

BILL'S BACK

SHAKESPEARE. No buts! This will be Shakespeare's last speech to thee. My services are not needed at thy side anymore. The Bard has taken time to throw thine other, lesser work into thy trash. If thee wishes to cling to 't, then out will thee take it. Consider this, that thou hast to go forward. That work which thou does love so much is merely words, words on which thee must build thy future. Forget 't and go on. Thy skills are in gear, if thou willst dare to use them. Consider Barry Plumber an archer. Thy pen is thy bow, thy ink in thy arrow, and thy paper is thy target! Do not fret over thy work's worth or over the response of thy kinsmen. If thy work is scorned or made ridicule of . . .then call thy play comedy! Do not lie down as a dog dying in the street. Shakespeare will make it known to thee that it is nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of . . .the Critic. Thou will find that thy world is not kind to the artist. For the artist hast the gift of expression. Let thyself express grief over thy past and joy and happiness for thy life that starts anew. Barry, thy soul is free! That burden that thou hast shouldered for so long is lifted up. Rejoice! (*Pause*) Thy place in the world is behind thy typewriter. Create! Write! Put to script thy thoughts of grief and joy! Thou art free! Free! The only thing standing in thy way is thyself!