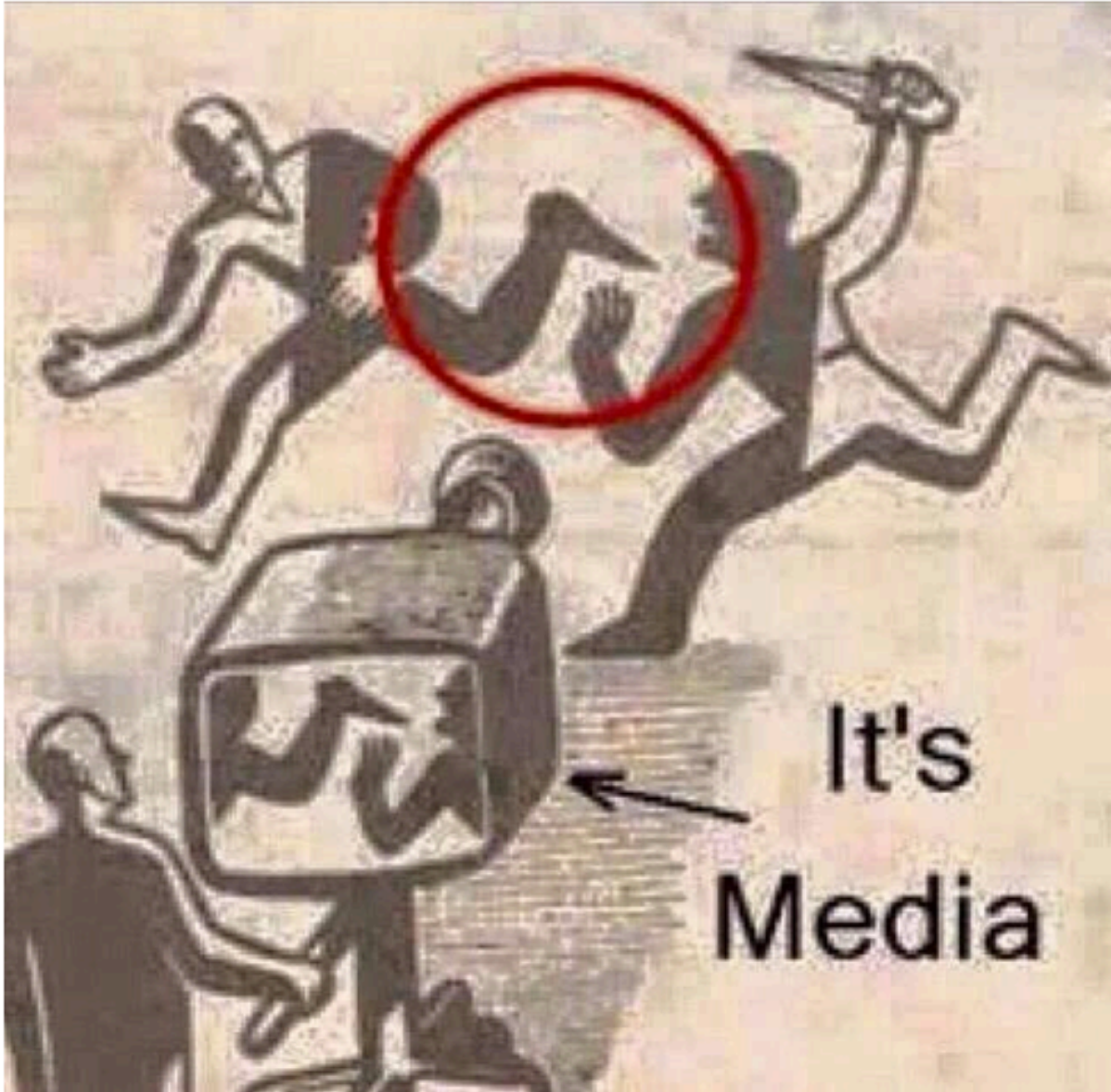


This text (The Vulgarian Rhapsody That Craps On Me featuring Henry George, version 1.00) is a collection of stories about a fictional country named Vulgaria (I apologize for the misleading and unintended resemblance to a certain European country.).

Near the end of this PDF file there is most of a rarely-published piece by Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens) titled 'Archimedes' that deserves wider acclaim (but he does go overboard with the pellucid fountains of alabaster marble).

Welcome to Vulgaria.







Once, a country was beset by two-legged parasites. These parasites selected one of their own to run for public office, and they succeeded. The selected parasite was a skilled liar and inspired trust, and the parasites found their selection useful.

Much later, a scientist in another country was attempting to solve a similar parasite problem. This scientist (a housewife in a tiny town) had a small collection of videos of this skilled liar. Once, when she and some friends were watching (short) videos of this ancient parasite, many of her friends thought the stories told were at least plausible, but she thought them obvious bovine excrement. Intrigued, she did more research, more videos, more friend's friends, and then friends friends friends, including the obviously mentally ill... and she thinks there's a link between certain mental illnesses and excrement detection. However, some people--including herself--have excellent lie-detectors but without psychopathic symptoms. An experimental participant (her best friend) had done particularly well on this test, so they talked. Her friend told her a story--once, after she saw the damage that she had done persuading a family member to do something stupid, she swore she'd never again let self-interest guide the use of her persuasive skills. She collected another story from another skilled friend who'd decided to quit her job because it involved selling what was not needed (and she was good at it).

Those were noble stories, unlike her story. She thought hard about it, and eventually concluded that she was a creature of habit, and the habits her parents had taught her had served her well. Not just the wake-up, eat, brush teeth; but the childhood 'half-a-minute-tidy-ups' had translated into today. She wondered what she'd be like without that training--but she already knew. Her conscious mind thought that there was a link between her psychopathy-in-remission and her ability to detect liars and refused to draw any further conclusions.

In her country, the tribe was now broken. Children had one or

two parents instead of many. Their social contacts were mostly limited to children of their own age and overworked teachers while consuming too much corporate media. With such limited human models, any deviant behavior could easily become habitual behavior. Without the feedback provided by living with many adults, the tribe-less primate would feel an undescrivable loss... and be a perfect connedsumer, seeking things instead of social connections, thus dehumanized, destined to consuming and being consumed as long as profitable.

She thought about Zinn's 'A People's History' and J. T. Gatto's many books. She remembers useless wars and useless politicians. She can't remember the last time a robber-baron went to jail despite many examples of known criminal behavior. She thought how easily complex things can be broken, and broken brains and broken bodies are profitable.

Since she was home alone, she spoke what she thought.

"O mammon, what have you wrought?"

VULGARIA

Hello! Welcome to the 'republic' of Vulgaria, where the police are militarized, wars are fought so 'corporations' can profit, and plutocrats (even bloated plutocrats) occupy the highest political offices. Since Vulgaria fails to meet the minimum appearances and expectations of the 'republic' form of government, it must choose another. Perhaps 'fascist' or 'plutocracy' or 'oligarchy'-- whatever Vulgarian plutocrats decide.

Rich: The class war is heating up, so we've got to be cleverer. Since the television market is declining, I bought Buzzkill Bookz

today."

Richie : Why? Their books don't sell well.

Rich: Their sales will improve. I'll see to that.

Richie: But...

Rich: Perhaps you don't see the potential in their Buzzkills? Too many of 'them' won't watch television anymore, so books are becoming more important. We've got to keep 'them' from realizing their common interests.

Richie: But so few of 'them' read books...

Rich: ... and how much damage did one little rock do to your yacht when you sailed it onto the beach?

Richie: Good point.

Rich: Once Buzzkill has name-recognition. I'll release electronic editions of their newest books that are easy to pirate.

Richie: You want that?

Rich: Of course I do. The more they're shared, the more they'll be read; especially if it seems like an easy way to grab something sold for a day's wage-slaving with a few mouse-clicks.

Richie: How Sun Tzu of you! [The best weapon the enemy uses upon himself.] But I don't understand why you bought Buzzkill in particular.

Rich: It will be a launch-pad for psychological primes. Violence is self-limiting as a prime because many people instinctively avoid it. Porn is also self-limiting. With a bit of my re-working, Buzzkill's work can become mind-altering propaganda disguised as a tell-all book about the private life of a celebrity. The foul and sarcastic language I've adapted from the hoard at EbilVideo is loaded with many potent psychological primes, and it should cause readers to repeat these words afterwards--perhaps not as efficiently as video, but one must use every weapon in a war.

Richie: You're setting up the rhetorically ignorant for a life-long habit of sarcasm-slinging--they'll hate each other!` I must see this magic language you've put together.

Rich: Nothing of the sort. The principle is the same as catching

a yawn from a yawning friend, and this modern brain-stain would work upon you. Much like a television, reading mean-spirited conversation will add slurs to nearly anyone's verbal conversations--humans can't help it.

Richie: ... and then 'they' will reap what was sown with their own speech.

Rich: You see the brilliance in my plans! In real life, people learn that mean-spirited comments are not appreciated--those who experience it will see to that--but in Buzzkill Bookz, slur-slinging will be rewarded.

Richie: ... thus further raising the probability of domestic word-wars. Divide and conquer.

Rich: If 'they' begin warring within, we can keep our wealth. If not, the Internet will eventually share enough of our secrets that the game of whack-a-blabbermouth will intensify.

Richie: Perhaps I'd better buy Killjoy books.

Rich: I'll make a present of the corporation for you.

Richie: I didn't know you owned it.

Rich: Of course not--but since you seem to appreciate the idea...

Richie: Genius!

Rich: Self-defense--and the sooner you realize it, the better.

Richie: But I do! All my corporations are run like totalitarian nation-states.

Rich: You mean dictatorships?

Richie: Please pardon my penchant for euphemisms.

Rich: Of course--I heartily approve of the habit--but direct your word-play to your employees and their families. Rhetoric will work on nearly everyone... even myself.

Richie: Yes, sir.

Rich: Perhaps a wildly over-advertized Buzzkill book could sow such seeds of dissent in as many households as EbiVideos once did.

Richie: But if the effects of such books spread uncontrollably,

perhaps it will intrude into places we'd rather it not. Perhaps teaching the masses slur-slinging speech will destroy what's left of civil society.

Rich: All the better for our corporate interests. Isolated individuals will watch more EbilVideos and perhaps read more Buzzkill Bookz. Potentially, only Death will end the cycle of dependence upon consuming profitable corporate products.

Richie: Of course--but I'm worried about the long-term health of the society that we own.

Rich: Inertia. The system may creak, but in the absence of a better one, 'they' will perpetuate it.

Richie: I've certainly seen that in my corporate systems. The ones I set up to quickly fail usually stagger along far too long.

Rich: I've learned that periods of wide-spread prosperity are the worst of times for us. Too many of 'them' seem to grow a brain if given half a chance.

Richie: ... and cattle become cats.

Rich: Yes, indeed. Cats of all shapes and sizes, including some that understand how my EbilVideo rhetoric damages those who watch it--and will recognize it if they read it.

Richie: ... so the game of Whack-a-Blabbermouth continues.

Rich: And that could intensify to insanity... until we can't swing hammers fast enough. Better a Buzzkill brain-stain today rather than a revolution tomorrow.

Richie: That might affect some of my pet projects in eugenics..

Rich: Eugenics? [smirks] You should think about cloning.

Richie: I wouldn't alter *any* of our nucleotides.

Rich: Precisely my thoughts.

Richie: I'm attempting to breed the perfect servant--very smart, but totally submissive.

Rich: Good! Please inform me of your research as it progresses.

Richie: I didn't know that you dabbled in eugenics.

Rich: Naturally I do, same as you--it runs in the family. [they

laugh] My pet project was rather bigger, but a complete failure due to the stupidity of the human participants. Since I had played a non-trivial part in maximizing that stupidity, perhaps I sabotaged my own work.

Richie: It didn't seem to do you any harm.

Rich: Yet it was still a setback.

Richie: Speaking of setbacks... I've heard a rumor that a certain dictator of a poor, tiny country is... completely virtuous.

Rich: You heard correctly. I haven't mentioned it because that particular problem will be solved shortly.

Richie: Excellent. I should have done it myself.

Rich: The internet has de-fanged much of our propaganda, and I may have to dabble in politics personally.

Richie: That serious?

Rich: Sometimes, even the best of servants cannot make decisions quickly enough--a small uprising can become a major rebellion while a loyal servant awaits permissions and guidance. I've learned that they're most dangerous when organized.

Richie: I'd ask my spooks to decapitate any organization that forms and put my Whoringtons-trained men in charge.

Rich: It would do little good. The organization would reject your managers, perhaps starting several parallel groups. Once it's members start pimping the truth using modern techniques, the truth will become entrenched in too many minds. In addition, anyone can effectively imitate such truth-telling without knowing any advertising science--so the truth will spread further.

Richie: Like President Butt-in.

Rich: Exactly. Once a fire like that starts, the only defense is war.

Richie: I despise relying upon mercenaries and random bombing to keep a population in line.

Rich: The days when propaganda sufficed are long-gone.

The class war still rages, yet most will not see it. The VulGov guns are used sporadically and mostly on the poorest that nobody cares about. Modern psychology and the ancient art of rhetoric were (and are) useful weapons in this war--these have the power to divide those that 'they' wished to conquer. 'They' will do nearly anything to maintain and increase what they already have too much of... using club, carrot, and everything in between.

In modern Vulgaria, a profits-first cursed (or '©orp\$€d') sound and light box teaches only what corporate CEOs want 'their' people to know. Ignorant customers are the best kind (when the fools come to the market, the shopkeepers rejoice). When selling plastic baubles or bubbly sugar-water, ignorance is essential. The thoughts they teach serve mammon first, and those thoughts became actions. **Nature is red in tooth and claw. Competitiveness is good. Greed is good. Don't look weak. Be first or be left behind in disgrace. Money talks, put up or shut up. Survival of the fittest. Grab it before someone else does. Take it today because it might not be there tomorrow--if tomorrow ever comes.** These metaphorical myth-bricks are not fit for building a family or society. Under its bluish spell, the people learned to be sarcastic and to never apologize, and they learned to fear. Their social lives shrank. The Vulgarians went bowling alone.

Deride and Conquer

"You need to know, so you're going to school," says his mother. She gives him a book (Malicious Fictions of Vulgaria) and his lunch, then pushes him out the door.

Crass waits for the school bus for a short time, then once again decides not to go to school. His mother will be angry if she sees him, and he can't hide at his neighbor's house again... so Crass crawls in the space between a hedge and the wall of the house. He very sneakily peeks in the

front window... but he didn't need to bother. His mother is watching TV with sound set so loud that he hears the actors slinging insults through the closed window. Before an adult sees him and calls the Enforcers, he decides to hide in the crawl-space under their small, old house.

It is dark, dank, and dirty. He can still hear the big, old TV his mother likes. He listens as best he can but can't understand... he only hears the lower notes. It sounds like blah blah blah laughter over and over again.

Crass's eyes adjust to the dim light and sees faint parallel lines nearby. Carefully crawling and squatting brought him close enough--it's an air vent. When he opens it, light and air flowed into his hiding place, aiding his exploring. (blah blah blah laughter.) He quickly finds shingles, rusty pipes, and a moldy box of books all titled "The Anatomy of Australian Wombat Species." (blah blah blah laughter.) He took a book to the light by the vent and opened it, and discovered the book isn't a proper book.

The inside pages were cut out, and a smaller, cleaner book titled "A People's History" was sandwiched between the moldy covers. To him it seemed to be a foreign work of fiction with strange names. He went back to the box and found another book concealed between moldy covers... "War is a Racket." By the dim light afforded by the vent, he tried to read a random page, but the words confused him. Why did the author care about millions of dollars? That's chump change—he almost has a million hidden under his bed. The house he lives in is worth more than a billion. All the press-agent's men make that much every week.

A truck stops in front of the house. The blah blah blah laughter stops, and Crass hears his mother walking, then and the front door opening and closing. In the silence that follows, he finds a half-sized page that must have fallen from General Butler's book.

WAKE UP

He stares at the text, but is distracted when the truck leaves. The front door opens and closes again, then a car door does the same. The car starts and rolls away. Three breaths later, Crass decides to go in the house.

Crass slips inside as stealthily as he can through the back door. He's surprised by *another* new TV in the living room. The newest one is small, as big as his two fists, and turns itself on as Crass approaches.

"Closer," it says.

Crass steps closer.

"You are not seated," it says.

"Override."

"Crass, obey the machine," His mother's voice comes from TV speakers... "If this works, you might not have to go to school."

Crass gets a chair.

"Thank you for your prompt attention to this matter." The machine paused, then projects a low brick building surrounded by green fields directly onto his retinas.

"How many lasers?" asks Crass.

"Seventeen," answers the machine.

"Swank," says Crass.

The scene changes. Crass sees the inside of the building; it's a school. He watches the teachers and students tell jokes as they diagram sentences. Crass likes this better than the cubicles at school... but an hour later Crass can't sit still enough for the machine. Only then he discovers his mother's home, and she's glaring at him.

"You should have told me! Still, I'm proud that you started your lessons already. That will make our case before the school board."

"I'm sorry," he says... and he really is. What if the school called her to ask where he was? That alone would involve the city police as well as the school police. He'd probably be named Enemy of the State.

"Don't do it again," orders his mother. but please, carrion," said his mother, and off she went when Crass took too long to reply.

Crass had heard that weak joke a thousand times, but now it bothered him. His hand hovered over the POWER button while he thought of the many such jokes like that he knew. Most of them were mean-spirited kind of jokes, belittling jokes, fit only to tell about an Enemy who hated freedom. Sure, nobody takes it seriously... but there are many kinds of humor. Why choose only that one?

He pressed the button. The next fifteen minutes proved his theory.

The machine commented, "Crass, are you enjoying your lesson today?"

The machine had read him like a newspaper--Crass knew he'd have to be more careful. "Yes, I've found a way to listen."

"Next lesson begins," said the machine, and it started it.

Crass sat unnaturally still as the newest TV focused images upon his retinas for another 'lesson.' Crass had discovered what his school was

full of.

Crass did not say 'seventeen to two' as the next lesson began with a picture of a long-dead Queen with snide comments. The machine might catch on--and discipline would be worse than usual for muttering during lessons. He did not say 'eighteen' when the teacher connected bone-heads and whalebone corsets but he did smile just a little during the pre-recorded laughter. The machine noticed and assumed Crass liked the joke he'd heard and updated the Government's Files.

It's This or Vulgarian Orange Incarcerate Attire

Lead by leashes for years and years
leashes they'd put on themselves
Tricked.

In all that time, they never felt leashed
the carefully crafted videostream of corporate thoughts
Persuaded.

their thoughts now broken like the mort-gage, foreclosed...
they send all their house-keys to the bank and leave the bank's
house
Locked.

The bank sends 'their' locksmith anyway. Soon
the dead-eyed bank-humans will yank
Another
Leash

and, for 'legal' reasons, the locks must be replaced with new
ones, thus oppressing the banks.

Badvertizing

Our best ads were for 'Chill' pills. Most of the doctors liked them because they were entertaining. However, most viewers, including the doctors, valued the ads as a spoof and the associated product didn't sell well.

In contrast, our 'Murdex' ads weren't very good--only eight percent of the doctors believed them, but sales went up ten percent. Our ads for 'Killax' pills are better, and about twelve percent of doctors believe in them--and sales went up fifty percent more than in the 'Murdex' case. Those two ads seemed to have moved product in proportion to the doctors who believed the ads. This graph labels them 'converts.'

But, because I needed to know who prescribed what and when, I noticed that the doctors who believed in Murdex barely overlapped with the docs who would prescribe Killax. I cross-checked with the 'Oblivio' accounts--and those who liked Murdex or Killax didn't like Oblivio, and vice-versa. There was also little overlap with 'Damagin' and 'Derangin' converts, but their sales numbers are wonky because of the legal smoke.

We can capitalize on the diversity of advert-converts. If we can re-word the ads for a different product we may convert a different cohort. I want to try to sell Murdex using re-worded Killax ads. If that works, then the sky is the limit.

The Sorting

After lunch, I go to my office. A minute later, pencil in hand, I say:

"Next."

A man enters and sits.

"You're from Vulgaria?" I ask.

"Yes, he said.

"Is that so! Do..."

"You have a problem with that?" he snarls.

I shook my head. Putting this one into the proper mental bin is easy. I begin with the standard "I am required by law to ask these questions. I am sorry if you have heard them before," but there's barely contained rage afterwards. "Do you watch Vulgarian television?" I ask.

"Yes."

"More than a little?" I ask, as if surprised by the previous answer.

"Yes."

"Every day?" I ask, as if stunned.

"Yes," He's sullen now. He won't last much longer.

"You must not know of the corporate control of your Vulgarian Media."

That made him tense.

"What of it?" he snarls.

"Ignorance is the root of all evil."

He stands and shouts.

"You little..."

Good enough. I hunch my shoulders. The robots take him away mid-shout.

I tell the air "Next."

The door opens and a little old lady takes the seat.

"You're from Vulgaria?" I ask.

"Yes," she says.

"Is that so! Do you watch Vulgarian television?" I ask.

"Yes," she says.

"More than a little?" I ask with feigned surprise.

"Yes," she says.

"Every day?"

"Yes," she says. "I'm not proud of it."

"You must not know of the corporate control of your Vulgarian Media."

"I meant... it was a guilty pleasure."

This one doesn't need remedial. "Pass," I tell the air, and a door opens.

I stand and bow, and she says 'thank you' before she leaves.

"Next."

A man enters, wearing a bright orange body-suit. "You're from Vulgaria?" I ask as he sits in the only empty chair in my office.

"Yes."

"Is that so? Do you watch Vulgarian television?"

"I tried to avoid it, but that was difficult.

Unusual. "Why?" I ask.

"They were everywhere in jail."

Now that he has my attention, I notice his Vulgarian orange suit is real, not just knock-off copies that some Vulgarians once wore during a war. "Can you read and write better than the average Vulgarian?" I ask.

"Probably."

"Good," I say. The man looks familiar... perhaps he's not a Vulgarian but an undercover evaluator. I'd better be on my best behavior.

I ask him 'the question.' "Will you write your story? We'd like to use it for propaganda purposes."

"With pleasure," he says.

I take him to the Media unit. He's the first one today--Vulgarian readers and writers are rare.

I walk to my office. Once there, I sit in my chair and tell the air:

"Next."

You walk into my office and sit in the chair.

ANON

Hey! I'm Human Resources around here. We've just processed a hundred applicants--you test them all for psychopathy. Yes, we know that diagnosis is vague and the disorder is not an either/or, so we want you to guesstimate how psychopathic a person is. It really doesn't matter if the numbers are imprecise, as long as they work.

.

You got the test results? Excellent. Let's see... You already sorted them by psychopathic tendencies... nice! These two files are the least... these eleven files have much less than... then these twenty-four have less than average. Where are the rest? Human Resources wants all the data, all the time, and we do not want you deciding which test results we can not have...this pile of files my coffee is on? Let's see... forty six average, with slight tendencies... fourteen with marked tendencies... and two in-your-opinion should not be unsupervised on the streets of this city. Why are there too few below averages? Page two? What does... "Job applicants to this company have been partly pre-selected by Human Resources, therefore the samples are expected to display fewer psychopathic tendencies than an average population." That should be in the executive summary. Why do you think I'm always trying to find fault with you? Don't ask for a merit-raise; you have a bad attitude.

.

Yes, the same hundred applicants--retesting is no problem? We

like to hear that. When will the test results be ready?

.

These files are getting too thick... thin them down. Let's see what we have for the post-training results... The two with the least say they apologize for wasting valuable company time, but will seek employment elsewhere. Interesting. Says here you've found, in-your-opinion, another psychopath that needs immediate treatment? Not my problem, don't put that in the summary. Now, as for all the other applicants... perhaps, to you, it seems like our training has shifted the curve just a bit psychopathic, but that's because new recruits always are on their best behavior the first time we test them. No, you cannot sufficiently account for this effect, and you won't convince me otherwise. This shifting of the bell curve isn't real.

.

The major networks have decided to televise our training programs! Dividends will be paid! Have some champagne! You're still worried about the shifting of the curve thing? I'm telling you, I know this effect inside and out... No, if you re-test, there is a small, random chance you might find something that will reduce shareholder value. Yes, I understand the numbers, one percent is of a million is ten-thousand. So what? You're too stuck on this... our training program couldn't possibly exacerbate anything in anyone that wasn't already there, and we're not responsible for that. I've have enough of your insolence. Clean out your desk and turn in your keys and passcards.

.

A subsequent job search produced poems.

my laptop camera is pointed at my face
just like the ones in all the stores
and also restaurants

and on the oily streets
cameras pointed at me
more know of me
but I am nobody
I'm not famous.
they say, in vulgaria, everyone's a movie-star
but War drives the limousines and the red carpets hide
bloodstains

.

Vulgarian candles burn at both ends
They're smelly and drip hot wax
They're mostly made of petro-chems
and lack of facts and sales tax
They'll prove Mencius* was right.

*If you persuade these kings [to stop the war] on the grounds of profit ,and they call off their armies on the grounds of profit, then all the men in the armies, pleased with war's end, will favor profit. If subjects cherish profit in service to their masters, if sons cherish profit in service to their fathers, if juniors cherish profit in service to their seniors, then the relationships between ruler and subject, father and son, elder and younger, all will ultimately be drained of humanity and right, all engaging one another solely through a love of profit. Never has the ruler of such a state survived.

—

Watching what Vulgarians watch

click

"Hi! I'm Billionaire Lord Rots. What would you do if I gave you all my money? I asked a lot of people that, and thought about it every day. Then one day I knew what to do, and now you will too! I'm buying presents for everybody in Vulgaria!"

An unseen chorus sings 'Rots got lots for kids and tots' twice.
Then, from farther away so the viewer can see the face is

surrounded by cartoonish friendly folks, the face speaks again.

"I'll send all good people a birthday present every year! Even if you leave our loving panopticonic embrace, I'll still send you a present. It won't be as good as what e-family members get, but you'll get something... Lord Rots has spoken."

The friendly folks sing 'Be e-family for free!' while the screen shows a nearly completed application form that lacks only his signature and fingerprint. 'Print and send so your fun never ends!'

All the on-screen cartoon characters sing 'Rots never lies, Rots never lies, Rots never lies...'

click

... surprising announcement from President Dwitter today. He's concerned that holiday advertising seems to begin sooner every year. Therefore, quote, 'to cut the advertisers down to size,' unquote, President Dwitter has declared that all Vulgarian holidays will occur early this year. Thanksgiving will happen on Halloween, Halloween on Labor Day, and so forth. Since Christmas is the most advertised holiday of all, President Dwitter wishes to advance that holiday the most. He said "the first or second Thursday in November oughta do it." When asked for clarification, his press-agent said the President was unavailable for further questions because of a previous appointment at Wherefools Runin.

click

... save the data from all one hundred twenty one of our security cameras either forever and/or for as long as Corpse Shops exist, whichever is longer. Once you're famous, we'll find your image in our database and you'll be in our 'So-and-so Shops Here!' ads... and, as a free bonus, we'll work some digital magic on your image so you'll look your best--that's customer service! Remember, where--

click

... supplement the budget and relieve overcrowded prisons, President Dwitter has announced that all newly convicted

criminals will have the option of paying a get-out-of-jail-early fine instead of serving jail time. In an effort to be fair to the wealth-challenged, the president said that fines levied upon millionaires will be doubled and, if a criminal billionaire is found guilty some day, the law will require tripling their hypothetical fines. This sort of regressive justice betrays the spirit of--

click

... bombs his own people. We have a responsibility to protect--

click

The television fades.

In a dark and dirty place... he was 'Unauthorized' and 'Not Supposed To Be There' and 'Trespassing' all at once, but faded overalls and janitorial supplies made him invisible. He gathered trash from wastebaskets and tried to look bored. He followed a man into a hallway, and not seeing any cameras, he glues the tiny camera he has to a trash bin and points it down the hall. Footsteps... he must hide, and he decides—in the bin. He hopes the camera can record sounds he can barely hear. The voices come closer.

"Say 'vulgacian' during your speech--the 'r' which you don't say will turn it into Vulgracian, which has the highest like-ability score so far.

"Why don't I just say 'Vulgracian' now?"

"That will sound strange and stuck-up to Redneckistanians. We'll have you verbally stumble that one in a couple of weeks... Mr. Fancypants Liberal needs to make fun of you first. Right now, plant the seed by saying 'vulgacian' three times in your speech."

The voices and the footsteps fade. He waits... and reads a piece of paper filched off of a desk.

You *can* get along with most Vulgarians if you pretend their cities and landscapes are the best you've ever seen anywhere. It is also wise to admire their guns when you see them (unless

obviously rusty or part of a uniform). Engaging any Vulgarian in an intellectual dispute is risky because of their tendency to violence, which is a too-probable consequence of causing Vulgarian cognitive dissonance. Propaganda tactics there tend to 'divide and conquer,' and most of the people there have been exposed to many years of the best 'divide and conquer' propaganda that money could buy. That makes Vulgarians a 'difficult' people. But don't despair if you're forced to travel there--I've got help for you! [click [HERE](#) to read page two!]

Finding interesting Vulgarians is as simple as visiting an average grocery store during daylight hours. You can often make good use of the clues put in shopping carts since most Vulgarian clothing has become extra-casual and less useful. Try asking for help regarding an obscure ingredient on a package label--literate Vulgarians will be willing to help you. After you succeed in sparking a conversation (and you will succeed, as human beings must eat), you should be prepared for offers of marriage, as you probably reside in a country where medical care to all citizens is part of the social contract.

If you're willing to sweat a little, you can find friendly Vulgarians by visiting places that require long walks or other exercise that most Vulgarians avoid. Sadly, not all interesting Vulgarians can walk five kilometers, so this method isn't as good. Another disadvantage is the large numbers of charming visitors to Vulgaria (like yourself :) are willing to walk to see the sights; making it difficult to spot the rare Vulgarian of similar inclinations. Once found in a crowd, these Vulgarians tend to be formal and polite (and boring) due to the many pairs of eyes

upon them. Offer to share a campfire, and long after dark, you'll probably hear Vulgarian stories would be better told during the daylight.

Footsteps. He listens and hears...

"... too many of them are restless already and we can't shut the [deleted] lizard's face.

"You really think she's a big problem? If you can't kill her, double the marketing budget. Problem solved."

"The Council disagrees."

A door closes and silence ensues. He's sitting on a colorful brochure... he holds it to the light.

HURRY! IT'S ALL ON SALE!
If you've got the dough, just say so!

It's Try Before You Buy in Vulgaria! If you want to own a part of the Vulgarian government, merely tell the current office-occupant what you want done. If they do it, give them money in the form of canned-pain con-tribute-tons. Of course, that money will soon be spent attempting to stay in office, so your pet office-occupant will always need more--they'll have to perform to your specifications again and again. If you're not happy, just don't pay and they'll go away. It's that easy! They'll be replaced by different corruptible faces--Vulgarian voting machines do not let 'mistakes' happen.

But... what if unselected authorities object to Business as Usual? There are none! Our people have controlled the laws and media in this country so long that the Vulgarians think it normal. Our television-propagated anti-social training repeatedly demonstrates the worst human behaviors, and it's guaranteed to affect any human that watches it. Our minimum-wage employees don't form unions--Vulgarians aren't polite enough to form a union, don't know how to work together without directions from an

overseer, and wouldn't know what to do next even if they did organize. It takes very few agent provocateurs to disrupt any group that manages to form in spite of these obstacles--and there is always the 'blue troops' to keep the lid on.' Your capital is safe here!

He hears more footsteps, then voices speaking conspiratorially. "Then put a mill against Dwitter."

"Why? You said he'd win even though he looks like a bloated plutocrat.

"If you place a ticket where you win every single bet, some large, angry gorillas will come to live in your house. You don't want that to happen--so win, but don't win big."

"A mill is too much."

... leading to an argument about how much is too much that is too loud and too long. The sounds of many large, angry men and their dogs bring an end to their disagreement. Before the men leave, a dog's nose probes into his trash-can hiding place.

Later that day, after a series of events that the man would rather forget, he hears the voice that spoke of large, angry gorillas earlier. The speaker is in the adjacent jail cell.

He became yet another human wrapped in an eerie orange suit, living a life of locks and iron.

Mentally, he had time... but his body was made useless by the Empyre.

He had not yet 'earned' the privilege to work for next-to-nothing in the Prison SweatShops, and probably never would. The Empyre didn't like him.

Prevented from meaningful work, he thought. He told himself a story, and an effort to remember it taught him whispering in prison was forbidden.

He tried to remember, reciting in his head until he could someday write on paper what he was thinking. Someday, he thought he might type this story into the mysterious Internet...

The Empyre didn't last. They never do. After some 'people' steal what they can and run, the guards don't get paid and the food trucks don't come. Then the prisoners are set free to wander as they will, each with their own stories. He wandered, following the nearest road, and was arrested again by the first policeman that drove by.

He spent time in a large tent, going from table to table as directed. He filled out forms and answered questions long enough for boredom to begin, but two men came and wanted to talk to him.

He had two stories--and he learned an entertainer called 'the Phoenix' wanted to hear both of them. The Phoenix (and his entourage) asked him many questions--and the man had no idea why.

After a few hours of question-answering and filling out forms, and another two hours traveling, he had free time again. This time, courtesy of the Phoenix, he had paper to write upon, computers to type upon, and something to say.

But the other story remained untold despite the prior rehearsing and repetition. The Phoenix told him how to access an extensive on-line library and advised the would-be writer to read.

Days pass. The Phoenix comes to visit, bringing a bundle of clothes and a computer memory stick. He'd once owned the clothes, so he knew they'd fit; the memory stick was of pirated VulGov data files. It included the data that was on his laptop when he was arrested. He thanks the Phoenix many times, and he forgets about the cameras for many minutes at a time.

The Phoenix reads whatever of his writings that he lets him, even his unfinished work. The Phoenix is very polite and encouraging, always finding things to like--even hand-copying The Vulgarian Rhapsody That Crapped On Me.

He asked if there something better he could be doing rather than making a literary mess.

The Phoenix laughs. "A tricycle comes before a bicycle with training wheels. A writer's first book is almost always trash--don't worry about it. Rewrite yours a dozen times if that's what it takes. Your next novel might only need eight revisions. That's how writers learn."

The man asks why the Phoenix is so kind to a poor Vulgarian.

"Two reasons," he says. "Primarily, what remains of the free civilized world should know of Vulgarians like yourself. The Vulgarian Empire's military and financial bludgeoning will never be forgotten... but Vulgarians like you, who resisted their Empire and suffered for it... will not suffer more if I can help it."

The man thanks, then thinks, then asks about the other reason.

The Phoenix takes off his sunglasses. "Look deep into my eyes... tell me, who do you see?"

The man says he sees a famous entertainer.

"I'm going to give you a mirror when you have Christmas," says the Phoenix, putting his camera-equipped glasses back on. "That day I'm going to ask you to look in the mirror and then look at me. What will you see?"

The man is puzzled.

"An uncanny resemblance," says the Phoenix. "Do you know any magic tricks?"

The crowd in the amphitheater quiets as the lights dim. Ten spotlights illuminate an empty stage.

A man in a white suit walks to the stage. Some of the crowd applaud, but most are hesitant. Is it, or is it not, the Phoenix?

When the man speaks, the crowd knows and is silent.

"I'd like to introduce someone--someone I'd like to thank personally, because he gave me a voice. I'd also like to say he's stunningly handsome, but he looks like me. No matter what he looks like, I'm one of many Vulgarians who are living proof that he's an angel on the inside. Ladies and gentlemen, please give a warm welcome to--the Phoenix!"

The crowd begins to applaud, but the Phoenix does not appear. The man does not know what to do with the microphone--the cord only goes so far. The man tries to pull the mic stand closer, but as soon as his hand touches the stand, it collapses. The crowd laughs--and the Phoenix, wearing a familiar orange suit, chose that instant to appear in a special-effects cloud of fire and smoke and take the mic. The crowd applauds wildly now. The Phoenix takes a bow and says 'thank you' many times. When the man is far enough off-stage, he stops and watches the Phoenix make a strange submissive gesture to an appreciative crowd. He does not yet know that the Phoenix is imitating a young lady imitating a little dragon's (gesture of submission). After the show, a little dragon demonstrates how a dragon does it, but he does not make the connection. Two-leggeds cannot (gesture of submission) properly.

End

epilogue

Genuine Vulgarian orange incarcerate attire--and he gave it to me after he had other clothes. This was his only possession for far too long, but tags inside and text outside say it belongs to the Vulgarian government. It's made out bulletproof fabric. Once I thought to ask him why the Vulgarians spent so much money on high-tech suits for prisoners, but I figured it out before I'd burdened him with the question.

He and I made a deal--he'd write his story and I'd help him publish it. Predictably he felt guilty that his story wasn't written quickly, despite signing a contract that specifically stated there was no time limit on his writing and that 'due-diligence' and 'quantity and quality' would be defined by a former Vulgarian. He

felt it wasn't enough. So this morning I asked him if I could have his trash. I wrote a one sentence contract on flying paper, we both signed our names twice, and I let him tear it.

Then... we went through his apartment and I collected all his trash. He thought that was enough, but I wasn't satisfied--I wanted the discarded data on his computer. Strangely, he didn't want to email it to me, but put it on a memory stick. After I read what he'd thrown away, I understood why.

This e-waste told me more about him than I thought was possible. After reading part the data the VulGov had preserved and he had discarded, I learned that my act of compassion had become an invasion. The guilt now descended upon me, magnified.

I gave him a copy of my e-trash as a way of apologizing. We're still friends, despite my insistence upon physically putting my e-waste on his laptop, despite tasking him with reading it and never deleting it, and asking him to write about it later, all acts that he, honorably, refused to do initially. But somebody's got to do it. And the little dragon likes him as much as she likes me.

A Lesson From the Banks of Vul-Gov
or
a slightly sarcastic text on empyre economics

Those tokens of societal obligations devoted to numerical increase shall be called 'capital' while the blueberries a child picks and eats shall not. A blueberry-stained origami swan (sold for a penny) cannot be produced by the child unless the child is fed, clothed, is given a piece of paper, and so on--yet none of these shall be called 'capital.' The child's labor made the blueberry-stained paper valuable; and a worker's labor in a factory makes raw material valuable. Both use items produced previously, and access to such items is critical.

The existence of tokens of societal obligations is possible only because of previous human labor. Emphyres prefer to use money to control access to raw materials (physical products from the Earth).

If a capitalist 'monetizes' the blueberry bushes, the proceeds become capital. If a Benevolent Society plants berry bushes so that people may eat, that shall not be called capital; even if they sell a few quarts to Benevolent Members when blueberries are in season... unless it is revealed that the society was secretly a Corporate Fiction designed to trick people into performing unpaid labor maintaining blueberry bushes, in which case it would be capital. Remember that if you speak with economists--the rest of us can forget it.

Societal tolerance of private ownership of land allows Corp-Fictions to own both bushes and land. Land ownership is a form of societal obligation much more important than currency--but one may be changed into another in a sometimes-slow process involving lawyers. With sufficient tokens of societal obligation, an 'owner' can 'own land.' Such an 'owner' may call society's enforcers at any time to remove unwanted people from owned land--and, since the law is blind to size, a multi-million acre estate

may exclude everyone (deemed 'legal' by our legal elite). It matters not that millions cannot afford any land (also deemed 'legal'). It does not matter, legally, if the blueberries on that land rot and the children shot if they trespass (assuming certain legal formalities have been adhered to). The law will also ignore a Fiction that purchases land with the sole intent of destroying the blueberry crop there, forcing the hungry to buy lower-quality food from Fiction-owned stores. If the land belongs to all the people who live there and also to those yet unborn, then...

What we eat today was produced yesterday. Everything we own was produced in the past. This is surely at least as important as a horde of tokens of societal obligation (called 'capital') that merely represent past labor turned into tokens. Some of the goods and tokens humanity has today will be used for productive works while the rest will be consumed (destroyed).

It is better to have the products of past work rather than tokens of societal obligation. Neither gold nor currency can be sacrificed on the altar of down-your-throat. Physical products from the land are the only offerings that altar will accept.

The abstraction 'capital' is a rhetorical magic spell that inflates the importance of what banksters control--and it loses its power once one knows how it's done.

Archimedes

taken from *The Standard*, July 27, 1889. Author: Mark Twain

Mark Twain, also known as Samuel Clemens, once wrote the following article for Henry George, who was a brilliant economist and author. This guaranteed that he'd be forced to self-publish his book called Progress and Poverty. It sold well enough that Mr. George could buy a newspaper and pay Samuel Clemens to write an article for it. The following text is most of what he wrote, and it's an excellent introduction to Mr. George's Nobel-worthy economic ideas.

(...) I have never set up for a genius myself, but I know of a mechanical force more powerful than anything the vaunting engineer of Syracuse [Archimedes] ever dreamed of. It is the force of land monopoly; it is a screw and lever all in one; it will screw the last penny out of a man's pocket, and bend everything on earth to its own despotic will. Give me the private ownership of all the land, and will I move the earth? No; but I will do more. I will undertake to make slaves of all the human beings on the face of it. Not chattel slaves exactly, but slaves nevertheless. What an idiot I would be to make chattel slaves of them. I would have to find them salts and senna when they were sick, and whip them to work when they were lazy.

No, it is not good enough. Under the system I propose the fools would imagine they were all free. I would get a maximum of results, and have no responsibility whatever. They would cultivate

the soil; they would dive into the bowels of the earth for its hidden treasures; they would build cities and construct railways and telegraphs; their ships would navigate the ocean; they would work and work, and invent and contrive; their warehouses would be full, their markets glutted, and:

The beauty of the whole concern would be

That everything they made would belong to me.

It would be this way, you see: As I owned all the land, they would of course, have to pay me rent. They could not reasonably expect me to allow them the use of the land for nothing. I am not a hard man, and in fixing the rent I would be very liberal with them. I would allow them, in fact, to fix it themselves. What could be fairer? Here is a piece of land, let us say, it might be a farm, it might be a building site, or it might be something else - if there was only one man who wanted it, of course he would not offer me much, but if the land be really worth anything such a circumstance is not likely to happen. On the contrary, there would be a number who would want it, and they would go on bidding and bidding one against the other, in order to get it. I should accept the highest offer - what could be fairer? Every increase of population, extension of trade, every advance in the arts and sciences would, as we all know, increase the value of land, and the competition that would naturally arise would continue to force rents upward, so much so, that in many cases the tenants would have little or nothing left for themselves.

In this case a number of those who were hard pushed would seek to borrow, and as for those who were not so hard pushed, they would, as a matter of course, get the idea into their heads that if they only had more capital they could extend their operations, and thereby make their business more profitable. Here I am again. The very man they stand in need of; a regular benefactor of my species, and always ready to oblige them. With such an enormous rent-roll I could furnish them with funds up to the full extent of the available security; they would not expect me to do more, and in the matter of interest I would be equally generous.

I would allow them to fix the rate of it themselves in precisely the same manner as they had fixed the rent. I should then have them by the wool, and if they failed in their payments it would be the easiest thing in the world to sell them out. They might bewail their lot, but business is business. They should have worked harder and been more provident. Whatever inconvenience they might suffer, it would be their concern, and not mine. What a glorious time I would have of it! Rent and interest, interest and rent, and no limit to either, excepting the ability of the workers to pay. Rents would go up and up, and they would continue to pledge and mortgage, and as they went bung, bung, one after another, it would be the finest sport ever seen. thus, from the simple leverage of land monopoly, not only the great globe itself, but everything on the face of it would eventually belong to me. I would be

king and lord of all, and the rest of mankind would be my most willing slaves.

It hardly needs to be said that it would not be consistent with my dignity to associate with the common rank and file of humanity; it would not be politic to say so, but, as a matter of fact, I not only hate work but I hate those who do work, and I would not have their stinking carcasses near me at any price. High above the contemptible herd I would sit enthroned amid a circle of devoted worshippers. I would choose for myself companions after my own heart. I would deck them with ribbons and gewgaws to tickle their vanity; they would esteem it an honour to kiss my glove, and would pay homage to the very chair that I sat upon; brave men would die for me, parsons would pray for me, and bright-eyed beauty would pander to my pleasures. For the proper management of public affairs I would have a parliament, and for the preservation of law and order there would be soldiers and policemen, all sworn to serve me faithfully; their pay would not be much, but their high sense of duty would be a sufficient guarantee that they would fulfill the terms of the contract.

Outside the charmed circle of my society would be others eagerly pressing forward in the hope of sharing my favours; outside of these would be others again who would be forever seeking to wriggle themselves into the ranks of those in front of them, and so on, outward and downward, until we reach the deep ranks of the workers forever toiling and forever struggling

merely to live, and with the hell of poverty forever threatening to engulf them. (...)

What a beautiful arrangement – ambition urging in front, want and the fear of want bringing up the rear! In the conflicting interests that would be involved, in the throat-cutting competition that would prevail, in the bitterness that would be engendered between man and man, husband and wife, father and son, I should, of course, have no part. There would be lying and cheating, harsh treatment by masters, dishonesty of servants, strikes and lockouts, assaults and intimidation, family feuds and interminable broils; but they would not concern Me. In the serene atmosphere of my earthly paradise I would be safe from all evil. I would feast on the daintiest of dishes, and sip wines of the choicest vintage; my gardens would have the most magnificent terraces and the finest walks. I would roam mid the umbrageous foliage of the trees, the blooming flowers, the warbling of birds, the jetting of fountains (...) Thus would I pass the happy hours away, while throughout the world it would be a hallmark of respectability to extol my virtues, and anthems would be everywhere sung in praise.

Archimedes never dreamt of anything like that. Yet, with the earth for my fulcrum and its private ownership for my lever, it is all possible. If it should be said that the people would eventually detect the fraud, and with swift vengeance hurl me and all my courtly parasites to perdition, I answer, "Nothing of the kind, the people are as good as gold, and

would stand it like bricks - and I appeal to the facts of today to bear me witness."

Now we can see what happens if that writer owned (monopolized) all the land. :)

Land: a piece of a planet. All things come from the land.

Monopoly: MINE! YOU CAN'T HAVE ANY! When property is bought and sold privately, a kind of theft from the public has occurred. The land belongs to everyone, including the not-yet born; so theft occurs when one person owns (monopolizes) land without the consent of all those involved. Naturally, a theft of something so big that belongs to so many will involve a government. Most of the land in the government's grip will turn into privately-owned land, and government forces will be commanded to enforce the private land-owner's monopoly of once-public property.

Wealth: A Georgist definition would include owning anything which comes from land. Wealth is *not* knowledge or leisure time or S-400 missiles--wealth *enables* those things. To be wealthy is to own what comes from the land, whether farmed, mined, or pumped to the surface.

In a further effort to explain Georgist ideas, let's imagine Mark Twain and Samuel Clemens own just the best land. Both Twain and Clemens will protest that most of the profits are slipping through their fingers, but this thought experiment will insist, and they now own only the best land--at the beginning.

Naturally, these men will try their best to own the rest.

At first, both Twain and Clemens will have to pay high wages to their servants, because if they don't, their servants will find some of the second-best land and work for themselves or for miners/farmers already working that land. Here's Henry George explaining this in his once-famous book Progress and Poverty:

"That rent must reduce wages, is as clear as that the greater the subtractor the less the remainder. That rent does reduce

wages, any one, wherever situated, can see by merely looking around him.

There is no mystery as to the cause which so suddenly and so largely raised wages in California in 1849, and in Australia in 1852. It was the discovery of the placer mines in unappropriated land to which labor was free that raised the wages of cooks in San Francisco restaurants to \$500 a month, and left ships to rot in the harbor without officers or crew until their owners would consent to pay rates that in any other part of the globe seemed fabulous. Had these mines been on appropriated land, or had they been immediately monopolized so that rent could have arisen, it would have been land values that would have leaped upward, not wages."

Having read this book, Twain and Clemens will refrain from purchasing too many pellucid fountains of alabaster until they've accumulated enough tokens to buy much of the available second-best land. (They don't need to buy all the land--other landowners will work with them without knowing it. They'll seek the highest prices when they sell--perhaps prices only the richest can pay.) Then only third-rate land would be available to the servants, so their wages will shrink as their alternatives shrink, and money will accumulate in the richest strata of society faster and faster. Sadly, most of the workforce in this Twain/Clemens society will now be paid less wages. ("... the increase of land values is always at the expense of the value of labor." Henry George) With no good land at an affordable price, most people must borrow if they desire to work for themselves. Naturally, those with money will rarely make loans unless paid back with interest, and interest rates will be as high as possible. Because of this 'riba,' some of the borrowers must eventually fail to repay their loans and the lenders will then own what comes from that land.

It doesn't matter much whether one man or a few men or many people own land, the tendency is the same. Because the land is monopolized, rents will go as high as possible and the

monopolists will get richer. If there are many land monopolists, the process may be less efficient, but the effects will be the same. Speculators owning desirable land outside of cities can wait for the property's monetary value to rise (and it will if the cities grow). Such land speculation ensures that useful land will be unused or underused, and speculators make rents rise further and spread cities out. Since rents are high, many cannot afford them, and fabulous wealth and homeless beggars are the results. The system, broken, has spoken--whether one man, two men, or many people own most of the land, over time there will be a concentration of wealth and too many humans will be too poor to afford a warm place to sleep.

But what if the system was different? There's no shortage of suggestions. Perhaps the Emphyre's 'economic intellects' can help select important contenders--any popular ideas they ignore must be important. For example, they ignore Bastiat, Del Mar, and Henry George. No book-publishing company would publish Henry George's first book, so he self-published "Progress and Poverty," which sold so many copies that only Thomas Edison and Samuel Clemens were more widely known at the time (1880's). George's book skewers the 'dismal science' of 1880's economics and proposes some spectacularly good ideas (along with some bad Malthusian ideas that look even worse fourteen decades later). Nobody thinks that George's best idea was taxing the land; he made excellent logical points--we-the-people theoretically share all the land in common; so taxing access to land for the public good makes sense; taxing land is not going to cause any land to disappear (unlike taxing productive activities, which discourages such work); and the loss of rental income affects the relatively wealthy land-owners the most, which stops one way of wealth concentration. Taxing access to the land also would make land speculation less appealing. Mr. George thought the taxes taken could and should be enough for the government. Other taxes on citizens would be unnecessary. Mr. George favored taxing

imported goods if the government wanted to stimulate growth in related home-based industries.

In Vulgaria, the plutocrats can call rent 'unearned income' and it is taxed less than what is paid to wage-slaves. Nobody notices that their bought-and-sold economists never, ever speak of Henry George.

First they ignore you. Then they attack you. Then you win.

Go, Georgist memes! Spread for Great Justice!

—

Here's another little-known work from Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens) who could write about this sort of subject matter without using the word 'whore.' Amazing!

Mine eyes have seen the orgy of the launching of
the Sword;

He is searching out the hoardings where the
stranger's wealth is stored;

He hath loosed his fateful lightnings, and with
woe and death has scored;

His lust is marching on.

Woe and death can turn a profit.

Warfare needs a wealthy prophet!

Woe and death through war, don't stop it!

It's war that makes men rich!

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps;

They have builded him an altar in the Eastern
dews and damps;

I have read his doomful mission by the dim and
flaring lamps—

His night is marching on.

Woe and death can make for profit.
Buy a bomb and then go drop it!
War's a racket, but don't stop it!
It's war that makes men rich!

I have read his bandit gospel writ in burnished
rows of steel:

"As ye deal with my pretensions, so with you my
wrath shall deal;
Let the faithless son of Freedom crush the
patriot with his heel;
Lo, Greed is marching on!"

Our priority is profit.
Nobel prizes fail to stop it!
War's foundation? We've co-op'd it!
It's war that makes men rich!

We have legalized the strumpet and are guarding
her retreat;
Greed is seeking out commercial souls before his
judgement seat;
O, be swift, ye clods, to answer him! be
jubilant my feet!
Our god is marching on!

In a sordid slime harmonious Greed was born in
yonder ditch,
With a longing in his bosom—and for others'
goods an itch.
As Christ died to make men holy, let men die to
make us rich—
Our god is marching on.

Woe and death can turn a profit.
Warfare needs a wealthy prophet!
Woe and death through war, don't stop it!
It's war that makes men rich!

Neither of these texts can be found in my copy of 'The Complete Works of Mark Twain.'

The following text is the last stanza of the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' as originally written by abolitionist Julia Ward Howe in 1861. It may have convinced more men to wear Union uniforms than any single government propaganda effort.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

"Apparently to nationalise the Press would be 'Fascism,' while 'freedom of the Press' consists in allowing a few millionaires to coerce hundreds of journalists into falsifying their opinions."
George Orwell

My country, is-real-ly,
Sweet lies of tyranny,
Ugly as sin.

Land where my freedom dies,
land of corps, pills, and spies,
from every mouth comes lies,
crappy ending.

I am sovereign. I am a minute fraction of the Universe, yet I am.
If I ever meet another such, perhaps we'll start a country together.
We'll both be royalty.

If we meet any more like us, the royal family will expand to include
them.

How could rational sovereign beings do anything else?

You're at the end of...
Version 1.01 of The Vulgarian Rhapsody That Craps On
Me

featuring Henry George.

The latest version of this will be
<http://no6ody.wordpress.com>
if personal entropy levels
and the Empyre
permit
it.

NON \$€RVIAM!

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This [Version 1.00 of The Vulgarian Rhapsody That Craps
On Me featuring Henry George] belongs to me, you, and
everyone

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“IF you persuade these kings on the grounds of profit and they call off their armies on the grounds of profit, then all the men in the armies, pleased with war’s end, will favor profit. If subjects cherish profit in service to their masters, if sons cherish profit in service to their fathers, if juniors cherish profit in service to their seniors, then the relationships between ruler and subject, father and son, elder and younger will ultimately be drained of humanity and right, all engaging one another solely through a love of profit. Never has the ruler of such a state survived.”

Mencius (Meng-tzu)