

Danville News Column
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“Money, Money, Money”
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I am naive. I assumed that Board of Trustees at Universities valued school athletics as a means of promoting sportsmanship, inter-collegiate goodwill, student education, and building character. Silly me. It’s all about their addiction to profit.

Silly me. I thought cable networks cared about news more than ratings. It’s all about money.

Silly me. I thought reputable companies would never betray loyal employees by some financial shell game as a dodge to reduce the workforce and relocate manufacturing. It’s all about profit for those who sit around the big table. Forget loyalty. Bless those bosses who work for the workers and product; they appreciate Scottish economist Adam Smith’s 18th century view that the wealthy have a moral obligation to go beyond their fair share because they have benefited the most from society.

Silly me. I thought no corporation would demand that their managers carry their Blackberries on vacation and still work 12 hours a day, under threat of firing. It’s all about profit. Maybe the workers should phone their bosses while they’re on vacation and see what happens.

I also presumed that political parties espoused differing political principles. Silly me to discover that the common ideology driving all political parties is money. It’s all about buying the power.

The NRA is beginning to make sense to me, especially given the impunity of them that pocket the money. The poorer the middle class becomes, the more I appreciate our right to bear arms, especially by those trod on by those who horde the profit. Real class warfare.

Yes, I may be naïve about much, but when it comes to a final group of profiteers, I’m no fool. I speak about drug dealers and their industry.

Poor “Breaking Bad.” This TV show previously won six Emmy nominations, but, alas, received none this year. It wasn’t eligible.

Now, if I were interested in television (my Spartan TV diet consists of Premier League, local news, NCIS reruns), or if I of paltry Standard Cable could afford Premium Services, I might watch this show and see what the fuss is all about. Alas, I refuse to, for the premise of the show is reprehensible, especially given the number of deaths it celebrates. It may offer fine acting, writing, cinematography, but I’ll not cheapen myself to support it. I refuse to be seduced into sympathizing with a wretch of a drug dealer. As if he’s

somehow both heroic and a victim? He's neither. Oh, poor Walter – now he's in trouble with a drug cartel. I'm so sympathetic.

Anybody who manufactures crystal meth, regardless his excuses, is a horrid individual who is spiritually and morally contemptible.

My brother phoned me on his drive to his apartment in Montreal. Part of our conversation drifted toward his wife's grief over her niece's drug addiction and her loser boyfriend. A beautiful young woman now weighs about 85 pounds. She's death, despite walking around.

My brother is close to convincing me that we need to legalize full access to all illegal drugs, placing distribution under state control. We are long gone from the home grown naiveté of Woodstock. It's a lousy option, a last resort; yet, how else might we get the chance to pry his wife's niece away from her dealer boyfriend and help her choose life?

Normally, I'm opposed to the death penalty. My theological reasonings might interest you. Nevertheless, I could be persuaded to make an exception to my opposition to electric chair, gas chamber, noose, or needle in the case of anyone who manufactures illicit drugs and deals them to children. They kill our children, smirking all the way to the bank.

It's about money.

The war on drugs has failed. Greed is stronger. There must be a better way of addressing this crisis. If Al-Qaeda were smart, all they would do is wait. They don't need to terrorize us. They don't need to commit acts of atrocity to bring our society to its knees. Given our rampant drug use, we will destroy ourselves soon enough from the inside out.

Last, we hear reports of Mexican drug thugs murdering a police officer's father, step-mother, step-brother because he testified against the cartel for firebombing a casino. The casino refused to pay protection. Terrible, yet there's someone else to blame for this murder of families. Who? Anyone who buys and uses illicit drugs on our side of the border. Anyone who uses any form of illegal drugs must accept they ultimately are complicit in the murder of innocents.