pounded his organ,

your toccataz zo

Bach,

"Ö cruel

THE TRANSFOR

MAT^{ION} OF A

LITTLE MINISTER

INTO A BIG

SPENDER GATE

tvizt up my gorgon! Her breaztz are more rich than BEN HUR! the Zunday take, Vhat beautiful largos her warm hipz bake. Her eyes zhake big Strauss fake Zalome titzcake.' And then as if shot from the ears of Ludwig, A different more spiritual nurture flushed Brahms through the happy Schuberty churcher. A rope of dove light in a subtle patametaphysical might Lit up the words down on the old oak Poor Box lid bright. "Vhy there must be enough money dropped by the zuckers in there." He said, pulling Prokofiev sparks out of his long white worm lair, "To take that big bea utiful too zolid peace

of Bizet bidet meat almozt anywhere." JETE LE FLEUR! He ran down from the loft faster than Tchaikovsky violins descending To that groined Parsifalian vault crotch of his Anton Bruckner numinous bittersweet pre-atonal fervor blending. He now walked SO swan boat slow that he thought that he would smother. For by the grace of Gluck, she looked just like Bartok's mother! He placed trained hand to her Purcell

"Come, letz ride the movez of a madly Ellington vave, Love." FL a MINGO! Like flame up in the sky, He put his clean hand into the poor box. Grabbed the dollars. They walked down the aisle a couple of regular anti-Mahlers. In Dussledorf by the beautiful Odor where life is much sweeter than Mussorgsky peaches and Rimsky cream, they Korsakoved in a dream. His Elgar did her, her Sullivan did he, and her Britten did he, his Walton did she. Leaping, hardly in a monastery garden, Spending money meant for the less fortunate in lust and greed, Honegger importunate, there was no more

Schoenberg and Schoenberg and its citric pace to be. His Poor Box money gave out. She cried, "CRAPS! BINGO! You know I don't like low-paid hot crave. Zo long, Zex zlave. Thankz for the meat in the cave." Religiously he begged, "I made you my God. Let's avoid eternal gaffe." She giggled so Girl Of The Golden West on his Wolfgang gaff, "Vat me marry? I vaz born to live on zacred or profane graft, Honey, Not your poor little lead and ztone theological raft zemi-zunny. Go out and get more pie in the zky money. When vee zpend it, It makez my can feel kind of nize and funny." He sat down and wept. "In zleep I have zlept!" He Martialed. Lept. Targeted. Pepped. Dug. Scraped. Schlept: "God may be love. Religion takez money."

Ztars zhine bright on zhatter light. Do it. Do it. Don't care about any thing. Do it. Do it. It'z zo beautiful thiz zpring.

and plyed a shove

Do it. Catch a little minizter by the toe. If he hollarz let him go. Do it. Do it. Monkey reinz don't mean a thing. Be like Zaintz Ztan, Ollie, Larry, Curly, Zhep, and Moe. Do it. Do that everything. Do that organ grinder Zwing. Do it. You don't need a little ring. Oh! Organ! Oh! Organ! Oh! Organ! Oh that organ grinder Zwing.

Do it. Do it Do it. Do it Do it Do it. Do it.

Thee. The. The. The. That's, Oh che la mort ognora, Leonora. Do it again. Poke thoze ztrokez. Get out there and do that thing, do that thing, do do do do do do do do that thing, Folkz.

Do it. Do it.