

Poem to Tamara

You skinny little bitch
Clabbering the tympanic
Perfect black hair
made up eyes, lip tickless mouth
Goddam materialist
Walking around with fashion magazines
How dare you like money!
I hate's unhip!

You're so frightfully
unhip, my darling
Yeegab, "Glamor" magazine

"Doctor Freud, Doctor Freud!"
"Well, vat does you want, gutdammit?!"

"It's this girl friend of mine, Doctor. She re-
fuses to come to ~~her~~ senses and see that
money is the root of all evil. She's a ter-
rible materialist, what am I gonna do?"

"I agree vit you my boy, dis is serious,
but before I can straighten out your friend
I must have my fee. Did you think I worked
for nuttin'?" P.H.

Oh, what is a finehearted soul
going to do these days? Money has overtaken

The universe. Why, I remember the
good old days when you went big unless
you had big money. But this modern
generation just refuses to be beat,
money money, money! That's all they care
about. (Sigh)

Like all soulful truth seekers,
I must hurl my mudpie brickbats at all
materialism. Down with Rockefeller, War-
ren, Howard Hughes, all the other rich
bastards, up with the true soulful
purists, winners, incompetents, and lazy
sit-on-their-asses without guts or ideas
to build a financial empire! And always
remember that it's nobler to be poor and
sit on your ass than to create something
great. Creativity puts you above your fellow
man, and competitiveness is a terrible vice,
because it separates the men from the overpaid
babies, and we ~~can't~~ have that, can we? Oh
no! The perfect society for me and my name
and the other untalented shiteaters and
grovelers ~~and~~ ass-kissers and lickers would
be one in which nobody could be better
than us, so that we would have true equal-

ity and generosity, with everybody absolutely the same, with nobody to feel inferior, because geniuses are destroyed and we're all noble honorable pure-in-heart-and-soul loving evil-money uneducated abject dirty jewelers assassins grand thieves, ultra-polite and considerate, because its better to give than to receive all selflessly giving each other everything, so that everybody wants to be not first but last in line, on the busses the men give their seats to the women, women give their seats to the children, children give their seats to the dogs, being noble people. Isn't that a wonderful world to dream of? Well, wouldn't it be nice if it was like that and everybody polite and considerate assassins etc?

Now, aren't you going to reform from your materialistic ways, darling and join me in mindless unselfish naturalistic bliss?

yours truly,

Jesus Christ II,

Adrian Lester Slamborg

P.S. Do you think the fashion magazines will have me as a

male model? The world reforming business
I kinda slow and I need some swag.