

LOOKA WHAT THEY DONE TO MY BRAIN, MA

OF CABBAGES AND KINGS

By: George Barry, Jr.

Music is an interesting thing, isn't it ? There are so many different kinds of it, I mean: Classical, rock, country, folk, pop, concerto, symphony, punk rock, acid rock, bluegrass and the Nashville Sound. The variety may, indeed, be infinite. And it's all around, you know. You hear it in your car, in your kitchen, in your office, in your bedroom, you even hear it in your bathroom via the radio you have built into your toilet-paper dispenser. And why not ? The bathroom is, in many homes, the only place where anything resembling an intelligent act occurs.

But then, is not music in the bathroom a symptom of our times. Listening to a Beethoven Symphony while suffering through diarrhea; listening to Lawrence Welk say " Anda now here's Jim with a wonnaful, wonnaful clarinet solo ", while your having a violent reaction to the quart of Gin you polished off the night before. One rarely hears Beethoven, though, in the bathroom or anywhere else. Instead, what we get is worthy of being heard in the bathroom. Instead, we are left to the tender mercies of the creature known as the Disc Jockey. This sub-division of the human species is an often overlooked one. His disembodied voice which we hear over our radio playing his " stacks and stacks of wax to take you on a great and glorious trip through the wonderful wild wacky world of music " has done more to shape the psyche of the average contemporary mind than either Marx

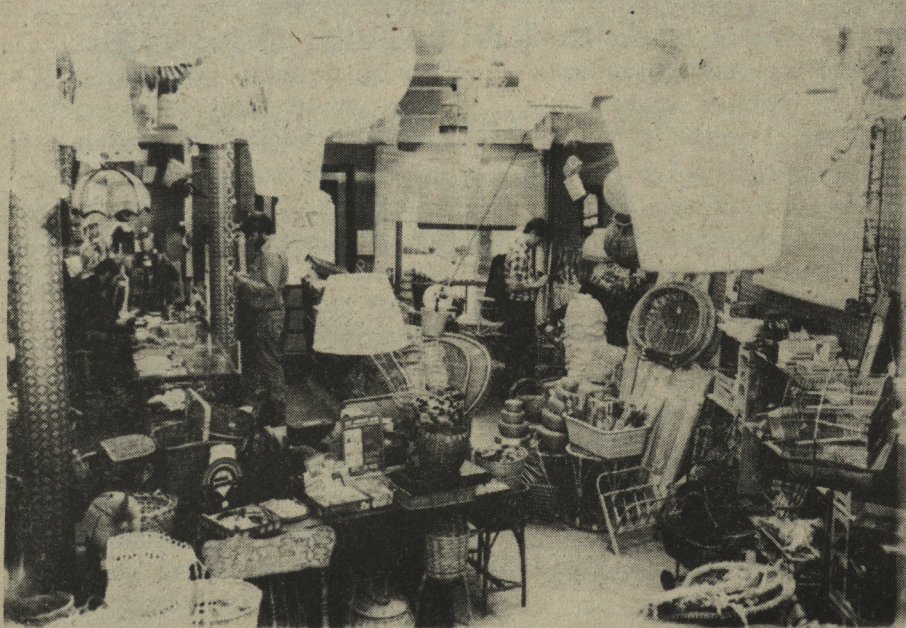
or Christ. " Ridiculous ! " you say. Well, I answer, when was the last time either of those dudes had a top-forty, monster-hit single ? O.K. so the Lord's prayer was a hit a couple of years ago, you've still got to admit that the old D.J. still has a lot to do with the way the majority of the young and the not-so-young think.

And what do the high-priests of the modern cultural garbage heap present us with ? Nothing. A vacuum. A wasteland. There is no variety on the A.M. stations, all that you get is a constant repetition of this weeks hits, with a few " golden oldies " thrown in. The modern D.J. plays Pontius Pilate to Music's Christ. They don't exactly nail it to the cross, they just let the events happen as if they were unavoidable. But they are as much guilty as are you and I. We follow the crap they feed us hook, line, and sinker. Originally, music was the youthful reaction to the evil of the establishment, now its a billion-dollar business. With the advent of Disco, we are witnessing the most disgusting revelation of this fact. Instead of being a venue for free expression music, with disco, has become the breeding ground for conformity. This fad is supposed to be dying though. Well, maybe it is, but I fear that the business of music may produce something equally as detestable.

What can you or I do to fight against this artistic tyranny ? What can we do to save the minds of future generations from the clutches of the music BUSINESS and its puppets, the Disc Jockeys ? Well, the next time one of the jerks opens up his show to requests phone in and ask for the Piano Concerto No. 5, by Ludwig Van Beethoven, or the regimental march of the 15th Hussars. I don't give a damn if you don't like the music that you ask for, just so long as its different. C'mon, let's throw a screw into the buggers. Commercialism has infiltrated Religion, Politics, Sex; the last bastion of the individual mind is the imagination. Don't let it die ! If it does, we all go with it, or at least everything that is worthy about us goes with it. If we let our minds be programmed by all this pre-processed crap we may as well say " To hell with it " and let the world blow itself away in war, famine, or in whatever; we're already dead anyway.

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