed to process the bile into half-truths, and outright lies which

these poor spirits would defecate upon the people.

Some were getting wise to these Interdimensional Space Larvae. Still, the bastards were able to split the humans into teams— pitting brother upon brother. They were waging a war of ideas, and once you were infected, the Brainworm would sink its parasitic fangs into your gray matter— at which point, you had better get into formation with your team, or be cast out to the wolves. Your only escape was to cut that thing out of your head with a bandsaw, or douse yourself in hydrochloric acid. These creatures in their new mutant form could grow to ten feet in size, at which point your head might pop like a zit. In any case, it's a situation I would highly recommend avoiding. Even if you regained your senses long enough that you understood that you must remove the terror, it was a dangerous medical procedure which was still not covered by Obama-care.

The incoherent conclusions being forced upon the kind people of Earth by these narcissistic, profit-driven sycophants was the apotheosis of reality show television. This being the case, it was only logical in this funhouse of broken mirrors to focus the camera on a reality-show dropout with a beaver-pelt super-glued to his head, rather than Bernie Sanders, or anyone else for that matter. The choice was of note, because even their manufactured polls showed Sanders beating Trump on a regular basis, and the consensus-news dimwits were trying to sell the Clinton-Trump horserace as if Clinton was a sure thing. To anyone who had spent any amount of time out on the street, this was grossly out of touch with what the average voter was thinking.

I wasn't always this cynical. When I began this journey, I was a bright-eyed novice with a spring in my step, and a world to fix. But, once you've taken the ride, and looked into the rotten core of the apple, it changes you. These are my experiences from the 2016 campaign trail.

THE SEEDS OF 2016

March 8th, 2013

Politics are crap— but there I was, in the bowels of the earth, staring at these wicked plans which some dirty secret government agency had laid out for the future of humanity. I had somehow become an activist/ performance artist by way of filmmaking, by way of music, by way of carving pumpkins, for which I received some kind of shitty pumpkin-carving award as a kid. I had made the discovery of a lifetime, and had been pouring over DARPA manuals, studying enhanced cognitive learning techniques. DARPA— for the uninitiated, is the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency— a sub department of the DoD, otherwise known as The Department of Defense. Interdimensional ticks. They wanted you to know that gods *do* play dice with the universe, and for you to worship them as such.

The agency was created in 1958 by President Dwight D. Eisenhower. It was a response to the Russian paranoia caused by the launching of Sputnik, (or the faking of the moon-landing, depending on who you ask). Their alleged mission has been to prevent the US from getting butt-fucked by an unforeseen technological surprise — though, there are those who would argue that the MJ-12 papers reveal that we've been working with the spacemen since Roswell. Of course, the FBI says those papers are bogus. Who can tell? What we do know is that DARPA has got some high-tech space gadgetry going on, and one can only hope they're responsibly tampering with their human subjects. Ask the Tuskegee Airmen how the US government is about that. I'm sure they'll give glorious reviews. Four stars.

How I had come to be in possession of such information started in the basement of the Texas State Capitol. I had snuck in while promoting a film about Tiny The Terrible, a former Little-Person-Wrestler turned politician, turned homemade doll-maker. Tiny always stank to high heaven of BO, since he refused to shower. The idea, as he tells it, is to make his presence known when he walked into a room. It was not pleasant— but on a TV screen, he was good entertainment— fun for the whole family, as long as your family was comprised of schizophrenics dressed like backward Disney characters on acid. Tiny was also a diagnosed paranoid

schizophrenic, but I had done my best to maintain my mostly one-way friendship with him in the nine years that I had known him— the best that one can maintain a friendship with a lunatic of this caliper.

My intention that day was to give Rick Perry a flier to see if I could get him to come down to the Spiderhouse in Austin Texas. That's where we were holding the Reel Fest Road Show, an offshoot of a mini film festival we had started in Boston. We were showing the film about Tiny's art-dolls he called "Ghetto Altered Heroes" along with films by psychedelic warrior John Hartman of Reel Groovy Films. That said, I thought Governor Perry might be interested since Tiny had run for mayor of Pawtucket, Rhode Island as a Republican in 2006.

I brought a bunch of posters and fliers along, but before heading to the Governor's mansion, I made a stop at the Capitol building. There was a painting of George W. Bush on the wall. I stopped and said hello. He said, "how do you do, old friend?" He was the greatest Texan of all Texans— at least according to Doug Tunstall jr., AKA Tiny. I then made my way into the chambers of the Texas Senate. There was a strange green light permeating the room, and tourists wandered in and out, snapping their cameras and other various devices, making me wonder if this was where the magic happened.

As the strange effects of the green light started to take hold, I grew lightheaded— even nauseous. I wandered the halls muttering "Rick Perry, Rick Perry, Rick Perry" underneath my breath, hoping to conjure him. Before long, I came across a young blonde woman with a blue and yellow head scarf who looked like she worked there. To my chagrin, she seemed to have no idea who Rick Perry was— which was strange, since he was the Governor at that time. I started to wonder if Rick even existed. Had he been kidnapped by Alex Jones of InfoWars fame, who also lived in and broadcasted from Austin? I asked the guard if the Governor had a secret vault in the catacombs of this strange pink Capitol Building. How could we ever know for sure whether Rick Perry slept in the basement with the corpses of his undead army, if no one was willing to talk? People in power need to be held accountable, lest they creep out from the dirt to conquer the earth.

Regardless, it seemed like a reasonable question to me. Of course, my comments were dismissed as the incoherent ramblings of a mad man. Well— unlike Rick

Perry, I don't shoot coyotes with a pearl-handled six-shooter while jogging. And as I made my way to the mansion, a grown woman with a tiara and a huge pink marzipan Nutcracker dress wandered by. Her presence re-directed my gaze toward a door which was slightly ajar. It lead to a large conference hall. I turned on my device to record a quick promo for our show — and as I looked around for the best place to put my camera I noticed an opened laptop and a stack of papers and some thumb drives. After a quick scan of what was on the screen, I was startled to see a reflection of a man in the curtains behind me. I quickly turned around, but he was gone. I decided to get out— but being the consummate showman, quickly made the promo. When I checked for my car keys, I was surprised to discover one of the miniature drives in my pocket. Late that night, I started reading the contents of the drive. DARPA manuals. I couldn't help but think that The Man in The Curtains was watching.

By using non-invasive peripheral neurostimulation— so the theory goes— one could promote synaptic plasticity in the mind. The idea was to tickle the funny-bone in the brain— like a deaf person who could sense vibrations through the arm.

According to the head Doctor Caligari in charge, DARPA had come up with a newfangled laboratory and were conducting these experiments in some undisclosed location— perhaps a couple rooms away at the Texas State Capitol— perhaps buried beneath Mount Rushmore with the leprechaun gold from Fort Knox. Caligari's stated goal was “faster, more effective cognitive training for a wide range of DoD applications.” These geeks weren't all bulked up on steroids like the hulking warriors in the movies— they were speed freaks. Legalized amphetamine. Of course, everything is legal when you are *The State.* By the way— that's what makes *The State* the state. If a person or entity can do what is immoral, or illegal, or unlawful for the average individual— you might be *The State.* If you can steal, and call it taxation— you might be *The State.* If you can kidnap a person and call it prison— you might be *The State.* If you can murder and call it war— you might be *The State.* You know the drill.

So— these guys were into studying how to make the super-brain— like in that David Bowie song about Bob Dylan. D-amphetamine— NH2. Language transfer from visual to spoken material through enhanced speed-freaking techniques. This wasn't Dick Cheney's DoD. It's no surprise to anyone like myself who's had to

hide out from the meth-heads in Riverside, CA that people who fill their bodies with amphetamines are some unhealthy wasted zombies, to say the least. But if only they could get all those meth-heads from Riverside to figure out the cure for cancer with all that extra brain-power— all might not be lost. Unfortunately, those big Pharma guys don't 100% know what this stuff does— but the folks at DARPA, (in the least), have figured out that the extra-cognitive abilities far outweigh downside of the possible psychosis.

THE PERENNIAL CANDIDATE, AND A POTENTIAL UP-AND-COMER

December 3rd, 2013

It was impossible to know whether or not that DARPA thumb-drive had installed some kind of Trojan Horse monitoring software on my laptop. But there was no going back. There were these forces conspiring to push me toward the weird election in 2016. I was having urges to put on a tunic and fight a dragon. All I could do was take the ride and get through it the best I could.

That fellow, Tiny I mentioned— He ran for mayor of Pawtucket, Rhode Island in 2006— a final attempt to slay his own demons, in a way. He had gotten about 17% of the vote running as a Republican— which was pretty unlikely, since Tiny was an extremely eccentric character who had lived on public assistance most of his life— with the exception of his wrestling gigs, and sometimes getting paid to be a toy store elf. His opponent, James Doyle had been the incumbent for decades, and from all accounts did an alright job of making things run the way they were supposed to run.

By December, there were still strange helicopters passing overhead with unusual frequency. I was back in New England to meet with Tiny and a guy by the name of Vermin Supreme. I was filming a promo for Tiny's "Ghetto Altered Heroes," project and speaking to Vermin about viral marketing, and a 2016 presidential campaign which Tiny was mulling. For the uninitiated, Vermin is a political activist and satirist who rose to internet fame in 2012 after sprinkling glitter dust on his opponent at a debate during the New Hampshire primaries. He did so while wearing a boot on his head. Since the late 1980s he's been campaigning on a platform of time-travel research, mandatory tooth-brushing laws and free ponies for all. Aside from spurring countless memes, the glitter dust incident was made into a song by Joseph Gordon-Levitt and Songify The News, which only increased Vermin's popularity, and has lead to appearances in indie films and seemingly non-stop news coverage during election years— because, what better punchline than "Vermin Supreme?"

Tiny was his usual cantankerous but comical self that day. That was the schtick. He had worked the amateur / semi-pro wrestling circuit for years with his brother Jay, AKA “Half Nelson.” He even appeared on the WWE several times— as well as the Jerry Springer show. Coincidentally, Vermin had also done *Jerry* too. He appeared in an executioner’s hood with his faux-suicide cult/ performance art schtick, “The Church of Euthanasia.”

Tiny had learned from wrestling that he could either play “the baby” — meaning the hero, (in wrestling terms), or he could be grumpy and get the laughs as “the heel.” He was an African American with a handlebar mustache and stood approximately four foot seven inches tall. That day, he came dressed in his red suit and white cowboy hat, with blue speckled pajama pants, wearing a massive Julius Caesar medallion around his neck. With us, was Mike O’Toole who was documenting the day for his Experimentally Ill Podcast— a collection of interviews by society’s wackadoodles and fringe artists. He was our kind of guy.

In Providence, there were strange unmarked police cars lurking around Green Street. They weren’t to be trusted. I picked up Tiny who was smelling foul as usual, since he insisted on not showering for days before an interview— he liked to make his presence known to his “opponent”— so I rolled down the windows and put the car in gear as we zipped passed the unmarked cops and through traffic as we headed up route 95. It was of course, December, and quite cold— so you know the smell was bad.

We were on our way to Vermin’s “compound” at an undisclosed location along the northern Massachusetts shore. Tiny was nothing if not chattery, and launched into one of his usual nonsensical tangents.

TINY: Subconsciously, you don’t really want me to smoke crack, but somehow, somehow, your words just make me want to smoke crack, cuz that’s the only way I can really loosen up.

For the record, Tiny does not smoke crack— but he likes to say he does, when he thinks it’ll get a laugh. What he was really saying, is that he wanted to roll another blunt and pick up something harder than beer.

TINY: You're so superior thinking that the only thing I have left is my ignorance to protect me, and once you penetrate that, it's all over.

Tiny cracked a beer.

I played along.

WEBBER: I don't know about penetrating anything or superiority, but I do have some knowledge of Johnny Carson and his liking of crack— or at least making fun of the crack at my high school.

I was referring to Carson's jab that the town I grew up in was "the wettest little dry town in America." He made the joke after a crack bust at our school, which I happened to witness. Future comedian Jen Kirkman was there, as well as Joe Bellamy, if memory serves me correctly.

WEBBER: How was the crack at your high school?

TINY: We didn't really see it— I mean, I was drunk in class.

WEBBER: So you were an exemplary student?

TINY: I was a'ight. Ya know.

WEBBER: What kind of grades you get?

TINY: B average.

Feeling Mike was being left out, so I directed a question toward him.

WEBBER: How was the crack when you were in school?"

O'TOOLE: I wasn't familiar with the crack, just pot.

WEBBER: You think that affected your grade average? The fact that you didn't have crack? There's a lot of proof—

O'TOOLE: It helps you.

WEBBER: Absolutely, it keeps your mind focused— at least in moderation. I wouldn't personally know, but Sigmund Freud was a big fan of the early form of crack, which we know as cocaine.

TINY: Was he!? He sniffed!?

WEBBER: Absolutely.

TINY: Sigmund ripped lines!?

WEBBER: He thought everyone should be granted a small dosage of cocaine because it was a wonder drug.

TINY: No shit? I woulda loved to hear his words. You don't never hear them talk about Freud and cocaine. You hear them talk about being the father of fucking psychology and all that shit.

WEBBER: The master of getting high.

TINY: Shit. I like that. That would be good right now. Cocaine would be fucking good. Fuck the crack— but cocaine— I would do like five interviews straight on the cocaine.

Mike erupted in laughter from the back seat.

As we hopped out of the car, Vermin walked up wearing a blue vest. His trademark white beard stuck out a foot from his face, and he and Tiny started in on his usual race-baiting small-talk about the 2012 election.

TINY: So how does it feel losing to a black man? Cuz I woulda took it bitter if I lost to a white man.

Tiny was referring to Barack Obama who Vermin ran against in the primary,

getting around 800 votes.

VERMIN: Oh, no, no.

TINY: Which I did, (lose to a white man), I actually went to a mental institution after the loss.

VERMIN: I'm sorry to hear that, I'm glad that you're out.

TINY: Yeah, yeah. I'm out... temporarily.

Vermin exploded in laughter.

TINY: You know — the government likes me here and there. Have some fun before I'm scheduled to go back.

Everyone is laughing at this point.

VERMIN: We're just a little bit out in the woods this way.

TINY: Oh, your a woods man? So, this is like Klansville to me.

VERMIN: I would not say *that* far. To the best of my knowledge, there is no Klan activity here.

This time, Vermin gets Tiny to laugh. I could be wrong — but, to the best of my knowledge.

Tiny reached into his bag and says, you got a problem with me drinking?

VERMIN: No.

TINY: So, I can have a beer while I'm on the air with you?

Vermin shook his head 'yes' while looking up to the noontime sun.

TINY: Okay, I'll leave my gun in the car.

VERMIN: You can bring it if you like.

TINY: I didn't think you was gunna be that nice to me.

Vermin led us down the path to “The Compound,” which centered around an old condemned two-story house in the woods. For several acres around the house there were scattered old rusted chairs and strange tools, and bicycles in the trees. All around, were upside down five gallon water containers to collect rain water. There were two old camper-vans full of junk up on stilts which transients sometimes stayed in, and I was even known to occupy from time to time. The ground was full of toothbrush gardens which Vermin had planted to go along with his “mandatory dentistry” platform. Plush ponies and unicorns were strapped to trees, as were hundreds of Barbie dolls, and a massive disco ball in a tree. Beyond the house was an 18-hole mini-putt-putt golf course made of old pipes and 1970s phones and the most random assortment of junk and knick-knacks that would make PeeWee Herman himself envious of the oddball engineering.

A tour through the mini-putt-putt golf course revealed a wide assortment of oddities. Starting from the end and working my way back toward the House was the “party pooper” which was what Vermin and his wife Becky called their outhouse made of an old circular metal bucket buried in the ground, and glass doors for “modesty.” There was costume jewelry draped in the trees, rows of Rotary telephones, an old blender, decorative lawn owls with eyes that lit up, (long past having the ability to do so), a half dozen broken carousel horses, rusted metal buckets, a “scary” frankenstein hand attached to a plate for the dispersal of Halloween candy, big old rusted chains to mark the edge of the path, boots in the trees, three rusted tricycles in a row, faux Roman columns turned on their sides to shoot golf balls through, movie marquee lettering, a lawn gnome, random assorted golf balls, scuba diving flippers, a rusted singer sewing machine, a half dozen toy wooden boats disintegrating into the dirt, a statue of an old-timey sailor with no head mounted on a toy fisher price pilgrim boat mounted on a moss-covered rock, a statue of a man holding a lobster, a half dozen toy sharks and dolphins and killer whales, a toy pool, a rusted World War One helmet on a plaster Roman column, and a Vietnam era helmet on a plaster Roman column, a plastic toy tugboat, a

hammock, rusted handlebars, two broken record players— one mounted on a tree stump, a broken clock with Roman numerals and a toy elephant sitting on it, a 70s-style clock next to another singer sewing machine, next to two more broken turntables covered in spiderwebs and disintegrating into the dirt. Continuing through the golf course in the woods there were Old crutches, A toy version of Castle Grey skull, another half dozen rusted typewriters, rusted toddler-sized chairs, a rusted fan, big rusted metal springs, the horn of an old fashioned record player, a toy dinosaur, two dozen or so disintegrating typewriters including IBM word-processors, to rows of a dozen tea kettles, a statue of Jesus with a golf ball mounted on top of the cross, an H.G. Fischer & Co ultrasonic generator with an output indicator and a filament switch, hubcaps, stroller tires, old-timey bike tires, super old spoked tires, an Old railroad crossing sign, a roll of pasta colanders, big metal piping curving around the trees, three rotting baby strollers, more piping going through a little canyon, The spring mechanism/ remnants of a toy rocking-pony with an upside down boot on it, Cargo netting in the trees, a sewing machine with a Tyrannosaurus Rex head on it, a car tire mounted on a rotting washing machine, false grass laid around for the mini putt putt course, A fading pink stop sign, a rusty orange stop sign, a two person bicycle, three wheelbarrows set on their sides to deflect golf balls, a one-way “do not enter” sign, a dozen rotary telephones, two dozen metal shovel handles, another stop sign, two aqua colored Airway Sanitizer vacuum cleaners from the sixties, A costume cowboy hat, more movie Marquee lettering, the toy head of a space alien with visible brains inside a plastic bubble, a toy Barack Obama head, a Hans Christian Andersen style statue of a wise man with a rubber chicken stuffed in its neck hole, two buoys hanging from a tree, and an old metal chandelier with a A Barbie doll through the middle covered in remnants of gypsy moths caterpillars. Beyond that, There were several Toy-obelisks built upon wooden frames with assorted croquet putters, a broken disco ball, the head of a pony, A frog with longhorn bullhorns mounted on an industrial sized lamp for shooting golf balls through, Biblical wise-men toys, a Christian religious figure holding a lamb next to a Donald duck next to a Mickey Mouse big-wheel and a sparkly pony with glitter hair and a wig with vines growing through it, several Barbie dolls— one with fairy wings, a large plastic robot with a head that opened up to reveal a toy man in it, and a row of “Joseph and Mary” dolls. Next, a bit of categorization began— a toy Hummer police car, a toy Ghostbusters car, a James Bond car, a speed racer car, a Sentinel toy tank, an Easy-Rider-style motorcycle with an American flag painted on the gas tank, a motorcycle with a

teenage mutant ninja turtle on it. Down the path there are more buoys in the trees, a row of eight or nine creepy 1940s dolls with broken legs covered in mold, next to an old faded red Deluxe toy car with a portrait of Jesus holding a young man at the mast of a ship with a Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle doll sitting on it, Sitting next to a Barney The Dinosaur doll, and several t-Rex dolls. In a tree there was a children's sized Luxus bicycle with a big creepy 1940s doll covered in mold, with a weird display at the bottom with zoo animals and a rotting doll and a sign reading "operator not permitted to deposit fairs." This was surrounded by several disco balls at its feet. There was a toy tower with a cage perched on top, contain a stormtrooper, next to an Angry Birds doll and a terrarium full of at least a dozen creepy dolls covered in mold. Beyond that there was a tree with the piping of an old shower hanging in it, another rusty bicycle, a creepy religious statue in a glass case with a General Electric volt meter on top of it with a skiing trophy laying to its side, next to bird cages with a huge toy grasshopper and a stegosaurus in them. There were rows of bottles and a rotting stage with a toy pony on it, a big "native tomato" sign next to "Suprema" beer signs, and a big stack of wood and more toy ponies and a giant wind sailing board for a table covered in weird glass water and a "sexy" 1950s porcelain reclining nude ash tray, more piles of Barbie dolls, more oversized homemade toothbrushes, shelves in the woods with glassware and pots and pans and shovels and more wheelbarrows and old records lying in the grass. There was a folding bike, protective paintball armor, and half a dozen overturned coolers. In one of the sheds there were hundreds of old record and costumes and oversized teeth and bumper stickers, one reading "the police are your friends." And there was much, much more — but I think you get the idea.

TINY: Vermin, what are you havin' — a squatters convention over here, or—

VERMIN: Sometimes.

TINY: Okay.

Tiny chuckled, pausing to look at a collection of a half dozen rusted typewriters gathered together.

TINY: If you wanna write a letter home or anything.

There were plenty of weird things for his eye to catch.

TINY: And the turntables, good. You got any wild animals that's gonna call me the N-word?

VERMIN: Nothing like that, but it could happen— You never know.

TINY: This kid, he used to have a parrot and make it call me the N-word. Maybe you've got a duck or something that'll call me midget. Got an Afflack that calls me midget? Whatta you think Mike, you think that would sell?

MIKE: A duck? That would be something different.

Inside the house was scattered with even more weird stuff— an old piano, shelves full of old books and figurines— a chandelier with antlers stuck in it, and weird deer skulls with googly eyes put in them. Political signs for Vermin's past and present campaign adorned the walls— "Vermin Supreme 2016", "Lies for Less," and "Vermin Supreme is your mayor." There was a burnt-looking baby doll on the wall with black-feathered wings, a moon and stars with little figures adorning it, an old wood burning stove with a green kettle on it. Since I already itemized half the yard— I'll spare you the rest of the details— but it was easily just as weird.

Vermin made tea and coffee for the rest of us while Tiny guzzled his Colt 45. Soon, Vermin was circulating a pipe, which was enjoyed by all. Vermin was excited to help Tiny in his quest for global domination.

TINY: You got any action figures?

VERMIN: There's Jesse Ventura

TINY: Ooh!

VERMIN: And George H Bush.

TINY: I got George W. at my house.

Tiny began messing with a cigar to remove the wrapping for a blunt.

VERMIN: We'll let that go up— just don't let the wife know I let tobacco in the house.

WEBBER: He's not smoking that— he takes it out.

Tiny sounded a bit upset.

TINY: Yeah. I take it out. You don't know nothing about blunts?

Then changing his voice to a singsongy lovey tone for his deep love of the blunt.

TINY: Vermin, you don't know nothing about fucking blunts?

Switching his tone back to indignance.

TINY: I'm black, man! Republican!

Vermin began laughing at the nonsense of it all— as if the GOP were best known for their love of smoking blunts.

TINY: I'm a Jeopardy question, brother, a Jeopardy question.

VERMIN: Yes, well, like I say, you're not the only black republican I know— politician.

TINY: Yeah, but I'm a short one.

VERMIN: You are a little person.

TINY: Disabled.

VERMIN: Disabled.

TINY: So that's three-fold — that's alike a three prong initiative. I'm going to slow

down with this right now (referring to the blunt), I'm not going to do that. I'm just going to put the gloves on and then I'm going to drink the Vermin beer first, and then we enter to the show. No music or nothing guys?

WEBBER: We do that after.

VERMIN: I tried to get the house band, but—

By this stage, Tiny had dawned a big red and white-striped hat on top of a blue hat, his red suit with American flag tie and Julius Caesar medallion. He had also slapped a Vermin bumper sticker over his can of Colt 45. Vermin had dawned his green suit with multiple American flag tie, a dentistry tie and the rubber boot on his head while he drank from a Fox News mug.

TINY: Oh- you got Fox News— why aren't you blocking that out?

VERMIN: I think it's funny. If it's in an ironic sense— you know— if you were drinking PBR for the hipster vote.

TINY: So, you basically quarantined me because I had Colt 45 and Billy Dee Williams promoted this in the seventies.

VERMIN: No— it's nothing against Billy Dee Williams by any means— he was great in that Star Wars movie, wasn't he?

TINY: Yeah— Lando Calrusean. But you're promoting Fox News, but yet, I had to cover up Colt 45.

VERMIN: You can uncover it if you like. It's your show— you may promote any corporate brand that you care to. I just want you to be aware of the implications— if someone says “here Tiny, hold this logo and smile for the camera.” You need to know that they're using you.

TINY: Oh, I know that. But I don't want them killing five villages of kids after that — If I endorse Colt 45 in it's natural state, how do I know they're not in Africa doing blood diamonds?

VERMIN: That's true.

TINY: So, that's where we're at with that.

Suddenly, Tiny went into pitch-mode.

TINY: Tiny the Terrible with Vermin Supreme here.

VERMIN: Vermin Supreme with Tiny The Terrible.

TINY: And I'm drinking what I'm going to call Vermin's Urine.

VERMIN: Delicious and nutritious Vermin pee. If you like it, you'll like me.

TINY: Yep.

VERMIN: There's enough. Don't be shy.

VERMIN: Welcome you here to my home, and I'm very glad that you have decided to use me as a consultant in your quest for viral status. Obviously, you sir are indeed a very fine publicity whore.

There was much more— but there were more helicopters circling overhead— and we've got an election to get to.

CAMPAIGN KICK-OFF

July 4th, 2015, Amherst, NH.

The annual Fourth of July parade in Amherst, NH is not just a fun-filled event for the kids, but a political spectacle full of goblin-summoning for the baby-kissing grandstanders who wish to introduce their crass corporate brand to the world. This was the big coming-out party for the presidential candidates in the 2016 election. As always, the hard-tripping, duped locals were getting ready for the traditional shooting-off of pretty bang-bangs that went boom. In a real and troublesome way, it was a phantasmagoric pre-creation of a war their children may one day suffer and die in. It was indoctrination for a new generation, brought to you by malignant spirits and arch-capitalist hand-jobs. But for the people of New Hampshire, it was the subtle mind-control that compelled them to re-live this nightmare again and again. They even waved their flags like they meant it— because, you can't wave those flags like that (after what they've been through), without having been hypnotized by the nausea-inducing politicians sent there to destroy the Granite State every four years.

That fine morning, I was fighting off the god-awful mosquitos beating down upon me as I tried to claw my way out of some derelict campsite I had found myself in the night before.

WEBBER: C'mon, you motherfucker!

I slapped my hands and killed the bug.

WEBBER: Your days are numbered, fiend!

I repeated the bloodshed, one mosquito after the other. It was a massacre. A total bloodbath. As a vegetarian, I was ashamed, since it went against my “do no harm” ethos— but these vermin had it coming. Naturally, if intelligent alien life existed, I wouldn't want said extraterrestrials doing this to me or my loved-ones— but in case it was somehow related to one of those Interdimensional bastards, I didn't

want to take any chances. A tick of seemingly terrestrial origin had burrowed it's way into my leg, and I was trying to talk it into committing suicide— or at the very least get it the fuck out of my quadricep. It wasn't listening— which got me listening to whatever it was in the wind. I didn't know it yet, but it was time for a new adventure. For reasons I did not understand, I decided to enter back into mainstream civilization by way of this strange jingoistic July 4th ritual. I decided to let the tick live, maybe he could be trained to be a pet.

I had been traversing the parade route in search of candidates to either gently wrestle and/ or debate. The idea was to establish a rapport with whichever candidate I could get my hooks into. Surely, I was in full freak mode, but today was about groundwork to build the foundation of something more supernatural in the future. That said, I was having no luck finding any candidates, and the police had already stopped me on the claim that my bag looked "suspicious." Even afterward, they had a couple of skinned lobsters keeping an eye on me for a while.

It was obviously bullshit as usual, but having suffered a touch of demon sunburn from the rays of dark light radiating from the cops and parade groups, I decided to take a break and see what was going on in the happy sign-up-sheet end of town. These unholy alliances by Washington insiders with the citizens of New Hampshire were made possible by the politicians feeding migrant children to their favored Interdimensional Space Louse.

I approached a small 10x10 foot canopy covering a five foot folding table. Three Donald Trump volunteers had clearly been injected with The Donald's rabid ferret juice. I was sure he forced the concoction upon young New Hampshire teenagers to prepare them for their poly-sci degrees. However— two of these guys were full grown adults, so I don't know what their excuse was. The young one— Max, wore a "Trump Make America Great Again" shirt which did not resemble the shirts as we would come to know them today. No red hats— no nothing. Pretty cheap for a supposed casino magnate/ real-estate douche/ billionaire. The two old guys were getting a middle aged soccer mom to sign her soul over to the Orange Cheeto King — and I sensed dark forces may be at work. I knew I couldn't come right out and say it— so I played it cool.

WEBBER: What happened?

MAX: What up?

WEBBER: Well, look. Donald Trump has always got the biggest and the best.

I gestured at their little table covered by the \$100 Walmart canopy. Max nervously laughed.

OLD TRUMPER: He'll only allow us this size.

More nervous laughter. Something fishy was going on, but I had to hold back to make sure to not give myself away.

WEBBER: Well, okay. He's slipping.

Dammit. I had said too much. The body hair of the old Trumppers began to stand on end. Donald Trump, who had long been known for his love of performance art, had famously written a book called *The Art of the Deal*. He had been photographed with legendary artist Andy Warhol, who he modeled his ferret wig after. When the Mango Magnate gave his now famous escalator speech, he had hired performance artists to fill out what would have otherwise been a non-existent crowd. So, it would only be reasonable to assume that these Trump volunteers were also consummate professionals in the field of performance art. My presence resulted in cold and icy stares which quietly, but firmly sent the message, "how dare you interrupt?" Having attended a couple art schools myself, I knew the signs. After an uncomfortable silence, one of the grown-ups responded.

OLD TRUMPER: We'll tell him.

More uncomfortable silence. I was reminded of Marina Abramovic's "Spirit Cooking" performances in the nineties, in which she got buckets of pig's blood and used it to write weird slogans in her performance space such as, "with a sharp knife, cut deeply into the middle finger of your left hand and eat the pain." Perhaps the soccer mom was in fact a relative of Abramovic. It would stand to reason. Marina was a lefty like most artists. Trump had been a lefty himself— so what better way for Donny to infiltrate the highest office in the land, but to pose as an

arch-conservative and fill these small towns with operatives posing as soccer moms. Now I was unsure if she was having her soul sucked, or she was the one doing the sucking. She finally turned to me and spoke with a slow and deliberate tone.

SOCCKER MOM: Nice outfit.

I nervously thanked her, but the place was beginning to stink of cubit zirconia and rabbit pellets. I sensed if I stayed much longer, a true evil might manifest itself. So, I cut the conversation before it developed any further, and high-tailed it away from the sad display. Across the way, the Hillary Clinton people were showing off a life-sized cardboard cutout of their candidate, so you could take a photo with the future queen. I had hoped to meet her in the flesh— and she was scheduled to be around later, so I walked on by. Geriatrics wandered around the place with walkers and American flag shirts. Children clung to balloons and rode around in little red buggies. Thinking back on those Trumpers, I often wonder to myself, if my time-machine wasn't on the fritz, what would I do if I could go back to that moment and do things differently. The tick was now throbbing.

Wandering back to the parade route, I leaned up against a two-barred white fence. I was soon approached by a man wearing sunglasses in a white, blue and yellow Hawaiian shirt named Darren Garnick.

GARNICK: How you doin'? I've been taking pictures with this Dino toy around the world. Could I grab a picture of you with him?

He was referring to a plush Dino, the pet dinosaur from the Flintstones cartoon. I thought to myself he was either a highly disturbed tourist, or a deep undercover secret agent. But since I enjoy a touch of the absurd, either scenario would at least be entertaining, so I figured I'd see what this potential fed wanted.

WEBBER: Sure. Just *me*? Not *me and you*?

GARNICK: Correct. So, I've got him in different countries, I've got him—

WEBBER: Alright. Hold on. Let me put this down— (referring to my bag and

cameras).

GARNICK: Alright, here we go.

I laughed as I posed. No government agents were popping out of the bushes, so he must just be a lunatic.

GARNICK: Awesome. Thanks. I have him with some of the presidential candidates, and friends have taken him around the world. There's a guy that called himself Love22— you ever heard of him?

WEBBER: No.

Of course, I had— one of his slogans was, “a vote for Love is a vote for you. Yabba dabba, dabba do.” A Flintstones reference— He wore a big Uncle Sam hat, and printed up 22 dollar bills, and claimed to be an expert frisbee player— but, I didn't want to give too much away.

GARNICK: Are you just here for politics in general, or are you routing for anyone?

WEBBER: I'm just here in general.

GARNICK: I've been photographing Democrats and Republicans— if someone's part of the nazi party, I won't photograph them— with Dino. But other than that— anybody.

WEBBER: Do you get nazis around here?

GARNICK: You get pretty close. I mean— not nazis— I don't wanna— I have no interest in meeting total lunatics. People that say that the CIA poisoned blah blah blah. Or, you know— 9-11 Truthers, or— have you ever been around the Lyndon LaRouche people? They're very freaky.

I was an empirical evidence guy myself— but even though LaRouche's people were indeed freaky, (and I had tangled with them in the past), I would never

condemn a person for trying to discover the truth about 9-11 or anything else. It was a little bit weird how the official 9-11 reports barely mentioned the third tower which fell. It was weird because there were only two planes. But we were there for fun, not conspiracy theories!

A voice boomed over the loudspeaker: THIS IS THE RICK PERRY CAMPAIGN. RICK, SAY HELLO TO AMHERST!

Darren took this as his opportunity to slip away— and in an overly southern accent, Rick got his twang on. Finally, after two long years of waiting, my chance to meet the turd himself.

RICK: Bobby, it is wonderful to be in Amherst New Hampshire, you've got some weather goin' up here. God bless ya, and God bless America!

Cheers erupted.

ANNOUNCER: THANK YOU VERY MUCH, RICK PERRY!

Next, he announced Lincoln Chaffee, the Governor of Rhode Island, who said some other similar bullshit, and along came Rick marching down the middle of the street with his *Dancing With The Stars* shoes on. He was like Dorothy from *Wizard of Oz*, but smelled of oil-money. Perry's top donor was Energy Transfer Partners—the parent company of Dakota Access Pipeline, which the people of Standing Rock were at that moment protesting in North Dakota. It makes me sad to think about—but I told myself, “shut your face and play along.” You don't infiltrate the Wizards of Oil by rattling off their donor list from OpenSecrets dot org.

<https://www.opensecrets.org/pres16/contributors?id=N00033486>

I should note that as I approached Perry, I had a beard full of flowers, was wearing a top hat with a huge red flower on it and an American flag sticking off of the top. I had sewn some red velvet pant legs onto a vest, and had painted an American flag on my face— and was also carrying a huge bundle of flowers— potentially infested with more ticks— though, probably just the earthly variety.

WEBBER: Rick Perry, can I give you a flower?

PERRY: You can brother, thank you man.

The visual of the acid-hippy handing out flowers to the gun-toting governor of Texas made the photographers go crazy, as I assumed it would. This was viral marketing 101. Be ridiculous. Do so in front of the press. Stay positive and smile. Don't bring up all the reasons the candidate was the devil incarnate.

WEBBER: Peace and love. Aw, let me shake your hand.

PERRY: Peace and love and happiness brother. Don't forget the happiness.

WEBBER: Alright, happiness too, Rick. Peace, Rick Perry.

As Rick himself walked off, he was followed up by a slew of his worshippers marching behind him. I was pretty sure he got one of the flowers with a tick on it. Then came his fans on John Deer tractors, and finally teenagers chanting, "Rick, Rick, Rick Perry." These kids were determined to prove that DARPA was indeed the new MK Ultra mind control. Soon, the Perry automatons made their way around the corner onto the lawn for a photo-shoot. Naturally, I jumped in. Someone with a trumpet was playing, "Deep in the Heart of Texas," and one of his teenaged worker-bees approached me to offer a massive Rick Perry sticker.

WEBBER: Do you have a pin instead?

WORKER BEE: No, but he's got one for you.

I accepted the sticker, and put it on my chest. Perry recognized the symbol of my compliance, and soon found me to buddy-up for a photo together.

WEBBER: You going to win this time?

PERRY: Yes sir.

WEBBER: You are!?

Word on the street was that he was not so bright— so he had new eyeglasses, apparently to brand him as less of a dimwit.

WEBBER: The glasses make you look smarter, baby!

PERRY: We're not just practicing.

WEBBER: Alright. Go, Rick Perry!

My days of befriending earth-ticks were over. After digging it out of my leg and cutting it to pieces, I hopped on my mountain bike to see if I could find a new contender to lay down some allegiances with. Bernie Sanders (who was absent) had a blue-painted school bus slowly driving around cranking out Bob Dylan songs. Lindsey Graham's people paraded around, while Lindsey himself was hiding somewhere, presumably kicking back mint juleps. Martin O'Malley's people paraded, but no Martin. Finally, I came upon about a half dozen people around Jeb Bush— so I hopped off the bike and got ready for my introduction. I reminded myself not to bring up the 2000 election, in which he played a key role in handing the election to his brother George W. Bush. The vote was split between Dubbya and Al Gore, and officials were forced into a 36-day recount. But even before the recount, officials in Florida knew there was some seriously fishy shit going on with the voting system.

According to Commissioner Victoria Wilson of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, "There emerges a confluence of circumstances that indicates intimidation and harassment of the Florida voters, and that was set in motion long before the November election." Their report which came out June 8, 2001, and accused election officials in Florida of "injustice" and "gross dereliction." 14.4 percent of black votes which were cast were rejected— this is in comparison with 1.6 percent of nonblack Florida voters. At 11 percent of Florida voters, black voters cast 54 percent of the 180,000 trashed ballots. If this weren't scandalous enough, there were a myriad of phone calls from Jeb's office to his brother's associates, including Bush strategist, Karl Rove, and Dubbya's chief of staff, Clay Johnson. Dubbya obviously took the election, and launched the never-ending war in Iraq and Afghanistan. Of course these were things I could not bring up to Jeb. Not if I was

to become simpatico with this powerful dynasty.

WEBBER: Mr. Bush, can I give you a flower?

He was busy taking photos with a kid wearing a UNH sweatshirt. He looked me up and down and took a second to think.

WEBBER: Can I give you a flower?

I held out a daisy, and a smile came over his face, and he accepted the flower.

JEB: Yeah. Take care, brother.

He then reached out to shake my hand.

WEBBER: Peace and love man. What are you going to do to make the world more peaceful?

JEB: Pray a lot.

Magical thinking— sure— why not?

WEBBER: Pray a lot. Alright, I love it!

Suddenly, a look of worry comes across his face, as new folks pushed their way forward for a photo with the Governor.

JEB: Where were these cut?

WEBBER: It was just roadside stuff. Wasn't it one of the first-wives who put forth an initiative to put them on the side of the road?

JEB: Ladybird Johnson.

WEBBER: See! You know it!

JEB: I appreciate you.

WEBBER: I appreciate you, bud.

This guy was ridiculously polite. It still struck me as weird. It was difficult to imagine that this placid and seemingly softhearted individual played a key role in what would become our permanent, all-the-time 24-7 war. A war *to be* all wars— A gruesome spectacle broadcast around the clock until it became so normal, that the mainstream news would eventually stop broadcasting it, and we would no longer care. The impulse to blurt it all out was close to impossible. In my mind I was stapling my tongue to the top of my mouth. I was taking a railroad spike and pounding it into my cerebral cortex. Stay quiet, you dimwit. There's a long-game to be had. Getting mouthy would quickly put an end to any further interactions. So, I tried to see Mr. Jeb as an individual— a gentle Fredo character from the *Godfather* films who had been beaten into submission by his younger brother— the head of the Corleone crime family, made famous by Al Pacino.

From a structural standpoint, the connections were all there. Jeb's grandfather Senator Prescott Bush made his fortune profiting off of World War II. Jeb's father, George H. W. Bush was the Vito Corleone character— a former CIA operative under Allen Dulles, and responsible for the first Iraq war— another illegal and unnecessary catastrophe. Finally, Jeb's brother George Dubbya, did the second Iraq war, and was the Michael Corleone of the bunch. Sure— Fredo probably would do a third Iraq war if he was given the chance— but we all knew it didn't end so well for the elder brother in the family.

Tiny— if you remember him— had asked me to give him a call— but after trying his phone with no success, I decided to give his brother Jay/ "Half Nelson" a call to see if Tiny was with him. Tiny was not— but Jay had plenty to say about the situation— though it sounded like he'd been drinking.

JAY: Listen— the only one we want in that office over there is Jebediah. Hey Rod, you know that for a fact.

WEBBER: I'm not picking sides.

JAY: Whatta you mean, you ain't pickin' sides!?

I burst out laughing at his tone of indignation.

JAY: It's obvious! There's no ifs ands or butts about it! We need Jebediah!

WEBBER: Nah— Vermin Supreme is my candidate.

Of course, I would never say such a thing publicly since it would be a violation of my stance of neutrality— but I knew it would get under their skin. I think Tiny wanted to run, but he had become wishy-washy about it— and when the topic of Vermin came up, his tone became that of a jilted lover. Strangely, it seemed that Jay had a bit of this in him too.

JAY: You're fired. You're fired.

WEBBER: I'll be his campaign manager before the week is though— It'll be me and Vermin in the Whitehouse within a year.

JAY: Is he actually running this time?

WEBBER: Yeah. He's got new campaign stickers and everything.

JAY: Oh my god— you just started a whole lotta shit. Wait 'til I tell Doug. You know I'm dropping dimes. Snitchin' real quick. As soon as I hang up with you, I'm gunna tell Doug about the whole thing.

For the next four minutes, Jay sounded as if he was slipping into a coma, as he stammered and stuttered over his words. Occasionally he would mumble “wait” and “hold on,” but effectively, he seemed to be passing out.

Later, as I got back in my hippy-machine which was parked at the Merrimack Memorial Post 98 American Legion Hall in Merrimack. Rick Perry showed up and noticed that the side of my car was emblazoned with the phrase, “how can we make the world better?” I had taken off the top hat at this stage, so he didn't recognize me.

PERRY: Cool ride.

Suddenly, he did recognize me, so he feigned excitement.

PERRY: Oh, it's my man!

WEBBER: Of course.

PERRY: I just saw that on the side of the car like that—

WEBBER: You knew it was me.

PERRY: And ooh— who the heck would that belong to?

I then revealed to the Governor my ukelele. I suitable punishment in my imagination.

WEBBER: I wanna play you a song.

He waved his arm to dismiss me, and turned around to walk away.

WEBBER: (singing) Rick Perry for president of the world!

Rick turned around and “shot me” with his fingers. It was no use. It didn't look like I would force him into another awkward interaction that day.

WEBBER: Woooooo! Emperor!! Rick Perry for Emperor!

Later, I headed to the parade in Merrimack, NH, where Perry spotted me again. He pointed to me from the parade and came over to shake my hand. Perhaps things were turning around.

WEBBER: People will talk.

PERRY: Ricky?

I wondered if this was his version of the Southpark “Timmy” thing, in which the handicapped youngster runs around saying his own name to everyone.

WEBBER: I’m Rod. Rod Webber.

PERRY: Tell, me. Whatta you go by?

WEBBER: Rod.

PERRY: So who was the one who had the red car?

I was beginning to think that this man was on some seriously heavy medication, or under hypnotic suggestion. Maybe that DARPA stuff was for real, and these poor bastards really were the mindless Automatas I suspected them to be. I looked around the crowd to see if I could spot “The Man In The Curtains.”

WEBBER: That was me. I’ll give you my business card.

Perry looked confused, but took the card, perhaps on instinct.

PERRY: Peace, love and what’s the last one?

WEBBER: Happiness.

It was true. This man was a robot, sent to kill us all. Luckily, I was armed with knowledge... and a jousting outfit.

PERRY: Happiness.

WEBBER: Alright. Fist bump!

Perry put his fist in the air for the bump. I left that day looking to the sky for the helicopters I assumed would soon snatch me up for having breached their perimeter. Somehow, they never came— nor did Lindsey Graham or Hillary Clinton. I thought to myself, “I’m going to have to drink heavily tonight to erase

the thought of rubbing elbows with these people.” If I purchased tickets for the ride, it was sure to be a strange clusterfuck, and I would certainly need to install shock-absorbers in my mind.

CARLY

After I completing a three-day drinking binge, I went to see former IBM big wig, Carly Fiorina speak at a place called Turbocam (July 7th)— some mechanical facility with a big conference hall. I have never been so bored in my life. There’s not a single thing to say about Fiorina’s dull vision of the future. Afterward, a little line formed to meet her, and I handed her a sheet of paper with a pledge not that to go to war if she became president. She got pissy, and one of the handlers put his hand over my camera, pushing me away from her. I wasn’t looking to make a scene— so I thanked her for her time and politely made my way toward the exit. So much for making friends.

JINDAL

The same day, former Louisiana Governor, Bobby Jindal was the special guest at a “Believe Again” Town Hall at The Yard Restaurant in Manchester, (July 7th). I assumed it was a reference to extraterrestrial life, but I was disappointed to discover that it was some kind of mind-control Republican cult. I got there early and put my stuff on a seat, while I grabbed dinner next door. I was approached by a thick and meaty man who identified himself as a Louisiana State Trooper. Naturally, he had no jurisdiction there, but I humored the big moose who decided to sit down at the table with me proceeding to interrogate me in regard to “my intentions” at the Jindal event. I told him I had just come to hear the Governor speak. He told me I had to remove my flowers from the building. So, I got rid of the flowers and jammed a couple in my beard— a fashion loophole these fuckers hadn’t thought of.

When I got back to my seat, some ass-clown had moved my stuff and effectively told me to fuck off. He said he didn’t appreciate people from Massachusetts coming up to New Hampshire to disrupt the rallies of good men like Bobby who

had travelled from Louisiana. So, Louisiana was cool, but Massachusetts was crap. Got it. Everyone there was a complete and total asshole to me except for the governor himself who graciously accepted a flower from me. I thanked him and head on my way.

JEB BUSH AT THE VFW HALL IN HUDSON, NH

July 9th, 2015

After beating my head on the wall for a couple of days, I headed to a VFW hall in Hudson, NH to see if I could take my blossoming relationship with John Ellis Bush, AKA “Jeb” to the next level. It was giving me a real headache. “Jeb” just didn’t make sense as an acronym. J.E.B. Bush would equate to John Ellis Bush Bush. But let us not try to bring logic into this campaign all of the sudden. The refrain of the day was peace and positivity and magical unicorns. Think happy thoughts and radiant sunbeams with the power of a nuclear explosion would follow you all the days of your life— and you would be gifted a griffin in the hereafter to shuttle you to the Emerald City. These were the basic laws of quantum physics— or was it black magic? I couldn’t remember.

Being in the vicinity of the Bush family, the theories about 9-11 filled the air like a rabid Tesla coil. I was sure some wacky protester would show up with a papier mache Building Seven— unfortunately, I had forgotten my Faraday cage. But it wasn’t just whispers of Jane Standley under people’s breath that was making my ears buzz, but the talk of dark forces powering this dog and pony show. According to one hypothesis popularized, by chronic masturbators— (I’m guessing), Aleister Crowley was the true father of Barbara Bush— and therefore the grandfather of Dubya and Jeb. But what could I do? There was no choice but to move ahead and offer a sacrifice of black-eyed-susans to Jeb. With any luck, the math I had done would somehow add up.

As I entered the hall, there was a group of young college age doobies, standing at a row of folding tables in front of a blue curtain. I was waiting for the wizard to pop out at any moment and tell me I was going to star in their reality show— or I had been transported to another dimension. No such luck. They were dressed up in proper little outfits— like the one that Blockbuster Video used to make me wear when I worked there during the Jurassic era. I hated that outfit. Light-blue shirts and khaki pants for the men, and the slightly elder guy was wearing one of those navy-blue blazers. To the end of the table was a young woman in a conservative dress who I would later discover to be Lauren Batchelder, who gained a little bit of

notoriety for asking Trump why he was such a shitdick to women. Good for you, Lauren.

RANDO: I don't know if you'll be able to have those flowers in there.

WEBBER: Come again?

RANDO: I don't know if they'll let those flowers in.

Again with the hazardous flowers. You'd think I had just come in with a box full of dildos and other assorted sex toys and was throwing them around the room at elderly grandmothers. Did I bring up 9-11 or the stolen election, or my utter contempt for khaki pants? Nope. Not never.

WEBBER: Are flowers a danger?

BLOCKBUSTER: Sir, are you going to try and pull something out of your backpack like a sign or anything?

WEBBER: I don't think so.

BLOCKBUSTER: Do you think so, or do you know so?

It was as if an alien had just crashed through the ceiling and had demanding they get in the back of the van. Nope. If you take a stroll through American history, you'll notice that most of our former presidents wore a top hat and had a significant amount of facial hair. You would think I'd fit right in during a presidential election.

WEBBER: I know so. Why would you ask me something like that?

BLOCKBUSTER: Because... I'm just asking.

WEBBER: (Sing-songy) I'm not going to pull anything out of my backpack. I do have a camera, but I don't have a sign. Do you want to look in my backpack?

BLOCKBUSTER2: No, you're all set.

WEBBER: Please— go ahead. Am I all set?

LAUREN: You're all set, sir.

A random young blue shirt / khakis dude with a tie and a Jeb sticker approached me. His hair was too neat. Very young republican. The Emperors of China had there Terracotta warriors— Jeb had these guys with the Blockbuster outfits.

BLOCKBUSTER3: Are you making a political statement?

WEBBER: I dunno— what kind of a political statement are we *all* making here?

BLOCKBUSTER3: I didn't know if you had an agenda, or—

WEBBER: Just peace and love, and to ask Mr. Bush what I can do to be a better American— what I can do to help.

A tall secret-servicey guy looking like Herman Munster stepped in and stood eerily next to the Blue Shirt number 3. I was sure Uncle Fester would show up at any moment.

WEBBER: (To Blockbuster3) What are you gunna do?

BLOCKBUSTER3: Just—

WEBBER: (Animated) Come on— I gave you all that juicy stuff.

Blockbuster3 shrugs and clams up, and Herman Munster looks agitated.

BLOCKBUSTER3: I got nothing.

As Blue Shirt walked away, Herman Munster approached.

MUNSTER: No cameras.

WEBBER: Really?

MUNSTER: Press only.

I put the GoPro in my bag then found a spot against the wall so that my top hat wouldn't get in anyone's way. Still, as Jeb began speaking, his blue shirts began taking turns standing in front of me to block my view — a standard technique by the left, right and libertarians alike to show their contempt of anyone who didn't show up wearing a pre-approved uniform. Once John Ellis wrapped up, I headed to the gaggle surrounding him. He was after all the presumptive Republican nominee at this stage. I stood somewhat to the outside with a barrier of at least five layers of people, but he spotted me and called out.

JEB: Peace, brother. How you doing?

WEBBER: Alright. How you doing, baby?

JEB: You're fascinated with the flowers or something.

WEBBER: Well, I am, because of the prayers, man.

JEB: I saw you with Rick Perry on the —

WEBBER: Yeah.

JEB: News Corp

WEBBER: You gave me one prayer for one flower, so I thought if I brought you twenty flowers, you could give me twenty prayers for peace.

JEB: Let's do it.

WEBBER: Yeah? We're doing it? Alright.

JEB: That sounds good.

WEBBER: Can I give them to ya?

I was trying to politely signal to the crowd that I couldn't get through— but slowly I made my way— and as I did so, the cameras started to speed up their clicking.

JEB: Here we go. I need to get a hug from you though.

There was an frequent autograph seeker who showed up at all of these things and sold the signatures on E-Bay. He was always a loud and boisterous presence.

AUTOGRAPH SALESMAN: There you go Jeb, give 'em a hug!

WEBBER: Thank you, my man.

We went in for the hug, as the clickity clack of the cameras went silly.

WEBBER: We go way back.

JEB: Yeah— Since Saturday.

Jeb took the flowers.

WEBBER: Yeah— but even still.

JEB: I appreciate the thought.

WEBBER: I want twenty prayers though. Twenty prayers for peace.

AUTOGRAPH SALESMAN: Twenty prayers for dead flowers, Jeb!

WEBBER: Come on. They're nice flowers!

JEB: Alright. I'm going to divide it up. Columba will do ten, and I'll do ten.

AUTOGRAPH SALESMAN: Ya gotta get roses for the next one!

WEBBER: You want roses? Roses next time.

JEB: No. This is more natural I think. Thank you.

WEBBER: Thanks, brother.

I practically had to karate-chop my way out of the crowd, but finally I made it out. I was soon approached by several reporters who might as well have asked me to discuss the intricacies of string theory with me. I didn't want to get into things beyond my field of expertise such as inter-dimensional time travel— so I stuck to the basics. I told them the flowers were a symbolic gesture that if the recipient ascended to the presidency he or she would have peace over their term.

HOW THE FLOWERS BECAME A THING

Time traveling back to July, 2014. Portland, Maine.

It was a quiet spell. Nothing freaky in terms of men in black hats, or worms in my oatmeal. There hadn't been weird tapping through the phone in months. I had been hanging out with my friend Matt Ferrel in Portland, Maine to play music and maybe write a few songs. He was at work, and I was hung-over, so I ended up at the Whole Foods cafe for some of their swampy coffee. Afterwards, I found myself pulling over on an off-ramp. While sitting watching the cars full of zombies, I got to day dreaming.

You get to an age where you either straighten up and do the thing about the thing so you fit in— or you become a “that guy”— the weird uncle, the mutant on the street— a person that the hamsters and hippos of society viewed as some inexplicable casualty of the modern era, incapable of functioning within the acceptable lines of the social order. Without this so-called “social order,” there would be revolution in the streets— interspecies romance in the back allies. Animal-human hybrids brought to life by anarchist doctors with the intent to take over the government itself. That didn't bother me as much as the expectation that art and everything else somehow needed to be commodified.

On top of that, my girlfriend, Ali had been getting quite sick, and was almost always knocked out from the heavy medication. Opium, xanax, adderal, dilauded — that was just the tip of the iceberg. She'll probably kick my ass for saying that much— so I'll keep it brief— but I had been traveling for work, and she had begun encouraging me to “take my time to mutate,” so she could be sick alone, and not be a burden on my weird creative tumors. I got to a point where I said, fuck it—if we're all just a bunch of ants stuck in the terrarium, let's have some fun with the magnifying glass. I needed a new creative endeavor. Ali's daughter, Isabella had introduced me to the Vine app, and my sister Megan posted something about flower-beards. I interpreted this as a half-dare— and an opportunity to make a fool of myself for the kids. The next minute, I was putting flowers in my beard and reprising the character “Lonny” who was a character I had done all the way back in high school, and had manifested in our 2009 film called *Milkweed*. He was another

schizophrenic with a penchant for animal telepathy. The flowers just brought it up a notch. Isy seemed to be mildly amused— but it was my excuse to do something new— I just needed to listen to the frequency of the universe and ride the wave. These nonsensical six-second films were getting millions of views— a sign of a the seismic shift coming in the psychic landscape we called the internet. It was the tremor before the earthquake which sent the barnyard animals running, predicting what was to be the steepest decline in American journalism— ever— the 2016 presidential election.

I set out across the country making performance art for a year— and when the election rolled around, I decided once again, “fuck it,” taking a full-on dive into the rat-infested swamp of politics. When Tiny ran for mayor, I was mostly behind the camera— but if you’re going to blow shit up, you’ve got to blow shit up. It was time for operation mind-fuck.

TINY THE PUNDIT

(Back to the Campaign timeline)

Tiny had decided that he was not going to run for office this time around. That said, he had inexplicably come to the conclusion that he still wanted to be interviewed regarding the election. It didn’t make a lot of sense, but it was a beautiful lunatic diversion— I mean, where would I hope to get better commentary regarding the wrestling techniques of WWE candidates like Donald Trump? Tiny and I were still working to finish his documentary, “Ghetto Altered Heroes,” so I had to drop by his place regardless.

For the occasion, Dougie decided to wear his big blue furry hat— what he called his Oompa Loompa hat. He polished off a forty ounce bottle of Colt 45 to get psyched up. He didn’t like to drink alone— so I had a big bottle of Sierra Nevada. As always, we were surrounded by hundreds upon hundreds of action figures which he had re-worked into his own characters— The Ghetto-Altered universe.

TINY: Any of those candidates disabled people? I haven't heard not a fuckin' one of them was. Bring that up with Uncle Jeb. "Whatta you think about disabled? I have a friend who's an African American Little Person who's disabled." Ya know? Rod, I would fuckin' blow you if you did that. Let's talk about Rod Webber's new and improved theatrical advancements.

WEBBER: Theatrical and political.

TINY: He's an artist— and makes the situation comfortable.

WEBBER: How do you mean?

TINY: You know how to put racism in it's place. And you make a person feel comfortable about it. Yeah, there was times I threatened to burn your family's house down , cuz I was agitated. But I'm different. I'm not just black— I'm a little person. Jack and the Beanstock, Jolly Green Giant, Tony the Tiger— whatever the case, you guys are bigger than me. You can be humble, but you don't have to be humiliated to be humbled.

WEBBER: In your own political endeavors, have you ever known the press to try to humiliate you?

TINY: Nah. I gave them what they needed. Remember that reporter in Pawtucket asked if I was gay and all this other stuff, and I stared him in the eyes and gave him my gay look?

Tiny paused and gave the camera "the look." I should also note that Tiny was bisexual, and spared no expense getting down to brass tacks.

TINY: Once that happened, he changed his story. He didn't want to admit that he was infatuated with me and we'd perform an Oz episode in the restaurant.

WEBBER: It seemed ill-advised.

TINY: We're on that level— or I'm on that level of *Men in Black* type scenario, wavelength thinking. How much will I know tomorrow? Once you get around a

person who thinks like that, it's hard for society to hurt you.

WEBBER: What do you think makes me appeal to the candidates who've invited me into their circle?

TINY: I'm lookin' at someone who saved ten years off of my life of incarceration and misery upon my family. I witnessed someone who helped me.

Tiny was referring to the fourteen days he spent in the Rhode Island Prison in the case of mistaken identity, when he was falsely imprisoned in what the press dubbed "The Mini-Mr.T Robberies."

WEBBER: What's getting you about what I'm doing?

TINY: You got this innocent derailment that's happening. You derail people's hostility and shit like that. You make it disappear for a while. It derails racism and contempt and obtuse angles of distrust going upon us.

TINY: We can handle going on nationwide TV with people with George Bush- or Jeb Bush or Donald Trump. I know if I got on TV with Trump I'd get him to shake my hand or we'll do a jig or some shit like that, you know what I'm saying?

WEBBER: Do you think people have certain expectations when they see me?

TINY: You just gotta finish the mission. You're Jack Bauer, now. You gotta act like it. Twenty Four. You just met a presidential candidate. You're hob-knobbin. You could be a security risk. Know what I'm saying. Who knows who's checkin this shit out? Somebody from Yemen might want to grab you up.

WEBBER: If you were doing my Jack Bauer moves, what would you do?

TINY: You're doing it. You're doing your flower— but ask 'em about Little People. Now you gotta be the Pied Piper.

Of course, "the Pied Piper strategy" was one illuminated to the public in what became know as "the Podesta emails"— a series of leaked emails between Clinton

campaign chairman John Podesta and other Clinton campaign staffers.

The emails read, “In this scenario, we don’t want to marginalize the more extreme candidates, but make them more 'Pied Piper' candidates who actually represent the mainstream of the Republican Party.” The serial wackos that Clinton named in this ill-conceived strategy were Ted Cruz, Ben Carson and Donald Trump. “We need to be elevating the Pied Piper candidates so that they are leaders of the pack and tell the press to [take] them seriously.” A more perfect example of the backfire effect is unlikely to ever manifest. I am amused, however that someone like Tiny who could be so easily swayed by political propaganda was simultaneously so hip to how the brainwashers get it done. That was his wrestling background— duping himself to “freedom” on a daily basis.

TINY: That’s what you have to be— the Pied Piper now. C’mon. Get Little People on your side, bro. Get one little midget holding a flower getting ready to give to George— ah, Jeb Bush. I’m always thinking George. But, being in politics when you’re different like this, you get to say what you need to say.

WEBBER: Is that what you like about Donald Trump?

TINY: Donald’s good like that. Say what you need to say. I like Donald. I don’t care. I wanna meet him and I wanna meet George W. Bush— and I wouldn’t mind Jeb too.

WEBBER: Remember when Cobra Commander and all the various Cobra people decided to make a universal figure like Serpentor— who would be your ideal presidential candidate like this be?

I was referring to a character from the GI-JOE cartoon. Serpentor was a Frankenstein kind of creation, made by gene-splicing all the greatest leaders in history together.

TINY: Me.

WEBBER: What makes you the ultimate presidential candidate?

TINY: But I haven’t said what world yet. I’m thinking the Ghetto-Altered world.

This world is probably sick of me. They're probably thinking he doesn't deserve success. But in the Ghetto-Altered world, I got the biggest god-endorsement. Stan Lee just held my action figure. He's the god of action figures and toys and shit like that. He's the god of that stuff if you live in that world. And I have a parallel line where i live in the same world as these action figures. Thats why they move all the time. They might be three or four dimensions ahead of us. We just can't interpret what they're saying.

WEBBER: If the universe existed within one presidential campaign inside Doug's finger, what is the thing that would make the ultimate candidate?

TINY: Me. Embrace me. Dougie Tunstall. Boom, boom. Nationwide TV. I get my pop off too. Know what I'm saying?—Handstand-choke the president — and give him the nutcracker to a presidential candidate — or go in a fight— or go in a wrestling match with Jeb Bush— where I train him.

WEBBER: How do you think you'd do against him?

TINY: I'll put him over— don't get me wrong. I'll take the kayfabe off of that. I'll put him over. But he's gotta take a couple of my moves —

In pro-wrestling, "kayfabe" is a staged event which is portrayed as "real" — a technique which has obviously carried over into reality TV, and subsequently politics.

TINY: He's gotta take the handstand-choke, and he's gotta take the nutcracker.

"The Nutcracker" was a move where Tiny got his opponent on the ground and dropped to the floor head-first into his victim's nuts. I suppose if Jeb could've taken this kind of punishment, it could've been something for his tough-guy image — certainly, his staff weren't coming up with any of this.

TINY: Jim Carrey took it. In *Me, Mself and Irene*. I was Tony Cox's stunt double, and I gave Jim Carrey the nutcracker, right on set. Boom. That was beautiful. That was a real good crowning achievement for me. That's why I say its your turn, bro.

Tiny certainly was a delusional bastard. The whole mess felt like the Noah/Ziusudra story. To Christians it was about sinfulness — You know — Wipe away the scum — Travis Bickle shit. But I'm talking about myths repeating themselves. It's no secret the Christians stole the flood myth from the Mesopotamians. Enlil grew tired of the crap being perpetrated by humans, so Enki warned Ziusudra to build an ark. One flood in two different dimensions — just like Tiny believed himself to be the President in his own dimension. Evidently, that's why he felt like just popping his head into this world. The question on my mind — Was this flood the work of the gods? I don't mean literal gods — but dangerous forces within the government like Stan Lee pulling the strings.

After the twenty flowers went well with Jeb, I decided to up it another notch by heading to Iowa. I stopped in at a Lindsey Graham rally, on July 11th, and he gave me a prayer too before I gassed up the Make-The-World-Better-Mobile and headed west. And yes, I can hear the screams of the conservatives blathering about the hypocrisy of driving a gas-powered car — but, if the Bushes would get their CIA contacts to come clean on the Roswell files, we could get the green/ zero-point energy stuff going. I know it's not real — but if it were, it would really screw with all of Jeb and Lindsey's plans — wink, wink. Those bastards were making my cerebral implant itch.

THE IOWA CAUCUSES

July 13th, 2015

After 1,468 miles of driving, I was in Sioux City. My objective was to meet up with Jeb. However, I noticed Rick Perry was holding a shindig at the HQ of some McCorporation. He must be obedient to his Overlords, afterall. That being the case, who could pass up the opportunity?

I got there late, and after making my way through a labyrinth of mega-corporation super villain hallways, I followed the signs to a conference room. There were a bunch of suit-and-tie muckity-mucks jerking each other off under the table, and a bunch of news cameras crammed in the back. There was definitely no room for me. But, I was wearing my trucker hat, and evidently that was my free-pass. Some corporate suit waved me into the room and one of the maggots got up to sit me down a couple seats away from Perry. I was the **only** non-suit in the room. When Perry was done talking, he said he had time for two questions. Question one sucked. Question two went to me. I reminded him that he had taken a flower from me before and asked if he would be like Jeb and take twenty, and do the twenty prayers for peace challenge. The look of shock and horror that creeped over his face gave me a little chubby.

He said, "I remember you from New Hampshire." Then he bluffed, "Do you have the flowers?" Of course I did, and pull them out of my bag. He was even more horrified. Perry reluctantly accepted them and said, "I'll pray for you. I'll pray for you." With that, he made it clear that's all that was going to happen. It was worth the trip just to know that he looked like an asshole, and it was plastered far and wide all over the news of the world.

Time to find Jeb.

JEB AT MORNINGSIDE COLLEGE, July 13th, 2015

I arrived early enough, but thanks to my stop to see Scary Perry, my arrival was a

little later than I would've liked. Swarms of lemmings had gravitated to this unholy place, and the parking lot was full. These Iowans must've had a big bear-sized hard-on to get a glimpse of the Bush-Family-Boy-Prince, John, Ellis. Of course, Jeb had demonstrated a kind interpersonal warmth between he and I, which I was on the path to reciprocating. But, don't think that would stop me from bringing up bestiality when it was absolutely part of how this thing went down.

Having located the lecture hall where Jeb was to speak, I was recognized within seconds by Tim Miller, Jeb Bush's communications director. Tim later rose to fame for making jokes about bear-rape in reference to Leonardo DiCaprio's film "The Revenant." Evidently, Matt Drudge posted, "DiCaprio raped by a bear in Fox movie," to which Miller responded on twitter, "Are there any recorded examples of a bear raping a human in real life?" On the one hand, I'm glad they're trying to find their sense of humor— on the other... bear rape? Holy fuck. This was the communications director for the presumptive nominee of the Republican party.

Anyhow... Bear-Rape gets right down to business.

BEAR RAPE: Man, you are everywhere. That is impressive.

WEBBER: Okay. I'm Rod. I don't remember you. But you're one of these guys in the blue shirts.

BEAR RAPE: Were you not in Manchester, New Hampshire, just last week?

WEBBER: Yeah. I was in Wisconsin the week before that.

BEAR RAPE: Sioux City is far away from Manchester. You know— you're just covering a lot of ground.

WEBBER: I've been to all forty five states.

BEAR RAPE: Uhh

WEBBER: I'm winking.

BEAR RAPE: I'm trying to do the math— I think you're short.

WEBBER: That's why I wear the hat.

Bear Rape gave the "I'm done" look.

BEAR RAPE: Good to see you.

WEBBER: Likewise.

BEAR RAPE: Rob?

WEBBER: Rod with a D.

BEAR RAPE: See you at the next one.

WEBBER: Alright. South Carolina.

BEAR RAPE: See you there.

While standing at the door which was blocked for a moment, Bear Rape came back.

BEAR RAPE: Flowers in exchange for prayers?

WEBBER: Yes. Exactly, prayers for peace. Yeah, he granted me twenty last time—

BEAR RAPE: He and Columba are going to split it.

WEBBER: Rick Perry just offered me twenty as well— whatever that's worth. I didn't believe Rick. Jeb seemed much more sincere. Rick pushed it off and—

BEAR RAPE: Oh he's very— and Columba likes to pray. I'm pretty sure she did her ten.

WEBBER: His wife?

BEAR RAPE: He said he'd split the twenty.

WEBBER: That's right. You're sharp.

BEAR RAPE: I was there man.

After the incredibly weird small chat, I made my way through the crowd into the shitty little lecture hall. I set up a camera against the back wall and found a seat in the stairway to the side. Jeb was introduced by a man in a nicely pressed suit, and promptly launched into banalities about great challenges requiring great leadership — yadda, yadda. Within a minute he was talking about two systems of belief — one which believes in economic opportunity, and “the other candidate” who doesn't care about six and a half million people, and will turn the world into an apocalyptic hellscape. After an allusion to handouts, he was yammering about his ability to turn your part time job into a full time job — and how much he hated the doo-doo-head stupid faces like Hillary Clinton and Barack Obama. “If we didn't have Obamacare, then blah blah blah blah blah. Finally, he began railing against regulations — because fuck the planet.

JEB: There should be marching bands celebrating the combination of two existing technologies, hydrolic fracking and horizontal drilling that has created a revolution in our country — lower costs for consumers and savings for families and their utility bills.

After a droning stump-speech which would've scared the shit out of any innocent civilian in the many Middle-Eastern countries which were the frequent victim of illegal US drone strikes, Jeb went to Q&A. Q&A is where things get interesting — because people want answers — and politicians are forced to go off-script. A couple questions in, an audience member launched into a speech about border security. Jeb came back with phrases like, “There are people losing their lives,” and “we oughta enforce the law” — platitudes like that which really get red-staters wet in the panties. Then Jeb started talking about protecting the US border with drones and all the anti-4th amendment crap his brother had started with the Patriot Act in the wake of 9-11.

JEB: I think we need to forward-lean. I think we need to use the surveillance capabilities that now exist, that didn't exist just a decade ago. Drones and all sorts of technologies now that can apply to create a deterrent effect on the border, so that coming here illegally is not perceived to be easier than coming here illegally. And I believe we can do this. You do not have to build a fence— because Texas for example, has twelve hundred miles on the Rio Grande. Where are you going to put the fence, in the middle of a river? Are you going to put it on the Mexican side? I'm not sure they're going to be for that.

I don't disagree that a fence is loony-bird. But the surveillance crap he was talking about is all the truly evil 24-7 Big-Brother mess that Edward Snowden blew the whistle on. He says, "we oughta enforce that law." Well, their actions prove that none of these two-faced, policy-spewing Pez-dispensers cared about the constitution, much less the people the claimed to care about.

JEB: The president can't use executive authority he doesn't have — which he's done with the DACA and DAPA kids and parents. That shouldn't be the way to do it. You go to congress. You create a strategy. You pass the law. I mean, this is like a social studies class. I guess in Washington, since they don't pass laws any more, we kinda have to give them the fourth grade Social Studies Civics course again.

Right. When there's a constitution getting in your way, you wait for a national tragedy, make up some bullshit about "Weapons of Mass Destruction," get the press to lie about it for you— bolster public support, then you make up some new laws— just like we learned in Social Studies class.

For the record, George W. Bush conjured up executive privilege six times to:

1. Block Congress from documents about Boston mob informants and Bill Clinton's fundraising goings-on,
2. Hide who was at Dick Cheney's 2001 energy-policy meetings,
3. Block Harriet Miers's subpoena to Karl Rove about federal prosecutor firings,
4. Conceal from Congress Dick's FBI interview about Valerie Plame's outing,
5. Block subpoenas regarding EPA documents on California's reducing greenhouse gases, and
6. Fuck with the investigation of harsh interrogation tactics.

But, hey — truth, justice, and the American way.

AUDIENCE MEMBER: What books have most influenced you, and why?

JEB: One is “Coming Apart” by Charles Murray which is a book by a social scientist about really the devastating destruction of the American family life— and how we just changed without a big debate, and it’s created two Americas— one that’s doing great, and it’s already made it— and this new emerging underclass— deeply— have been grounded in a lot of data sets that were just irrefutable, and very compelling.

The full title of the book is “Coming Apart: The State of White America, 1960-2010.” Charles Murray also happens to be the co-author of the largely debunked racist bible known as “The Bell Curve.” But, I’m not going to use this to say Jeb is some kind of a white-supremacist— maybe just that there is some kind of cognitive dissonance going on upstairs. His wife is Mexican, and he’s got mixed-kids— so maybe they just need to see a family therapist, or I could invite him to do some of those dog paintings like Dubya.

JEB: The other is “The Counterpart on The Left,” by Robert Putnam. It’s the same story with a slightly different view about what the solutions are. Murray basically concludes there is no solution. This is a huge challenge for us as a country— how do we make sure it doesn’t matter where you were born, whether you have a vowel at the end of your name— the color of your skin. none of that should matter. It’s your own pursuits— of your own life to achieve earned-success. Everyone should have that right— to achieve earned-success.

Yet another unusual claim coming from a guy who is part of a family who started a presidential dynasty in America. Aside from all of Murray’s dubious claims about race, one of the things he argues in his 2015 book, “By The People: Rebuilding Liberty Without Permission” is for the billionaire’s veto. The idea is to contest every goddamn thing under the sun in court, effectively draining the government’s resources and keeping it from engaging in meaningful governance or enforcement. He even wanted to start a multi-billion-dollar pool between one-percenters so that they could kick the shit out of Uncle Sam whenever the need arose.

AUDIENCE MEMBER: Thirty five years ago I met with your father, who was

JEB: Thirty five years.

AUDIENCE MEMBER: We were off to play tennis and I said to him, why is it that the Republicans don't want to attract people— they wanna treat people like they're joining the Country Club. What can we do to make people want to vote Republican, instead of—

JEB: Campaign— let me just try to make a visual here. Campaign like this— campaign with a smile. Campaign in a hopeful, optimistic way. Don't campaign like this.

Jeb frowns. Which gets lots of laughs.

JEB: Campaign by hugging and kissing and loving.

Jeb then gestured to me, sitting to the side.

JEB: This man was in New Hampshire with me, twice last week— and this is like — it's great to see ya brother.

WEBBER: It's awesome to see you.

Jeb turns back to the audience to speak, so couldn't see me as I jumped up and was making a b-line for a hug, causing the audience to laugh.

JEB: So, campaign in a way—

Jeb turns to me and goes for the hug. As we release, I hold out a bouquet of hand-picked black-eyed susans.

WEBBER: These are for your wife.

JEB: Oh- they're my wife. How many prayers am I going to have to do this time?

WEBBER: He offered twenty prayers last time.

JEB: I did them.

WEBBER: This is just for your wife. And I want you to do a prayer for peace with me right here in person.

JEB: Right.

His tone definitely took a down note, and he figured out what was going on as I reached out my hand to hold his.

JEB: Yeah sure.

We bowed our heads standing side by side and hand in hand.

JEB: I hope this goes well.

He squeezed my hand, and got a laugh from the crowd, and we went back to position with heads down.

JEB: You going to do it?

WEBBER: I thought you were doing it!

After all, he was the one running for president.

JEB: Dear Lord, we do need a peaceful world. We need American leadership to make sure there is peace all around the world. I worry about people that are— that are struggling in their lives— and a more peaceful world will allow them to rise not just in our country, but in the rest of the world as well.

JEB: We say this— at least I say this in the name of my son— my savior, the son of God, Jesus Christ.

You didn't hear me say, "let's pray to this interdimensional time-traveling parasite"

nor make any demands for any particular team of deity-worship. What was “God” to Jeb, might be entirely different to someone else. If some Molerat asked, I’d say, “define “god.”

WEBBER: Amen. Thank you man.

We then hugged.

JEB: You travel with me?

WEBBER: Yeah.

JEB: Alright.

WEBBER: I’ll bring a marching band with me too.

I was ribbing him about his demented fracking marching band statement.

JEB: I gotta learn more about this guy, because we’re going to get to know each other well.

This whole pageant was a mess. But let’s be clear on what elections are— well-orchestrated shit-shows complete with puppets and puppet-masters and stage-managers and lighting technicians put on for willing dupes. It was doubtful that any player on the stage would ever give me an opportunity to debate philosophy or theology, or really anything whatsoever— leastwise without finding a clever way to interject myself into their puppet show. That said, I don’t feel as though my participation was insincere or disingenuous. The players on the stage were either showman or intellectuals of one kind or another. But even if you had total contempt for what Jeb was saying, he seemed to have put some thought into the things coming out of his mouth hole. Whether those things were complete and total bullshit— which, they were— except maybe his desire to be friendly— that’s another story.

As I gathered my things, the Molerats made their move. HuffPo, Bloomberg, CBS. Some guy even took the liberty of attaching a lavalier mic to my tie as I was

chatting with the various journos swarming.

JOURNO: What are you up to?

WEBBER: We need to consider that war isn't the way. We keep finding new boogie-men— ISIS is the current one.

JOURNO2: So you're trying to spread a pro-peace, pro environment message?

WEBBER: That statement he made about having a marching band for fracking— that's insane. It's catching people's tap water on fire.

HUFFPO: Was going to Iraq a mistake?

WEBBER: 222 of the past 230 or 40 years, we've been at war.

It basically went like that for a half hour. I could've demanded that Jeb debate the Kalam Cosmological Argument or some other rationalization of a two-thousand-year-old book about zombies, but it would've gone nowhere. As a broad generalization, I'd say there was a spark that sparked the universe— and beyond that, I wasn't getting my say— not at any price. Give love and seek peace— they could accept that— and the little stunt of jumping on stage was creating a platform to get that across to a handful of Molerats to use in their human-interest pieces. "Peace through strength," was their deal— but I believe in the kind of peace Martin Luther King spoke of— the kind that required justice and not just the absence of tension. For me, that meant telling the ugly truth— potty-mouth and all.

Immediately after wrapping up with Morningside College, I was playing catch-up with the Praying Poppa. The plan was to make the 172 mile drive east to catch Jeb again at the Prairie Moon Winery for something called the Joseph Story Dinner. It was the only time I paid to get into an event during the election— but I had purchased it earlier for \$100 online. Evidently, he was not making a speech— just an appearance, and that \$100 was completely flushed down the toilet, since he had left before the scheduled end of the event. Shenanigans, goddammit.

The next day, I drove 165 miles west, to Council Bluffs Iowa. More bullshit about

fracking, and sitting quietly to pay my Jebediah dues. I didn't want to freak him out too badly— and I couldn't assume that he'd just let me jump on stage every time I showed up, so I took it easy.

Across the river was Lincoln Nebraska, but there wasn't much there, so I caught up on some video work for the doc. A couple days later and Rick Perry was having some kind of bogus pizza party. He wasn't having it.

Meeting the politicians in person didn't bestow me or anyone else with any superpower— but it did offer insights. The average person espousing their “expertise” about politics seems, (to me), roughly like eavesdropping on a group of grade-schoolers gossiping via the old game of “telephone” in which one kid whispers to the kid sitting next to them, and so-on down the line. The majority of politicians are paid liars who want to inject you in the hind-quarters with their version of reality. Next on the food chain are the Blind-Molerat media outlets who have the budget to listen to these propagandists give birth to their fecal delusions in person. Following the Molerats are the trichinosis worms paid to do some investigating. Commonly, the way humans get trichinosis is by eating undercooked meat which contains the larvae. I hate to describe these noble bastards as such, because they're the ones beating the pavement and doing God's work, by digging for the truth. Sadly, they are still consisting on a diet of undercooked meat and worm larvae. And, because of click-based-news, the budget for this kind of journalism is nearly dead and buried, six feet under.

The rest of the consensus news media— (who comprise the vast majority of these poor miscreants), are pundits who do nothing more than pontificate regarding the never-ending stream of bile vomited forth in their face-holes. By the time “the news” gets to them, the truth has been beaten and bullied and bent out of shape— and their corporate overlords are shrieking at them to beat it into a new shape which will resemble the narrative they've preconceived— in order to maximize profits in service of the Space Lice. A subset of these pundits are the late-night comedians, who, (while they may be funny), have made a meat-effigy of the truth and regularly beat it to a bloody pulp.

There are a rare subset of citizen journalists who have taken upon themselves the

task of capturing and presenting events as they unfold— unfortunately, I wouldn't expect to see any streams coming from behind closed doors, where it actually matters. And at this stage in the campaign, Facebook Live wasn't even a thing, so... I just kept getting what I could get, feeling like I was pissing into the wind.

SANTORUM'S PIG-FUCKING SANCTUARY

July 15th, 2015

Next on the list was Rick Santorum— and July 15th was a big day with three events. I was determined to make it to all of them. If it wasn't weird enough that Tim Miller from the Jeb Bush campaign was known for his jokes about bear rape, Rick Santorum was infamous for comparing homosexuality to bestiality— specifically, having sex with dogs.

As a result, the relationship columnist Dan Savage came up with a contest to find the best new definition for the word “santorum.” The winning entry was one that described santorum as “the frothy mixture of lube and fecal matter that is sometimes the byproduct of anal sex.” This even inspired the web sites, [spreadingsantorum.com](#) and [santorum.com](#). I hate to bring up these things, but these are the things important to politicians. I'm just trying to set stage, so you know who we're dealing with.

That said, it was fortuitous that Santorum was holding an event at the Clinton County Fair in DeWitt, with plenty of pigs, cows and sheep to go around. Rick must've been in heaven— I mean, if fucking a farm animal is what you plan to do in the afterlife. It was an unholy orgy of John Deere tractors, cow-pens and corporate circle-jerkery— which I am told *is* Rick Santorum's thing. It was basically a big-ass farm. On the edge of the property, the event planners had erected a large American Gothic-style painting with the faces cut out so you could pose as the famous husband and wife team holding a cattle-prod, or pitchfork— depending on your fetish. Whatever American Gothic shit you did behind the cut-out, was entirely up to the attendees of this strange gothic pig festival held by deviants out in the middle of farm country.

After wandering in and out of pig enclosures for about five or ten minutes, I found my Santorum. Wearing a light blue button-down shirt and blue jeans, Rick was walking alongside a woman in a black and white checkered shirt. She seemed to be some kind of local hog-reporter like Les Nessman from WKRP, sent to ask meaningless questions about feeding troughs. On the opposite side of Santorum, to

keep me away from the Senator ,was a bald tough guy wearing black, looking like he was dreaming about being at the gym. Behind him was a pink shirted yes-man and two lackeys with electronics who probably injected Rick with scripture when he was feeling low. Following up the rear was a uniformed police officer. Rick was engaging the hog-reporter in some serious small talk.

HOG-REPORTER: I just wanted to ask you— just about the fair, and what you think of it, and how people have been reacting.

SANTORUM: Well, they put me to work.

HOG-REPORTER: Yeah, I saw that.

SANTORUM: That's unusual, I usually don't get asked to do work. But I can— you know— I enjoyed it. Actually, it was good. You get to feel like you're doing something useful.

I'm glad we could both agree that Rick's political career was useless. The place was empty, but when Rick's eye caught the attention of a potential voter, he glowed with excitement.

SANTORUM: Hello! How are you? Good.

The voter was polite and disappeared into the pigs. It was possible I was making things weird, so he switched gears.

SANTORUM: We're just getting started. I've gotta eat somewhere.

LACKEY: Senator— Boss, right here we're gunna grab some food.

I figured I better cut to the chase. Go for the ego.

WEBBER: You doing selfies? Can I get one?

That was just the boost he needed. I was wearing my orange trucker hat to fit in with the pig-farmers. Of course, I had my GoPro already rolling, so he was a little

surprised when I didn't have a cell-phone.

SANTORUM: Sure, absolutely.

Rick came over and put his arm around my shoulder — and made me feel officially awkward.

WEBBER: Rick Santorum here. Can you say anything?

SANTORUM: Happy fair day!

WEBBER: Can we deport some liberals today?

Rick took his arm off my back and did a double-take. Audible laughter and smiles from his entourage.

SANTORUM: I don't know. Do we have any around here? There aren't any liberals in Clinton County, are there? Do you?

Rick spun around to his gang to get their reaction.

PINK SHIRT: I think he's claiming to be one.

SANTORUM: Are you claiming to be a liberal?

WEBBER: I don't think so.

SANTORUM: Well I was gunna say.

WEBBER: Are you?

The awkward laughing was increasing as he seemed concerned that he may have offended a potential voter.

SANTORUM: No! I mean, he's the one who said you were, claiming to be a liberal. I didn't know. Maybe you talked to him.

I shook my head incredulously, “no.”

SANTORUM: Well, it’s nice to meet you.

WEBBER: Nice to meet you.

SANTORUM: Thank you sir. God bless you.

WEBBER: Alright. God bless.

With that, he went back to answering questions from the Hog Reporter—presumably about breeding human-pig hybrids.

SANTORUM AT MCOTTO’S

Within minutes, I was hustling back to the car to make the hour-plus drive up to McOtto’s. It was a revolving door situation where one candidate finished up with their verbal diarrhea session, and they were pushing the next maggot out into the room. It was like a shitty version show business for pig-fuckers.

Being the consummate fame-whore, naturally, I changed into my glitzy top-hat and grabbed a bouquet of black-eyed susans for the star of this swine-fest. As I arrived, Rick was speechifying and I was greeted by PINK SHIRT. They must’ve had a time-machine to get there so quick. Two busy Molerats were already in the back of the room with their note pads, scribbling dicks.

The truly unholy spawns of Kolob at these corn-town political events are the locals. They would do anything whatsoever for their candidate, and they want to prove their loyalty to their god-king. Strangling citizen journalists like myself so they can’t do their job is their favorite pastime. They love the press, as long as it’s *their blind molerat press*— and they love freedom of speech, as long as it’s *their* speech. But pink-shirts can’t harass the press on camera. They give this task to the local dupes. You see, the dupes think if they get their man into office there’s going

to group sex and a rusty trombone for all their friends and loved ones.

No matter where you stand at these things, one of the locals will invariably start playing “back-that-ass-up” on you. There’s a possibility it’s part of a bizarre mating ritual— but I assume it’s to fuck with me. It happens everywhere, even when there is visibly plenty of other places for them to stand. Move over five inches... back that ass up. Move again... back that ass up. This is legitimately the unseen reality of our political system. It was no different here. Total idiocy until Santorum called on me and I offered the flowers. Rick said maybe he’d take them after the event. He then proceeded to give long nausea-inducing answers about “cutting taxes,” and some guy named Mike Pence. I should remind you that Scientology’s founder L. Ron Hubbard claimed that certain combinations of words could bring on debilitating illness.

SANTORUM: I’ve known Mike Pence for ten years. And if you woulda said that Mike Pence woulda caved on an issue of religious liberty, and passed a bill that actually removed religious liberty, I would’ve laughed and said no-way. But when the national media comes down on you, it’s just nothing you’ve experienced the same. And when the world— corporate America— they all come calling. It’s— the pressure is tough. If you haven’t been there, and you don’t know that you can get through to the other side without caving to what you believe, then you’re not ready to be president of the United States. Not today. NOT TODAY! Maybe before, but not today. Because it will be brutal for whoever’s president. If you wanna change this country and restore liberty, restore fiscal sanity, restore values that made this country great, you are not going to be— they’re not going to be throwing rose petals in from of you in Washington.

That was my cue.

WEBBER: I will, though.

And with that, I threw my bouquet of flowers over the crowd, soaring like our nation’s bird, the turkey vulture. And then those black-eyed susans landed ever so softly at his feet, causing uproarious applause and laughter.

His response was puzzling at best.

SANTORUM: And sometimes a lovely little metaphor.

Rick paused awkwardly not knowing what to do. It was silent. Either the audience wanted to save him, or they thought it was part of the act. As he stood dumbstruck, suddenly came a wave of closing applause. Rick knew he couldn't top that, so he wrapped it up. I made my way up front for a hug, and he reluctantly gave me one.

Last stop of the day: Tipton's Family Restaurant in in Tipton Iowa for a "coffee, pie, and politics" town hall, (July 15th). Santorum was using the back of Tipton's to scare the small crowd of elderly people who had gathered there into fear-voting for him. Rick's claim: Electromagnetic pulses are fucking crazy-- the nuclear tests in Nevada in the 1940s knocked out power all the way in Hawaii. Rick wanted the Iowans to shit in their adult diapers— because naturally, he was the only politician equipped to handle the inevitable situation in which the population of the Corncob State was decimated.

If I have time, I'll write more later. There was just too much wackadoodle to get to it all. Donald Trump was busy playing Constable Cockalorum and shitting on John McCain's days of being locked up in a tiger cage. But you've heard that crap. Let's get the fuck back to the east coast.

THE HUCKABEE HUDDLE

July 17th, 2015

I was already sick of this land of endless cornfields and polite grain-fed nothingness. Every moment I was there felt like a crime against something— I just couldn't figure out what. As usual, I woke up after a night of miserable sleeping in the Make-Better-Mobile. How was that working out? I was in Anamosa— a town just a little northeast of Cedar Rapids. McOtto's was the Iowa-campaign-trail flavor of the day— an Irish pub next door to a motorcycle shop who billed themselves as a "Family Restaurant." But let's be real— it's a "family" place because you could bring Pastor Huckabee by in the morning, and by noontime you could be sucking back whiskey shots while next door they worked on your Harley. If you drove home drunk and got caught, it was an opportunity to bring in more Jesus converts to the flock. On their marquee was "WELCOME MIKE HUCKABEE." Did I mention it was eight in the fucking morning? Fuck my life. This was some serious bullshit.

The proceedings were to take place in McOtto's back function room. There were four tables with four seats at each, for a total of sixteen seats. I picked a spot at the front of the back set of tables, so that if I put my iPhone on the table it would look casual and still capture Mike and I in the shot. Not all the seats were filled— and at my table sat two people in Boy Scouts outfits. One of them was an adult. Really. An adult Boy Scout.

Huck was announced by an old-ass Iowa-lookin' dude in a gray polo shirt. He listed all of Mike's accomplishments— but failed to mention any of Mike's donors. I can't blame him— I didn't do my homework at that time either. The top two were Mountaire Corporation and Hershend Family Entertainment, who had donated roughly three million and one million dollars respectively. Mountaire was a poultry company, which had been getting pushback from environmental activists for their irresponsible waste-water practices, to which Mountaire had a very Huckabee old-testament response. "We're confident Mountaire Farms is taking seriously its obligation to be a careful steward of the land and water we all share." Those Bible-

thumpers love to talk about being “stewards of the Earth.” It is their favorite old-testament excuse for fucking up the environment.

Second on the list, Herschend Family Entertainment was the umbrella corporation for dozens of weird theme parks, including Dolly Parton’s Dollywood, and Dolly Parton’s Dixie Stampede, a Civil War-themed restaurant to commemorate a “simpler time” when the Partons and Huckabees could fly their Confederate flags and boss their slaves around, or whatever they dreamed of doing in their conservative lizard brains. They also owned a couple aquariums— in which I assume they had imprisoned and tortured plenty of mermaids and mermen.

Sources:

<https://www.opensecrets.org/pres16/contributors?id=N00007539>

<https://americanfarmpublications.com/mountaire-addresses-plants-wastewater-issues/>

<http://www.hfecorp.com/our-businesses/>

<https://slate.com/culture/2017/08/visiting-dolly-partons-dinner-show-dixie-stampede.html>

Following the MC was Pastor Akin who delivered a prayer— and then invited the young Boy Scout up to lead the pledge of allegiance. If Collin Kaepernick was there, they would have lead a ceremony to kick him in the nuts. Huckabee started with some crap about Iowa being like Arkansas, but “*if he were to be honest*” he needed help with the caucuses.

HUCKABEE: To be honest with you, I was kind of enjoying what I was doing the past six and a half years. Fox. Radio. Writing books. Making speeches. I get amused when sometimes some idiot with the national press— there’s no other way to describe it—

Thanks Pastor Mike— you just validated me calling you an idiot— which wouldn’t be hard, since you have based your life on the belief that a bearded wizard created the Earth and Heavens by whipping his dick out and fucking a pumpkin. Ah, to have the magical powers which your Lord bestowed on those Magi— traveling the hills like a trio of errant knights. But being a fellow traveller, I would wait to pass judgement— at least to your face.

HUCKABEE: And they'll say something like, "well, I don't think Huckabee's serious about running for president, I think he just wants to try to boost his profile so he can get a TV show, get a book-deal and make speeches. And I'm thinking, you goon, I have a TV show, I wrote twelve books, and I was making more speeches than I can keep up with.

Then he babbled about Hamas and Hezbola. He knew how to play to his base. Terrorism. Fear of the other. I'm not saying there weren't scary terrorists out there — but by and large the CIA had created them or funded them, or in some way or another created them. He threatened to get to the bottom of Benghazi and blah blah blah. He said he'd get to the bottom of the IRS scandal and conservatives being targeted for their political views— But, as anyone with a brain knows, the IRS targeted people on both sides. Finally, after twenty seven minutes he went to Q&A. I got the second shot.

WEBBER: I'm not really a political person, but I have a bet with a friend. You're a religious person. Are you a Christian?

HUCKABEE: I'm a believer. Absolutely.

WEBBER: Absolutely. So he gets on about the Bible. And there are about three different points here. Proverbs 22:9: "He who gives bread to the poor is bountiful of the eye" — which goes against the conservative ideology. The second one is Revelation 11:18: "God says to destroy the destroyers of the earth," which goes against the anti-environmental stand that conservatives often take. And finally is "Thou shalt not kill," which kind of gets in the way of the being-at-war-all-the-time thing.

HUCKABEE: Let me take all three of those as best I can. I just wanna make sure I — The first one had to do with — you know — the poor. Umm. We absolutely have a responsibility to the poor. But it is the responsibility of me as an individual believer. It is not something I pawn off on the government. The reason that the government is in the poverty business — the welfare business — is because the church got out of the welfare business. It was always the responsibility of people to give a dime out of each dollar they earn to take care of the widows and the poor.

And not take care of people who *wouldn't* work, but to take care of people who *couldn't* work. There's a big difference. Because the same Bible (Huck points his finger in the air), that says we oughta take care of the poor says "if you don't work, you don't eat." Same Bible. And there's a real sense in which the way scripture teaches— there are people who are in poverty because of illness or infirmity— family circumstances— for example— then we all collectively should do everything possible to make sure that they don't starve to death. I look at that—

WEBBER: But in government, why wouldn't you decide to take that on?

HUCKABEE: Why wouldn't the government do it?

WEBBER: That seems—

It seemed ironic— because Huckabee and his cohorts in government have used government to justify everything from war to slavery, to Jim Crow, to the prison industrial complex, to anti-homosexuality laws. Even Hillary Clinton, the supposed progressive opposition, had as recently as 2013 said, "marriage is between one man and one woman." When it came to invoking religion for something positive, Huckabee's attitude was, "let's keep God out of this." But, I was playing it laid-back and unobtrusive, to keep this thing going. Trying to debate, as opposed to conversing would put a quick end to this exchange.

HUCKABEE: Well, if government is God— If government is your god, then that makes perfect sense. And to a lot of people, government is their god. But God is not my government. I mean government is not my god.

WEBBER: So why does it get brought into things like the abortion debate?

HUCKABEE: Why does it what?

WEBBER: Get into the abortion debate and things like gay marriage—

HUCKABEE: Well, abortion has to do only with the fact that we want to protect the innocent— the same way we want to protect the widow.

WEBBER: I would agree with you.

Meaning I agreed that the concepts derived from the same thought— not that they truly believed it.

HUCKABEE: Let me ask you, okay— I know— but I'm asking. Do you think there's any such thing as a life that doesn't have value?

WEBBER: Absolutely not. I'm a vegetarian.

A massive insane smile came over Huckabee's face, which quickly receded into a frown. It was as if he was suddenly afflicted with Jim Carrey's disease, and started doing a scene from *The Mask*.

WEBBER: I don't believe in eating animals for that reason.

HUCKABEE: Alright.

WEBBER: Also, I grow my beard because it's a sin to shave. And you shave. And this is what the Bible says.

Huckabee awkwardly nodded, trying to process how he had been caught in this hypocritical lie by a dirty hippy like myself.

HUCKABEE: I don't remember.

WEBBER: Leviticus— there's more passages about shaving being a sin that there is about homosexuality.

Let's run through them, shall we? Leviticus 19:27 says, "you shall not round off the hair on your temples or mar the edges of your beard." Then you've got Leviticus 21:5 saying not to shave it if you're a priest. Leviticus 14:9 wants to protect you from skin disease, and says you've got to lock yourself up for a week if you've got a rash— but on the seventh day do like Bob Geldof in *Pink Floyd the Wall*, and shave your head, beard and eyebrows. On the eighth day you've got to find two lambs and a bunch of grain for an offering— which seems less scientific

than the other part— but you get the idea.

HUCKABEE: Let me see— I think there were three things you wanted to ask me about. One was the poor.

WEBBER: You did a follow-up. That's all.

HUCKABEE: Ok.

WEBBER: Let's move to the next one.

HUCKABEE: Second was?

WEBBER: Revelation 11:18 which is about environmentalism.

HUCKABEE: Oh. Oh. I'm a conservationist. I'm a conservation— I believe God made the heavens and the Earth. It's his. It doesn't belong to me. I'm a steward.

WEBBER: Stewardship. Genesis. Right?

HUCKABEE: Let me answer. You got to ask. Let me answer. Okay?

WEBBER: Sorry, sorry.

HUCKABEE: Umm. As a steward, like in Genesis it makes it clear that all the things God made, he made for us to use— not for us to abuse, but for us to use. Those resources are there to give us the ability to live better. And we're not to abuse them. We're not to destroy them, because they don't belong to us. They belong to him. Now, as a conservationist, I believe very strongly in taking good care of the earth and it's resources. I do not believe however in worshipping them and elevating them above human beings, because that would be totally against the teachings of scripture.

One of the few things that government got right was regulating big business that strip-mined the earth and dumped poison in the water— but not so long as people like Huckabee could strip those regulations away. Huck continued.

HUCKABEE: And the third thing about “thou shall not kill,” technically the words, said it in the—

WEBBER: Thou shall not murder.

HUCKABEE: Thou shall not murder. And murder is to take the life of a person without cause, without reason. But, if you’re engaged in a war— and there are many, many scriptures that deal with the fact that there are evil people, then it is not murdering someone.

WEBBER: In modern society it seems like there’d be non-lethal ways that— we’ve got all these drones flying around.

HUCKABEE: Well, let me put it this way. If someone breaks into my house at two o’clock in the morning and they have a gun—

WEBBER: I get what murder is.

Huckabee raises the pointing finger.

HUCKABEE: Nah- ahh— ahh— I’m just going to explain to you. They come into my house at two o’clock in the morning, and maybe I don’t have time to ask them, “I’m sorry, do you have a gun?” Here’s what’s going to happen to them. I’m going to call 911, but I’m not calling to wait twenty minutes for the cops to get to my house to see if I can maybe helplessly wait. I’m going to take the call to 911, and I’m going to tell ‘em where to come pick up the body of the idiot that broke into my house a two o’clock in the morning. Now, that’s not murder. That’s self-defense.

It was at that point, I switched gears to hate on the president that Huckabee loved to hate— and force him into a position by making it about a Democrat, instead of himself.

WEBBER: I get that. But it seems Obama’s willy-nilly with the drones. If you were in charge— if you were president— it would seem to me that there would be

some way to not blow up every civilian in the Middle East.

HUCKABEE: I wouldn't blow up every civilian, but by gosh, I'm gunna tell you something— anybody that raises their hand against this country, they can expect—

WEBBER: I'm talking about the civilians.

HUCKABEE: Yeah.

WEBBER: It seems like there's been a lot of civilian deaths under his drone watch.

HUCKABEE: There may have been. There haven't been enough terrorists yet, under his watch. That's part of the problem.

Enough terrorists? I have no idea what that meant.

HUCKABEE: We have been way too light on the number of attacks on the ISIS supply lines. Their trucks, and their supplies that still get out to their mainline soldiers if you will. I have— okay— I'm going to let some other people ask questions.

I wasn't letting Pastor Mike escape that easy, and I returned to my original statement about having a friend I made a bet with.

WEBBER: He won the bet, which means that I have to offer you a flower for peace

—

I pull a couple black-eyed susans out of my pocket and extended one to Huckabee. Laughs and smiles from the little crowd.

WEBBER: And ask you to say a prayer for peace.

I got up and extended my other hand to shake. Huckabee reciprocated, and I stepped front and center, to see if I could take it to the next level.

WEBBER: Will you say a prayer with me, for peace?

Huckabee slapped me on the back.

HUCKABEE: Well, let's do that at the end of the show, okay?

I'm glad he referred to this thing by its proper name— "a show." I didn't try to press the matter— He had already given me more time than any other candidate at that point of the election— so I sat back down in my seat.

HUCKABEE: Last time I checked, it's my event— not yours. But I appreciate.

The room actually started to applaud.

WEBBER: Fair enough. It's your show.

He then went into a speech about profiting off of that good ol' blood for oil thing. A classic.

HUCKABEE: The reason the Russians, the Iranians and the Saudis have some of the power that they do is that they have oil.

I poured myself some coffee, and he laid out his plan to make the United States "the largest exporter of energy in the world." He didn't give many specifics of how he would do it— just that it would create jobs and things would be better for Americans. His mea culpa:

HUCKABEE: Sometimes we think— wait, if we do that, there's going to be some people in energy that get really, really rich. You know. I will concede, probably so. But if somebody's going to get really rich, I'd rather it be an American than some Saudi prince— because what do they do with their riches? They turn around and fund the Madrasas that train the terrorists who fly airplanes into buildings on 9-11.

Of course, Huckabee's new buddy Donald Trump made one of his first acts in office to fuck over the Native Americans at Standing Rock, pushing forward the treacherous pipeline being built by Dakota Access Pipeline. The pipes leaked into the drinking water as predicted, and in May of 2016, Huck's chum Donny entered

into an agreement for \$110 billion (and \$350 billion over 10 years), to arm Saudi Arabia—supposedly to fight ISIS. I don't know. Am I missing something here? Government's role isn't to help the poor, just help an elite group of Americans get rich on pain and suffering and oil wars. Right, Pastor Mike, who has never heard the passages in the Bible about shaving being a sin? Sure, sure.

CEDAR RAPIDS

July 17th, 2015

Huckabee was a rare-bird. He let me spar with him for six minutes— that was longer than he'd ever lasted in bed. Even with Sean Hannity on. But, my mission was to try to establish a rapport with the candidates, so I couldn't just show up to their house wearing a G-string with a box of pizza. Lindsey had promised he'd give me a prayer for peace if I came to Iowa— so there I was at the Veterans Memorial Building in Cedar Rapids where Bernie Sanders and Hillary Clinton were also speaking that day. Prayers were Lindsey's kryptonite— the equivalent of showing up in a speedo and packing some pepperoni.

The event was mostly press— and he was warmongering at the cameras. Killing children in Africa was always made him hard. As I waited for him to be done with his bullshit, I poked around on the net. McAndrews & Forbes is the parent company of AM General. They specialize in manufacturing military bullshit. They're also one of Lindsey's biggest contributors. When everyone had finished sucking up to Lindsey, I could see him seeing me. When he decided to get it over with, he headed over, grabbed my hand and closed his eyes. He was all business.

GRAHAM: God help guide our nation and give our leadership the strength to make the right decisions in a tough world. Help those who are being oppressed by terrorism. Give me the courage to be myself. God bless.

When Lindsey opened his eyes, I went for a hug, but he was already walking away. He was neither gifted with the power to be himself, nor the ability to help those in the path of the drone strikes he was responsible for— I mean as long as he got his paycheck and reach-around from AM General. Kill more people with more illegal wars, and create more terrorists. I wondered why he even felt compelled to participate in my little peace prayer.

The main event was clearly Hillary Clinton. There were Secret Service and interns and all manner of space maggots wandering about. A real conclave of hoddypeaks. It was like a spaceship full of soccer-moms had crash-landed into an Iowan municipal building to put on a rock concert orchestrated by cannibalistic winged

platypuses. In contrast, the rest of the candidates seemed like a pimple on Hillary's star-studded career.

The line was down the block and it was hot as fuck. The old people were all about to die from heat exhaustion. Oblivious interns wandered around drinking smoothies and cute bottles of diet water. The silver foxes weren't doing good— so I decided to say something. My cantankerousness was applauded by the septuagenarians, so a few of the interns pulled their heads out of their asses. Finally, they showed up with some water so the old people wouldn't start dropping like flies. When I got to the metal detectors, the Secret Service told me that the big flower I brought for Hillary could be used as a weapon... The flower was a weapon... So they had to confiscate it. This is the logic of the world we're entering. I'm just trying to set the stage.

Inside, there was a whole lot of waiting and bad music going on. I was cool with the Warren Zevon— but some of the other stuff made me want to berserker. Let's remember— these fuckers are trying to hypnotize you into getting excited into campaigning for them— and they want to get you excited enough to get people to show up and vote for you. This is the music they chose for that job:

Billy Joel — It's Still Rock And Roll To Me

Darius Rucker — This

Foreigner — Hot Blooded

Warren Zevon - Werewolves of London

Toby Keith — Made In America

Kid Rock — Born Free

FIRST SPEAKER: Give yourself a round of applause. Let's start the day off being the proud Americans that we all are, with the pledge of allegiance.

He told a story about how he changed his "small business" into "great business," and the PA cranked some neo-country music crap. Dierks Bentley — "I Hold On." It was intolerable. The next guy asked for a moment of prayer for dying marines. I couldn't take it any more, so I stepped out for ten minutes. I still saw absolutely no evidence of anything of substance— just long lines and a music playlist that made me want to stick ice-picks in my ears.

After about a half dozen speakers, Clinton came out on stage flanked by two more local pawns. The crowd erupted in a chant of, “HILLARY HILLARY.” The sound system started cranking Sara Bareilles’ “Brave.” Pink Shirt woman gave a weird introduction.

PINK SHIRT: Good job. Good job everybody. That’s what I call an Iowa welcome. (Now using a funny voice), Well, I’m Hillary Clinton. Oh no! I’m Libby Slappey! (Switching back to her normal voice). I’m Libby Slappey, and I want to tell you why I’m supporting Hillary Clinton. And really, it’s because she and I have so much in common. We both went to premiere educational institutions. I went to COH, and she went to Wellesley.

HILLARY: There’s some of you who are still thinking about what you want to do, and I urge you to come join us. Be part of this campaign. Be part of making an absolute claim on the future. Because that’s what this campaign’s really about. It’s not about right and left, up and down, it’s about the future or the past.

That is actually something I could agree with her on. But her verbal rhythms were driving me crazy. Blah, blah, blah, blah blah, blah, blah blah, CHEERS! Blah, blah, blah, blah blah, blah, blah blah, BOOS!

And yes, it *is* more about up and down than left and right, but government is up, and the people are down, so who cares? After some canned cheers, she went to “trickle-down economics” to get some BOOS. Finally, she shouted, “We have been trickled-down enough!” which got some cheers. It’s easy for her to blather about up and down when she received \$795 million in contributions. Listen to her public position vs private position speech. Ya think that might be an indicator that she’s not always telling the truth? Or, maybe just check out her closing play list to know that these weren’t the authentic selections of a woman pushing seventy.

Katy Perry — Roar

Kelly Clarkson — Stronger (What Doesn’t Kill You.)

Jennifer Lopez — Let’s Get Loud

Gym Class Heroes — The Fighter

John Legend — Wake Up Everybody

Bon Jovi — We Weren't Born To Follow

When Clinton was done speaking, I took a cloth flower off of my outfit to try and hand it to her, but Secret Service confiscated that too. Then they put a loose tail on me— a guy with a wire in his ear following me around while I tried out the snacks. While I was trying to fit in, I was approached by a random staffer.

STAFFER: She's still my favorite candidate. And she's gunna win. It's a great thing. Ya know?

They wouldn't slip their neo-feudalist agenda by all of us.

It was truly awful.

A couple blocks away in Cedar Rapids, on the same day, I stopped by Governor Scott Walker's event at the Cedar Rapids Museum of Art. It must've been commissioned by the GG Allin Society. The great North American Douche, posing as a human. Some Churchy media outlet interviewed me while I was in the hall, but I couldn't get into the main room, so I decided to bail.

Time for the real fringe candidates. Ted Cruz was said to be wandering around in the corn fields on the set of Kevin Costner's movie, "The Field of Dreams"— which had been turned into a small tourist attraction in Dyersville. I decided to give it a shot and make the hour and a half drive. It was truly in the middle of nowhere. When I arrived, there was literally no one there except a family milling around the gift stand, and Senator Cruz with a handler. My arrival seemed to be his cue to go— but before he could make his escape, I asked for a photo. Being the consummate politician, he decided to stay for the small talk as he made it toward his getaway vehicle.

WEBBER: Can I get a photo?

CRUZ: Sure. What's your name?

He was creating a dossier— but fair's fair. Right?

WEBBER: I'm Rod Webber.

CRUZ: Hey Rod.

WEBBER: How're you doing?

CRUZ: Good

I reached into my beard for a tiny flower I'd jammed in there for color.

WEBBER: Will you accept a flower for world peace?

CRUZ: Absolutely.

WEBBER: Okay.

CRUZ: And the best way to peace is peace through strength.

WEBBER: Rock n roll.

We shook hands, then made a b-line for the car. As I drove away, I made sure to put in a call to Kevin Costner's agent so he could have the place scoured for Space Ticks, and possibly burned. I'm not sure if they followed through. I was sleeping in the car, so I made sure to use plenty of bug spray.

To be continued

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