wherefore their treasure is their god--there is not room for two
gods. And behold their treasure shall perish with them; for they
shall perish." There it is again: to be carnal minded is death.
What is an example of total carnal-mindedness? A shark; I would
say. He is a carnivore, and eating machine, his communal meals are
feeding frenzies. Could anything be more carnally-minded? Yes.
we have recently learned that sharks can be harmless, even friendly,
with no desire to eat the diver who strokes them--under certain
conditions. But there are men of single-minded voracisyseskys,
Milkins, Trumps, who follow the injunction of countless how-to-
get-rich books, the first rule of which is NEVER stop thinking of
how to turn the moment into cash Their relentless drive to gobble
dis up whatever offers itself, with total regard for the lives and
feelings of other creatures, surpasses that of any beast of the
sea. Some like Mr. Forbes, though not as savage are just as hungry
for "the things of this life," which by nature are all perishable,
corrupible and doomed--to be carnal-minded is death. Any other
type of carnal-mindedness, even more literal, is the cult of the
body which completely dominates our society. The body-builders
which concentrate on every muscle and tendon with total dedication-
for its own sake: your deltoids or triceps in and of themselves will
bring you a prize. Could carnal-mindedness be more complete:
incessant preoccupation with hair, with skin, with bumps and
bulges, sssmells and enticements. The appearance is all.

But that is not the end, it gets worse: the titillating,
excitement of sports that become increasingly physical and
is more humorous about it than Juvenal, Matral is more scandalous, and Petronious is more horrendous, but all give us vivid eye-witness accounts that can be checked against each other. Well here are a few excerpts from Juvenal, and you may well ask, what civilization I am talking about in reading them. Remember this is the answer to the question of why Rome fell. When I was young everybody was asking the question, but nobody took the Satirists seriously as given the answer, right on target.

I, 30 (A famous line) How can you keep from writing satire when you look around you in this wicked city? Here comes Matho the Lawyer his huge bulk reclining in his magnificent litter (stretch-limousine), accompanied by his client, an informer who betrayed his best friend (the money would be split between the informer, the lawyer and the state). Everybody in the street is being pushed around by the strong-arm men of a notable spoliator (crook, swindler); here is a convicted felon who plundered as province, got an official slap on the wrist, and went to live in luxury (exiled but still hanging onto the wealth he stole). In the street you can see them everywhere: here is one looking as rich as Maecenas—and all he had to do was change the seal on a document. There is a lady of high society from whom young women can learn effective ways of poisoning their husbands. Of course everybody praises goodness and talks about morality, but goodness can beg in the streets—it is crime that delivers the frugal living. Was there ever a time when vice flourished as it does today? en was greed more gross and universal or gambling
more a way of life? Men bring whole bankk-accounts to the casino...lose 5000 seterces on a throw, and then deny a shivering slave a rgg for his back. A man builds himsaelf seven villas and eats 7-course dinners alone while giving scraps of food only to the poor who have proven themselves worthy by proper subservience to him. "Money counts for everything here....Our hearts are set on riches, money is the Holy of Holies itself, rthough of course we pay pious lip-service kto PEace, Victory, Honor, VIRTue, HOMe, country apple pie, motherhood, etc. while the storks that nest on the temple laugh themselves silly as our doings.

So Juvenal goes on, denouncing the cheap, gruding meanness of the rich. Who can put up with it? In the Second Book he talks about gay Lawyers, lady wrestlers, perfumes and dresses. In the 3rd Book we see Rome of the Developers; the tall, flimsy, jerrybuilt tenement; s, crammed with people forever at risk from fire and collapsing structures, while paying exorbitant rents. The poor live in the parks and woods--hobo camps. "There is no work for an honest man in the city", because of slave labor, of course: the slaves are brought in by conquest, for which the commoners are drafted for military raids all over the world. A system that paid for itself. The conmen and lawyers "that can make black white grab the fat; government contracts for rivers, harbors, temples, sewer-cleaning, disposal of corpses, plumbing for new villas, the slave-auctioning business, etc. Mountebanks and adventurers end up so rich that they can decide who shall live and who shall dies [the Cena Trmialchiionis tells how it is done].
Another famous passage. "What shall I do in Rome? I am not good at lying...I know no astrology, have no connections with men I could rent out as hit-men [running a murder-service--siccarii]. The foreigners come in and promptly set themselves up as professionals inventing phoney titles and degrees for themselves, operating as chiropactors, massage parlors, palmists---big money. The poor must pay cash for everything. If you are poor your former friends will cut you in the street. There is a know-how to doing business: "you must bribe slaves to give you access to their masters so you can bribe them" (PACs). Here is a basic rule: "to him that hath will be given."

Bk. III. The noise, the garbage, the traffic, day-and-night. Sweage and garbage thrown from windows after dark. Day and night you get mugged. If you stay you at night, the homeless from the woods across the river swarm into town, and you can expect a break-in. Rome is the great Sewer.

Bk. IV. From a village in the Nile Delta comes "Curly" (Cf. Trmialchio) "Vicious, depraved, diseased, pathologically lustful, but admired and respected, free to do as he pleases, because he is very, very rich.

V. Shares at a banquet are apportioned exactly according to wealth (Otho's principle). His is also the M. Forbes principle. Environment: The seas have been fished out; too many nets and too big, the fish can't attain to a full size. Tib;er fish are; all infected from the sewers (Romans were proud of their sewers, as LA is of its freeways). The accepted practice as a host is to
let your poor guests know who they are and keep everything for yourself. But spoil as rich guest rotten: "Money, money! It's his money, not you he is calling Brother."

Bk. VI. Once we were an open society, nothing was ever stolen. Step by step justice left the earth for heaven [An; Anc. teach-iang]. Chastity went with her. Theater people are utterly promiscuous, they shock even the Alexandrians! And the richest are the kinkiest. As a rule, married couples hate each other; 14 hours a day. The self-centered wives of Rome, masseages, aerobics, workouts, mudbaths, body-building, total engrossment in appearance; ce; ; . Hard as nails.; Hard; Hard; Hard; Hard; Hard; Hard; Very dangerous women. Huge overuse of cosmetics, outrageous hair-dos, piles of jewels. The rich woman, everlastingly talking with as shrill intimidating voice, ordering floggings right and left, spending furiously, loathing her husband, his friends and his slaves, pastaronizing the Egyptian and Chaldaean quacks and astrologers. Child abuse is universal.

Bk. VII. The high-powered lawyer must before all DRESS FOR SUCCESS, Charioteers and popular comedians h

R. Humphries: "Now we suffer the evils of long peace. Luxury hatchets terrors worse than the wars, the price of conquering the world. Everyh crime is here, and every lust, as they have been since the day when Roman poverty perished... Dirty money it was that first imported among us foreign vice and our times broke down with overindulgence. Riches are flabby and soft.... Vice is as very big business. Centers of culture are the wrestling school, the
Charioteers and miomes have huge incomes, but good artists are expected to perform for nothing. A Roman spends 10 times more on his plumbing than on his children's education. Pupils in the scholls regularly beat their teachers up. Teachers are held responsible for molding pupils' minds—"That is what you are paid for." But to get that pitance they usually have to go to law. "A jockey gets more for a race that you get in a year."

VII. The rich produce abs. nothing. the VIP always leans on others. While we plunder the world, trying to rid the seas of pirates so we can be the only pirates, our own inner cities fall into ruins. The Big men form Big corporation for the systematic plunder of the Empire. Our youth run wild, indulged and yet neglected. We have made enemies of all the world [kOderint dum metueint] Farm poys grabbed for the army—no better off than convicts.

BK.IX. On inherited wealth; all our trust is built on fear. Your servants are your enemies.

Bk.X. On human nature

Before the power of OFFICE you are helpless. Everybody prays for wealth—it is your only defense these days. "Silly or downright ruinous are all the things we pray for—power and gain, they will ruin us in the end." Once voters had a voice in [govt., now elections are completely controlled, and the public appeased with bread and circuses (and threats)....We are utter fools, Is there anything to live for at all? "Pray for a sound mind in a
soundbody, and a spirit UNAFRAID OF DEATH. And stop worshipping FORTUNA--SHE IS ONLY WHAT WE MAKE HER.

bK.xi EVERYBODY AS GOURMET: A THE ART OF THE BANQUET. (NASIDIANUS). THE ROMAN SELF-IMAGE: SIMPLE, UNSPOILED, RUGGED, NO-NONSENSE, TOUGH, honest brave, standing to all, etc. ON the utter vulgarity of Roman wealthy, spoiled beyond imagining. "Money is all;

but the Big Game is a major obsession with everybody--

specatator sports on a huge scale.

Bk.XII. ON Religion> Supplication: Vivat Pacuviius quae so vel Nestor ae totum, pos sideat quantum rapuit Nero, montibus aurum exae quet, nec amet quemquam nec am; etur ab ;illo. (It is all for him only)

Bk. XIII. THEFT, deception, taking by violence is regular daytime business in Rome. There are very few good men left. We are living in the 9th Age of the World [For them it WAS the Last Days] baser than the iron age. "There is no name for our kind of corruption. We call out for religion, reform, a moral awakening--but aren't you as much interested in other people's money as the next man? Religion has become quite a show, but it has lost its meaning...If a man returns something entrusted to him it is considered a 7-days'wonder. A man of integrity is a freak. Today LUCK is everything, impersonal nature rules the world--things just happen. Those who believe in the gods don't hesitate to perjure themselves any more than anyone else does. The best place to size up our civilization is in the law-court, there you will