

Warrington Minge – Monologue 3

Aaargh good evening, good afternoon, good morning and good god is it that time again. Yes, time once more for a little soupcon of Minge. Warrington here with today's coital expression of topicality. And for today I thought I'd lead you down the political pathways of this great Parthenon of ours. I apologise, of course, but please, don't switch off quite yet, it will be quick and meaningless, as most politicians' mistresses can testify. Politics interests the few but abuses the many. Born, of course in this country on the shoulders of Cromwell, ah and how well we remember her. As King James was heard to mutter, no gentleman stands like that. Born of a spaniel in the city of Kent, Olive struggled to make her way at first until, like most people, she realised the monarchy seemed to be taking the proverbial. At this point she hit upon the brilliant and radical idea of chopping their heads off, an idea got on a day trip to Naples. Ah, those innovative French. And so with the support of the people and spaniels everywhere she overthrew the monarchy and gave us parliament instead. How nice, to be able to substitute one dictatorship for another - her mother was understandably chasing her own tail with pride.

Most people, J Edgar Hoover, realise today how futile voting actually is and choose to visit the theatre or indeed their favourite tavern instead. There are some however who almost blindly vote in every election, standing there, their eyes closed trying to put their mark in the box without actually peeking. It is to those voters that I address myself today. FOOLS. MORONS. MUTTON CHOPS. But wait...I feel I've gone too far. I must remember not everyone is a professor of philosophical history,.....come to think of it neither am I, but if you're a professor of hysterical philately as I am then it means you know a thing or two. How many times in history's long decent into obscurity has this human race overthrown one dictatorship in favour of another. Take, if you will the first dictator, Neanderthal man. Almost rare he is these days, what with so many men finding their feminine side and deciding to go into a darkened room with her. But back then who was in control I ask you? Why, the big hairy fellow with a club. And if you said, 'now look Gerald, what we ought to do is this', you got a swift bonk on your noggin' and banished from the barbecue. Dictatorship! And we are British, even a Neanderthal British male had some pride, so what did we do? We banded together, we formed a team, a troupe, a company, a band of brothers and we kicked his hairy.....ugghgghghg, excuse me. We wanted our freedom, our right to an equal share of tea and cake. But no, along then came the Caesars and all their little Las Vegas friends. And they called themselves Gods. Oh really? That must be nice for you. These gods, what did they do. They took all our cash, had all the best wine and slept with our daughters. No, we cried. And after only several hundred years of slavery - how wonderfully British, by the way, I mean it's not like we didn't give them the chance to get it right. We overthrew them and moved like the Olympic hopefuls that we are towards our freedom once more. And then, Royalty. Along came the Royals. Are you Gods we asked? Oh no, not Gods they said, I mean you just killed the gods. No, but we do have blue blood. So, a bunch of freaks then? No, no, not Gods or Freaks they cried, we are the example, the example of how you should live your lives. And we did, we believed, and then slowly as the years passed we realised 'You just take all our cash and sleep with our daughters. And once again, every major country of the world gets rid of royalty - and let's be honest, we only keep ours because they sell well in America. And so along came Olive with her wonderful ideas of parliament, of freedom, one man one vote - I think she didn't want to bother the

women and the old who had far better things to do with their time anyway, but still, go she said...go out into your towns and villages, your slums and your tenements and find the best bloke, the best fellow and he shall be the one to represent you. He shall be the one to make decisions for you. And for a while I've no doubt it worked, for maybe 8 or even 12 days I'm sure it must. And then, but especially now we realise... politicians - 'you just take all our cash and sleep with our daughters - and our sons too some of you buggers'. Can we not see the writing on the wall?

Of course politicians will tell you that you cannot do without them. That if you take them away that there will be anarchy. Really?? Let me ask you, how many card carrying anarchists do we have in the room today? Hmmm? Hands up? And there you are, not one hand can I see. If every politician died tomorrow there would be five minutes of anarchy whilst we all celebrated and then we'd all go off home for a cup of tea. And if you really need to ask if we should get rid of them, ask yourselves this - how long would it take you to notice if they all died tomorrow? If every dustbin man or beast died tomorrow of some strange dustbin man disease- how long? A week. As soon as your bins weren't picked up. What you'd cry, they're all dead? How terrible, but what about my bins. And if every doctor were to suddenly shuffle of their wife's coil - how long? Until the next time you were ill. All dead, you'd cry, how terrible. Nurse!! And if every politician were to die how long would it take you to notice your local MP had gone. 2 yrs? Maybe 4. Everyone looking at their watch in four years. Weren't we supposed to have an election? Surely. Where are all the politicians telling lies over loudspeakers? What? They're all dead, you cry? Well, how long is polite before I can do the moonwalk. It is time my fellows that we throw of this yolk again. From Neanderthals, dictators, gods, royals and now politicians. It is time to find another way - so rise up all my brothers and sisters and spaniels. Do not encourage something that has to die. It is time to find another way. Perhaps the third way that that nice man Tony Blair always talks of. Now you'll never find him dabbling in politics and we should respect him for that at least. He knows, you see. Politics is dying. Let's put it out of its misery shall we.....Your thanks are noted to save you time. Well, until you've fiddled with your knobs again.

Announcer - You have been listening to Warrington Minge - We apologise!!