



Jeff Berwick: Whack 'Em All: How To Get Away With Murder (VIDEO)

Description

“There’s a new game we like to play, you see, a game with added reality. You treat me like a dog, get me down on my knees. Forget all about equality — it’s a lot like life and that’s what’s appealing.” — Master and Servant, Depeche Mode (1984)

I am, of course, referring to the latest theatre production which took place in the UK’s easy breezy Cornwall — favorite childhood seaside memory of royals, celebs and millionaire-politicians. No wonder the world’s seven most powerful misleaders, as well as the Queen of England were able to shake off the weight of their responsibilities and frolic like teenagers in the waves... enjoying the freedom of unmasking themselves among friends...just a pit of happy vipers basking in the sun.

666 Shades of Political Bovine Excrement

Even a crusty old seadog like Lucy has found the open hypocrisy of the G7 telenovela pretty mind blowing.

On-camera: Masks on, elbow bumps, posed social distancing.

Off-camera: Naked faces hugging and kissing, graciously accepting canapés from a line-up of gagged servants. Even the queen, who, less than eight weeks ago, sat in isolation at the funeral of her husband of 73 years, was having a gay old time with Dementia Joe and the rest of their merry band of bandits. Including Bojo’s new wife — she of the leading role in the occultist’s play about satanic sex rituals.

But wait... there’s nothing to see here folks, it’s only theatre.

Although, who can complain about the lead thespians in the G7 Show lining up in rows for the most epic meme-worthy picture of the decade?

- Scourge of the earth lining up for the noose?
- Rothschild’s chess pieces?
- Tiny action figure toys of the Chinese Ant Bully?

- Arcade whack 'em moles?

WHACK 'EM ALL!

But reserve a special high strike for one of the biggest whack jobs of them all: "Doctor" Anthony Fraudci. The man who must've taken the Hippocratic oath at some stage of his career:

I will remember that there is art to medicine as well as science, and that warmth, sympathy, and understanding may outweigh the surgeon's knife or the chemist's drug.

Most especially must I tread with care in matters of life and death. If it is given me to save a life, all thanks. But it may also be within my power to take a life; this awesome responsibility must be faced with great humbleness and awareness of my own frailty.

Above all, I must not play at God.

Yeah. That ship has sailed. And the reptiles went in two by two.

The Show Must Go On

If you like theatre, Lucy and I have put together a little special something for today, bringing to the stage various oppressed/depressed heroes and villains, crazy pirates, and mad scientists.

Oh, and Lucy has a personal message for Joe Biden: "Acting is a sport. On stage you must be ready to move like a tennis player on his toes. Your concentration must be keen, your reflexes sharp; your body and mind are in top gear, the chase is on. Acting is energy. In the theatre people pay to see energy."

by Jeff Berwick

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