

CORPORACRACY

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Author's Introduction

You, Me, *Corporacracy*, Democracy and the Total Picture Under Corporacracy

There is serious meaning to the single word that comprises the title of this book. Just as an addict must first admit that there is a problem before he can be helped, you and I must become consciously aware of corporacracy before we can solve the problems it creates. And we must also be aware that almost all of our problems stem from corporacracy.

Yes, we are becoming more aware of corporations and the part they play in the world as we read daily headlines such as the General Motors bailout, BP's oil fiasco, the Exxon Valdez spill, and the NS bailout. But we still have not taken the time or made the effort to look at the total picture and how corporacracy really affects you and me.

The saddest paradox in life is living under a controlling force of governance and not recognizing it for what

it is, while at the same time accepting its existence because of the pleasures and conveniences that it provides.

Thomas Jefferson, our third president, distrusted any concentration of power and said, “The selfish spirit of commerce knows no country and feels no passion or principle but that of gain.” In his era, he wrote: “I hope we shall crush, in its birth, the aristocracy of our moneyed corporations, which dare already to challenge our government to a trial of strength and bid defiance to the laws of our country.”

Jefferson and the founders of this country would be shocked to find their democracy overridden by corporate elite who have replaced it with corporacracy.

So, what is it? What is the meaning of corporacracy? It is a preponderance or overwhelming omnipresence of corporations in which small groups of principals, empowered by commercial organization, control every aspect of our society.

Our dependency on corporacracy at every level of our needs is total. Corporations, by enabling most Americans to have a satisfying existence, have taught them to be pacified and submissive to the plundering of world resources that their elite principals continue to perpetuate, mainly for profit.

While corporacracy deals with the rule of economics, corpacracy deals with the rule of government...specifically (but not limited to) the cities and villages where most

of us live. (See *Welcome to Reality* by Jerry Welch.) We do not see or understand corpocracy because it is hidden behind a veil. Take the city you and I live in. That is just your local government to which you pay taxes, right? Wrong! It is a corporation, created by law and issued a charter by the state, that controls civil (that's yours and my) obedience and disobedience – frequently creating ordinances, rules, and regulations (called laws in front of the veil) beyond the constraints of state and federal constitutions.

Is it so absurd to think of the possibility of reading the following news release in your local newspaper?

The City Council of Anytown USA has just adopted a new ordinance that requires all of its citizens to obtain a license or permit to breathe. The mayor cautions us not to be alarmed. The fee is only \$1.00 (subject to raise) and is necessary to cover the cost of monitoring our pollution.

I don't think so. The dependency on "acracy" has soared to the ultimate height of trust. Trust that our politicians and our corporate leaders will do the right thing – solve our problems, and make the world a better place. The ultimate problem is that they have merged and have failed miserably in these endeavors. You could say, "what influences our government eventually becomes our government."

Democracy? Is it still around? I, for one, think so. Is it threatened? Yes. The concept of democracy is that each

and every individual person has the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness...by self-governance through representation and free enterprise. To that, one could add, the purpose of democracy is to protect and foster the dignity and well-being of all individuals within the context of (a) society. Corporacracy places the power to define and shape that dignity and well-being in the hands of corporate elite.

Government of the people, by the people, for the people has become government of the corporation, by the corporation, for the corporation. And why not? Hasn't our judicial system recently ruled that a corporation is established to act as a person and therefore should have the same rights as a person? Come on, what next? It seems that democracy has come to the point of being limited to voting, while corporacracy has developed to the point of totally influencing voting.

And finally, the total picture. The total picture is all life on a single planet in unimaginable space, and how we are living that life at any given (this) moment in comparison to the eons of time that preceded that moment.

Henry Ford built a car for transporting people from place to place. At that time, it was considered a wonder. At this time, the Ford Motor Company is complicit with many other motor companies and oil companies within a corporacracy that is polluting the air we breathe and the water that is essential to all living creatures. Their motivation is usually greed and profit, in deference to the well-being of the people who serve under them.

President Roosevelt seeded the corporate revolution in the 1930s. At that time, it served its purpose of bringing America out of a depression. In this time and moment, it has evolved into a monster called global corporacracy.

At one time, people grew their own food, built their own shelter, and protected themselves from the elements. Now people discover things, make things, serve other people, and fight wars.

Corporations organize things, regulate things, control those that serve, and incite people to fight wars.

In the final analysis, it can be determined that corporations are necessary – corporacracy is not. Corporations are not going away – corporacracy should. Corporations do a lot of good things – corporacracy does not, or maybe the jury is out on that one.

You and I may need to find an answer to these following questions:

What do we need to live within this moment's society?

What do we need to survive within this moment's environment?

Because they will change.

This said, let's begin the story.

Chapter 1
Gathering—September 1994

From miles away, it looked like a loon landing on the water near the shore of Lake Superior, north of Marquette, Michigan. From his observation point on the west veranda of La Roca, high-powered binoculars held to his eyes, Richard Clancy, CEO of General Motors, determined that it was the sleek, black and white corporate jet of Chrysler Motor Company CEO Pete Fletcher.

“Right on time,” he said quietly to himself. To the small Hispanic group hovering at a respectable distance behind him, he barked commands over his shoulder.

“Juan, fetch our guests from the runway.”

“Maria, see that the cottage suites are ready.”

“Enrique, tell the kitchen staff to start dinner preparations.”

They dispersed among a flurry of “Yes, sirs.”

He placed the binoculars on a table, turned and casually walked into the vast game room, past his unacknowledged wife, Imelda, and over to the massive window, which dis-

played a spectacular scene of crashing waves only fifty feet away, rolling back against the acre island from which the name La Roca came. Resting the upturned palms of his hands on his buttocks, he contemplated a while before posing a trivial question, for a man who had achieved such a high position of power.

“How do they find their way so far north?”

“Who?” came the dutiful reply from Imelda.

“The Hispanics, the blacks, the people who do our menial work.”

Imelda ignored the question, too hungover to deal with the musings of a husband thirty years her elder. She looked down and picked up her new cat, Samantha, gently stroking the fur on its back.

“Remember, honey, we need to have Samantha spayed when we get back to Chicago.”

Nodding, Richard cut off any further semblance of conversation by announcing, “The rest of them should be landing shortly. You should get ready for dinner.”



Six more corporate jets landed at La Roca's private runway in prearranged intervals. Exiting the respective aircrafts were Robert McLeod, Ford Motor Company; Arlen Smith, American Auto Manufacturers Association; Larry Donovan, BP Oil; William Harvey, Chevron; James Undergood, Exxon; and Joe Dawson, Western States Petroleum Association.

Laughter, kidding remarks, vigorous handshaking, and slaps on the back were in play, as this was not the first gathering, nor would it be the last. They all had common denominators: age in the 60s, balding, and the usual paunch from being pampered. And, in contrast, they all had young, gorgeous, well-proportioned wives -- with the exception of Joe Dawson, whose similar female counterpart was designated as a companion.

The last throes of daylight had vanished by the time all landing wheels had touched pavement, but it was as well-lit and equipped as an airport in any major city.



Juan Rodriguez Torres maneuvered the shiny new GMC Suburban around the perfectly landscaped front circle to La Roca's main entrance. Almost before the vehicle came to a full stop, he was out and racing around the front to open doors for the last arrivals. He watched as Enrique ushered them to join the others for cocktails before dining at the magnificent handcrafted table with overhead antler chandeliers. Enrique had gone on and on about how splendid the chairs were, how thirty people could be seated at that table. "They even have moving spotlights that shine on the waves at night," he said.

Driving back to the garages allowed time for bitterness to well up again in Juan. Memories of struggling through all those years of school — and even learning English

— only to end up laboring twelve hours a day for Pemex Corporation in Quaymas, Mexico. No benefits, no health insurance, *no future*. Then they fired him for being two minutes late on one occasion. “Irse el norte,” his friends said, “mas norte. La chamba trabahando es meyor alli.”

He lamented the irony. From a Mexican corporation to a US corporation. His thoughts were released in an audible burst of Spanish: “Ahora soy trabahando para el jefe a las lobos.” (“Now I am working for the leader of the wolves.”)

Richard Clancy had taken a liking to the affable Mexican from Sonora who spoke perfect English, looked so familiar, and always had a story to tell. He had pulled him from the limousine pool to be his permanent chauffeur. For Juan, it was a two-sided opportunity: the challenge of driving among majestic towers at the Chicago headquarters and the serenity of driving in the splendor of the Northwood’s 500-acre La Roca, complete with ten guest cottages and a 25,000-square-foot main lodge with a Roman spa and drive-in boathouse.



They sat in front of the fire in the great room of the lodge with drinks in their hands in soft recliners — some of which were put into functional use — legs stretched out in horizontal positions. The fireplace — in keeping with the enormity of the room — was large enough that

a person could stand fully erect inside it. The hearth stone had been selected in 1894 by Mary Kaiser, wife of aluminum magnate Harry Kaiser. She had ordered it to be removed from the bottom of Lake Superior and dragged with winches and a great amount of sweat to its final resting place. With wives dispersed on a shopping expedition to quaint local shops and servants relegated to tasks outside the lodge, the gathering began.

A casual observer would describe the scene as “the good ol’ boys sitting in the lodge, having a casual conversation about the catch of the day and their fishing trophies.” An intent listener would soon discover that there were fish of national importance on the ends of those lines. But then, by design, there could be no casual observers or intent listeners, for all were committed to confidentiality, to making decisions that no one else would ever know about or even perceive. They were all Ivy League doctorates, and some were well-versed on secrecy as Bonesmen from Yale.

There were eight corporate heads representing the auto and oil industries...all playing by the rule of consensus. Although these gatherings always involved a consensus that impacted the whole nation, and sometimes the whole world, there was never any shouting or arguing or opinionating, for they were all steadfast in achieving the same goal: profit by dominance.



It started with general comments about the hosting GO's (Gathering Organizer) designated cause. Richard slid his glasses down his nose just enough to look over them at his colleagues. Then, referring to the California Air Resources Board 1990 mandate calling for zero-emission vehicles, he said, "Ultimately, we will have to kill the CARB law."

Then it moved on without any agenda.

From Chrysler: "How did that slip through the cracks?"

From WSPA: "We lobbied against it, but the EPA had a bug up their ass and pushed it through."

From Ford: "Our persistent gnat, Ralph Nader, made a statement yesterday that we are making too much money on our 'technological stagnation' with the internal combustion engine."

From BP: "Is Nader really so naïve as to think that we are going to let our golden goose fly away? Hell, without the ICE, this whole system would melt and go down the drain, and I don't think I have to remind you, gentlemen, our companies, our profits, and our very existence would go down the drain as well. Just as sure as addicts are hooked on heroin or cocaine, the whole world is hooked on oil. It's our job to keep it that way."

From Exxon in Texas: "We all are talkin' a lot of fringe benefits – oil revenue, maintenance, service, and parts revenue.

Any money we spend to kill this thing would be like a drop in the bucket.”

From AAMA: “California’s mandate is like a cancer. If we don’t kill it quickly, it will spread to other states. The day that law was passed, we all started dropping data into the think tank, so where are we?”



It commenced with all contributing input to the plan. It did not matter who actually spoke the individual words or who answered a question. They were all meshed and coordinated by the same guiding light: corporate profits.

“We have to face the facts. The mandate is law. We have no choice. Until we kill it, we will have to demonstrate some effort toward compliance. That means developing an electric vehicle.”

“We can let the media know that we are all working on it, but one of us has to put something out there. It will take only a small fraction of the profits we are making with the ICE to create a subterfuge electric vehicle, produce it, and then destroy them or make them disappear. Whose design studio is in the best position to run with an EV?”

All eyes darted from one to another, scanning each face to see who would speak first. Focus was finally directed on Richard Clancy.

“Tom Cisneros in our Flint office has been working on a design for two years. We can have a line set up and

operating by next year, and put an EV on the road by early '96." He hesitated, "But..."

"Is there a problem with it?"

"No — well, maybe, yes. The guy is a genius. I tested the prototype myself. Its performance equals anything we have on the road in that class size. And, style -- it will turn heads. The problem is, it is *too* good. Of course, I have been waiting for this gathering before issuing any press releases."

Quiet prevailed for half a minute. Then, "Whose battery are you using?"

"We tested with Acme Batteries. Theirs gave it a 100-mile range. However, Jim Inover, the well-known inventor, has come up with a new lithium battery that can boost it to a 250-mile range. Jim is so confident in the battery's performance that he is forming a new company to manufacture it."

The pegs started falling rapidly into their respective holes.

"Stay with Acme. The short battery range will dampen consumer interest."

"Tom won't like that, but I can take care of him if he becomes a problem."

"Good. Buy product rights and controlling interest in the lithium battery, and then redirect or kill it. Use unknown investor sources."

One decision sparked the formation of others.

"Don't sell it. Lease it. And only under stringent rules

and qualifications. That way, it can be yanked off the market whenever we want.”

“I can arrange for our PR office to create a climate to repeal the mandate and overcome any consumer confidence in an alternate remedy.”

“We’ll start lobbying immediately for concessions from the California Legislature.”

“We’ve got Senator Archie Miller in our pocket. Hopefully, we can count on him for a quick compromise to allow us to produce EVs only according to consumer demand.”

“In the meantime, we can arrange for Allan Zakorsky to be appointed chair for the California Air Resources Board.”

“How did you manage to get a former vice president of Ford Motor Company on the CARB Board to begin with?”

“We have our own ways and means,” McLeod said with a wink. “We also put funding — as you do — behind any group or organization that pushes for dropping the mandate.”



This gathering did not last long, maybe two hours. They were all satisfied with the matters of the consensus. Then they all went out to the front veranda to enjoy the natural beauty and wonders of Lake Superior, now calm with

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gently rolling waves lapping at a sandy shore. As they collectively took deep breaths, savoring the fresh, oxygenated water smell of clean air, their host enticed them further.

“Gentlemen, would any of you care to go hunting?”