



~ Theatre and Pub ~

Chapter One

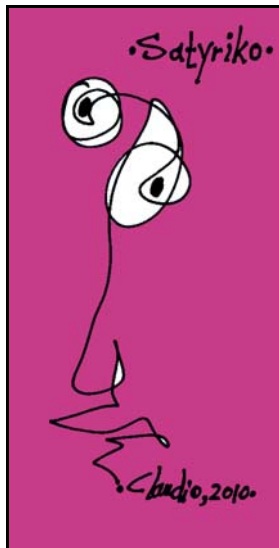
Expressionisms

In the hope of an honest pint ~ or few ~ to converse by before and after manning the stage, and giving each performance our very best, the title to this suggestive literary miscellany was born. From catchy headings to uncloaked metaphors to uninhibited quotes to wise sayings and sage advice to cuts of dialogues and shrunken monologues and on, it is my concern to avail an original Smorgasbord of creative conversational possibility. The characters engaging in these mental meanderings and philosophical discourse shall, appropriately, be maintained nameless. These conversation pieces are intended to stimulate the reader into such explorations of subject and theme and bring some fresh ideas to any such potential interactive spontaneity in a gathering place of one's choosing. The main character of this premise, whether in pub or church, is therefore YOU.

- The Egg ~ I believe we spend our entire lifetimes nurturing the egg. Cultivating the yolk of our souls. And as we age the egg matures and ripens. Finally, in death, the egg hatches and we transcend the shell of all former existence.
- I am a veritable hatchery of writings but only when the nurture of inspiration and true discipline has made them ripe for it.
- Truth has a very similar nature to gravity except that it is, in contrast, quite the opposite. In as much as gravity pulls ~ truth surfaces. The common ground being that an emerging truth frequently tears down what it exposes.
- Capitalism eats its young and everybody else in the room.
- To some people life is as cheap as making their point with human carnage.
- From the HAVE IT ALLS to the HAVE NOTS the influence of affluence is the morgue.
- I had always dreamed of coming to your rescue. Your knight in shining armour. But ultimately you were the Dragon I couldn't rescue you from.
- Divorce is a messy amputation.
- As fleeting and temporary as all the time in the world.
- A tombstone reads: " This wasn't about me, was it?!"



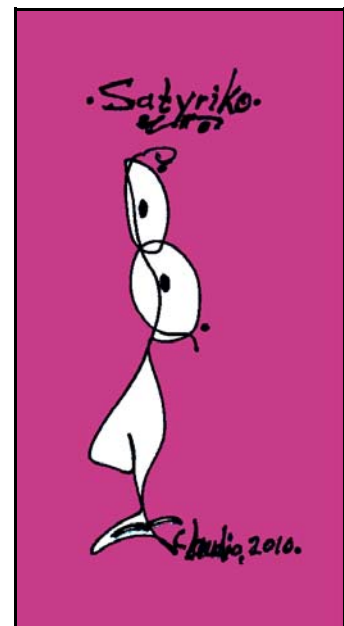
- It is the devil's purpose to rescue us from true love for his own dark sake.
- Extreme wealth is simply a nauseating and ongoing celebration of excesses and arrogant expediencies with the bones of the impoverished masses underfoot.
- Priests and Preachers of today are nothing more than convenient bed warmers to the spoils of the rich and stagnant masses.
- We've gone from witchcraft to priestcraft.
- In this world genius is perhaps the brittle shell that contains the yolk of madness.
- Alter egos, altered states...and somewhere the demon waits.
- Freedom abhors secret proceedings and capitalism is often murder for profit.



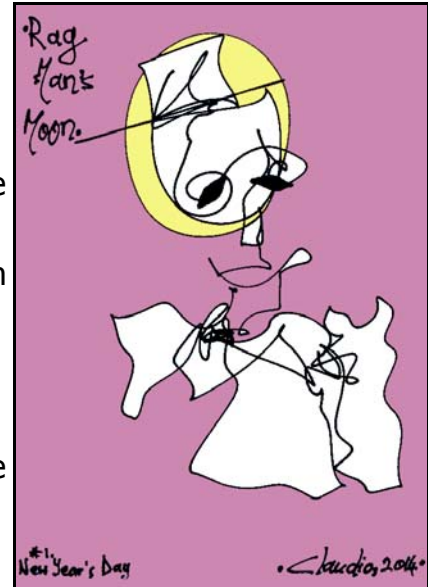
- OXYMORON ~ is Political Theatre.
- I never met-a-phor I didn't like.
- The world's a bloody graveyard on the way to a funeral where pandemonium's just a bump in the road and the industry ravaged Western influenced landscapes are an epitaph to consumerism.
- Beware of cutthroat bureaucracies posing as democracies in the land of the fee.
- War is the arrogance and self-righteousness of man, church and politics, spitting in God's eye; in truth war is the absence of God.
- I think Jean Pierre's about to bite the bullet with a few cracked teeth.
- America has become a tragic system of enablements that the stupefied masses assume to be self-correcting in religious and po-

litical hands.

- Political rhetoric is the mouth of madness.
- Hang the politicians by their silver tongues.
- Police sirens sound like a soul in hell.
- Just chalk it up to local colour.
- Man is oft a puppet to his prejudices.
- Captains in a sea of sand.
- A nautical inquiry of casualties: "What's the butcher's bill?"
- God save us from protectorates!
- A mouth like the bottom of a parrot's cage.
- Politics is where greed wears the mask of morality.
- The Master of the loaded moment.
- There ain't nothing like that in that never-mind town.



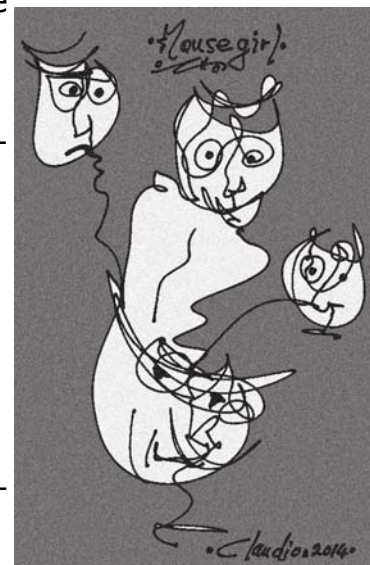
- Gravity sucks and I'm falling up!
- Nukes for mangos.
- The tunnel at the end of the light.
- Nothing sends one's heart and soul and senses quite so into the ethereal as the dying of the young.
- That place called TOMORROW that has us all moved in with YESTERDAY.
- IMAGINATION is the toy God gave our souls.
- Protect your joy as if it were your first-born infant.
- I cannot walk on eggshells when my passions are stirred.
- Innuendo is not an Italian suppository.

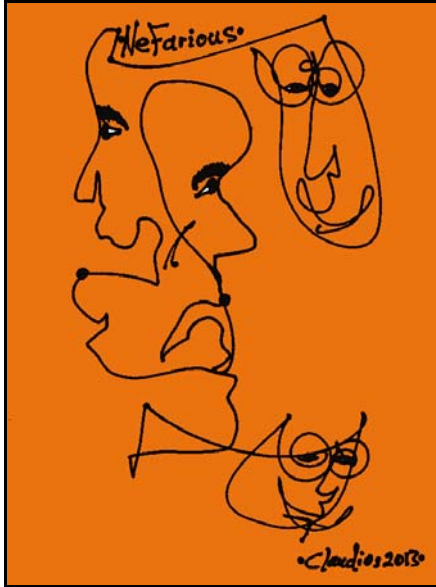


- Greed is the snake that cannot be charmed.
- Visions of Grandeur are The American Dream.
- Karma is about to hit the U.S.A. like a Third World.
- Gossip is the poison without antidote.
- Bite the snake!
- In the jagged teeth of the Criminal Just-Us System.
- Dying to live while living to die.
- Spinning the fog of war.
- Man is the evil he aspires to rise above.
- Western influence is the realm of Eyes Wide Shut.
- You're only as young as the

woman you feel.

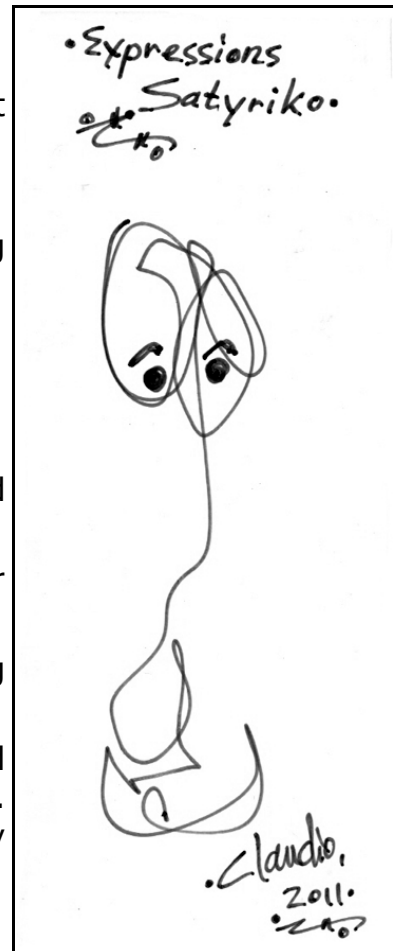
- His body is a collision course of Western Medicines.
- Politics and Religion are the language of economic manipulations.
- The Captain is just a mariner keeping his morals afloat.
- Sailor's description for sex: Battle of the Genitalia.
- Snorkelling the inner thigh.
- Suckling the Mother's milk of a deep loving kiss.
- An indecency of polite gestures.
- Our Church leaders and Politicians are a mediocrity of cowardice.



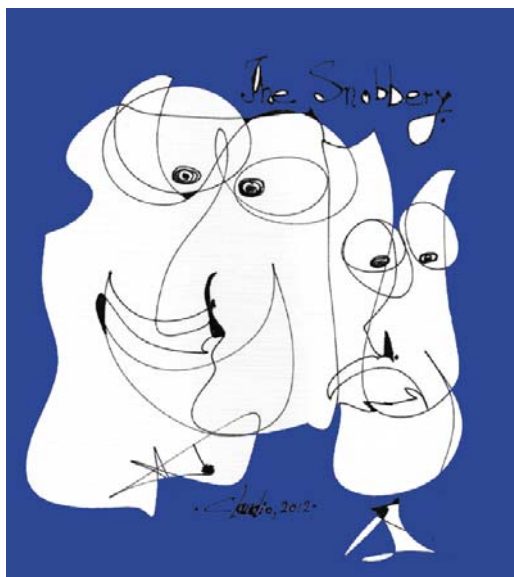


- Let's face it, our politicians have always been what constitutes justifiable target practice to their constituencies.
- Anger is fear turned inward.
- As an enabling society we can't split the atoms and only blame the crew that drops the bomb.
- Church and State are the cobblestones on the pathways to Hell.
- May the laughter of the child in all be my Swansong.
- Regarding our natural heritage we're living entirely disconnected like brains on stalks.
- Cling not to the illusions of this world or this form we have taken on.

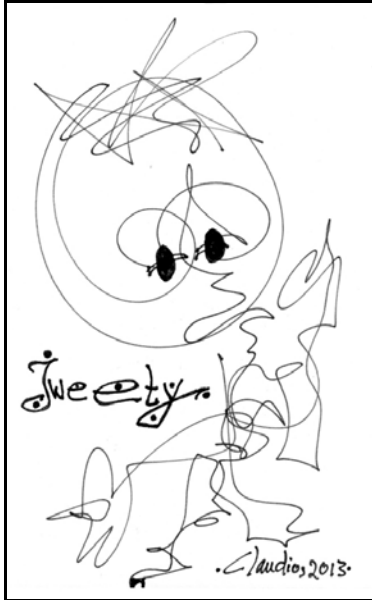
- Man's greatest folly is that he takes his own advice.
- Being here is about not divorcing our souls.
- Excessive wealth has an elastic self-serving conscience.
- I'm gonna kill you all kinds o' dead.
- Mr. President, how many suicides on your watch?
- What is right and true is really up to God. We're all just guessing down here.
- A heart for money is no heart at all.
- The Truth cannot be buried or concealed ~ it is a Living Spirit in a Discipleship of Justice For All.
- No neglect is benign. All neglect is malignant.
- Avoid rooms full of empty people.
- We are the sum of our Castles and our Ruins.
- GONE WITH THE WIND is the biography of a fart and there's way too much fuss about it!
- Some people are just using their heads for keeping their ears apart.
- I'm so bored it feels like we're all deep inside A Real Big Empty.
- Take a real good look at that girl, son. You married CLOSING TIME! Consider it a blessing she left you, man. Do you really want to keep waking up next to the Jerry Springer HIT PARADE?!
- In limbo between soul and sand.



- The fickle sway of public opinion is quite simply the tail that wags the dog.
- Life is a comedy of errors, my friend, therefore one is truly misplaced in it without a sense of humour.
- I pray for the time of machetes dripping sugar cane.
- Anybody who doesn't have a conscience in support of nature is also devoid of a soul.
- God can only teach you patience as fast as you are willing to learn.
- In all the dusty rooms of my life there's never been a vacuum like you.
- I don't speak any language that I can't think in.
- Come sailing with me and we'll get high on her breezes and drunk in her wake.
- If God is a waiter and heaven is a restaurant then I'd like a girl in my soup.
- You've got me right where I want you to be.
- Said an old black man: "When you grow up you tend to become a reflection of the shit-for-a-pond you were a tadpole in."
- Good luck swimming in that mud for a bloodline you are a part of.
- You couldn't stand up for a cause if it were sitting on your shoulders.
- We're forming a Reggae Band for the Klu Klux Klan.
- If you're going to be everybody else's problem at least make sure you're not your own.
- So what if she's not here! Express your anger at her deception and insensitivity. Release it into the atmosphere and let your soul out of that cage inside you. Believe me, she'll get wind of it someday.

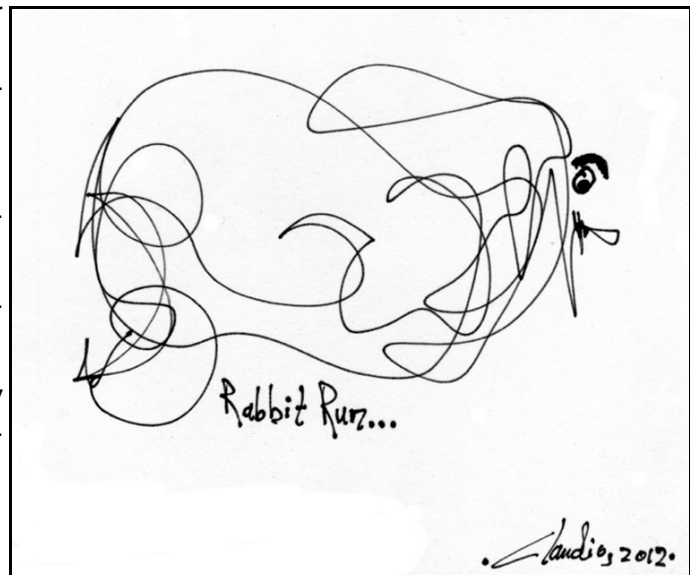


- Another term for Couch Potato: BORED SHIFT-LESS.
- A hero returns from war and uses his medals for fishing line sinkers.
- Oftentimes our prayers are only God's junkmail.
- It is the destiny of the soul to rise above our earthly circumstance.
- True darkness may often come in vibrant colours.
- I am lost somewhere between the dock and the deck.



- Damn it! Who pissed in the water balloons?
- The Room in the Mirror.
- A consistency of absences.
- Rise up though the heavens fall.
- The secret to being one's true self lies in the willingness to sacrifice everything that you are not.
- Dancers, like poets, both know pain.
- Don't be at the end of your rope ~ be at the end of your wingtips.
- Don't forget ~ you'll never be able to undo in your child what you don't do now.
- Love, passion, pain ~ it is the language of the blood, neither cold nor indifferent.

- It is always easier for people to think that they hate you for what you've done to them than for them to hate what they've done to themselves.
- I see your marriage as a nightmare that wears a smile.
- C'mon, honey ~ you know I love you at least as much as a good book.
- If you weren't so damn charming I'd believe every word you said.
- Don't shoot me! I'm only the pantomime.
- A Wilderness of Mirrors.
- Imagine the world if spiders could fly.
- He's gone from theory to theology.
- The King who would be Man.
- Rumours are the termites that infest the soul.
- A drunken attempt of curious significance at the word ~ Specifically: ESPECIFICALLY.
- Love is just death mumbling to itself.
- Love and death carry equal dominion ~ they both take all.
- A tombstone reads: "Here lies my most exaggerated state. Good riddance! Time to start fresh."
- Quicksand in the Hourglass.



- Mankind has to stop letting greed lead the way or Mother Nature will destroy us all with extreme prejudice.
- We live on a living planet that wants to be loved by all of her life forms thriving in balance.
- It matters not to me that I ever existed to the paradox of man, only that I did so in God's eye.
- TOGETHER is a wingspan; a flight of freedom to define that love is so ethereal possession to decline.
- No. My stories are primarily works of fiction but I do, rather frequently, have the truth in my crosshairs.
- It is not so much the Teller as the Tale
Not as much the hammer as the nail
For we are but subject to what we confess
When we are driven to express.
- Okay, who cooked the books and where's the pasta?

Dedicated affectionately to the crowned Kings of the Theatre and Pub experience and their boundless uninhibited conversational initiatives ~ Richard Harris, Richard Burton, Peter O'Toole, Laurence Olivier, and also my personal friend, the master of silence, gesture, and expression, **Marcel Marceau**.
Cheers!



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Note to my Readership ~

If this literary genre of an idea flies well in this particular format then I shall make of my **Theatre and Pub** an ongoing theme like chapters in a book except each one will be an individual work unto itself. To express your thoughts please go to my website and e-mail me. I am most grateful for your time and consideration.

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