

# THE LAST COLUMN

## OF CABBAGES AND KINGS

by George Barry, jr.

Well, it has come time for me to put pen to paper again, only this is for the last time as a columnist for the SUN. Yes, OF CABBAGES AND KINGS, as of this issue, is no more. Please, no tears now. I know it will be rough filling the void but one must simply learn to take the good with the bad and to go on living.

But seriously, though you, dear reader, may not miss me all that much, I am going to miss you. Writing a column like this was, on the whole, a very enjoyable experience. I didn't really expect to make much of an impact and I certainly wasn't disappointed. You treated me with the reserved contempt that I in many ways richly deserved. But I got one thing out of this deal that nobody can take away from me and that is the satisfaction that comes from going off on unrestrained tirades and actually having the things printed. It's not often that people of questionable sanity are given that opportunity and I am deeply grateful for it.

I am also grateful for being able to do this and not have to face much in the way of criticism. I believe this is due, dear reader, to the lack, on your part, of having anything of substance to say. As western civilization continues to wane (and believe me, it is waning) more and more people will be having fewer and fewer people do their thinking for them. As the combined forces of the media, big business, insensitive government, and a grossly impoverished educational system continue to hammer away at what is left of the human imagination the so-called silent majority will become bigger and more silent.

With such economic horrors as we have visible on our horizon today, there will be a general desire among many people not to make waves. When the crunch comes it's going to be "You watch out for your ass, turkey, and I'll watch out for mine." Indeed, the upcoming ten years could well make the so-called "Me" decade look like a Boy Scout weenie roast.

But what's ten years? What, after all, is time itself, in real terms? The poets among us would have us forget time for it is nothing but an imperfect human construct. As it passes, human beings die and their creations crumble into the dust of oblivion. What will be left when our whitened bones are covered over by the steady flow of history? I fear that there will nothing remaining.

But (and, indeed, there is much merit in this word) we must not allow this to happen. Poets tell us that time, in many cases, is the villain, but there are more insidious forces at work on the human mind. I have named some of them above and there are, of course, others. But all of them,

added together, create an assault on the ability to think the likes of which man has never experienced before.

I don't know. Sometimes I think we should all inject heroin and enter a state of mass hallucination. One's mind is, after all, supposed to be in an expanded state in such a condition, isn't it? And expansion is the only way to counterbalance the horrific state of contraction in which human society finds itself today. We must never allow the evils of mortality and time to control our destiny. We must keep our minds free because they are all we've really got.

People will tell you things like "without chemicals, life itself is impossible." But chemicals and all such material substances are mere pawns of the human mind. We face the threat today, however, of being checkmated by these pawns for we find ourselves incapable of thinking beyond our perceptions.

Oh dear, I'm ranting again, aren't I? Oh well, one must make allowances for senile guru's like myself, mustn't one? Sometimes I think that we should throw open the doors of our asylums and let the madmen rule. There is, after all, much wisdom in fools.

But that is neither here nor there. What is here and there is the fact that I am done. I am finished. The endless flow of mental methane which you have had to endure from my pen has finally been ended. In all probability I will never have the opportunity to vent my frustration on you poor buggers again.

One thing I would like to clear up is the problem concerning my humanity. In case you have been wondering, I am a mere mortal, much like yourself. Well, maybe not like you, exactly. I have to stop putting myself down like that. These pieces of drivel were influenced by the same things that influence any person. The authors I have read, the people I have known, the places I have been. The imperfection that you witness here is that of myself, and not of those people, places and authors. Yes, Angus Maclean and my Aunt Fanny have all had their say, to some extent- through me. Finally, though, I would like to apologize for the mistakes that I have made. I have been wrong many times but at least I have tried to be right, and in that I find great solace.

"The time has come," the Walrus said, "to talk of many things. Of sailing ships and sealing wax, of cabbages and kings" (not the exact quote, but close enough).

Goodbye, my fellow cabbages ...



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