"Long Island Post editors ordered an all-points assault, marshalling at least twenty reporters and columnists in the cause of exposing their counterparts as ‘scamsters,’ ‘goobers,’ and ‘pinheads.’"

— The New Yorker

It was the End Times, it was the era of guileful scamsters on the Internet and at our doors, of heehaw goobers setting the tone for national discourse, and of pinheads hammering home their lessons, needling us. Spamsters streamed their e-screen natter, You Tubers remashed it, and the decibel level of dinheads spiering their product endorsement turned us all to hamsters pressing the pleasure levers in our cages for boobers ajiggle with game show giveaways, and spinheads angling the news to their advantage. Glamsters strutted their butts on the catwalks, and their lubers and polishers gave them to-die-for lips and French-tip peds while, elsewhere, busloads of poetry jamsters at a slam bewailed how various jewfers, homos and niggahs were pummeled last night by skinheads on the prowl. It was the End Times: pot heads, gin heads, powergrubbers, heinie-lickers, all of the sinheads of our global village Gomorrah and their kindreds,
every sort from fatcat alephs to bulimically thin-zeds
whoring around on their yang-and-yin beds
ruled the world . . . while well-paid whamsters
diverted us with come-ons from the bargain bin, heads
of state played meaningless games like Rubik’s cubers,
and our robot leaders vacationed at their shiny zirconium tinsteads.