How you acquired your money is, naturally enough, of less importance than the fact of having money. Thus, in a world where money talks, everyone talks to you. You can be as dumb as a horse's arse not knowing your foot from your elbow, but with money there is many a solicitous soul only too anxious to break bread with you. But then, of course, the combination of a softhead and the possession of money is a flukish freak of bedevilled circumstance outside of all normal phenomena.

A great advantage of having money in a world where quite a lot of people don't have any or at least very little is that society columns dote on your name, your whimsicalities, your foibles, and, of course, your hobbies. You gain in importance. You stand out. You have identity — a person of wealth. Thus, money also bestows privilege. You become unique; you are therefore exempt from so much that makes life without money a dreary chore. The day-to-day anxieties of paying one's bills are so much easier, but, of course, with money, credit is readily available. You are trusted. Money is the touch-stone of your worth as a person it endows you with integrity. It is the barometer of your being.

With money you are also a practiced sophisticate bestriding the world like a colossus, the world presenting itself as one vast colosseum with lesser mortals in the beer-garden and you snugly ensconced in the dress-circle. Samuel Butler in *"Erewhon"* expressed the view that the sick should be punished for so neglecting themselves and the healthy rewarded. Similarly, the poor should be impeached and the rich acclaimed. The poor make a mess with their poverty. The rich adorn. The poor are miserable. The rich are cheerful. The poor are crude. The rich are gracious. The poor are pathetic. The rich are sympathetic. The poor should be banished, the world being so much cleaner without them.

In a world where money counts, it is perfectly ridiculous not to have any, so much is denied you. You can't take long vacations. You can't visit the spas, at least not for long. You can't have a new set of false teeth without some dreary tussle with bureaucrats. You can't have an abortion without some snotty nose telling you that life is sacred. In hot weather you can't move to a cooler climate, in cold weather you can't move to warmer one. In times of famine you starve. In time of glut you also starve.

And, if God-forbid, you are ill, you are in dead trouble. Do you have health insurance? Does it cover you for hospitalization, for X-rays, for surgery, for a night nurse, for a day nurse? For convalescence? What is your income? What is your occupation? Have you saved any money — and so on, and so on. But with money, incapacity is a breeze.

. . . rich or poor, it's nice to have money . . .

Old age is also a nuisance, a bugbear without money, that's when plenty of folding money really counts. True, you can't get around as much as you used to, no more jay-walking your way through life, but that is no great hardship. You've seen it all anyway. At least you don't have to live on a pension like Bill Muggins. You've got your portfolio of investments, profit yielding capital and what have you — you've been eating fruit cake all your life and you've still got the raisins to provide you with more. No funeral basements for you. You can approach your dotage warmed by the fact that as the fire of life wanes, yours has been a life charmed by the power of money. It has kept you warm in winter and cool in summer, so for you it has been spring-time all your life.

Of course, having money, let's face it, does present problems, although let me hastily add it is no vale of tears, but it can be an embarassment with so many unscrupulous scoundrels around, only too anxious to relieve you of some of your loot. You're forced to have guards and guard dogs around to protect your property. You have to spend a small fortune on security devices, and you can't trust anyone any more. Whilst it is true that guard dogs can't be bribed with money, guards can. And this can give you sleepless nights. You can't hide the stuff in vaults since the whole point in having valuables is for you and your friends to admire. But even then, it's a small price to pay for the leverage you have in possessing money. For example, you don't have to punch a clock day after day after day. Unemployment doesn't affect you. You've been unemployed all your life. Whilst a rent increase doesn't hurt you at all; you're the guy that jacks up the rent.

You are also relieved of the inconvenience of being dishonest. You can personify the essence of probity, fair and just in your dealings with your fellow man. A yeoman of rectitude. Crime, petty thieving, menial skulduggery, shoplifting, and all such boorish behavior is for small fry, the scullions of this society. Therefore, your money relieves the mind marvelously of much wasted effort. You can concentrate on that which nature and society so eminently in its wisdom selected you for; to lead, to instruct, or perhaps, even to delegate others to perform even those functions for you. Leaving you free, to philosophize, to paint, to sculpt, to fantasize about the world and its wonders.

Another advantage in having money is that you can be so much healthier. For example, you don't have to run around like a maniac selling useless things to people who don't want them and can't pay for them if they did, and should you happen to be the owner of a plant that makes these goodies, yours, then, is the privilege to hire some oaf to do the selling for you. Yours, then, can be a leisurely existence, eating three wholesome meals a day, lovingly prepared. Cost, needless to say, is immaterial. You can have time to digest, to savor its odor and relish its succulence. As is well known, all the manic rampage of selling kills off more moneyless saps than by blissfully savoring cuisine that refreshes the body and cheers the spirit.

The hapless multitude, those without money, for them food is synonymous with the chuck-wagon; eating is equated with fast food operations. The hamburger belt — a smorgasbord of gobble, gulp and bolt. But money is the genie, an elixer converting its owner into a gourmet consuming without haste in an environ that soothes, transforming the function which to most is plain subsistence into a leisurely repast.

When the masses eat, it is usually between bouts of sleeping and working, and then again, working and sleeping with occasional periods of relaxation. The buying and preparing of food is a chore, a hassle to be got over with as soon as possible. High-lighted with the "joint" for the Sunday dinner. And leftovers for Monday.

But money makes you a buyer of comestibles. To have money and spend it on grub is unthinkable, it defeats the whole purpose in having money. Money creates a dimension of experience unattainable without money. It is the hand-maiden that fetches and carries for you. It is the pall-bearer of all your woes and without it in this society, you are embalmed in a sea of discontent. So fellow workers, if it is the good life you hanker for in this society, you gotta have money — the more the better. Don't start off without it. Bon Appetit.

HARRY HAMME