ZULF THINKS THAT BILL GATES MADE THE LAST MISTAKE OF HIS LIFE MESSING WITH ME

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I am Asian-American. My USCIS# 046-077-179 attests to my validity as American. I wish to tell all people that Bill Gates is a dead motherfucker and he's a goner. I won't actually use any physical sniper rifle or any low-level vigilante methods against Bill Gates. I will, however, not forgive his harm to my life and will exact poetic justice and totally wipe him out, raze his Empire to the ground and erase all his accoplishments and assassinate his character and ensure that if his memory survives at all it will be as a disgrace and a shameful memory and a morality fable that stands as a warning to all people not to turn to the path of Evil.

1. How Art Might Have Imitated Life

I want my dear reader to carefully turn his or her refined aesthetic gaze over this work of Jackson Pollock. It sold for \$12 million so don't think this is frivolous. This is 1946 *Red Composition* of Jackson Pollock.



If you need some help, I refer you to *Critique of Judgement* by Immanuel Kant. You will learn to appreciate aesthetic judgment that way. Don't look at me for advice, read Kant, ok?

Date: January 24, 2022.

Now I want you to take a look at an artistic rendition of a *hypothetical event*. This is the artistic rendition of an event from 1955. It's how the walls of a room looked like when some good buddies of mine – unnamed – would have stormed into the room of baby Bill Gates and slaughtered him with excessive use of lethal bloody force. The white baby Bill Gates, in this artistic rendition, would have been slaughtered in a horrific bloddy manner.



Do you see the mystical and enigmatic similarity? And note that the second one is just nature not a great painter and the first one is a great painter whose intentions were completely different from the latter.

Strange, isn't it.