

# OF CABBAGES AND KINGS

by George Barry

“ 000... 0000... ”, SHE MOANED AS HE GENTLY CARRESSED HER NAKED TINGLING BODY, “ MORE! MORE! I WANT MORE! ”. And there you have, ladies and gentlemen, what one might refer to as a literary loss leader. I write this little tantalizing tidbit of titillating trivia to whet the appetites of all you porn freaks out there who get your rocks off reading about something that you'll probably never do, and then I go on and talk about something which has nothing to do with sex, like the appalling death toll among infants of the third world. But hang on sick-0's; maybe I'll use some dirty words or something and you can get your jollies that way.

But that's the sad, disgusting state of things in our society, isn't it? To get the normal asshole ( there, I used one ) like yourself to pay attention to anything important you first have to be appealed to. Just like conditioning a laboratory rat, you are given a reward for doing something which, being the self-centered unconcerned, apathetic lump of manure you are, you would never ordinarily do. Someone once said that you would never lose betting on the bad taste of the general public. To see the truth of this, merely witness the daily rations found on your T. V. screen. After viewing the “ Laverne and Shirley ”, “ Happy Days ”, “ Three's Company ”, “ King of Kensington ” kind of vomit offered up to the public, there is little wonder that those little green men in their flying saucers haven't tried to establish any real contact with us. They probably see us as some sort of advanced breed of cattle, being fattened on preprocessed ideas, music and images so that we can be easily handled by the slaughterhouse that human society essentially is.

When it comes time for you to trot up to the pearly gates and old Saint Pete opens up his Big Book, what will be the important acts of your life. “ Well, let's see Mr. Doe, according

to this the sum total of your life is that you ate, slept, screwed and died, not necessarily in that order.” But, you might well ask, what the hell am I supposed to do? I am a relatively good person. I've never killed anyone, I go to church occasionally and I've never provoked a nuclear holocaust. Fine, fine, that's all fine, but perhaps you could do just a bit more. Become a Big Brother or join the Foster Parents Plan. No one is asking you to sell your Mercedes or to sell your record collection and to go live in the slums of New Delhi, just a little something to ease the burden of the world.

Just look at the previous generation, and I don't mean the screaming freakies of the sixties. Some of what happened then was extremely important but for the most part it was just the inadequate reaction of a pampered people to their own guilt feelings. Look back further, to your fathers or your grandfathers, many of whom were wounded or died fighting for something called King and Country. They didn't just risk a few lousy dollars, but their young unfulfilled lives, so that the future would be preserved from something which they saw as a real threat.

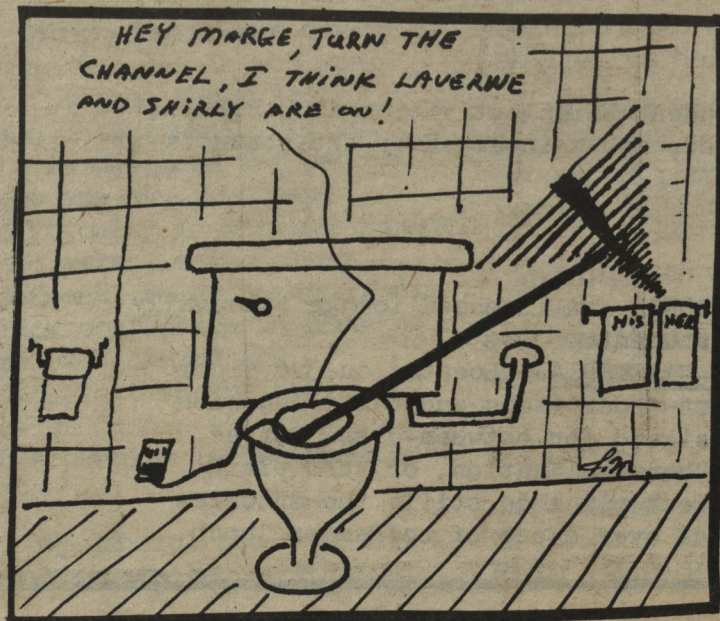
And so they made life safe for democracy, for us their sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters. And what do we do with it? Why we use it; damn it. By God, if “ Laverne and Shirley ” ever gets so that we don't like it anymore, well we'll just stop watching and then the network will have to cancel it. How's that for democracy in action? God, it just makes you want to go right out and salute a flag, doesn't it?

It might be easy to get all worked up and blame this sad state of affairs on a corporate conspiracy or something, but storming the head office of ITT isn't really going to solve anything. A corporations main purpose is not to deliberately cut-off the individual from his society but lies, rather, in the simple word PROFIT. They're out to make a buck. If the people who have the money think that having a disposable diaper or a truly effective laxative is more important than feeding the hungry, what's a poor chairman-of-the-board to do but simply give the suckers what they want and rake in the profits.

The action of one individual may not change much but at least it's a start. So tear yourself away from your tube or your disco music and do something. Go to a meeting of any kind and voice your opinion, write your M.P. take a Venusian to lunch. Do anything, but get involved in life in some way. I mean, I know I wouldn't care what a jerk like you has to say but maybe somebody would.

T. V. WATCHERS OF THE WORLD UNITE!

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