

Eleven Revolutionary Burps

Even the poor must be continually attacked, due to their stubborn unwillingness to conform to standards that they cannot afford.

Each new fully private home in each new far-off suburb is a new fulfillment of the revolutionary requirement for individual fulfillment through conformist means, which is the beauty that insures that national identity shall be implicit up and down the street.

The rich, whose individuality and freedom is realized through the lifestyle earned by earning riches, nevertheless, must conform to a deluxe version of the lifestyle fit for all.

A general anger in defense of the nation must be conformed to; all leaders must conform to the choking passions fit for responsible parties when the coffins are unloaded from the boats.

It is OK to dislike leaders, as long as they are disliked in the way that a candle smolders; the revolution must redeploy periodically by scorning old strongmen.

Every leader has the prerogative to dip his hands in blood, blood of the foreign, blood of the different, although strictly speaking, the only relevant blood is the blood of patriots, but that will surely be spilled to obtain the foreign blood.

Leaders shall not, even surreptitiously, dip their fingers in the blood of patriots, because their fingers might have germs on them; the entirely pure blood of patriots must be poured on roots of Liberty, to promote new revolutions.

When a revolutionary nation creates a new revolutionary nation, the war between them begins at once, spilling the blood of patriots on both sides, enlivening the ideology of both.

Even the gentle, who can never entirely conform to revolutionary standards that bless blood, must be continually attacked, with ridicule, satire, parody, spoof, and other effeminate genres which are meaningful to them.

Even the rich must conform to the blood-sacrifice of youth, by honoring it through public relations and advertising, even though they can never bear to part with their own beloved children, and therefore will never know the complete exaltation of revolutionary society, when the body of the patriot's child is unloaded in a coffin from a boat, and the leader sends an unsigned note to confirm the fact.

The rich, the poor, the gentle, despite the fact that they can never be completely patriots, for the reasons named above, nevertheless must not know of their failure to conform; that their inadequacy to our standards may not be known to them, this slack majority must be the targets of eternal propaganda.