

Shoot

The

Blonde

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movie reviews

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Archangel

“The capitalists will drown you like blind kittens,” Stalin once said, to earn him the ire of every westerner until time immemorial.

You can see it in every scene of this film, how capitalism sucks the pride and grandiloquence from every culture it comes into contact with, leaving whole civilizations a pile of rubble. They do this by targeting the civilized virtues and using them to market their cheap products.

The buxom babe guzzling beer transfers your lust for her sleek body into a craving for alcoholic arousal. Most emerging cultures have no built-in resistance to subliminal crap like that. Little wonder why Russians have such a terrible, tragic problem with alcoholism.

American culture has an irresistible allure to foreigners. Corporate America uses this to get in their heads, then empty their pocketbooks. Everybody wants to be an Amerikanski. They’ll pay any price, eat any burger, wear any label, drink any brand of rotgut vodka, buy any CD or DVD — just to be like the hallowed Amerikanics.

All things American fetch a price far beyond their actual value. American goods promulgated by American movies are like crack cocaine to an addict already on cold turkey withdrawal from a once stable, centralized government.

The new Russian capitalist society has all the evil things of America but in the extreme. Crime, prostitution, drugs, gangsters, filthy rich billionaires, snotty journalists, aloof politicians, and incompetent bureaucrats. They have all these things far, far out of proportion to their general level of prosperity. Their whole society is so far out of balance that it’s no wonder people yearn for the days of Stalin.

A strong Russia would be good for the whole world. But, then again, so would a capitalist America devoid of infinite greed.

This film shows you how once-mighty Moscow is now a slum. Everything is third world or worse — hospitals, police stations, roads,

cars, subways, every last vintage of technology. Capitalism has a stranglehold on the city, like a vampire sucking blood from its victim.

No, like a cat playing with a mouse, keeping it alive just for the fun of it — toying with the city, keeping it just barely alive so it can extract every last iota of wealth from every last corner of the city before cutting the jugular and leaving it to bleed out.

The problem with rank, unchecked capitalism is that it depends upon lax discipline. People must be unable to resist temptation, for capitalism to succeed.

Religion is anathema to capitalism. Faith lets people enjoy the little things in life. Capitalism wants people to be miserable unless they have all the BIG expensive things.

It's small wonder there's no advertising in churches or on church bulletins. But, wait — gays are walking, talking, fornicating billboards for capitalism. They don't have to spend \$250,000 per child; they spend it all on

themselves: Fast cars, expensive suits, attractive boy toys, gaudy diamond studs. They're the envy of everybody in church. Capitalism relishes keeping people on the first pre-toddler "oral" phase of character development... sucking on cigarettes, beer bottles, and gay pricks. Capitalism loves keeping gays on the next "anal" phase of development... what a marketing tool, to be able to marry Mr. anal retentive and Mr. anal expressive in a real church.

Headlines on CNN.com and every other liberal rag in the world. Jesus was gay, too. Elton John said so — it must be true.

For all the rest of us who have reached full Christian maturity, capitalism blesses us with obesity (hence diabetes, high blood pressure, heart disease).

But thank goodness they have expensively tailored clothes to make us feel less fat (and dress sizes that miraculously get smaller as you get older, even though your actual body size is SO much larger), not to mention plastic surgery, botox, gastric bypass surgery, and the gay special — prostate enlargement.

God bless America.

Camelot

A great ten-part miniseries from Starz with superb acting, strong drama, great scenery, and plenty of twists and turns — even for people familiar with the King Arthur story.

The only unpleasant surprise is that the Starz network didn't renew the show for a second season.

In those days, a strong central government was needed to protect the common folks from the raping, pillaging local lords. In the modern day, it's the central government imposing their corrupt, vile morals upon all the rest of us — gays use the federal government to impose their warped values upon society at large, while illegals use Washington DC to legitimize their criminality.

Meanwhile, the honest people are robbed of our houses, our Social Security, our Medicare, our 401K plans, and our manhood if you aren't damn careful.

Finally, a film that gives due credit to the Roman Empire and its sophisticated democratic rule and an advanced legal system. It's exciting to see how justice began and how hard it was for justice to take root.

The struggle between the Church and pagans is well revealed, too. Merlin is a tragic character with admirable ambitions but with his fair share of human flaws. Arthur muddles his way to greatness. The women hold their own, and even evil plays its rightful part in the cosmos.

The gay menfolk are groveling nerds, hiding under the women's petticoats. The Knights of Arthur are truly honorable and noble, by contrast. Unlike the HBO series (*Homo Box Office*), there wasn't just nudity in the opening episode, then enticing excuses thereafter to peddle their homosexual agenda into your living room — in *Camelot* there was bare-breasted FEMALE fun throughout.

It's great to see women using their fair attributes in all sorts of circumstances. I want more!

Still, I take issue with this new trend in cinema to show men's bare buttocks. As Friedrich Nietzsche famously said, the posterior is the ugliest aspect of human anatomy.

Gays in Hollywood have their work cut out for them, to make all people drool and reach for the Vaseline whenever we see a man's bare butt.

Then you consider that 2/3's of all men are either obese or fat.

The Minion

A lady archaeologist finds the key to an ancient tomb where the Antichrist has been imprisoned by the Knights Templar since the days of Christ.

It's 1999 now, and time for the Antichrist's minion to raise some hell to get his master the Devil set free.

In retrospect, I think the Antichrist did, in fact, escape in 2000. I'm thinking about the gay beast, which has made astronomical inroads in the last 11 years — especially since the Antichrist himself was elected, Barack Hussein Obama.

The American Indian archaeologist, played by Canadian actress Francoise Robertson, steals the show. She brings cleverness, frailty, insight, drive, and inspiration to every scene she's in. Her repertoire of vocal and facial expressions is without equal.

Naturally, Hollywood never let her have another role in any film. She is too complete a woman, not busty enough, and

— the worse of all sins — willing and able to outshine any male lead. It didn't help that her first lead role was in a story reinforcing Christian traditions, a career killer if there ever was one in Tinseltown.

Dolph Lundgren looks like a stone statue next to this classy dame. He's dumb, thick, dull, stupid, and unresponsive. (And this S.O.B. has a masters degree in chemical engineering.) He's no action star but a clump of gooeey clay with muscles, a Neanderthal with a fat bank account.

This film hits the viewer just where Lundgren's spiked club hits all his victims, at the base of the skull, in so doing releasing the slithering reptile in all of us. It's all that much more miraculous that Ms. Robertson is able to shine as bright as she does, in such a dark, oppressing cave.

I think I'll unplug my electronic rock tonight and just beat my head against the wall.

It'll be a lot more entertaining than Dolph Lundgren in this flick.

The Girl With The Dragon Tattoo

I saw the original Swedish version of this film first. Most of the action takes place in Sweden, so it was natural to hear the dialogue in Swedish and not hard to follow the subtitles. It's a convoluted plot with many different characters (and just as many clammy, sly suspects for the murder in question).

The acting was fluid, and the mysteries unfolded nicely, even with the language barrier.

I especially enjoyed the female lead. She's a really hard-boiled dame with a rough past and an even more difficult time in this film. It didn't even bother me that she was lesbian because her tragic plight in life excuses any such untoward behavior.

Eventually, she gets into bed with the male lead, an older man who makes no demands upon her and never judges.

Although the ending is open, you're left with the impression that the girl with the dragon tattoo has come to grips with her sexuality and is more comfortable with being heterosexual.

Not long after I rented this film, I found out there was another version of this same film, in English, starring Daniel Craig (alias 007). I was thrilled!

I was disappointed. The girl in Hollywood's incarnation was a bitter, caustic lesbian with no soft edges and a deep, impenetrable darkness.

It's as if the Hollywood remake was determined to obliterate any incarnation of the Swedish film and its sublime message that some lesbians just never had a chance with their sexuality and, given half a chance, will ease into their heterosexual skin and find a new lease on life.

I've always been offended by the overt and covert ways that Hollywood forces homosexuality on helpless viewers, watching their productions in dark rooms with nothing to grab onto.

Not just in Hollywood's character selection on the silver screen, or in archetypal male/female leads "coming out" and making you realize they're faking every kiss and nuance with the opposite sex (Rock Hudson, Johnny Depp's effeminate pirate). Or even in the feminizing of men in advertising.

After all, the Rogaine crowd is a huge marketing target across the board, not to mention homosexuals themselves, with their enormous disposable income. I get it. My problem is that you know when ladies' products are being advertised and you can turn down your awareness. They always try to trick you with the gay twists.

Be that as it may, the Daniel Craig film was jarring in its harsh depiction of the lesbian lead and ruthlessly insistent that you accept her as she is and perish any thought you might have that there's any hope for her sexual salvation.

I somehow expected better of 007 who, in his own chivalrous way, has far more respect for women than this film.

The Prince of Persia: The Sands of Time

All that hard work building a romantic relationship, and the screenwriter throws it all away at the end.

With all the tools the four writers had (in a fantasy film, no less) they could at least let the protagonists' relationship resonate after the closing credits.

Alas, even Disney is caught up in the gay Hollywood paradigm that true romantic love is indeed a fantasy. It's better to have true self-love and engage in a gay relationship with a mirror image of your own self.

Every young girl has the same problem, trying to form a meaningful relationship with a handsome young man who is less mature than she.

What's a girl to do but commit some grievous offense (sex? pregnancy? drugs? drop out of school? murder?) so that the object of her affections is forced to run away with her.

Young adults have always had this problem, immature men vs. mature women. The young lady has to choose between dirty old men who have already taken many wives (the Islamic ideal, then as now) and a young man still playing boy's games and not yet beyond the stage of enjoying them — too much, for a healthy lad.

Alas, all the young lady wants is the magic dagger in the bulge of his pants. And they're off to the race.

Disney's young male viewers are filled with narcissistic elation, to see the orphan prince sail across fortress walls, evade thousands of sharp arrows, open the virgin gates of the city, and save the invading troops from imminent slaughter. You don't need to be a high school sports star any more to suffer the rest of your life from "hero's complex." Anymore, all you need to do is to watch a Disney film.

Islam will never lose that magical allure it holds for all men. You can trade in your old hag of a wife for a late model mistress with fire under

the hood any old time. Alas, what could have been a truly memorable ending becomes more of the same.

Just another superficial union forced upon the princess by an invading army of barbarians. Granted, all men dream of such a marriage — beautiful lady, no way out for her.

The moral of the story could have been that love comes from hardship, adventure, and ultimately from trust that is earned not given away like a million-dollar dowry to an already wealthy princess. Love is a treasure worth working for, not a trinket with a price tag.

In the end, the male consort has a deep and abiding love for a bubble-headed princess. How backward can you possibly get? Sure, every narcissistic lad truly believes what he feels is true love (every girl knows full well it's just penny ante poker for her million-dollar pot), but why feed into his already overblown narcissism???

The Arab trader caresses the much-loved ostrich (wearing a red hat no less, like a circumscribed penis foreskin, red in the heat of arousal). the Arab trader caresses the ostrich's neck, kisses it, adores it, fondles it lovingly. The one true love in his barren, self-centered life.

Isn't a bald bad guy cliché yet, or does Rogaine still fund all

Disney films, sowing the seed for a new generation addicted to the stuff for evermore, for sixty years of guaranteed revenues (and countless effeminate male movie roles that cater to the feminized Rogaine crowd).

In the end, the director could have at least provided an alternate ending on the DVD. Call it the "Stupid Old

Fashioned Ending For Hopeless Romantics," if you like.

Personally, I would have made the princess immune from the misfortunes of time (as guardian of the sands of time herself) and let her recall the whole epic adventure. Let her truly embrace the prince at the end, out of true and deep love.

That's how I will always remember the ending anyway.

It's how Walt Disney would have done it.

The Gift

This is the story of a quiet southern town on the bayou overwhelmed by a half dozen world-class actors, each intent on grabbing the spotlight.

All intent on destroying the Old South.

Cate Blanchett is a local psychic who gives readings to everybody in town. She gives us an inside look into “The Secret Life of Every Small Town in the Old South.”

As a resident of one such small town myself, the first thing I noticed was the absence of any black folks. There are no pockets of black poverty in this small town, no junk cars in the front yards, rusting old appliances in the backyards, no unsupervised black children everywhere in between.

The film producers must have worked mighty damn hard to get so many clear shots with no black residents and their quintessential cracker box homes fifty years behind in their regular maintenance.

Everybody in town is white, apparently. Everybody in school is white, too. It must be a private Christian school because the public schools in small Southern towns are almost 100% black.

The only blacks in the whole film are a couple of black kids in the courtroom (not too far from the Confederate flag hanging by the judge’s bench) dressed nicely and behaving themselves.

It’s hard to explain how so many A-list actors could sign onto this modest story. My guess is they were anxious to denigrate the South. Hollywood HATES the South. The actors all portray prototypical Hollywood redneck stereotypes. This is quite a stretch for such esteemed celebrities who usually take only heroic roles. In this film, none of them has any redeeming qualities at all.

Giovanni Ribisi is a psycho who goes over the edge time and again with random acts of violence.

Keanu Reeves is the town drunk, an abusive husband and wife beater with a blind hatred of “witches, niggers, and Jews.”

Katie Holmes is the town whore (the only lady in town who “knows how to fuck,” several people testify), slut, and general harridan.

Hilary Swank is Reeve’s battered wife who still desperately loves him despite a body full of cuts, bruises, and a black eye; still, she’s lost without him.

Even Cate Blanchett the psychic withholds vital information from the law to accomplish her mischievous ends.

Yes, everybody who sees this film will sure as hell stay on the Interstate next time they drive through the Deep South on summer vacation, and lock the SUV doors if’n they ever have to venture into Smallville.

Then, when they see how gutted the small towns are with ramshackle black homes, dirt poor black stragglers hanging out at the dime store, and poor little black kids playing barefoot in the streets, they’ll know who to blame — the deranged redneck White Supremacist Aristocracy with their Confederate flags in the courthouse. I never did figure out what “The Gift” was.

Maybe that’s the point.

The Tourist

The studio blew their whole budget for the film on hiring Jolie and Depp for the lead roles. They couldn't even afford to give Depp real cigarettes to smoke, just lame electronic ones with all the nicotine needed to calm the nerves but only steam for the smoke.

They were both in cocaine withdrawal.

That was the only steam in the whole production. There sure wasn't any between Jolie and Depp.

There's no gritty edge to either character's performance. Neither is given a driving force in the screenplay: an essential character flaw, need, or vital goal. There's nothing at stake other than a romantic love that neither one is really very interested in pursuing.

This is Venice, for God's sake, the very center of the romantic universe.

This must be how gays view male-female romance: Vapid, empty, pointless.

Gay romance is fun and exciting. They're defying a boatload of moral, spiritual, and natural laws of nature. Heterosexual romance (between a babe who never shows any flesh below her neckline and a guy with shoulder length hair who runs like a girl) is as exciting as puttering down muddy canals in Venice over and over and over again.

The plot is clever enough, with lots of twists and turns, but no real emotional crisis. She's too cool, confident, and beautiful to fall for a klutz like him. He's too trusting and WAY too unappreciative of his chance to court the most beautiful woman in the Universe.

At first I figured the screenwriter never imagined his script could land the top two actors on the A-list. Then the cops were too stupid, the billionaire was too one dimensional, and my rationale fell apart.

Instead of the lame electronic cigarette, I'd have Depp coming out of sexual rehab therapy. Confront him with the kind of beauty that drove

angels to copulate with humans, and you have a problem worthy of Depp's consummate skill.

This may all seem like an exciting, complex thriller — if you're high on cocaine, maybe.

The screenwriter should have spent more time on the man the cops thought was the object of Angelina Jolie's

desire. Give him a couple of habits that make Jolie believe he's her old lover, and drive her over the edge with burning curiosity — burning need, lust, and insatiable desire. Sexual intensity that Depp just happens to be there to soak up, thank you very much.

Two gorgeous actors on the set and they're both scarecrows of what they could have been.

They should have spent less money on boats and "action" shots on the water, and more on wardrobes. Depp looked like a chubby busboy in the ball. Angelina had an innocuous smile on her face all the time like nobody was fooling her — if she wasn't fooled, then how the hell can the audience be fooled?

In one word, androgynous. Mr. and Mrs. Smith without any of the hormones. The men were feminized and the women idealized. Depp didn't even have a Wisconsin accent. A roguish Wisconsin attitude would have done wonders for his persona.

Jolie, contrary to the dialogue, was actually quite grounded: she drives boats, picks up strange men on the train, eludes cops, and sneaks around in the dead of night.

It's the film that wasn't grounded.

Too bad, it could have been a real hoot if they'd just ratcheted up the emotional backstory and challenged Depp and Jolie more to cope with a wild and crazy romance gone amok.

Conspiracy Theory

This film is an appropriate end to the “X Files” era of government conspiracy thinking.

Fight the Future!

Mel Gibson is a loopy, schizoid, paranoid cabbie afraid of everything and everybody. Julia Roberts is a cardboard lawyer with a one-dimensional view of life like we are all supposed to have.

Fifteen years ago, this was almost a comedy.

These days it’s a prophetic view of horrors to come. We all know now, that conspiracy is how corporations make profits, how governments practice bribery, and how brave citizens who dare to buck the status quo are strapped into a straitjacket and locked away for life.

Most people are so ignorant of the news that anybody who can string two sentences together about current events is suspected of being a conspiracy theorist.

The NASA space shuttle program is going to be canceled? The International Space Station will be blown up in eight years and made to crash into the Pacific Ocean? The

U.S. will have to pay Russia to get heavy payloads and astronauts into orbit?

This film shows people exactly what the government wants us to think of conspiracy theorists — paranoid, bizarre peeping toms with latent psychological and sexual issues bordering on the psychotic.

Mel Gibson plays the perfect eccentric with bouts of lucidity amid stretches of angst laced with psychosis. Julia Roberts is the perfect foil (the person to whom we are supposed to relate to) in her skepticism of Gibson’s vile behavior and revolting ideas.

Just think about all that has happened since this film was made in 1997 — the dot-com bust, the 2001 recession the terror attacks on New York City, the \$4 trillion war in Iraq, the \$2 trillion war in Afghanistan, an increase in our national debt from \$5 trillion to \$15 trillion, the Great Recession of 2008, the subprime mortgage crisis, the financial meltdown, ten million home foreclosures, the \$ trillion Wall Street bailout, to name just a few.

Any film posing any ONE of these horrific scenarios in the late 1990’s

would have been perceived as millennium madness, much less a film anticipating them ALL.

Conspiracy theorists get no respect.

Older Than America

This is the true story of the Yankee holocaust of the Native American population. Not how soldiers slaughtered them back in the Indian Wars. Not how we herded them onto remote and barren reservations, then left them to rot.

This is the story of what we did to finish the job. It's what we did to "civilize" the Native American population. In the name of God no less.

This is a deep, rich movie with superlative acting and delicate use of subtext. The tragic story is told with the kind of compassion that only Native Americans could conjure.

Truly, it is they who are civilized, not us.

The final phase of this American holocaust was carried out by the "men in black who worship the God of death," as the Indians used to call Catholic missionaries and their savior Jesus.

Indian children on every reservation in the land were forced to attend Catholic boarding schools where they were forbidden all of their traditional ways – their native language, their culture, their music, dance, literature, handcrafts – their life.

These children were brutalized in every way, physically, emotionally, sexually. Those who managed to survive, to this very day, suffer a suicide rate six times greater than any other group.

This is a shameful story that every American should know about.
Lost Treasure

This movie has the most realistic feel of any movie I've seen in quite some time:

A bunch of folks struggling to overcome thoughts of greed when a fabulous treasure map comes into their hands.

How would YOU behave?

There are no death-defying heroics, just regular folks stranded on a remote island pulling together — not just to get the treasure, but to survive — and not to survive each for himself, but to survive all for one and one for all.

How this made it past the narco-narcissistic censors in

Hollywood is beyond me, but I'm glad it did.

This film has it all. Older dudes with pattern baldness in title roles. Cell phone reception on a remote island that actually cuts out when a lightning storm hits. Clothes that dry out quickly after a drenching in a hurricane without everybody stripping down to their birthday suits.

Bad guys motivated solely by money is a little hard to swallow, though. Hey, this is Panama, ground zero for the drug trade. Nor is the fate of the world at stake.

How can anybody get excited about a chest full of gold glam? We see that much bullion on our fav starlets all the time.

No slick actors here, just real live people who speak like your next door neighbors. A bickering married couple with genuine issues and quaint Afro-American attitude. A pretty girl without excess arrogance.

Nicolette Sheridan and Stephen Baldwin are two nice people happy to be together, working on a relationship like guys and girls do when they're stranded, alone, afraid, and attracted to one another.

The odd man out, Stephen's brother, isn't a gay pervert know-it-all who interjects himself in the middle of any sign of blossoming love but, well — a loyal brother, who steps respectfully away to take a back seat to his big brother.

B movies like this have all the reality so lacking in the highly- polished A-listers. There is time for dramatic landscapes, bald spots, weather, lightning, and storm clouds.

This film even has a real, live aircraft carrier, with an actual bridge and a bona fide Combat Information Center — real Marine choppers taking off the carrier deck. Oorrah. Semper Fi, dude.

If this movie (released in 2003) was made now, the FX would take up ten times more screen time, the bad guys would all be shiny bald, one of the good guys would be gay (the smart, clever one — maybe even a switch hitter who hits on the pretty lady in one scene and her handsome beau in the next), the dame would be hard and bitter instead of warm, cozy, and likable; the black couple would rant about racial issues endlessly like uppity Obama clones, the Marine rescue mission would actually arrive to save the day, the romance would end with a shaking of hands instead of a wet, lingering French kiss; the pirate gold would be worth a

gazillion dollars instead of — well, what it was — vastly overshadowing any other possible treasures earned, by all of the parties involved.

In short, it would be a narcissistic extravaganza of bare bodies, raw emotions, and constant sexual subtext — instead of a couple of real breasts in a wet t-shirt looking for true love instead of silicone lust.

You put one gay in any cast and you drive all the other cast members to extremes of characterization that are not even as realistic as all those “pro wrestling” scripted reality TV shows. Society at large is the same way.

As the gay rights warriors gain influence, every other segment of society trends to the extreme until you have what we see now — radical fundamentalists of every stripe at each other’s throats.

It’s a pity gays aren’t still in the closet where they belong, quietly living their quiet lives like all the rest of us do, carrying their cross (we all have our crosses) instead of burning their Calvary in defiance of all things civilized.

The Visigoth hordes who overwhelmed the Pax Romana would be proud of the radical extremist gays, but nobody else — not now, not then, not at any time in the future.

Society is made to work best as a slow, casual, easy going B movie.

Pandorum

If you're like 95% of Americans, you've been pretty much totally ignorant of politics in Washington DC all your life, contentedly adrift in deep space.

Until a rude awakening in the last year or two when the top blew off with the Great Recession.

This film is for all you Baby Boomers who suffered the worst of the economic downturn's consequences. You're age 50 or 60, spent your whole life raising 2.5 kids, putting them through college, and looking after your folks until they Went to Jesus.

You've been devoted to your family, your church, your community, and your profession (however humble it may be, you are still justifiably proud of your accomplishments), trusting that all is well in Washington.

Suddenly things start falling apart. You pop out of your cocoon on Spaceship Earth and realize everything has gone to the dogs. After the initial psychotic break, you struggle blindly to keep your life together.

Even though you owe more on your house than it's worth and your neighborhood is like a Swiss cheese, there are so many vacant, foreclosed houses. Your reaction is to just work harder to provide for your family and all the other good people in your lifeless fortunate than you.

Meanwhile, for the last 40 years, while you were nurturing the American Dream and building a sturdy middle-class life for you and yours, a whole new species of Americans was evolving. Their net worth has outpaced yours and is now 60% greater than yours, and their household income is 40% greater. They don't spend the \$250,000 it takes to raise each of your

2.5 children. They don't pay another \$100,000 it takes to get each of your kids through college. They started out the same as you, but over 40 years they have now vaulted into upper middle class and beyond. They're rich.

This new species are the top 1% by wealth of Americans. They are the rich and super-rich who control the Republican party, forcing the GOP into a suicidal stand to hold the line on raising taxes on the rich. They don't spend all their free time raising a family and a new generation of good, decent Americans.

They spend all their time currying influence in Washington.

They control the Republican Party, lock stock and barrel. They also control the Democratic Party, but more openly, more aggressively. They are the gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgender community.

They say they are shunned and hated by society, but it is they who are the haters. They are uniformly wealthy, and they use that wealth for only their own personal aggrandizement.

Their goal is to control our churches, our schools — they already control our government and our media (via “political correctness”).

They are an abomination, living the bowels of morality having random sex with as many of their kind as they damn well please. They have more partners each month than normal folks have in a lifetime. That's their lifestyle. That's their civil right. They are a plight upon the planet itself.

And yes, this pandorum procreates. They do it via sperm donor banks. Instead of being a father to their children, they slough off that moral responsibility so they can continue to grovel in their self-centered lifestyle.

They even shove off the cost of long-term AIDS treatment onto your strong back (to the tune of \$600,000 lifetime costs on average), costs that have bankrupted our retirement viz Social Security.

Then they have the unmitigated gall, once their condition is stabilized on AIDS meds, to pick right up on their free- wheeling, free-sex, gay bathhouse, gay vacation extravaganza lifestyle spreading the joy, the wealth, and the disease.

Pandorum, indeed.

The Fountain

We all accept as a matter of historical fact that the Spanish conquistadors conquered the savage Mayans, Incas, and Aztecs not by force of arms but by plague and pestilence — smallpox and measles wiped the natives out by devastating the population which had no immunity whatsoever.

Can we all be so hateful of the fundamentalist conservatives who believe homosexuality is a plague eating away at our moral integrity on so many levels? We have no natural resistance to homosexuality, for the simple reason that it is not at all natural.

All of nature's instincts are to procreate the species and for the genetic survival and improvement of the species. Thus, nature says loud and clear that gays not only have no instinct to procreate but that their chromosomes have no place in the genetic heritage of humanity.

Only the Tree of Life has the real answer. The semen bank is the gay's church, their Holy of Holies. Through artificial insemination, they secretly deceive the whole world. Alas, they even proclaim to the universe, "I Was Born This Way" referring to the infamous gay gene.

Believing this, like the man with AIDS who knowingly, purposefully has unprotected sex with as many people as possible (man, woman, child, it does not matter) — gays are purposefully devastating humanity, to glorify themselves.

Why would any woman birth such a child, knowing he or she will be gay and will not pass on her genetic heritage?

The gay's agony is their conscious marriage to death itself. They accept death in themselves, death in their culture via moral nihilism, death of their race(s) via genetic nullification, and death of death itself by denying all of this with their lives of endless gratification.

Why is it so hard for gays to accept their own physical death?

Their spiritual death has long since been guaranteed.

The AIDS miracle drugs may save them from the disease of the body,
but not from spiritual death.

The Traveler

I'm an Old Testament person myself. The New Testament Christians are just too unassertive and docile for my liking.

I like the idea of a vengeful Lord who smites evil and obliterates enemies at will.

There are too damn many evils in the world these days and not nearly enough vengeance.

Confusion is the theme in this frightful story. The ogres of political correctness set this one into motion right after the close of the Dark Ages. They put a hefty price on the forgiveness of your sins. (These were the primitive days when they had debtor's prison instead of a simple bankruptcy filing.)

Then the poor got ticked off because they couldn't possibly afford the going price for all their sins. The Protestant Reformation happened, and viola — penance for all sins was suddenly free for the asking.

Thank God we still have a criminal justice system that exacts a price for criminal types of sins. You've got to wonder, though. If the penance for confessing your sins is less than the agony of losing weight for participating in the sin of gluttony — how might that affect our propensity for real crimes?

If we are taught from our earliest days that stealing candy from a broken vending machine, or office supplies from work, cheating on our tax returns, or using fake mileage on our expense accounts, even stealing from investors by hoodwinking them with false expectations — if all these things can be forgiven with a friendly chat with a priest, a silent prayer to Jesus, a dollar in the silver plate on Sunday at church — how, then, are we to resist the larger temptations?

I was tempted to call this film an allegory disparaging the injustice of detaining Muslim extremists in Guantanamo Bay. But, no — that's

too superficial. They have justice enough (three square meals a day, a Caribbean climate, classes in Islam, cable TV).

A vengeful Lord would put them in detention in Alaska where they can suffer in the freezing cold.

Instead, I decided the moral of the story was the need to build up our resistance to sin by exacting a price for all that we confess. How else will we develop any moral resolve? People cannot even use the rhythm method of birth control anymore.

They have zero resistance to lust and must have sex whenever they want it, and I mean pronto.

Thus world population will grow by 3 billion in the next twenty years — 3 billion more human beings to live in abject poverty, in addition to the 4 billion in that state right now.

A Dangerous Method

The fate of every great thinker is doomed. Be you ware! If you're rich and famous and a genius to boot, once you're long gone, your life will be utterly rewritten by Hollywood.

Your works will be sliced and diced and distributed among the needy.

We're a Little League society now where nobody is ever called out, and everybody wins. Except for the truly talented among us.

This film is a double-header. It slanders the two great brains of modern psychology, Freud and Jung. The writers do so separately, carefully, gently – then boom! – they imply some lurid façade of homosexuality between the two. Voila – the muck is neck deep, and you gag from the stench.

If you're famous now and if you have any friends at all, future generations will watch, fascinated, in Hollywood biopics about how you secretly were a pervert. If you have any lady friends, they will become mistresses. If you're happily married, it will only be because you need to hide some deep, dark psychological flaw.

It was easy to make Julius Caesar, liberator and champion of France, into a bloody megalomaniac. It took a little more finesse to fashion Cleopatra into a murderess. It positively takes skill to excoriate Freud and Jung. Using their own science to hang them!

Carl Jung's tragic flaw was a weakness for beautiful, intelligent women. Yes, that's a horrific FLAW – for women, too; to be attracted to a soaring male intellect. Horror of horrors, for a lonely male intellect to seek the companionship of a brilliant, witty fellow scholar.

The only permitted companions in Hollywood dramas are drugs, members of the same sex, alcohol and violence.

Hollywood has always harbored a simmering animosity toward the greats of modern psychology – Nietzsche, Freud, and Jung. Nietzsche has long since been dispatched as the champion of Nazi ideology and thus the progenitor of Nazi Germany itself. The very idea of a superhuman!

That's obscene. Humanity will never improve. Man is destined to return to the cesspool, and Hollywood's self-appointed mission is to get us there ASAP.

Jung and Freud advanced the notion that perverted sexuality is the

cause of all neurosis. Heterosexuality is the only hostile sexuality, by definition. Naturally, this

Hollywood production had to put Jung's own sexual misadventures front and center. Who can possibly believe a pervert who deeply loves with two women?

Freud is an aloof, aristocratic mentor who constantly sucks on a giant stogie all the time. Clearly, we see in the subtext; this man is sucking on something else in his imagination.

Together, Freud and Jung are the quintessential couple – anal retentive and anal expressive. It's how this film got three A-list stars for a one-star production. It's why the film gets heavy playtime on all the cable movie channels. Down with science. Science is for bloody psychotics!

What horrifies Hollywood and the hordes of gays who live there (Hollywood hills has the two top gay zip codes in the U.S.) is that Freud was right. Anal fixation is the second stage of psychological development that most people grow out of before they begin to talk.

Infants who are coddled and who spend their whole formative years parked in front of the TV-as-babysitter, raised by Pee Wee Herman and addicted to Mickey D's fat diet between luscious buns – they keep that anal fixation for the rest of their lives, obsessed by anal sex and watching – Doh! – gay porno flicks.

Hollywood should stick to that they know.

11.11.11

This is a film about an all-American family moves to a new town. A block away from their new house they run over a streaking yellow animal in the road.

Ouch.

A few minutes later, as they're unpacking the Volvo station wagon, an elderly neighbor spinster shuffles up to the front porch asking if they've seen her yellow tabby cat. It goes downhill from there, fast and steady.

Time and again, you wonder why the father doesn't suspect something is amiss, as first his wife then his 10-year-old boy get sick and act bizarrely. And yet, he's overwhelmed with a new teaching job at the local college. He keeps telling his family that we have all our bad luck out of the way now; everything will surely get better.

It doesn't. Neighbors die so frequently the coroner's van spends more time in their neighborhood than the big yellow school bus. That doesn't include the odd cyclist and babysitter who are mauled and tossed in the bushes to rot.

Then there's this strange group of people who huddle in a smoke-filled SUV a block away, conspiring.

The poor father does his level best to care for his family and to keep his wits about him. Things just keep getting worse and worse, though.

He's an honest, upright hardworking fellow who strives to think the best of people and to look on the bright side of things. Life is about to blindside him, and how.

It's kind of a dysfunctional plot but oddly compelling. Consciously I was ashamed to be spending my time watching this flick. Unconsciously I couldn't stop myself.

The whole life-falling-apart-at-the-seams motif was inescapable. The

clueless father who adores his family and dotes on his son, while failing to put two and two together as his world falls apart.

Hey, he's in a new town with new neighbors in a new house – he's too busy adjusting and fixing and exterminating the rats and hornets to see the big picture.

A whole generation of Baby Boomers was blindsided in just this same way. While we were working our buns off paying down the mortgage and raising 2.3 kids at \$250,000 a head; negotiating all the new technology that evolved over the last 25 years — sure, in the back of our brains we registered at some level the first Iraq War, disco music, DVD players, the Internet and email — Bill Clinton getting his cock sucked in the White House, Waco burning, the second Iraq War — even 9/11 wasn't that much of a shock; not with 2 kids in college and the dot.com meltdown and Al Gore's cardboard persona punching holes in ballots in South Florida.

Then we hit the wall.

Home values cratered 50%. The financial meltdown on Wall Street precipitated a 50% drop in stocks. Our retirement nest egg vaporized overnight.

The kids graduated from college and couldn't get a job. They moved back home. Suddenly we realized that stocks would now have to increase in value by 100% just to break even!

No way, Jose!

Through it all, we kept a level head, halfway confident that everything would be okay. All the same, we started paying more attention to the news.

The earthquake on Wall Street had constant aftershocks in the following months. We opened our eyes to suddenly realize the nation that we'd spent our whole lives working to build wasn't that nation anymore.

It's been taken over by blacks and minorities and their extreme liberal agenda!

The most liberal politician in the history of the republic is president!

Horror of horrors, he's actually been reelected – this just can't be happening.

The Mission

This is the true story of two Jesuit priests who built a mission in the middle of the Amazon in the 1700s, using modern technology (of the day) to create a community of unprecedented prosperity – building musical instruments and harvesting crops for export, and otherwise being self-sufficient.

(The movie is in Technicolor, actually; the emotions are not.)

Their commerce is so successful that the colonial powers back in Europe, coerced by the prosperous owners of nearby slave plantations, convince the Papal authorities to get rid of the Jesuit mission to nix the competition.

We're supposed to think, my how evil the west is. How ruthless we are. How utterly materialistic. These two brave Jesuits fashioned a wonderful community out of stone age Neanderthals with no wages and everybody working in harmony for the common good – utopia!

Then the evil capitalists destroyed it out of sheer greed.

Egad, the Vatican sanctioned all of this!

This anti-capitalist theme is actually so stated in the dialog, many times and in many different ways. When the mission goes up in flames, our belief in the capitalist system goes with it. Hey, it's a true story.

You can't argue with the truth.

Robert deNiro doesn't lie!

The reality is far more sublime. These primitive peoples had a society far different than ours. They were cohesive, to such an extreme degree that they were literally one great big family. (Perhaps genetically, too, for such a small group living in an isolated mountain gorge for centuries.)

We cannot judge them in the same way as if they were a fractured, divided society like is the status quo in the modern day.

The failing of a modern commune these days is that if each individual doesn't get a share of the profits/produce/goods – if each person is fed and clothed no matter how little or much they produce – they stop working hard.

It's human nature, proven a hundred times over. Why bother to work more than you need to? I don't know any of these other people. They aren't working their butts off for me. Why should I do so for them?

However, if all the other people in the community are family, if the social structure is highly cohesive, everybody keeps working hard. You don't mind helping a lame uncle or a pregnant niece. They're family. They'll work hard when I'm in a bad place. That's how this "primitive" amazon community was.

No doubt, a few years or a generation later, the idealistic commune would have failed. Some would prosper more than others and individuality and autonomy would take root.

A Marxist commune only works if everybody works equally hard all the time, happily and with no coercion. It works only if everybody has the same output, within reason. If that doesn't happen, then somebody has to enforce rules or standardize output or provide some kind of incentive to keep the operation going.

These controlling influences are managed by the elite. Inevitably, you end up with a ruling class and de facto slavery for everybody else.

Marxism applies a totalitarian discipline from outside.

Capitalism uses a gentle system of rewards to motivate people. Even then, some people don't cooperate and, after remedial measures fail, they're punished.

In the extreme, they may even go to jail (for behavior so antisocial it's criminal). The goal is a better, self-disciplined human being not an army of slaves. Even those who screw up get a second chance eventually.

Marxism may look good in theory, but, in practice, it represents a strict caste system and slavery for everybody but the elite.

Stargate Continuum

This is the last chapter of one of the great military sci-fi stories before Don't Ask Don't Tell is repealed.

Look for the science to become soap, the characters to become feminized, and the action to become vapid.

Nor will you be able to travel back in time because that will put you back in the day before cowardice was a mental disorder deserving empathy, treatment, and benefits.

Nobody in their right mind would willingly go to war these days. Why, that's the very definition of insanity.

Still, you have to wonder why anybody – good or evil – would actually want to have absolute power. Over Earth? The way it is now? Ever wonder why a lifelong bachelor marries a woman two weeks after she starts menopause?

Go ahead, marry a demon sworn to destroy your life, stab you in the back, and abscond with everything you ever cherished.

The whole motivation behind saving the world from the evil empire just doesn't have the bite it used to have. I don't want to save Iran or Libya, or even Washington DC. Doesn't scare me a bit to see bombs falling on the White House or Congress – have at it, boys.

Most people would give you their life's savings to have their soul surgically excised. What's so scary about that?

That's punishment? To no longer have to worry about pain and death and destruction and hunger and crime and poverty around the world? Who needs a soul anyway – it only gets in the way of happiness. The Garden

Nobody in their right mind should rent a room from Lance Henriksen. I don't care how desperate you are or how badly injured your son is.

That's just not something you should do.

The 13-year-old son is somewhat unrealistic. Kids that age have no concept of good and evil, I don't care how Apocalyptic their hallucinations are. They don't have the Grace of Jesus, the patience of Job, and absolute devotion to Mom and Pop. I see no evidence of hormones in this kid, either — none.

Satan can be a problem, sure; especially when the Tree of Life from the Garden of Eden is in his front yard. The dangling pear looks too much like male genitals, and it's a constant reminder of "tea bagging."

We're warned that if an adult male takes the fruit of life "the moral reversal of mankind" will happen. The moral reversal of the kid, maybe; the moral reversal of society is already well underway, with the gay epidemic and all the havoc it's done to family values.

I suppose this Jesus-like child is how gays see themselves: Morally superior, sexually pristine, above the fray of life, masters of all they survey. This kid doesn't even suffer withdrawal from cell phones, texting, friends back in the city, TV, or pop music.

He invites a bully over to play, the day after the guy beat the crap out of him and locked him in the trunk of an abandoned vehicle. He's more interested in horses than a cute little girl in school who adores him. The kid's gay alright.

The homosexual child may be master of all in his domain — everything except what matters most of all, getting the girl. This little girl has moxy, too. She's well versed on the Apocalypse.

She'd rather swing and gaze at her asexual boyfriend than romp around on his new pony. She rescues him from the fat bully. Of course, girls, fathers, teachers — everyone is enamored with the little gay boy.

That's pretty damn scary alright. Even the Four Horsemen can't scare this kid, as he gallivants around like Jesus on the Fifth (white) Horse. Hell, this miracle child even knows how to play chess. Maybe that's his problem.

Sorry, folks, but I'm rooting for Satan in this one. Any old boy who catches his own fish and scales them in the kitchen may be horrifying to city folks, but not to a country boy like me.

There may be no chickens, dogs, cats, or other farm animals on the place — but, hey, a twenty-foot python has nutritional needs too, you know.

MicMacs

Welcome to a carefree, hardworking, lovable France overflowing with charisma, love of life, and idealism.

Where people look after the homeless, where the homeless look after themselves, and where even the homeless can influence the national government in a big way.

This is a clever story well crafted, perfectly executed. The cast of misfits epitomizes the character of France, their culture, and their artistry. Not the modern France but the France I visited and loved as a boy, 30 years ago.

This is France before it became a welfare state like the rest of Europe (and, increasingly, the U.S.) before black emigrants vegetated on welfare and before the Arab “baby tourism” boom where jumbo jets flew in from Turkey or Egypt or Libya, full of pregnant women.

They would give birth to their children (at government expense), obtain verification of citizenship (authorization for eligibility for cradle to grave benefits), then fly back home to raise their kids as terrorists — if not in name, then certainly in attitude.

This is France before a cartoon lambasting Mohammed could cause riots nationwide. Riots that shut down the French government and most of the nation. This is back when the French Foreign Legion was an honorable fighting force, not a patsy of NATO.

This is before there was such a vocal, violent, and influential Arab minority in France that they could force the nation to go to war in Tripoli. This is a France run by Frenchmen, not by foreigners determined to obliterate all that is good and noble in that fine country.

Knife Edge

This is a superb drama with exquisite acting by a cast of unknowns.

Tell me again, why we pay A-list actors and actresses to paint the same lame expression on their faces and to keep it there for two whole hours of emotional roller coaster ups and downs

My Grandpa Howard with Alzheimer's can do that trick, too.

The protagonist made her fortune on Wall Street with an uncanny ability to anticipate market fluctuations. The film portrays this skill as fiscal clairvoyance. It's more likely a physical computer model, billions of lines of code simulating the entirety of the market, politics, and the condition human.

The best mathematical minds in the world devote themselves to elaborating these algorithms. (Who said Ph.D. scientists aren't greedy?) Add RSS feeds from all the major media outlets, a healthy portfolio of options, futures, dividends, and derivatives.

Viola! My little nephew could be a billionaire with a tool like that before he can spell "Waal Stret" with his big wooden blocks.

Add 50:1 leverage, and who needs to spell anyway? This little squirt is a real genius.

The gal's husband is filthy rich as well. He's into fashion marketing. You know, the science of making people unhappy with their entire wardrobe before the shirts are soft and comfy, the shoes are worn in, your feet are blister free, and your bank account is back in the black. Sorry, even in my heart of hearts, I couldn't muster any sympathy for this character when his business goes belly up.

These days, the fashion whores are even going after men's clothing, men's scents, even lipstick and rouge for men.

Politicians and the gay community may fall for all that crapola (I hope they go bankrupt keeping up with the latest fashions so they can

always be the narcissistic center of everyone's attention, like a pee-cock at a rooster convention), but give me soft, old, wrinkled, faded, torn, worn, shabby, threadbare, and downright sleazy clothes any old day.

This is one of the few films I have seen in quite some time where there is an extended family involved. Siblings who are actually empathetic, concerned, and even helpful. Somehow that made it by the anti-family censor drones at the Liberal Institute of Film Screeners in Hollywood Inc.

Must be the bloody awful weather in London this time of year, got their hackles raised.

Shadow of the Vampire

This is one of the best films I have ever seen. Maybe it's the bald vampire Nosferatu, and how he's rejected by society at large and totally isolated.

Maybe it's the superb performances, the dark

Bavarian scenery, or the subliminal humor.

Or it could just be the beautiful nude dame struggling to escape the spine-tingling grasp of a horny bald man.

The setting is during the silent film era. It's fascinating to see how they made films back then, their equipment, their techniques, and their passion for this fabulous new art form. The director sacrificed all for the sake of producing a superlative object of ART.

Art is rarely of any concern to modern films. It's used more to subliminate some political subterfuge into your subconscious, rather than for the sake of beauty and the grandiloquence of pure creativity. Art is a vampire to modern movie makers, an ugly, horrifying specter in the shadows used to inject the producer's vile philosophy into your stubborn brain matter.

Modern films don't just use grand landscapes or dramatic scenic contrasts as ART to relax you, then program

you. They use the trickery of dialogue, innuendo; and the subliminal speed of editing their film one frame at a time to cram you the viewer full of ideas and compulsions that are unnatural, unwanted, and unwelcome.

The standard (mandatory!) structure of screenplays any more is built around the commercial breaks. They create "turning points" that leave you anticipating, vulnerable, and ready for advertisers to suck your blood, and leave you weak with an intangible, insatiable lust for their products.

How many really stupid things have you bought on impulse?

Doesn't it bother you that advertisers have such immediate

— unnoticed — access to your subconscious? Haha. You thought no one had the secret password to your unconscious mind???

Screenplays are never allowed to be complicated or to contain too much information. Alas, the viewers must have plenty of bandwidth during commercial breaks to be programmed to consume all the useless things and bizarre ideas their sponsors and advertisers pay billions to cram into your brain pan.

Investors, sponsors, advertisers — they're all just emotional vampires using art and creativity and drama to make you into a driven, obsessive, consuming machine. They suck you dry, then toss you overboard, and leech on some other poor gullible fellow until his life energy is gone, too.

Pity nobody in Hollywood appreciates the medium for the art. They're all blind people in the darkness, narcotized and desensitized by their own self-imposed virtual immortality.

They're all Nosferatu.

In Pursuit of Honor

There's something truly unnatural about a grown man who follows unconscionable orders to kill 500 cavalry horses without showing a shred of conscience.

People have no inkling of the meaning of service and honor anymore.

Douglas MacArthur was a disgusting man with an ego that reached the stratosphere. He was one such man in the nation back then. These days every staff level general is like that, every politician, every CEO of a major corporation, and that's just the beginning.

The Romans had the technology to harness horses to do the same work as oxen on farms, but they never designed a harness for horses and never made horses do farm work believing they were too noble a creature.

The horse cavalry was the most honorable body of soldiers in the history of war. Their dedication to their horses is unmatched and unparalleled. These days soldiers trust their lives to tanks, technology, computers, and drones — all without an iota of dignity, spirit, soul, or decency.

Imagine, an “animal” who has fought with men for the protection and defense of civilization for thousands of years. Horses are brave, loyal, sensitive creatures. We owe horses more for the civilized species we are than we owe ourselves.

I think we should reinvent the horse cavalry and assign them to patrol the U.S.-Mexico border.

All our technology — our walls, our mechanicalized patrols, our satellite, and closed-circuit surveillance cameras — has proven a total and complete waste of money.

The Fallen Ones

If you're going to have a cute blond engineer in the cast, at least have her make some engineering decisions.

Deciding not to drill through solid granite with a hand auger is not an engineering decision.

Being terrified of a phantasm is...

The high point of the plot was the giant mechanical monster operated by real people pulling strings and pulleys up within the monster itself. (Now THAT'S engineering.) The giant mummy was pretty damn dull by comparison.

Although having little mummies pop out of the thing when it died was pure genius — is that how the big mummy worked? With little mummy people inside pulling pulleys and strings? Way cool — best part of the whole damn plot, if you ask me.

They should have spent more time showing how that monster thing-y was built. Time well spent, in my book. If you're going to spend half your budget on building something, it's only logical you spend more than a couple of frames on it in the final production.

Was the cute lady engineer secretly enticed by the bad angel to build this thing for him? Is that why we needed a real engineer in the cast? I WANT A REMAKE. Or at least a "how-this-film-was-made" DVD. Sequel??? P-lease.

The way Hollywood sees it, the Bible is a bottomless source of lame B stories that can be played by horrible actors in amateurish settings, but still — every single time! — these productions have a guaranteed audience of gullible idiots like me, and the damn thing pays off. It's little wonder why people no longer believe in

religion any more, in any way, shape, or form. What little pertinence remains for the Bible after liberals, archaeologists, scientists, engineers,

politicians, and communists get through with it is obliterated on the silver screen so Hollywood can squeeze a few last cents out of the pitiful true believers.

What in tarnation will Hollywood do when religion is totally vanquished? Religion is the prime subtext in 85% of all films. That resonance will be gone, and so will Hollywood.

There will be no more lame settings in which to project a male-female romance. Gone will be the chance, in so doing, to imply that all romance is passé, antiquated, and just so irrelevant any more. Liberal Hollywood, you're shooting yourself in the proverbial foot here.

You'll always need the evil antagonists in your stories, and the Bible is the best source of characters like that you'll ever, ever find.

Tinsletown, can't you see?

Murder in the First

This is the gripping story from the heyday of Alcatraz in the 1930s about a prisoner who kills another inmate. He's defended by an idealistic young lawyer who delves into the extenuating circumstances.

The accused had been in solitary confinement for three years in a pitch black underground dungeon-like cell with no light, dripping water and tended by gruesome, sadistic guards who allowed him only half an hour outside every 12 months.

His only crime had been stealing \$5 of food to feed his starving younger sister...

It's the horrific true story about a medieval, inhumane prison system; a bright young lawyer who still has an ounce of idealism; and a terribly wronged convict who struggles to find the gumption to fight the charges against him.

With all due respect to the man's memory, I can't help but liken this story to the fate of southern gentlemen in America. The accused is a soft-spoken southern man with a gentle way about him. There's a bright intellect behind the catatonic facade, though the rare spark of youthful enthusiasm.

Thus is the fate of chivalry in the modern world, as epitomized by the q-intessential southern gentleman archetype. The ruthless aggressiveness of Yankee imperialism and the bitter spitefulness of arrogant gay anarchists have kept the southern gentleman in a dark, dank pit of despair for generations.

Any more, a man who is quiet spoken, with good manners and a gentle regard for the fairer sex is branded a homosexual and, especially in the south, stigmatized. Gays feed upon this hateful frenzy. They love it! Because it allows them to infiltrate old Southern towns by the thousands.

The "gentle" man-wives of the ruthless, domineering male counterparts slip quietly into the trappings of the southern gentleman, adopting

fawning limp-wristed mannerisms and sweet lisping southern accents, the kind that bring other homos to their knees, but not before they drop their trousers and bend over for servicing.

At the most basic level, then, this film is the struggle of two men to be friends. In the modern day, the homosexual menace has all but destroyed the last vestiges of genuine male friendship.

Sadly, these days all straight men are in the dungeon while homos dance on our graves.

Murder, indeed.

House of Sand and Fog

People will work three jobs and save for years to get a house of their own. A house is more than a home. It's more than a shelter, a refuge, or a sanctuary.

When you lose it for no fault of your own, you'll do anything to get it back.

Tens of millions of people have lost their homes in this latest economic "downturn." An equal number now owe more money on their mortgage than the market value of the property. The misery is incalculable, the suffering unbearable. Each homeowner goes through the same agony as we see in this film.

Washington could care less. They caused the subprime mortgage crisis. They legislated it into being, in fact. They made it law that it would happen. That was their plan all along.

Home mortgages have been bundled into "mortgage-backed securities" no less than seven times since the Great Depression. This financial scam met with disaster every single time. Yet, Congress made it law this would happen again.

The sole architect of the legislation was Barney Frank, a gay Congressman. Gays hate homes because they represent everything gays abhor — family, society, the American Dream. Frank orchestrated the whole crisis to obliterate American family values. He succeeded.

When normal people achieve positions of responsibility, they try their damndest to help all of society. When gays are elected, they serve gays. Moreover, they twist and distort our good intentions ("all Americans deserve a home" so let's create subprime mortgages) into their own diabolical goals.

Political correctness means Barney Frank will never be held responsible for his evil deeds. Indeed, he will no doubt be inducted into the Homosexual Hall of Fame one day.

An esteemed honor reserved for all those whose soul is as black as the devil's own heart.

Spellbinder

Women have to resort to black magic any more to get their man.

What, with all the competition from beer ads, porn stars and even tall, erect presidential candidates who pose in a grand vagina-shaped podium to accept the nomination.

Alas, not even a miracle cure gets her boyfriend's flagpole up.

It's unusual to see a women resort to even souped up whiles, however. These days women have breast implants, plastic surgery, drugs, extreme fashion, raves, and downright aggression.

What's a lady to do as a last resort but dabble in the black magic?

Even with all the arrows spent from their Cupid's quiver, women still can't shake their men from their jobs. Not even with Mom's (repeated) help. Men and their feminized Rogaine dos.

Not to worry, there's always Viagra to get it up for her when your johnson deflates in the sudsy bathtub in a fragrant candlelight vigil.

Gone are the days when every Hollywood mansion in Belle Aire had a room dedicated to devil worship. Now they all have rooms with full mirror walls so they can gaze for endless dreamy hours, basking in their own infinite beauty. The "Narcissism Room."

Even self-adulation isn't enough. The Hollywood greats cut out our hearts at the end of the day to keep themselves on your altar of worship.

All of Hollywood is a witch's coven hell-bent on casting an evil liberal spell on the rest of the world — be you ware!!!

Hangar 18

El Presidente orders federal agents to kill top scientists, obfuscate the media, falsify documents, and to generally do everything possible to mislead and hoodwink the American people.

Take the issue of UFOs, for example...

You can tell this is an older film because the President actually has qualms about this profanity of power. His senior advisers are actually antsy about all this, too. These bad guys have a conscience. You just don't see that any more. Hell, it's rare to see a good guy with a nagging conscience.

Replace "The UFO at Hangar 18" with any number of other technical circumstances, and you have yourself a knee-knocking thriller. In this film, you actually FEEL the President's angst with every one of his people who are killed.

Presidents just don't "feel our pain" anymore. They're above that. They have Press Secretaries to do that sort of mundane thing.

Here's one BIG cove-up requiring constant intervention by the White House. The "doubling principle" for computer chips ended ten years ago. Now they increase speed by having dual, triple, Quadro chips in a core.

Same old processors, just two (or more) of them crunching half the code each. No more billion-dollar fabrication facilities to make the chips. Just ten cents worth of sand and a penny's worth of silver. Same old hundred-dollar price tag, though.

About those new software upgrades, you need to run all your favorite programs in the new dual, or 64-bit machines? There are (you guessed it) computer programs to rewrite all the old computer program code in parallel streams (or triple, or quadruple, or sextuple) so the program goes that much faster.

Doesn't cost a penny to do that.

But, guess what? — they double the price. That part of the “doubling principle” is still alive and well. Often they even delete important features to make it seem like it’s so hard to do the upgrades. It’s the old “washed jeans” trick. Works every time.

Of course, it doesn’t take a whole Hangar 18 to do all this, just a little nondescript office on the back lot. It takes a hundred Hangar 18s, though, to hold all the filthy cash they make.

Until they donate it to politicians (and buy the major media outlet’s silence) or stuff it into their billionaire CEO’s bank accounts.

Surrogates

The notion of “surrogate” has so many implications in the modern world, and the screenwriter does such a skillful job of weaving them all into the subtext, that it’s often disorienting to keep your bearings.

Perfect movie stars in perfect makeup do all the rest.

When Bruce Willis first ventures into the real world in the flesh, his ennui is palpable.

The backbone of the film is a few frames of machines making machines in an assembly hall the size of a large metropolis. A whole city of people, not one of them a real human being. The really scary part about it is it’s all so very real.

Millions of people play virtual games online, never leaving their dark cubbyholes at home. The military’s drones do what real soldiers cannot — more!

The film has the feel of William Gibson’s *Neuromancer* where people “jack in” to cyberspace, but it goes way beyond that. This is more than the feeling of a small-town loner like me, being in a big, ugly, impersonal, hostile city for the first time in years.

It’s more than stepping out of a dark movie theater, after enjoying the vicarious journey of beautiful people in a perfect world, only to see my same old self-reflected in a mirror in the bright daylight.

We live in a pro wrestling kind of world. Nobody is who they seem to be anymore. Women on dating sites hide behind photos, either of some glamor fashion model or of a much younger, made up self.

We all hide behind clothes that obscure our bellies, our sagging boobs, our flaccid pricks — unless we have silicon tits, buttocks implants, penile implants, or any of a thousand plastic surgeries.

We hang fancy college degrees on our “ego walls,” each representing volumes of information that has long since been forgotten.

We're all surrogates in every way. We live in big cities, often never seeing a forest or a beach or farmland for our whole lives.

We don't grow our own food, milk our own cows, or even raise our own children — they're in daycare from birth onward, practically. We don't wash our own cars, feel our own pain, or even live with our own teeth, hair, eyes; our own anything.

Advertisers have discovered how to make us feel that youthful invulnerability for all our lives. We've bought into that delusion hook, line, and sinker.

We drink, smoke, have sex, even work in excess. Every spare minute is filled with texting, Twitter, Facebook, email, Blackberry, and cell phone photos, surfing, emails, and web browsing.

The experts say all this multi-tasking without a break is destroying gray matter in our brains, literally. That's the stuff we need to think. The brain is wired to love this constant stimulation. We have caffeine, nicotine, cocaine, and alcohol to enhance the aura.

We don't want brain cells; we want — what do we want, anyway?

Green Hornet

Twenty years ago, when this comic strip was created, people may have been shocked when a major newspaper took political stands in favor of city officials.

These days it's the rule, not the exception.

We expect them to take sides.

The only authentic scene was when Kato and the Green Hornet trashed the latter's mansion a la Cato and the Pink Panther. Oh, oops — did I just say the pee word?

Hollywood may have the attention span of a gnat, but the rest of us don't, especially the target audience, kids. This sordid film should have been called *The Pink Hornet*. (Or maybe *The Green Horny*.)

Once you mention "gay" it stays in the conscious mind for a while. When you mention it again, it stays there longer still. Two masked idiots singing to a radio tune in the car? Fighting, jealous, and feuding over a lady twenty years older than either of them? The only lust here is the Green Hornet for himself, for technology, and for Kato — not necessarily in that order.

Kids, it's okay to hate your fathers. College age kids over age 21, drinking in excess, immature to the extreme, trust fund babies, it's okay to cut your father's bronze statue's head off. It's healthy to vent your hatred that way.

It's wrong to ever tell your Dad how you feel about his bullying. It's better to button up those emotions, crawl into a closet, and let them fester into homosexuality.

Dad, it's okay if your boy wants lots of Green Hornet toys after watching this film. Let him feel good about dreaming about a pink costume because gays are invulnerable, honorable, and they always win their man.

Green Hornet says several times that Kato is a pervert for sketching the female figure. If you see your son doing that, Dad, take him to the woodshed for a real ass whipping.

I really don't know why Hollywood is so much enamored with gays, gay culture, gay jokes, gay hand signals, and gay everything else. It's the end of two of the most profitable ventures in movie history — the whole “buddy” genre and the superhero sidekick sub-genre.

Not to worry, they have the new gay/lesbian/bisexual/transsexual genre.

That's where this film belongs.

The Unborn

It's unusual to see a haunting based on bona fide historical precedent.

And I don't mean some faux "exorcism" performed by self-appointed fanatics.

The phenomena here began with Nazi experiments in concentration camps which opened the door for a demonic creature from Jewish folklore to achieve physical form.

The screenwriter works hard to validate this evil spirit with physical, psychological, spiritual, and even Rabbinical evidence from Kabbalistic writings. This level of authenticity makes the whole story ever so much engrossing.

The subtext to all this is, of course, children and bringing them into the world. Most people don't give much thought to "the unborn" until it's too late. Women have abortions without a second thought. It's too bad they find this so easy to do.

It's too bad they aren't haunted in their dreams like this young lady, by visions of a tormented young soul. It's sad that we, as a society, make it so easy for women to have abortions. They go through less pain having an abortion than they do having a live birth itself.

Every young lady contemplating an abortion should see this film. If she cannot muster any qualms, maybe she can do so with a little help. Are we so very confident that consciousness does not begin until after birth

Can we crack a baby's skull and extract him in a late-term abortion and toss the fetus in the dumpster out back? Does the unborn child at least deserve a proper grave?

Finally, how come the father has never been a part of the abortion debate? Why is abortion strictly the mother's right?

Should murder be the mother's responsibility alone?

Is it even right to be able to confess your sin to a minister, then carry on like nothing at all was wrong and you are still a pure, saintly virgin?

Immortal Beloved

People expect genius to entertain them endlessly, to fawn over their attentions, to grovel for their admiration.

Do babies thank you for shoving creamed banana in their face?

We condemn Beethoven for having affairs with women who admired his music. Us??? Our rock stars have a different flavor backstage every night. We love them for it. We expect it of them.

The big mystery of Beethoven's life is why anybody would work so hard to create such beauty for people who hated him so very much. They taunted his genius, his disability (he was deaf in his later years); kids beat him up, the courts ruled against him.

Yet, Beethoven persevered and created the most memorable music you will ever hear.

People think genius is just showing up at work at 8:00, clocking in, and struggling through the day bored, half asleep, stoked on coffee, and that's that.

Genius is rumors of massive layouts at the company, friends walking out of the front office with pink slips in their hands and tears in their eyes — then arriving at 6:00 AM, letting your boss get credit for all your work — then working through lunch, frantic, hyped up — working past 7 PM and on weekends — year after year after year.

These days people are deaf to themselves, deaf to life itself. They cannot entertain their own minds. They depend on music, TV, travel, fashion, food, drugs, alcohol, caffeine, sex, abuse, gluttony — all taken in excess.

Spend one day without all of this (if you can), and that is concentration. Spend a month like that, and you've taken the first baby step to know your true mind. Spend years like that, and you're one drop in an ocean of sweat and tears that is true genius.

The less articulate, the more chaotic, those things that entertain you, the closer you are to the abysmal chaos that defines all things subhuman. Do you prefer Mariachi music over Beethoven? Do you have a mind or mere instinct?

Do you strive to strengthen your mind with education and culture, or just enjoy life in an endless romp through physical pleasures?

Beethoven created art of surpassing excellence. He earned the few pleasures he enjoyed in life, notably a few close lady friends whom he treated like royalty. Modern man enjoys infinitely more pleasures, for doing nothing at all but being alive.

It's a pity that we're not the least bit grateful but supremely narcissistic, demanding even more to satisfy our colossal egos.

Beethoven's music is too good for us, much too good.

Whiteout

A couple of frames of Kate Beckinsale getting out of a hot, steamy bath at an isolated research station at the South Pole is enough to send every male in the station into a cold shower.

Better yet, running frantically out onto the ice pack, stark naked, en mass.

Can't help but wonder if their johnsons don't get frostbite, though. This disquieting feeling is reinforced later when Kate loses a finger to frostbite, and the good doctor has to snip it off with giant shears. Ouch.

I can see now why they deliver 10,000 condoms to McMurdo Sound every season. That's a minimum of 20 for each guy, for a six-month hitch?! Although, with a Kate Beckinsale on board, they likely had to double that quota.

Speaking of beautiful women, I'd think they would be accustomed to betrayal. If you can't notice the telltale signs after knowing a person for ten years, maybe you deserve to be banished to Antarctica.

Take the time to enroll in some online courses in body language and nonverbal communication. The body never lies! Still, stranded in Antarctica, I'd be flashing back to steamy Miami all the time too, no matter the situation.

Ah, then there's the good doctor. Tell me again why a superb physician would volunteer to go to Antarctica, with nothing to do but bandage ax wounds and cut off frozen digits?

Explain to me, also, just why Ph.D. scientists shouldn't be greedy? Is this a huge surprise to moviegoers??? Is that why we pay world-class scientists so little because they are better than that? Apparently, Russian pilots are underpaid as well.

They actually have a pretty luxurious set up down there. One of the best parts of the film was exploring the community, watching the

weather, and noticing the drastic measures needed to get around when the wind kicks up in a storm.

I wish they had shown some of the local wildlife — birds, penguins, foxes. I was surprised nobody on the station had pets, either. A good Rx against cabin fever, and greed!!!

Too bad Kate Beckinsale was bundled up in Arctic furs all the time. Too bad none of the guys at the station made a romantic move on her. Even after six months in solitude with her?

With a gorgeous babe like that?

They've got to be gay.

Alphaville

I took a road trip to LA once, to pay homage to the Gods of Political Correctness who rule Hollywood.

I had flashbacks of those few sordid days while watching this film, then nightmares and cold sweats all night long.

In the morning, I was dizzy, disoriented, and fought this compulsion to commit suicide...

Alphaville is a futuristic city controlled by a humongous computer with a gravelly voice and total control over all activities by its one-dimensional robotic inhabitants. People who display any symptoms of humanity (love, sympathy, tears, compassion, conscience) are summarily executed at a grand “festival” attended by all the city’s power elite.

Logic is the rule, and all who display the slightest sign of illogical thinking — well, they’re shot then taken away by a dozen vestal virgins in white bathing suits.

It sounds quite ridiculous, but it’s actually very VERY real. You show the least signs of conservatism in Hollywood, and you’re blacklisted. They say Dark Knight lost out on an Academy Award because it was pro George W. Bush. (Say what? Harvey Dent, the two-faced pervert?)

There are conservatives in Hollywood, sure, but they’re all “in the closet.” You have to be a gay-loving, drug-sucking, narcissistic freak to make it in Tinseltown. The only way conservatives make it is to have gay sex while high on drugs in an HBO special piped into living rooms and kindergartens around the world.

At least in the movie Alphaville, the mega-computer “Alpha 60” only controls the city itself. However, Alpha 60 is working 24/7 on a plan to attack the untamed

“Outlands.” That was back in 1965. Apparently Alpha 60’s plan worked.

Alpha 60 has now vanquished all opposition to Political Correctness (PC).

Nobody knows how the themes of PC are initiated. An idea just pops up on the web one day, and it goes viral. A month ago, there was a story on NPR about how a billionaire entrepreneur is giving six high school seniors a \$100,000/year salary to prove that college is useless any more.

A week later there was a front-page editorial on CNN, "is college worth it anymore???"

And so it begins.

A year from now, college will be deemed irrelevant. It doesn't matter that the unemployment rate among college graduates is 2%, versus 10% for everybody else. It doesn't matter that the U.S. is already ranked last in science and math education in the whole world.

Alpha 60 says college is irrelevant, and so it will be.

Praise be to God in the highest, so help me Alpha 60.

Amen.

Pi

Pi has as many digits as our national debt, 15 trillion. If you add 1000 digits a second over the next 2000 years, you would still be only a halfway there.

No engineer or mathematician or scientist in their right mind could possibly resist watching this film.

Pi is to science like McDonald's secret sauce is to the Big Mac. It's everything.

It's pretty damn shocking to experience what everybody else thinks of engineers. We spend our whole lives with our head in the books, creating all these wonderful things that people adore, and this is our reward?

Ruthless businessmen cash in on all our hard work and become billionaires. Entire economies become enriched with the products of our imaginations. Our reward is poverty? Ignominy? Hatred?

People think engineers are paranoid for being afraid when they invent something worthwhile. Wall Street will come knocking on your door, and you better give them your invention, or they will drive you insane and throw you in the dippy dumpster out back. You really think that's a myth???

How many rich engineers do you know? Hell, how many middle-class engineers do you know? Have you ever met an engineer socially? You probably think it's because we're nerds. Like hell, we're too busy at work and keeping up with the state of the art.

Even after we retire, we're incapable of having a social life, of having a conversation, of relating to anything other than abstract mathematics. And this film, this universal attitude, is our reward???

Ah, but vengeance is ours at last. Every engineering calculation uses pi (because pi is the basis of sine, cosine, and trigonometry itself; and,

by consequence, calculus, and thus, all of mathematics), but pi is always rounded off to 16 significant digits (16 out of billions of significant digits).

It's no wonder Toyota's brake pads screwed up, why jets collide, nuclear reactors blow up, shuttles explode, and bridges collapse.

Alas, Wall Street has found a workaround. They have options, futures, hedge funds, derivatives, and mortgage-backed securities. And yet, all of these finely tuned operations are performed by — you guessed it, computers.

And who runs the computers??? Engineers do, paranoid engineers, engineers who want their slice of the pie, their piece of ass, their just reward, their fifteen minutes of fame.

What would happen if engineers and programmers went on strike? What if we gave everybody their own big number calculators and told them to run the world? And you thought Hasidic Jews were bizarre, that God was malicious.

You thought facility with math and numbers was a mental illness??

Just you try and live your life without — without — everything!!!!

Fracture

This is a solid legal film with strong minds opposing each other. Anthony Hopkins has that Hannibal Lecter gleam in his eye and Ryan Josling is the uppity young lawyer desperately in need of a stiff dose of humility.

Josling has just landed a million-dollar job at a hugely profitable law firm with spectacular offices, powerful clients, and a six-figure salary. What crack lawyer in his right mind could possibly turn that down?

Hopkins, a world-class aerospace engineer, has a ten-figure mansion on the bay, a seven-figure car, and a fiendish mind. Ryan worked his way through law school and tricked his way into a junior partnership at the big law firm.

The contrast between the rich and the privileged is graphic here. It's far more realistic than all the TV law shows, where the public defender's offices are usually as fancy as the major law firms they fight on the other side of the bench.

In this film, it's clearly the rich — both in the persona of the diabolical Hopkins and the privileged law firms who defend filthy rich people like him — and the lowly district attorney, with a shoestring budget and a second-class staff.

DA's typically operate on a volume scale: The more convictions, the better the public likes them. The scales of justice are already balanced in favor of the rich, against whom cases are far more costly and risky.

The rich can pay unlimited attorney's fees; the DA is on a very modest budget. The rich have no public; the DA has to justify everything at election time.

The current economic situation in the U.S. will only exacerbate this situation. Law enforcement budgets are being cut back from the county to the state to the federal level. While the rich got a 60% pay raise over the course of this long recession.

If Lady Justice's scales were tipped in favor of the rich before this recession, they're soon to be even more so. The only thing standing in the way are bright young lawyers with too much arrogance, alcoholic police detectives, and beautiful partners at prestigious law firms.

On a personal note, I'm an engineer, and I must say I've never, ever seen an engineer who makes as much money as Anthony Hopkins's

character. The big boss at the largest consulting firm I worked for drove a twenty-year-old pickup, not a Maserati.

The owner of another firm I worked for had a stack of parking tickets on her desk because she couldn't afford a private parking garage rates.

In the engineering business, it's the lawyers who get all the money.

We pay them exorbitant fees to defend us against frivolous lawsuits, to buy peace of mind so we can do our work.

Of course, the same applies to every other profession as well — doctors, architects, dentists, realtors; you name it. What a racket.

Underworld Awakeing

This is a parable of the modern woman. She spends her youth on the pill and wakes up decades later only to realize how utterly numb the pill has made the last 20 years of her life.

It doesn't take a rocket scientist to realize that anything that can void, postpone, ameliorate or even nix mensuration altogether has got to be pretty damn strong. Half a woman's guts are plugged into the reproductive system. You short-circuit the baby machine, you screw up the whole enchilada.

Studies show definitively that being on the pill (1) reduces a woman's interest in sex, (2) reduces the joy she gets from having sex and (3) generally voids the psychological benefits of sex. In other words, the intimacy and bond that comes from sexual relations with a loved one.

Our heroine is actually frozen in stasis for years, literally; but what's the difference? Without meaningful relationships, the psyche is frozen by the pill. With all a woman's hormones disabled by the pill, what's left? The personality becomes ruthless, the love becomes shallow and the relationships fleeting.

Of course, the same thing happens with men and their obsession with losing hair. They use Rogaine, which mucks with their hormones. Guys on Rogaine may look okay, but their libido is nonexistent. They keep their hair but lose their Johnson. Some guys become ruthless werewolves.

Other men become blood sipping vampires. Neither of them is alive.

Put these two together, and you have a totally dysfunctional relationship. The woman is aggressive, and the man is passive. Their hormonal cycles are totally out of whack, to the point where the gal has to be ready to have sex any time he wants it because it's either then or never.

Her emotional motor is so out of tune that she can't climax for a man because of love (on account of her having zero empathy), but only

if he has a full head of hair. Both actors may be attractive and alluring. Inside they're ugly as sin.

The evil drug companies love all this intrigue. Easy money! Personally, I don't know why couples can't do something else when she's in heat. Buy a sex manual.

There are thousands of games you can play that don't involve coitus. Awaken your sexuality.

Population 436

How dare a city hide from the federal government and its welfare state, its socialist freeloading regulations, and all the civilized attributes that obliterate small towns and the traditional values that make them strong.

You can't hide forever.

City slickers have a hard time coping with the friendliness of small towns, the wholesome girls, the brotherly guys who still do manly things like shoot guns at empty beer bottles.

Things get really scary when people you never even met before calling you by your first name. There's nothing more frightening than a polite stranger.

There's something truly horrifying about a rural community where people leave the doors unlocked, everybody in town shows up for a picnic, children learn Christian values in school (and the girls wear long dresses), there are no cell towers, TV's, fast food joints, or liquor stores; where nice old ladies knit on the front porch, the locals actually take care of a mentally disabled child (instead of locking him away in an institution), there are no gays, transvestites, lesbians, alcoholics, drug addicts, or homeless; where the elderly are actually revered, where everybody speaks the King's English, and the town doctor knows you by name because he's the one who brought you into the world.

Conversely, the most common disease in small towns is that "everything is greener on the other side of the hill." One night in the big, ugly, dangerous, impersonal outside world, though, and you'll never want to leave Smallville again.

Hot sex in a barn on fresh hay in a puritanical little town where everybody knows everything — priceless.

The most frightening thing is a town that actually has the same population as a hundred years ago. There's still fresh air, green grass, sunshine, horses, green valleys, tall trees, small forests to explore, lakes.

You'll notice there were no blacks in the community, hence no pockets of abject poverty and chronic overpopulation.

Prophecy 3 The Ascent

Hell as a mountain of naked bodies groveling at the foot of Jesus?? That's not hell, that's reality. It's Rio de Janeiro at the foot of the Jesus statue high on the mountain above the city.

It's Mexico City, Bangladesh, India, China, Lebanon, Miami, Detroit, LA.

Human beings are multiplying like rabbits. This movie just calls it the way it is. Humans really are "monkeys" — worse than monkeys. Who in their right mind, living in abject poverty, would have more babies???

What society would pander this activity, enable it, even encourage it?? America is who. The Catholic Church is who.

Every Fortune 500 company is who, anxious for cheap workers to increase their profit margin. They buy off Congress to make this happen. They buy off the Church, so they don't feel guilty about it.

They finance movies like this one that make this reality seem like a nightmarish fantasy, when in fact it's happening all around us, every day, at an escalating pace.

Upset that God's angles in this film are crude, crass, insensitive, arrogant individuals? Wonder why God doesn't care for humanity anymore?

Take a good, hard look at the world — see how screwed up everything is, the oceans, the climate, the animal kingdom — we humans cover the world with our plastic bottles, our offal, our ugliness — and continue to think ourselves as made in the image of God????

Maybe at one time eons ago, God instructed his angels to serve man.

Any more, God's instructions to his angels are for them to avenge the destruction man has done on the billions of other creatures large and small that are also God's children.

Queen of the Damned

There is an ancient evil among us, alive, festering, destructive, and angry. It's called instinct. It's passed on from generation to generation, from one millennium to the next, encoded in our DNA.

It's the hard lessons learned from the past, survival 101.

Instinct tells us to slow down when there are no resources to support ourselves. It tells a woman living in a slum to have no children. It tells a community in decline with no jobs and dwindling prosperity to change their ways, or face the consequences like Sodom and Gomorrah.

Clearly, the modern world is devoid of all instinct. We use limited energy resources like they will last for a million years. Even nuclear fuel sources will last no more than 50 years. We pollute the air, water, oceans, and land like mother nature is the Whore of Babylon.

We combine all our resources (science, psychology, sociology...) to eviscerate instinct from our psyche. Alas, instinct is the nagging conscience that keeps us from infinite materialism, conspicuous consumption, and wanton destruction of all within our gaze.

We glorify ourselves above all the Gods because Gods are the only thing between us and all that we crave — that we deserve!!!

We are horrified to witness the sublime beauty of nature; it's infinite powers of creation and destruction and creativity. We feel small and inconsequential by comparison to even the smallest niche of nature.

Our egos demand we right this terrible imbalance. We must destroy nature.

We must destroy its beauty and majesty so that we are the object of worship.

We are Gods. We can do this.

Paranoia 1.0

Too much exposure to mind-bending computer code can turn your brain to rot.

I keep paying good money for upgrades of old programs, only to find the “upgrade” has fewer features and is more clunky than the old version.

Now I know why... we’re all de-evolving.

If Lance Henriksen is your apartment maintenance man — hello? Do yourself a big favor and move to a better place in town. Where he goes, nothing good ever comes.

Bosses love to treat computer geniuses like crap. It makes them feel smart, too. Beautiful women who pose for photo shoots in virtual computer games have no idea how many innocent men they destroy.

I’d die to have sex with that dame. Sure I would.

The first time you walk into an empty, ugly street is scary. The second time, the screenwriter is just plain lazy. The third time is just plain pathetic. Sure, the first time a gallon of milk is \$20, the second time \$40. Inflation is scary, I know.

If none of all the possible evils kills this guy, hemorrhoids sure as hell will, living on a pure milk diet. Does he have mother issues? Still sucking at the maternal teat?

In an apartment house full of crazies, it all starts to seem quite normal after a while. It would be better to have at least one normal friend or apartment neighbor — a butcher, a politician, a roofer, or a dog walker.

Somebody who shows up and jolts us back to reality. Somebody who stays normal and, in so doing, keeps the edge sharp on all the dysfunctional types.

I used to design commercial air conditioning systems. I have yet to see a system where you can crawl through a giant duct to peep on that beautiful dame next door.

Believe you me; I've tried.

Stone

Forty years ago, it was unheard of for a wife to just up and run away from her young child and her husband.

A man who reacted badly to this in the modern day would seem to be overreacting.

Hey, it's no big deal. Women leave their marriage all the time. Back then, however, it was a big deal. Nobody did it.

It's not right to show De Niro, who plays a Parole Officer (PO), making such a grave mistake in the opening scene. That colors all his interactions with his wife after that. Their relationship seems forced and corrupt afterward, evil. It makes it seem like they both still think of nothing else even after forty years of marriage.

It would be better to make them seem a happily married couple when Stone (the felon, played by Edward Norton) starts turning the screws. Contrast is key. There's more contrast in a happy 43-year marriage versus marital discord than in an unhappy 43-year marriage (who stays together that long with issues like that?) versus marital discord.

Let De Niro and his wife be happy seniors in the beginning, and reveal the facts of Scene One via flashbacks as the rubber hits the road.

Stone's plan seems like a long shot, a careless act of extreme desperation, rather than a ruthless, calculated machination.

He should first notice a weakness in De Niro. A casual mention of the PO's wife reveals a nervous twitch and an unexpected outburst.

Further probing about children produces a nervous twitch, hands gripping his chair, other symptoms of anxiety. The clever felon notices these things and hatches a plan to exacerbate them. Drama!!!

Stone comes across initially as a fake, too. No sex with his gorgeous wife in eight years since he's been in prison? Don't blame the prison; they have conjugal visits all the time.

Maybe Stone would just rather drop the soap in the showers. He even says so, in a two-second (almost subliminal) outburst, "I want to feel my prick up her ass." Are you kidding?

Any straight guy would want to face a gorgeous young dame like Milla Jovovich while he's having sex with her, with his "... prick up her tight cunt." A badass white boy who braids his hair in prison to look pretty? Gay.

De Niro, as Stone's PO, is painted as the bad guy from the beginning. Clearly Stone has no resentment for what he did. De Niro is right to rattle Stone on his past actions and motivations.

Stone's been bragging about his crime for eight years to all the other inmates, and he can't even pretend to be remorseful with the parole officials??? The other inmates haven't coached him on his every move?

Personally, I think they should enforce silence on all prison inmates like they used to. Total silence, no radio, no TV, no talking except work-related things. If they want to talk openly, do it in a classroom studying for a GED or associates degree. Let them spend the rest of their hard time thinking about what they did to get there.

There could be more contrast in the prison environment, too. Most state prisons have no air conditioning. The heat would be intolerable in the summer. Stone should be happy going to his PO's air-conditioned office and find excuses to stay there, not run off to hobnob with his prison pals.

I never made it past Act One (25 minutes). Not even the enticement of seeing Milo Jovovitch as a seductress in a dramatic role could keep me watching any more of this one. I popped it out of the DVD player, and it's back to Netflix in the mail.

Clearly, the screenwriter has a desperate determination to push all these gay paradigms in my face. Directly into my subconscious, using all the gimmicks of dramatic manipulation!!!!

I can see why the screenplay was so popular in Hollywood, however. Why it attracted major talent to the three lead roles.

They use every possible venue to force gay rights upon the public.

Captain America

Leave it to the Jews who run Hollywood to paint America as a cartoonish wimp in knit tights with cutie little wings on the knit hat, ogling long-legged babes while raising money for Uncle Sam – while the real GIs fight in Europe to bring the war to the evil Nazis.

Hollywood has always hated America. This depressing flick is a testament to that. Hollywood has despised the stars and stripes ever since the Communist blacklists back in the 1950s.

America is better these days. Hollywood isn't. When you have a zealous religious bureaucracy like Hollywood, institutional memory is like, forever.

The only thing between the off switch on the DVD player and a fresh pot of popcorn is the acting. Despite the studio's best efforts, these characters manage to eke out a pretty decent wartime romance that resonates long after the credits are over.

That's America. Beautiful dames with a spine. Brave soldiers who dive into harm's way to win the spunky gal's heart. She knows her power over Captain America, and he lets her have it – wants her to have it, his heart.

LOL. The evil techno-Nazis in this show are more Jewish than Jews. They're elitist megalomaniacs hell-bent on world domination. The Zionist Manifesto incarnate, ugly red death's head skull and all.

Not even Hollywood can defeat Captain America.

The Antichrist

Here's your chance for a close shot of William Dafoe's balls and stiff prick jamming into a lady's arse end. This happens in the first scene, while their cute little baby in the next room breaks out of his bed, climbs up to a windowsill, and jumps to his death.

Splat, at the very same instant Dafoe and his woman reach orgasm.

This is one sick, demented film.

There are so many things wrong in this one short sequence I popped the DVD and sent it straight away back to Netflix.

This film should have been X-rated, even hardcore porn, not something I expect from any Netflix products.

The gay part of this whole episode is that you never see the woman's body other than a glimpse of her erect nipples (his are erect too, no doubt). You get long, lingering, loving shots of Dafoe's flabby buttocks, though — just like in the film's poster.

You get the strong illusion of him butt-fucking another hot body. You get the idea of two beautiful faces in ecstasy, two men genuflecting in an ocean of filth.

This is how gays enjoy their sex as married couples. They never have to be worried about children in the next room. They never have to worry (or dream) of unintended pregnancy. There's no edge of danger, or crescent of hope, as the case may be.

Their sexual encounters are pure emotional erotic episodes with none of the "consequences" that make the sex act meaningful.

Even animals have sex with the expectation of genetic continuation. Birds want to give little birdies the chance to fly and frolic in the air. Cats love to chase mice. Gays just want to fuck. That doesn't qualify for anything above abomination.

I used to think William Dafoe was a fine actor. Now I realize he's just another narcissistic bastard trading in all his acting credits to fuck society in the asshole.

Blood The Last Vampire

There's nothing quite like seeing a cute little Japanese girl in a blue Navy sailor outfit slashing up vampires like diced fruit salad.

Maybe it's because U.S. Navy sailors are wimps, and getting wimpier.

This is a remake of the 2000 anime version (the link below goes to the new film.)

Not long ago the U.S. Navy announced they would start conducting gay marriages, which they later rescinded amid a huge outcry. If folks are so upset about it now, what happens when the repeal of Don't Ask Don't Tell (DADT) is fully implemented?

West Point had their first gay marriage just last month.

Of all service members, the Chaplain's Corps was most against repealing DADT. There's something so wrong about them being the first to jump out of the gates before the rabbit starts to zip down the racetrack.

Even the far-left wing liberal homo-sapiens can muster a smidgeon of admiration for somebody who sticks by their principles.

The whole idea of a mere child spreading gore like a relentless plague is sad, funny, and enthralling at the same time. But only because she's so good with her sword, her acrobatic moves are so effortless, and she takes no pleasure in any of it.

Maybe she's one of those tiny little underage Chinese gymnasts who were trained from the cradle to be a world-class athlete. All that angst at a childhood missed.

Or perhaps she's just an expression of all kids these days, forced to fight our wars on distant fields, while back at home we rob them of their heritage — leaving them a bankrupt nation, a moribund morality, and a decade of low-wage jobs that will hobble their future forever.

The angry little blue ninja saves her defenseless girlfriend repeatedly

from vampires, demons, and sundry other forms of death. They form a bond of sorts.

Just like Japan in the last two decades through 15 years of no growth and a stagnant economy, an abysmal period like the U.S. is just now entering. We need a sharp friend to save us from our transgressions.

Yes, it's a horror story all right. Two genuine and intelligent youngsters are fending off the evil, malicious, cruel assaults of aggressive, greedy, corrupt, evil adults.

True to form, the source of all their angst is — you guessed it, Mommy dearest.

Public Enemies

Leave it to the flaming gay director of the FBI to shoot gangsters in the back, torture them to the brink of an agonizing death, and later that same day pin medals on dozens of ripe young “junior G men.”

J. Edgar Hoover was the epitome of ruthlessness in power, exercised without restraint.

Why was John Dillinger on a mission from God?? It's not hard to build up a pretty good head of steam in the modern day.

These days there are so many billionaires (and multi-mega- million-aires) that 10% of the purchase price of every product you buy anywhere goes directly into a billionaire's bank account.

Every time you buy a Microsoft product, Bill Gates gets 10% of the purchase price, tax-free; PLUS whatever he makes as CEO of Microsoft, PLUS whatever he makes as the owner of millions of shares of MS stock. Hmmm — make that 20% of your purchase price. Ditto for almost anything you buy anymore.

The banks are clearly in control, now as then. The technology is a little different, but the methods and the means are the same. There was a mortgage scam in the early 1930's that deepened the recession and cost millions of Americans their homes. (One of seven that have been perpetrated by the government before the current tragic debacle.)

Organized crime is still in cahoots with the authorities. The FBI is still as dirty as a ghetto sewer, for being the strong arm that keeps the big gears grinding, grinding us all into dust.

Banks have it down to a science now. They suck money from your mutual funds with their 50:1 leverage, their microsecond day trading computer programs, and their inside information.

They own both political parties, and so they actually have much more than inside information — they create the events themselves now.

The bank's 20,000 lobbyists in Washington, with their billion-dollar budgets (paid by you out of the purchase price of everything you purchase), and their "mortgage-backed" securities that sucked 50% of your home value right out from under you.

The big banks aren't even American anymore. How long since you talked to a real live American on your credit card helpline? They're all in Thailand, Hong Kong, Korea, and Japan. The operators are foreigners, and the robbers are too.

There's really only one solution. Stop buying things. Get off the maniacal wagon train of conspicuous consumption.

Stop chasing your tail. Instead of buying bigger houses, newer cars, and the latest fashion in clothes, sock that money away for your kid's education.

Go back to school yourself, learn a musical instrument, live a little.

Long live John Dillinger!!!!

Blue Seduction

We live in a disposable diaper, disposable cell phone, camera; a disposable celebrity society. Talent is cherished one second and trashed the next. Nobody is immune — writers, actors, politicians, musicians.

You disappoint your fans, and you're history.

Small wonder anybody even makes the effort any more. The saddest people of all are those who ride the talented musician's coattails to fame, then fall from grace to an ugly, mundane existence of domestic monotony. A true artist accepts this fate, even embraces the inner solitude as a wellspring of inspiration. It's hell on earth for those close to him, however; accustomed to the fame and fortune, they never earned.

This ex-rock star is actually a very cool and charismatic character. He's smart, funny, impulsive, drug-free, honest, and alcohol-free. His wife hates him and his confident smugness, though. She wants the old glory days back (more than he does), the giant house, the wealth, the allure, all the jealous eyes watching.

This woman resents having to work. She resents a creative man who can make her come to a sexual climax with the beauty of mere words and music. How dare he!

Still, it doesn't go well for our rock star. He's still searching for the Holy Grail to get back on the charts again. He will never find happiness no matter how successful he becomes. This is the kind of life we doom all high school, college, and pro athletes (after 1-4 years in the game) who fade from glory.

We lock their psyche into a "hero complex" that will wreck their lives forever and ever. We doom them to risk everything when that one beautiful chance to get it all back walks in the door and seduces them with "hope and change."

In retrospect, I think nobody would ever strive for fame if they knew

its ultimate cost in terms of personal stability, relationships, and basic core values.

Dog Soldiers

This is actually quite a good film, and not just because it exceeded all expectations. It's a brilliant study of a small military unit under extreme duress.

These aren't just any werewolves, either, but the product of an evil military experiment gone bad.

The characters are strong, their emotions sharp and realistic.

The whole dynamic of a bunch of regular guys pulling together to save each other's hides is truly engaging.

I learned that super glue was invented during the Viet Nam war to seal battle wounds in the field. One of the funniest scenes ever was when the REAL dog among the hostages gets a hold of the Sergeant's guts (before they found the super glue) and starts tugging away like it was a string toy.

I do so enjoy films that have animal actors in them. They provide a realism that just can't be done by any other means.

This pooch is a star among canines.

The early scenes when the guys were shooting automatic weapons loaded with blanks (yellow fire suppressor at the end of the barrel) at a dark, unseen menace was a real hoot. They aimed and shot like the bullets were for real.

What a clever ruse — damn, when are these idiots going to realize they're shooting blanks? Many a dame with a hubby getting on in years must no doubt feel the same way.

There's a peculiar camaraderie among soldiers. They feed off each other's strengths and cover for each other's weaknesses. The weak link (dare I say the gay soldier) among them, bolts early on, afraid of his own fears, panicking — and is of no consequence thereafter.

As well it should be, if you ask me. Why??

Before the guts start flowing, the guys gather around the campfire and carry on about their women, their exploits (and, if this was a REAL combat unit, it would get quite raunchy; but this is a politically correct flick). That's how men in combat bond, really it is. What, the gay guy among them is going to brag about his conquests???

That would immediately void the super glue that makes the sum of combat soldiers far better than the individual parts. (Let gays serve in all gay units, where they can bond properly, in their mutual defense.)

Be that as it may, you know damn well the military will never stop looking for that magic potion that heals battle wounds quickly. Or the right mixture of herbs that makes a human being into a killing machine with no remorse, fear, self-doubt, or sympathy for helpless puppy dogs.

And who among you wouldn't happily pay the price for immortality:
Being a werewolf for a couple days every month, when the moon is full?

Dracula III Legacy

Your expectations are lower before you even start to watch yet another Dracula film. However, this flick managed to keep me interested throughout, despite the blood and gore.

(We're not only engaged in a Dracula film, for God's sake, but in a bloody civil war as well.)

The charm of this film is the setting, a "war-torn Romania," according to the write-ups. Hey, this is Romania – it looks like that all the time. I found myself wondering time and again how an entire nation can be so rich in culture and dignity, and so utterly poor.

I kept waiting to see a quaint rural village montage, then — a huge McDonald's in the middle of town square, surrounded by bankrupted dining establishments (and frequented by fat and lazy locals). America's greatest exports these days are minimum wage jobs and obesity, served cold with a side dish of culture obliteration.

All the American Fortune 500 companies set up their manufacturing facilities in China – RED China – Communist China! – where human rights are worse than in ancient Babylonia. How come we don't send some good jobs to Romania? I'd love to buy things made in Romania.

I picture a dirty, unkempt sweatshop when I put a shirt on that's Made in China: the smog in every major city in China is so thick you can cut it with a feather. Ditto for stuff made in Singapore or India or Mexico.

A loose-fitting shirt Made in Romania? Ou-la-la. Now that'll make the blood flow. It conjures images of dark, deep ravines and gushing streams.

Rugged castles on craggy cliffs. Peasants giving you directions to the nearest hostel and too proud to accept your modest tip. Spicy goulash and bands of gypsies dancing for pure joy in the sunset.

Tall women with sharp profiles looking so deep in your eyes you cringe. Dracula's castle.

John Carter

This film was a horrible flop at the box office, so naturally, I felt compelled to watch it. Disney lost a bundle on this flick, but it's obvious they put a whole lot of heart into the production.

The plot is clean, the extras are functional, and the love story is perfection itself.

There was a chemistry between John Carter and the princess of Mars from the second they crossed paths. Their every interaction thereafter was tense with honest longing and full of heart. The lady performed better than a mere princess – she was a goddess!

The film critics eviscerated John Carter. It's no wonder the film lost so much moolah. Personally, I think the screenwriter should get an Academy Award – and a big tent sequel!

Somebody finally figured out how to outsmart the gay perverts who pull all the strings in Hollywood.

No gay sidekick in this flick, stepping in the middle of the romance at every blush or rapidly beating heart, like a transsexual who comes to work as a man one day and a woman the next – whatever it takes to be the obsessive center of attention 24/7.

Kudos to Disney for braving this production, for believing in romance – between man and woman! – and for giving me a pleasant 90 minutes of escapism free from homo subtext, unisex actors, flamboyant gay panache and all the other effing perversions Hollywood forces on us at every opportunity.

I'm ready for John Carter two.

Shutter Island

Most people think the conditions at the Shutter Island Institution for the Criminally Insane are barbaric.

Actually, they're quite civilized compared to modern treatment facilities.

Reduce the area of Shutter Island by a factor of 100, relocate it to a concrete wasteland, increase the patient population by a factor of 10, and reduce the doctor to patient ratio to 1:500, and you have a modern psych ward for the criminally insane.

The film takes place at the pinnacle of modern psychiatry, in some respects. The medical profession sought therapeutic solutions to mental illness back then.

Doctors had empathy and noble motives.

These days they have pharmaceutical drugs and patient test reports to pass along to the drug companies on the efficacy of their medications. Any more, asylums are institutionalized drug testing facilities. Why use dogs and cats and mice when you can use the criminally insane?

No one will notice. No one cares. No one even knows.

The death of six million Jews during the Holocaust, depicted via powerful flashbacks several times in the film, is nothing compared to what we do with psychoactive drugs to tens of millions of people in the modern day.

They're all brain dead. They're worse off than the Holocaust victims. They're still alive and condemned to a living hell. Why? Because psychoactive drugs are by far the most profitable medications made by the big drug companies, by FAR.

We may not lobotomize patients anymore, but psychoactive drugs are the next best thing. Psychology isn't about unraveling the secrets

of the mind anymore. It's about statistics. Shrinks don't know a damn thing about the workings of the mind.

They only know how to shut the mind down, utterly, completely, forevermore. They're superb at that. Dr. Kervorkian, eat your heart out.

Our dependence on drugs and statistics is an abject failure. Narcissism is endemic and getting more so. Movies, the media, fashion trends, and even educational practices exacerbate our narcissism at every opportunity.

Recent studies show that our addiction to the "crack information" on Tweeter, on Facebook, in texting, in email, and on PDAs — with no downtime ever... it's degrading our brains. It causes the loss of gray matter, the stuff we need to think.

We might as well kill all our kids and save them a life of misery. Supervised boredom in childhood is the best possible way to stimulate creativity — which, in turn, boosts learning capacity across the board.

Kids are NEVER bored anymore. There are DVD players in cars, on smartphones, on their laptops on vacations. It's worse than using TV as a babysitter night and day and night, much worse.

High tech gadgets are the virtual psychoactive drugs that are lobotomizing our entire world. Inner cities are themselves institutions for the criminally insane. Whole nations, in some parts of the world, are the same way.

Planet Earth has become a Shutter Island adrift in the cosmos.

Centurion

It's good for the soul to watch a Roman Empire movie now and then. This one even had the plume on the Roman helmets aligned properly, like the mane on a proud stallion.

I did notice. However, a couple of soldiers wearing the modern (gay!) version, aligned perpendicular — i.e., parallel to the soldier's shoulders.

(Ah, yes, the old adage that the victors write the History.)

I suppose this is Hollywood's vain attempt to denigrate all things Roman. Personally, I think it makes Hollywood out to be a bunch of immoral thugs trying to pimp out history in their own effeminate image.

The film takes place in Olde England. There is fantastic scenery throughout. It's a bloody shame human beings had to show up and screw it all up. As usual, those who live close to nature are witches, demons, and thus evil.

Corporations (SPONSORS!) the world around make good money destroying nature. Nature is ours to rape and pillage. We were made in the image of God Himself. It's our divine right, to destroy all that is beautiful and wonderful on this green Earth.

Like most Empires, the Roman soldiers and their field generals were far more decent and honorable than their petty, gay leaders with their wigs, powdered makeup, and dainty, delicate attire.

All a Roman soldier wanted was to live a decent life, to build roads and aqueducts and baths to cleanse the unwashed heathens; to serve out their enlistment and then retire with honor to a quiet farm in Tuscany. As it turns out, the Roman soldiers conquered far more with their engineering expertise than with their military conquests.

Alas, their petticoat rulers used the soldier's hard-earned conquests for personal ends, to aggrandize their fey personas.

These days, as usual, everything is backward. Invading armies

obliterate infrastructure or “command and control facilities.” We’ve spent \$3 trillion rebuilding Iraq, and it will be another whole generation before the Iraqi people have as dependable utilities and infrastructure as before we invaded. Nor does the army even do any of the rebuilding.

It’s all contracted out (with 50% of the cost going as graft to the contractors).

Even then, only one in ten U.S. soldiers over there even carries weapons in harm’s way. The other 90% are “support.” Tell me again, why soldiers aren’t even soldiers anymore???

You can always depend on Romans to be good men and to find themselves good women. Sure, as HBO loves to tell us ad nauseum, Rome may have been thick with homosexuals, but Roman soldiers out in the field had no such predilections.

While Rome itself collapsed from moral decay rooted in gay culture (as countless other cultures collapsed before and after them), the sturdy old Roman soldiers fought on, building things in their spare time — forts, roads, walls, aqueducts. Good, hard, honest, back-breaking work keeps the gay beast at bay in the ranks, even as sloth and gluttony destroyed Rome herself from the gay insides out.

Today armies don’t fight to forge democracies, to spread the Pax Americana.

They fight to spread the pox of American imperialist capitalism and our perverted Hollywood-inspired values. There are no Roman soldiers anymore, not even in the U.S. military.

They’re all barbarians and purveyors of homosexual perversions and disease all the worldwide.

Hellboy

I finally found the spitting image of the modern billionaire: The evil Nazi “iron face” officer who survives for decades after physical death with sand for blood, driven only by the unseen force of greed, ravenous to accumulate riches and more riches.

Alias Karl Ruprecht Kroenen. Warren Buffett

There is an equivalent, you know, for “born again

Christians” after they accept the cross of their own sins.

It’s “born again Satanists” for the super-rich after they surpass ten million in personal wealth, wherein they’re indoctrinated into the “Skull and Bones” society, whose sole objective is ripping off their fellow men and raping Planet Earth — anything to reach the Holy Grail of a billion in net worth.

The gay, effeminate character (as usual) vastly outdistances the lesser creatures in the cast — Abe Sapien — smarter, more sensitive, more creative. He never fights the bad guys, just never. That’s dirty and uncouth.

He’s above violence and carnage. He absolutely LOVES rotten eggs, however; slimy green and vile... testicles.

Alas, intelligence is anathema to the male psyche in Hollywood any more. Men are crude, violent, childish, insensitive, and constantly shaving off their horny pretenses. They’re only half a step away from hell and return there quite often.

Women who are drawn to such “bad boys” are no better. They are one step out of the insane asylum.

They’re unable to control their hot flashes of humanity, and unworthy of the superlative talents God gave them.

GI Joe The Rise of Cobra

I call this the rise of the gays in the military. Now they get to wear fancy earrings into combat.

Even in battle, gays must be the center of attention.

The Army motto isn't "There are no whites, blacks, Asians, or Hispanics in the military — everybody is green" but "...everybody is green or gay." Hurray for the new GI Gays.

There is no visceral connection to reality anywhere. This is a cocaine trip that never slows down. The super soldiers in their armor are like gays in Politically Correct Hollywood — invulnerable to all crashes, disasters, criticisms, or threats to their supremacy.

The iron mask of retribution is typical of actors these days. No facial expressions for fear of wrinkling their makeup — or messing up that expensive plastic surgery. Emotions are evil. If you dare show emotions, you will be banned from the Screen Actor's Guild, and even your progeny will be banned for conduct unbecoming.

Alas, the nerds back at HQ who watch all the action on big screens (like the cowardly generals who watch virtual reality on the battlefield in the Pentagon, basking in vicarious glory like emotional vampires) are heroes, too. After all, 9 out of 10 soldiers in Afghanistan never see combat. That's an awful lot of fat, lazy Joes.

Freedom didn't win the day here. Narcissism did. They show no sadness for the hundreds of GI Joe's killed in the action. They aren't humble, honest, modest comic book characters with a tragic flaw.

These are perfect humans who will never, ever lose anything — not even their good looks, their perfect smiles, their suave moves, or their "all-American" attitude. Their character arcs are a flatline on the cardiac monitor — max'd out at the "I am the greatest" amplitude.

The only character true to himself is the faceless, nonspeaking Ninja.

All the others admire him, though. He follows orders like a machine and executes them like a computer program.

What every GI Joe strives for. What the Army strives for:

“Army of One.”

I, me, myself, am the greatest of the great, great....

The American

This is the story of an “ugly American” driving around a small town in Italy preparing the locals for the “shock and awe” campaign of American commercial trash.

McDonald’s, Walmart, and Home Depot will soon arrive, like a tsunami-earthquake, in this quaint little town and do what they’ve done to rural America — obliterate every last vestige of small-town life, Christian values, and historical roots.

Clooney is the hitman, a cold, ruthless killer who seduces a local beauty then corrupts her with dreams of a better life. To hell with history, values, culture, and all the good things in life like sunshine, picnics, religion, and friends.

I’m filthy rich and here’s a brown paper bag to buy your rejection of all the beautiful things in your wonderful life here in the Italian heartland.

The American arrives with nothing and leaves with everything.

He smuggles in a high-powered rifle, customizes it with parts scavenged from local craftsmen, then morphs into a monster that wreaks havoc on a quiet little town with nothing but charm to protect itself.

American culture always arrives like a sheep and leaves like a lion, leaving in its wake a parched landscape, a ravaged culture, a hollow history, and rank unemployment.

In Italy, now, the American corporate Leviathan has an ally: The Muslim Brotherhood who are expelling refugees by the tens of thousands. It all began in Libya.

They are sent to Italy as the first wave of an evil invasion, to suborn the local economy, and to soften up the most vulnerable towns, no less than massive naval bombardments preceded beachfront landings by the Allies in World War II.

Soon Italy will be a wasteland of big box stores, Popsicle culture,
and poverty.

Long live the ugly American.

The Seventh Sign

The screenwriting books say the first 15 minutes should be the hero's regular life, begging for a change.

Yep, Demi Moore has a pretty damn boring life alright.

Her husband's life is a little more exciting. He's a death row lawyer whose client murdered his mother and father who were brother and sister. The defendant has downs syndrome, which the lawyer never uses in his defense.

The kid insists he only followed God's command. With one fell swoop, the screenwriter takes a swipe at incest as taboo, organized religion, psychology, the legal system, and family values. And that's just in one scene.

Then Jurgen Prochnow rents their garage apartment, and Demi starts having visions of the Apocalypse and the Seven Signs. All women behave strangely during their pregnancy, but this dame has real issues. She's definitely a modern woman, though, because it takes the end of the world as a consequence for her to sacrifice her own life for that of her child. But, wait — no, she wouldn't.

The true villain is literally a throwback to Calvary and the Crucifixion, a renegade priest with pattern balding. (Which used to be a free ticket for free room and board in a monastery and a leg up on sainthood. Now it's a life sentence in solitary and automatic celibacy.)

Still, we have a whole lot more empathy for the balding priest than we do for Christ incarnate, a vile and shady character who manipulates people just for kicks. Has been doing so for thousands of years, forcing us to be more decent human beings. Enough of that!

The moral of the story is that if you want to live forever all you have to do is beat up the Messiah.

Hey, that's not so hard. I do that all the time anyway...

12 Monkeys

The only people in the world who speak honestly to you are crazies on a psych ward. Everybody else dwells in subtext, forever avoiding the issues and living in total denial with respect to anything that's the least bit important.

Crazies read the Wall Street Journal while you're immersed in the latest celebrity gossip zines. Schizophrenics are far more intelligent than you are.

They worry to the point of obsession. They worry about global warming, about nuclear weapons, about the national debt, chemical warfare, moral decline, Armageddon – in short, about all the things that the rest of us “sane” people know damn well are happening but choose to ignore.

While all the “normal” people live out our lives in a straitjacket crazies have no such inhibitions.

They're like children. Everybody else plays their roles, keeps up with the Joneses, pretends to be in the know about superficial issues, and generally manages to mold their every thought and action into what other people expect of them.

They're politically correct in every way.

Peer pressure is alien to psychos. They are who they are, and they behave as they damn well please. Our society locks them up on psych wards because we're afraid of reality, afraid of ourselves.

Everybody should spend time on a psych ward in a nonjudgmental environment. Let your true personality come out. Take a chance. Live in the moment. Watching this film is the next best thing. Get out of your straitjacket!

Warlock

The scary thing is that people 400 years ago were actually quite loyal, honorable, decent, and spiritual. Especially compared to Homo species Erectus that populates Hollywood these days.

Of course, this flick was made back in the days when a rusty old Corvair was a hip ride in Tinseltown.

Any studio bigwig who debauches a beautiful young B Film actress deserves to have his middle finger cut off and his tongue bitten out by a smooth Middle Ages warlock. You've just got to wonder when a Welsh dude in fur skins and leather footings carrying an ancient lethal weapon attracts not a second look at LAX airport.

Warlocks do have a few things going for them. They knew long before modern science that salt is bad for the health. If you stay on a strict diet of baby food, you'll lose enough weight to fly. This particular Warlock, however, is pushing it to assume that a 12-year-old child is a virgin.

Then, as now, priests can defy evil but their wives less so. Something about that dashing, evil eye Warlock gaze that just melts the ladies where they stand.

A woman's worse nightmare (especially in Hollywood) is to lose her good looks overnight. The B Film actress's worse

nightmare is to have to wear an old lady's makeup in her star role. It takes every last iota of a poor girl's acting talent to emulate a 90-year-old lady chasing a train on foot with waning persistence.

Anything to get my youth back — anything!!!!

Thank God for Amish farmers.

They're the only ones any more who can pick out a true

Warlock from among our degenerate, polyglot population.

LA Confidential

It's downright refreshing to see a movie (again) where the fags are "sissies" and the evil homosexual district attorney who "swithes" is gay as a two-dollar bill. Gays were perverts back then. They weren't glorified with a badge of honor like they are now.

The bad guys are just that, and the cops are bad too. They enforce the law with brutal force. They browbeat suspects who give them lip. They shoot the ones who deserve it.

We also see Hollywood for what it really is in this film. We see Tinseltown as a ruthless meat factory with the run of the town. They manipulate young hopefuls, use them, destroy them from the inside out, then throw them away.

We live in a brutal, violent society. Excessive laws have sissified law enforcement to the point where cops can't do their job, and criminals know it.

I guess the days are gone when cops wear white shirts, thin black ties, and sports coats. Goodbye romance too; beautiful damsels in distress, chivalry and good manners.

We've become a rude, insensitive, shallow society. Even the bad guys back then wouldn't recognize our absence of humanity.

We've become sissified.

Horsemen

The liberal blogosphere is abuzz with rants against guns. Nobody anywhere thinks about the kids.

Look at what they have to resist – drugs, alcohol, sex, tobacco, pornography, violence in the media, sex and violence in the media, teenage fashion that dresses up girls to maximized lust, and on and on.

Meanwhile, parents are clueless. They're just as narcissistic and self-centered as their kids. It's an imposition on their precious free time to help their kids cope.

Every single parent who doesn't spend enough time with his kid(s) should watch this. Actually, every parent should watch this — with their kids (age 13 and above), at home, at their leisure. They should talk about it afterward, too.

Show some empathy for your kids, will you? Look at all the issues they have to look forward to when they grow up.

Social Security and Medicaid are bankrupt, and the nation has such a huge debt that the entire national budget when they are older will be spent on debt repayment and entitlements to the poor. These aren't just problems with the U.S., but every nation on the planet.

America imports hundreds of thousands of foreigners every year for all the best high tech jobs. We've given up trying to motivate corporations to support our schools so they can train kids better in math and science.

Indeed, there's been such an explosion of for-profit colleges that "education" is an oxymoron any more. The latest blip on the Political Correctness radar is that a college education is useless anyway.

We've screwed up the environment so bad with Global Warming, pollution of our oceans and rivers, and destruction of the rainforests that their "ecotourism" will be a trip to an Imax theater to see old National Geographic newsreels.

Adults are so narcissistic any more; they spend more time reading about their fav celebrities in the tabloids and on Twitter than they do reading to their small children or helping their older kids with homework.

Parents know more about dozens of celebrities than they do about their very own children.

If that's you, fine. Don't have kids. If you have a problem with priorities, get some help from your minister or a therapist.

Your children are the single biggest responsibility you will ever have. Your mortgage or your 401K is minuscule by comparison. Give your kids the best possible environment while they are growing up because once they leave the nest, everything is downhill from there.

You caused all these horrific problems, the least you can do is give your kids the inner strength to solve them. Pox on you if you raise them badly, to become a part of the world's problems and not a solution to them.

Robin Hood

The whole premise of Robin Hood is taking from the rich to give to the poor, right? I'm sorry, but I just don't see anybody in this film who worth robbing from.

The movie is dark, the clothing is dark, the weather is cloudy all the time, the violence is dark and bloody, emotions are dark, and we are even led to believe the noble premise itself is dark.

This is the Dark Ages.

Early in Act One, there's a scene where a bunch of shadows wearing masks robs a farm in the middle of the night. We later learn that this group stole the village's entire grain supply and with no seeds to plant the village will starve to death. The local church supports this theft and insists on carting away the grain for taxes to the government.

Everybody knows the story of Robin Hood already. We automatically assume the band of brigands stealing from the poor farm (and the lady of the farm, no less — how bad can you get?) are Robin Hood and associates.

We see the fabled Friar Tuck insisting on carting away all the life-giving grain. This remains in our head for half an hour, reinforced at regular intervals — Robin Hood is one of these thugs who steals from women, and Friar Tuck seconds the motion.

It would be so much better to leave that scene out. This same shadowy group is later important to the plot, as secondary heroes. All we know about them until the point where they come to the rescue is that they're thieves. That they later follow the heroine into battle only diminishes her, not elevates her as a leader worth following.

We're introduced to the main bad guy after a few gory battles where the Crusaders attack a castle in France. France? They're painted as ruthless bloodthirsty mercenaries anxious for one last castle burning before they go home to England. The bad guy is bald (how uninspiring), and he eats an oyster with the blood of the King of France on it. Are we supposed to be grossed out? Seeing bright red blood, in the overall context of shades of gray, is more of a shock.

For the record, King Philip of France and King Richard of England led the Third Crusade. They feuded when Richard refused to marry Philip's daughter. They fought when Richard was on the way home after

the Crusades. Richard was captured, etc. All of this is just way too much “pipeline” or background information to cram into Act One.

A couple of scenes later we see the secondary bad guy having sex with a French broad in the Royal Palace in London. His wife, dressed like a nun, watches this through a peephole. His mother, the Queen, barges into the room and tries to take the tart out of her son’s bed. The boy stands there, stark naked, arguing with his Mommy the Queen of England. Worse yet, she doesn’t even bat an eye — in fact, she stares.

Richard the Lionhearted has the heart of a rogue and traitor. The Crusades are an exercise in genocide against Islam. The Queen is a shrew and harridan. The King’s only son is a horny bastard with no class. The Church is stingy and hateful.

Crusaders massacred thousands of innocent Muslims in the Holy land, showing absolutely no remorse. (King Richard calls Robin Hood naive for feeling badly about massacring women and children.)

Who wrote this thing, Iran’s Ayatollah Khomeini? Who financed it, OPEC? Who directed it, Wall Street Republicans insistent on legitimizing robbing the poor to give to the rich?

The whole of Act One (the first 30 minutes or so), when you are supposed to draw the audience into the magic of the story, is disconnected, disjointed, and choppy. There is no rhythm. Robin Hood himself is a petty, gambling, sneaky character who steals the horse, title, and chain mail of a real knight for free passage across the Channel to Britain with his small band of equally shady characters.

Later in the film, which goes okay once Robin Hood becomes the central character, there’s a particularly disturbing scene where a bad guy toys with a blind old man in a mock sword fight. That doesn’t make the bad guy look evil for doing this; it makes the screenwriter seem hateful and prejudiced. Have the old boy die saving his people from asphyxiation, let him go out with dignity and honor. He’s the only one in the whole cast worthy of a hero’s death.

I wish I had never seen this film. It will be years before I get all the ugliness and hate out of my head — the Hate for God, Country, Honor, Kindly Old Men, and Women — the Ugliness of a world-class film that dares to so disparage a cherished character in Western folklore. The only reason I don’t rate it as “trash” is that it symbolizes how much money Hollywood is willing to pay to destroy the very underpinnings of the few things left in this world that are good and noble and decent.

Russell Crowe deserved an Academy Award for rising above all this crap and turning in a heroic performance, simultaneously fighting past wrongs and present prejudices.

Of all the other gross and indecent things, at least Robin Hood survives intact.

A lesser actor would have caved in to the status quo.

Near Dark

Hollywood has since added to the genre. The bullets are real, the bloodlust is tangible, and the camaraderie is well played.

Even vampires have need of a family.

The plot suggests the trials and tribulations of the first homosexual encounter. The danger, the thrill, the rush of violating every moral law on the books. There's not only no accountability, you're even (like a gang of thieves after a heist) a hero among your peers afterward.

There's a cost to remaining gay, just like a vampire needs a constant supply of human blood to survive. Gays need constant sexual prodding, masturbating, to naked male pornography to survive, in a process called orgasmic reconditioning. A gay in the absence of lust-provoking images reverts to heterosexuality after a short transfusion of reality.

Every gay man remembers his first "kill." It's his pride and joy, his triumph. Vampire's victims die physically. Gay's are killed spiritually and morally. Even those who resist the gay man's relentless aggression are forever changed.

The victims of gays become schizophrenic. The toll in anguish and suffering in the wake of gays is incalculable. The cost to society in treating the schizophrenic victims, in their loss of productivity, in their burden to their family — is staggering.

But no, gay's are gentle, docile creatures. Right. Gays in the military commit ten times the sexual assaults of other service members.

Gays are ruthless, feral creatures — especially when aroused beyond their capacity in an environment like the military, surrounded by nubile, strapping young men ripe for the picking.

Zu Warriors

Once upon a time, there was a magical island nation called Japan that arose from the ocean like mountain peaks soaring above the clouds. They were a noble and honorable people, hardworking, and honest.

They had a Code of Conduct called the Bushido, and their Samurai practiced a righteous discipline with the sword in enforcing a universal justice for all Japanese.

Then a vast evil emerged on the mainland, Communist China. The Japanese fought a great war against this godless race, but the Japanese were defeated by a naive nation called America, who didn't have a clue just how evil and malevolent China truly is.

After that great war, America even helped China to rebuild. Slowly, inevitably, American business became more and more dependent on China for cheap labor to pump up their bottom line.

Now the Chinese economy grows at a rate of 20% (versus 1-2% for the U.S.) and the Chinese create 1 million good jobs each month, while America creates just 10,000 minimum wage jobs each month.

China has become a horrific economic monster, the Great Satan of the modern world. They worship profits and keep their currency 40% below market value so they can suck jobs and profits from every free nation in the world.

China has no morals, no values, no culture — just a single-minded obsession with taking over the world via economic blitzkrieg and then obliterating all culture, all religion, all the arts, all honor, decency, and freedom.

China would destroy all those things that define humanity itself and our evolution as a species. They want to cast the world into a dark, demonic, inhuman pall of absolute oppression.

They are succeeding.

No Mans Land Rise of Reeker

It's not enough for the gay moguls in Hollywood to populate movies and TV shows with so many homosexual characters that (surveys show) people assume that gays are 25% of all

U.S. households – 100 times the actual number of 0.25%, according to the 2010 census.

Hollywood has to dig even deeper into our moral psyche. They have to desensitize us, literally, to the foul odor that's the consequence of anal sex. Gays call the fecal matter that oozes out "drudge," and that describes this film exactly.

One of the main characters in the film has to dive into a foul- smelling sewer early in the action. He literally reeks of sh*t in every scene for the rest of the show. In the first few scenes after his foul baptism, the other characters reel back from the horrific odor. Then they just don't.

The audience becomes immune as well, eventually. Subliminally we know very well that this filthy dirty young man smells to high hell.

Gays think their crap doesn't stink.

Stigmata

Stigmata are the wounds to the wrists, ankles, and side suffered by Christ on the cross. What about bleeding feet?? You can be damn sure people tossed broken shards of glass and pottery, thorns, puddles of vinegar, and wire spikes in Christ's path en route to Calvary Hill.

The Church is only for poor, ignorant, stupid people who think God is thick red dye pouring out from the eye sockets of a solid stone statue.

Modern, sophisticated, suave Americans who live in big, dirty, crime-infested cities where women throw their infant children under the bus (abortion?) and young ladies sleep with a rock star one night, a female coworker the next, and a fallen priest the next — we're better than that.

It's way cool to hit on a priest. Kudos if you actually seduce him and get him into your bed. The whole subtext of the film was, are they going to have sex?

The moral theme of the film is "the closer you are to God, the more open you are to Satan." The entirety of the Bible and two thousand years of philosophy boiled down into that one paradox.

The characters may say this often enough, but they always imply the opposite: The closer you are to Satan the further you are from the moral quagmire, the painful empathy, the humanity that is God. Good grief, give me Satan any day of the week.

Personally, I think we're supposed to use our whole body to get rid of stress. If you are a devout believer and focus all the stress on the stigmata points; well, your total stress capacity is greatly diminished. Nor was there any mention of the common link between delusions and schizophrenia and false stigmata. I suppose we're meant to assume that all religious people are just plain crazy.

Not one Church member shown in the film is the least bit spiritual.

They are all greedy, afraid, egotistical, intellectual to the extreme, or excommunicated for sins unknown but implied.

You see absolutely no humility, dignity, compassion, empathy, or love — except maybe in the female lead, a street urchin who pimps herself to the highest bidder. It's the Church who has much to learn from the unwashed masses, not vice-versa.

Thank God the poor girl is blessed at the end, to finally be rid of that horrible, nagging affliction called faith.

Now she can go back to her pointless life in the big, ugly city, to dream of the priest who might have been her — confessor???

Wall Street Money Never Sleeps

I was in grad school getting a degree in mathematical physics a few years ago. The smartest guys in all my classes got jobs on Wall Street to create models of human psychology, politics, economics, and energy.

They use these models to execute trades, buying stocks and selling them a millisecond later to make a couple of million dollars.

Every tiny bump up by any company on the Big Board is immediately sold for a profit by one of the Too Big To Fail (TBTF) firms. If the stock goes down, they make money as well. Every tiny rumor, right or wrong, moves stocks, and that movement creates profits for the TBTF firms.

The film shows accurately how the mortgage-backed securities caused the TBTF firms to tank. All the mortgages in these bonds were subprime mortgages, therefore worthless. The bonds were still AAA rated, and countries all over the world bought them.

This is one reason why Greece went bankrupt, and why many other nations are on the brink: Ireland, Portugal, Iceland, Spain. The European Union itself is on the verge of collapse, because of a half dozen TBTF banks on Wall Street.

The film makes it seem as if the bankers were as surprised as everybody else when the bottom fell out. The sad truth is that financial institutions have gotten fat on mortgage-backed securities seven times in the last 80 years. All failed miserably, causing recessions of increasing magnitude.

The bankers knew damn well what was going to happen. That's why many of them made a bundle on the meltdown.

You're kidding yourself if you don't think the TBTF's huge computer models don't factor in the government's bail out. They use this so they can take on more risk. "Uncle

Sam will always bail us out, so let's increase our leverage

from 30 (the average of the TBTF banks) to 50.”

The new “Wall Street Reform” law codifies the Federal Reserve’s access to \$2 trillion for any future meltdown. The big banks won’t even need to beg Congress for the money. These TBTF banks can add \$2 trillion to our national debt any time they damn well please, as often as they like.

The only banks in the U.S. that survived the financial meltdown in good shape (without federal money) are the southern banks. These traditionally more conservative banks took less risk, to begin with (fewer subprime loans, for example).

The new “Wall Street Reform” law forces these conservative banks to now assume some of the extreme risks still being assumed by the TBTF banks.

Now the TBTF banks not only have the confidence of a bailout by Congress to ratchet up their risk factor, but ALSO a bailout by the Federal Reserve, PLUS access to all the assets of the conservative banks in the South.

Next time Wall Street craters, they’ll take every last penny in the U.S. with them.

And there will be a next time.

It’s inevitable.

Philadelphia

Hollywood is an expert at generating sympathy for their pet causes, as this 1993 film about AIDS. The facts behind the gay culture show just how wrong this film was. It's quite politically incorrect to even suggest this.

To actually state it and to back your statements up with verifiable statistics is downright homophobic.

AIDS was discovered in 1984. Even though the gay culture is a little more subdued these days, the advent of effective drug treatment for AIDS and HIV has shocked the scientific community, as many gays are now returning to their old freewheeling, sex-on-every-street-corner ways.

Let the facts in evidence at that time set the backstory for this film: The average gay person has 20-110 sex partners in a lifetime; heterosexuals 8. 43% of gays have more than 500 partners in a lifetime, 30% more than 1000 (half of these partners are total strangers). 70% of gay sexual encounters are one night stands. 80% of gays have STDs. 33% are alcoholics. 60% report having sex with strangers in bathrooms. 80% of these encounters involve drugs.

Gays commit 33% of all sexual molestations of children (while representing less than 1% of the population). 50% of women on death row are lesbians. Gays account for 17% of all hospital admissions (other than for STDs, for which they account for over 80% of admissions).

So, this was the gay culture until circa 1995 (and, increasingly, now).

It's a very disturbing picture. Even more disturbing is that Hollywood would produce a film that depicts gays as saints. You leave the cinema with the utmost empathy for gays, as upright, righteous human beings. In retrospect, I don't think any group that practices such sexual immorality deserves the least bit sympathy.

Fast forward to the modern day with the new cocktail of drugs that keeps AIDS in check. The lifetime cost per patient is \$300,000 (you pay for this in higher insurance premiums). Many leading AIDS researchers

are leaving the field they are so offended that gays are taking advantage of the new drugs to return to their old ways.

The incidence of new AIDS cases is back up to pre- AIDS-drug levels in the U.S. (40,000 new cases a year) and exponentially higher outside of the U.S.

Still, there are many films out of Hollywood these days that continue to depict gays as saints deserving our most sincere sympathy — and our hard-earned dollars.

Apocalypse II Revelation

They're the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transgender crowd. They hate God for calling their daily sex rituals sodomy and a grievous sin.

They hate the Bible because it's God's word.

They hate the government, society, church groups, schools, courtrooms — because all these reviled armaments of civilization have the gall to make them feel a tiny bit guilty about their lifestyle. Hello? That's not society, that's their conscience speaking. Thus, they hate their own sacred souls as well.

At least this film has a sickly, disgusting gay man as the antichrist's chief henchman. Oh, it's a Christian film sponsored by major church groups. Secular groups are what matter anymore.

Secular groups are progressive. They embrace gay membership, gay outreach, gay "New Age" ministries, gay pride days, gay Sunday school classes, gay history lessons, and gay contributions to their depleted coffers.

All gays need to accomplish this wholesale Armageddon of values is the blessing of "political correctness." Churches have to spend good money to make their own movies to get their point across, to beg for help from a blind population.

Gays can protest and cry like babies, and they get wall to wall media coverage for free. Churches lift one finger and try to run ads on TV to get their point across, only to be banned on account of "separation of church and media." It's the new paradigm. The "New Age" gay church is all the rave.

Gays think of themselves as modern day Christian martyrs. They adore being persecuted for their sins. It gets them sexually aroused to be persecuted.

They love to come out on national TV, using the media to put their face out there like the six o'clock news was their own personal dating service.

"I'm so lonely. I only had five or six sex partners last night."

"There's just got to be more to life than turning a dozen nubile young boys into gay monsters each night. How dare they call child molestation pedophilia — we have civil rights, too. They have needs. Who else has the skill and courage to sex them up?"

The Body

It's a pity Christians don't riot like Muslims do every time the media profanes our Prophet and Savior Jesus Christ.

Nothing is sacred in Hollywood unless it's their own warped values.

Here we have an intense drama where the fate and faith of a billion Christians is at stake, and they just have to include a flaming gay priest in the cast who dresses better than a fashion model and dances around the set like a little girl in love for the first time. Disgusting.

The Hollywood database IMDB.com classifies this as a drama/mystery/romance. Tinseltown revels like a pig in mud in the crass subtext of a priest in a professional relationship with a beautiful woman.

They just can't resist the temptation to, well, place an honest priest in constant temptation. The priest knows very well his predilection and plays it with consummate skill. There are no limits to Hollywood's subterfuge, no depths to which they will not wallow.

A body has been discovered in a tomb in Jerusalem that has all the hallmarks of a crucified Jesus. The Vatican is worried sick that this will prove Christ did not rise from the dead, that Jesus was not God after all, and that billions of the faithful will suffer a grievous loss in their lives.

Antonio Banderas plays a loyal priest tortured inside and out with the ramifications. It's truly personal to him and his own faith. He's clearly put off by the flaming gay father who runs the monastery where he stays while in Jerusalem. He's disoriented in many ways, and we feel them all.

You're right there in the middle of Jerusalem the whole time. The locations are visceral, and the sensation is organic. The Israeli-Palestinian violence is ongoing, and the conflict is a major subplot.

You feel what it's like to live in a Holy City under attack by infidels. You see what the Israelis have to put up with every day of their lives. The danger is palpable and very real.

Hollywood made this film intending to defame Christianity and Christ. They delude themselves into thinking that a Christ who is merely a man and not a God will destroy our faith.

“At last, our chance to obliterate Christendom.”

It shows just how far they have strayed from the core values of humanity because a God who lives and dies as a man is even more supremely significant still.

The Crossing

This is the story of how George Washington saved America by a sneak attack on Christmas Day.

Anybody who watches this movie and isn't immobilized by the suspense, shivering from fear and apprehension and thrilled by the sheer daring and bravery isn't a red-blooded American.

If you weren't in tears by the end, you shouldn't be allowed to vote. If you don't hate the Hessians as much as the Chicoms, you should automatically and forever be exempt from jury duty and the judging of your fellow Americans.

The Crossing is a medium budget film set in the early days of the American Revolution. The Declaration of Independence is less than a year old. George Washington's army has been defeated in every engagement. A once mighty army is now a scraggly mob of young conscripts whose enlistments expire in a couple of weeks.

It's winter, and Washington's tiny army is stranded in Delaware without food or shelter. The British have taken two of the three major American cities, Boston and New York, and the Continental Congress has just vacated the third, Philadelphia. The war is over. Freedom is lost, forever.

(If you don't despise the British for imposing "taxation without representation" then you don't pay enough taxes. If you don't know exactly how the Colonials felt when they did the "Boston Tea Party" to protest King George's excessive taxes, then you should go back home to Mexico or Africa or China or wherever it is you came from.)

Christmas is a week away. The American troops want to go home to their families. Their only possible military objective is an encampment of 2000 crack Hessian conscripts (think Special Forces, Green Berets) down the Delaware River at Trenton. Every last soldier is mortified by the very mention of Hessians. Everybody but George Washington.

There's one man that stands between empire and freedom; one man, a churlish Delaware River with treacherous ice flows, and 2000 Hessian mercenaries.

They crossed the Delaware, but in the course of so doing, Hollywood just couldn't let George Washington stand brazenly in the wooden boat as they paddled through the night toward sure defeat.

Indeed, the film destroys the very idea... with some crude joking about General Knox being so fat that "if he stood up and swung his balls the boat would topple." Clearly, they were referring to George Washington (seated right next to Knox) not standing up.

I HATE HOLLYWOOD! (General Knox later became the first Secretary of the Treasury, for whom Fort Knox is named.)

They surprise the Hessians the morning after Christmas, still drunk and groggy after Yuletide celebrations and inebriations. They capture 900 Hessians and kill any more – without a single American casualty.

It was a miracle, truly. Not that Hollywood would admit it because God is dead.

Screw Hollywood.

A Beautiful Mind

Back in the 1940's and 50's, before the advent of computers, the military had to do massive calculations for bomb, tank shell, and mortar trajectories. They literally had a whole cadre of idiot savants — brilliant mathematicians they corrupted into walking computers.

You'd walk up to one and say hi, and he would put his half full coffee cup in his sweater pocket to shake hands with you.

John Nash was not the exception but the rule. We only know about him now because he did brilliant work before the military got hold of him.

Personally, I think the whole premise behind Nash's dissertation is flawed. It assumes (1) women are always jealous of the most beautiful among them (surely best friends are way beyond that immaturity), and (2) horny men are actually going to "do what is best for the group" and ignore the most beautiful lady (the bond of friendship among men is NEVER that strong).

This flawed logic has led us to (3) a modern business model where the goal is to become a billionaire (millionaires are paupers), and where (4) the total leveraged wealth on Wall Street is ten times the net worth of the entire world.

Moreover, in this new paradigm, (5) the big banks can buy stock worth thirty times the cash value of their bank account at zero percent interest (you or I can buy one times our net worth by borrowing from the bank at exorbitant interest rates), which means that (6) when the market goes up five percent I make 3-4% on my money, while (7) the big banks make 90-120%.

The moral is that economic rules do not characterize human behavior. They control it. And control equals economic success.

Anybody who has been to an exclusive graduate school in the sciences will not recognize Nash's best friends. These men were smart enough

to rub elbows with Albert Einstein, for God's sake. They would all be arrogant, conceited egomaniacs.

In such a setting, John Nash and his eccentricities would appear human, even likable, by comparison. Nash retained a firm grasp on his basic humanity and would not let it go no matter the consequences.

The late 1940's and 1950's saw a national craze about UFOs. Orson Wells' Mars radio broadcast caused a national panic.

Everybody was obsessed with UFOs.

It wasn't perceived as bizarre, eccentric, or crazy the way it is now.

The elite scientific and military community that John Nash was a part of knew all about the new jet aircraft and other Top Secret technologies that were being developed at that time. If John Nash had known what they knew, he would have been fine.

As it is, they kept him in the dark and managed his situation to make him into a human computer, an idiot savant. They didn't bother to see if he had any pre-existing conditions that would push him over the edge.

That's the price we pay for an all-powerful military industrial complex and a scientific community that is totally under their absolute control.

Iron Man 2

All corporate CEOs deserve to have beachfront mansions in Malibu, gaudy parties, beautiful women, no work and all play. They deserve it. We owe it to them.

Stark has no humility, no weaknesses, no soul, no conscience, no bald spot, not even a buxom babe — just himself. Narcissism squared. How very boring.

This is one long, endless trailer with the sole intention of selling toys and movie posters to kids and their clueless, absentee parents. This is the product of a screenwriter who gets paid by the cost to make his movie, not the content. If your child is narcissistic before he watches this flick, he'll be irreversibly so after.

Evil geniuses, fortunately, are brave enough to risk all to avenge their poor, dead fathers — strong enough to pull it off — and honorable enough to be willing to die in the doing. Tell me again.

What's so evil about avenging the mega-conglomerate that ripped off your old man, threw him in a Gulag, and destroyed his family? Oh, sorry. Corporations have a license to do just that any more.

Used to be, it took an American entrepreneur with a cutting torch and an ax to grind against the Evil Empire to create an Iron Man suit from a pile of recycled, rusting steel. These days anybody who does that sort of thing is a psychotic reprobate on the east bank of the Slovak River with revenge in his heart of hearts, against American corporate might.

How dare he!

Where have you been for the last ten years? American manufacturing is dead and buried. We're a service economy. We service everybody's anything anytime anywhere.

The U.S. military is just like big business any more. They'd rather spend billions on robotic assembly lines — no unions, no health insurance,

or even wages — just electricity, grease, and computer code. Robo-soldiers will even work 24/7/365 without overtime, hazardous duty pay, vacations, or management issues.

The military adores mindless mule drones. If they could make a million of them, they would do just that and a million more. Testosterone is an illegal performance-enhancing drug any more. Just ask the 80% of high school boys who are too obese, too unfit, and too nonathletic to even qualify for day one in Army boot camp. The other 30% don't have the smarts.

They all adulate Iron Man, though. That's got to be worth something, doesn't it, Sarge?

It takes Iron Man, Stark Enterprises, a secret organization of superheroes, and the whole U.S. military to take down Rust Man.

I want to be Rust Man! He's got compassion for birds, and he honors his father. He's got the scrappiness to make a pile of junk metal into a flying machine, all by his self.

I want a Rust Man poster, Mommy!!!!

The Broken

Long-term exposure to modern media can be quite dangerous to your health. It can turn you into a zombie. It really can.

A minor in psychology (or film studies) has the same effect: People become ugly, shallow simpletons as your own psyche develops and matures.

The first sign is paranoia, when people aren't who you thought they were.

Actually, art in any form is a good thing. It provides access to your inner vision. It shows you reality the way it really is.

You'll be horrified to look back at the old you and how you once were.

Every family has their skeletons. Never trust your father, at least not until you become just like him. Unhappy or tortured parents often have children with the same issues.

It's not until they all come to terms with their respective demons that a modern family can get along altogether.

Prometheus

The one saving grace of this film is the technology. It's awesome! The special effects are priceless, creative and fresh – the space travel, the faraway planets, the 3D holographs, the million-year-old spaceships, even the slimy alien creatures.

I take an exception to the vintage flamethrowers, though – they went out of vogue with napalm and the Vietnam war.

Otherwise, this film has all the gross clichés of a modern Hollywood money maker. It got 7/10 at imdb.com so the public must like crap like this. Small wonder. The cast of characters is full of A-list stars, but the script put them all in a straitjacket.

To mention just some of the meaningless blather that takes place amidst the awesome sci-fi backdrop:

A 90-year-old trillionaire who uses his immense wealth for selfish reasons, to seek immortality for himself. Eat your heart out Warren Buffet.

Meaningless sex between unisex couples.

A gay robot with a malicious agenda and more personality than all the humans around him combined.

Fawning, scaredy cat engineers, scientists, and technicians. These are the best Earth has to offer?

The actors are all just so many talking heads reciting their lines like robots. The script gives them no arc, no personality and precious few emotions. The people are shallow, petty, selfish, ignorant and pedantic. And you wonder why the alien giants who created us millennia ago now want to obliterate the human race from the cosmos?

Good riddance.

Mister Foe

Violence isn't the only issue with Hollywood in facilitating mass murders by young adults these days.

Think savage immorality.

Screenwriting is very much like journalism. You get an "angle" on a story and go with it. That's the hook that sucks people into the drama and keeps them there. This film's hook is moral depravity. (How'd you like to have a lustful mom like the image below – psych!)

Every teenager with a hot, sexy young stepmother spies on her from his tree house. This lucky kid actually gets to have sex with Mommy. Wow! What an ego rush for all the shy, ugly, repressed young adult males out there watching the film in a dark, musty theater.

Mom says she just wanted to get him to move out of the house. Pity nobody ever tried that kind of reverse psychology on me.

Moms any more are just as narcissistic as their kids. They get a thrill showing off their silicone tits to their teenage sons. They can justify it a hundred ways. How better to desensitize him to the allures of modern women? Where's the harm in a little innocent flirting? The problem is that's not how kids see it.

But, wait. It gets better. This kid runs away to the city (Mom's ruse worked), spots a young lady who's the spitting image of his real Mom — and, dream of all dreams... he falls for this hot broad; she falls for him, they have ravishing sex, and even some romance. (Not necessarily in that order.) And more sex, repeatedly, in exotic locations.

Incest is apparently no longer taboo, at least not in Hollywood. Weeeeee, it's not really incest, legally, between a kid and his stepmother, is it????

It's pretty clear the kid has some serious problems. He should have been put on a psych ward by his filthy rich parents, not nurtured even

facilitated. (Moms have their sexual needs too.) He'll probably grow up to be a woman-hater, an abuser of women, a psychopath even.

Through it all, I'm quite sure he'll be a good son to his parents, especially to his Mom.

But, for now, he's the talented star of the show and worthy of our enduring adoration, and emulation — if you can get away with it.

That's showbiz.

Allan Quatermain and the Temple of Skulls

Come spend a pleasant couple of hours in South Africa and meet the natives. Admire the pendulous breasts. Long for the good old days when the tits were real, and the women wearing the really big ones had the personality to match, not an ugly inflated ego far beyond their pay grade.

This adventure has all the emotional content lacking in the Indiana Jones epics. The evil is personal and tangible. The life-threatening decapitation by primitive headhunters is real and imminent.

The plump breasts of dancing maidens are mesmerizing. The landscape is awesome, and the hero is a true loner/curmudgeon not a walking thesaurus of one line quips and false bravado.

It's pretty obvious this wasn't made in Hollywood, because the romance is genuine, the emotions are heartfelt and earned, and the love is destined to last beyond the end of the closing credits.

Indiana Jones' triumph was finding the Ark of the Covenant or the priceless Crystal Skull. Allan Quatermain's triumph is earning enough money to send his son to school in London for one more term. (He actually never even finds the Temple of the Skulls, but something FAR more valuable.)

Indiana Jones always ends up back in academia surrounded by adoring coeds. Allan Quatermain hangs out with his new friends (and gushing lady friend) out in the outback by the barbie, smiling (yes, apparently he can smile), and quite content at last with this ramshackle lifestyle of his.

Alas, the film is not without influence from the gay Hollywood crowd. The peak of personal danger to our heroes, the scariest scene, has Allan et al. surrounded by naked women dancing and plump breasts bouncing.

Hey, you all — you get the message here?? Be afraid of women. They'll entice you with their sexuality and cut off your head if you dare to stare at their pride and joy.

Fortunately, I still retain the capacity to realize it's all make-believe danger, surrounded by ogling cameramen and a director sweating bullets under his little pink umbrella.

Enjoy the show, folks.

Move with the drums, man — rumba with da beat.

Devil's Gate

This film is for all you people who live in small towns, remote from “civilization.”

If you ever wondered what city slickers REALLY think about you, this is your chance to see firsthand.

Kind people who give you a lift wherever you want to go (faster than any taxi, and for free) aren't “kind people.” They are weird monsters with an ulterior motive, always — usually, if you're an attractive lady, they want to get into your pants.

In the big city, homeless people are drunks and addicts who lived under bridges in filth and garbage. That's exactly where they belong.

Homeless in the country live in neat little caves and keep a wary eye for the locals, your friendly “Neighborhood Crime Watch.” They earn their keep, many times over.

Country cops are lazy, uncouth, and sexual maniacs. If you're a pretty lady, don't EVEN ask for help from a country cop. You'll regret it, for damn sure.

There are no such things as family values, childhood friends, or avuncular neighbors — much less doddering old grannies. In the country families are deranged, friends are dangerous, and neighbors are vile, vicious, and feral.

Never mind the sweeping landscape, the ocean waves crashing on rocky shores, the morning mist, the nighttime chills, and the driving rains.

It's only mother nature, just as mentally disturbed as the Neanderthals living hereabouts — maybe even more so.

Cat People

The opening scene is offensive enough: An ancient ritual deep in Africa where a primitive tribe practices bestiality. They tie a woman to a mystical tree where a black panther shows up in the middle of the night to have sex with her.

This is pretty obvious stuff for a film made in 1982.

They're much more subtle and sophisticated now, but still peddling the same old crap.

I'm thinking these are the same primitive African tribes who had sex with monkeys as a matter of common practice and started the whole AIDS epidemic, which now inflicts 30 million people worldwide, overwhelming every health care system in the world and with them, civilization herself. The primitive tribes control Hollywood now.

The next sequence of scenes takes place in New Orleans, a city where all things are possible and accepted. In so doing, we are subconsciously impelled to accept another vile act: Brother-sister lust, probably leading to incest. It's okay so long as it's between two beautiful people, is the message here.

In the next sequence, we see a prostitute walking the streets of New Orleans and stepping into a room to service a John (who turns out to be a black panther, that assaults her and injures her leg). Poor whore.

We pity her and all who ply her trade. A brief glimpse of bare breasts quells any qualms and, by emphasizing her vulnerability, overwhelms us with sympathy for the prostitute and her little daughter at home needing a babysitter while her Mom fucks strangers for a living.

In the next scene, the New Orleans zoo people arrive and trap the beautiful black panther in the hotel room and shoot it up with a tranquilizer gun, sedating it. The room has bars on the windows. We pity the trapped wild animal.

We hate the powerful man who comes to bring the panther to the zoo where the animal — and the man it really is — to be locked away behind bars forever. We hate the cruelty of man. We yearn for the animal to be free so the man inside can be free, to go home and to have incestuous sex with his own beautiful sister in the city of sin.

All this takes place in less time than it took you to read these few words. Our whole spiritual ethos is turned topsy-turvy by imposing vile animalistic acts in a breathtaking landscape — first of beautiful Saharan sand, then of beautiful Hollywood actors — that make it all seem oh so okay.

What a terrible injustice, that man has been forced by hateful religion to lock away our primitive sexual desire to pleasure beautiful animals and beautiful people, at will. Gays have every right to indiscriminate sex; bisexuals to indiscriminate sex with either sex.

Who cares about the gruesome genetic consequences of incestuous progeny? It's the here, and now that counts. And besides, if you use a condom, it's quite okay.

Hollywood is about forever "seeking new dramatic situations." A drama that doesn't violate some fundamental premise of civilization isn't fit to be made. This film violates several, and thus the all-star cast it was able to attract — actors, actresses, director, producers.

In the thirty years since this film was made they have all become superstars. Of course, they proved early on they have what it takes to make it in Tinseltown — no soul whatsoever and an abject hatred of civilization itself. Kudos to them all.

These days, after fifty years of denigrating every civilized virtue of man, I'm waiting for the day when a film that espouses conservative values is so breathtakingly radical that it introduces a "dramatic new situation" for Hollywood to deem worthy of the silver screen.

Salt

Secret agents are the best that humanity has to offer. In the “Age of Narcissism,” where everything is about “me,” secret agents do the unthinkable — they hide their skills, their talents, and live a mundane life out of the limelight.

Not something you would expect a Hollywood icon like Angelina Jolie to be good at.

The most intelligent, most morally superior, most highly skilled among us live humble, simple lives beyond the glare of all the acclaim and glory they would otherwise achieve in life.

I wonder sometimes if our leaders deserve such high-quality protection. Leaders who play golf while Rome burns. Leaders who read all their grandiose words from a teleprompter, never really meaning a word they say — not even remembering anything the very next day.

Eisenhower had a White House staff of less than 20. Mrs. Obama has a larger personal staff than that. Obama himself has thousands, including over 100 “czars,” each with their own “staff of 20.” There are 6500 Secret Service employees now, 3400 of them Agents.

Maybe if they were less invulnerable, our leaders wouldn’t do things to make so many people hate them so much.

Leaders who run up an intolerable \$16 trillion national debt, who spend \$3 trillion to defeat a petty dictatorship in Iraq, \$1 trillion in Afghanistan (where the only visible result is that

Afghanistan once again supplies 95% of the world’s heroin), and steal \$2.8 trillion from our Social Security Trust fund then say it’s so bankrupt they have to gut all our future benefits.

What must it feel like, for the President, to be surrounded by such fine men and women in the Secret Service — the best of the best of the best, willing to sacrifice their very lives for you?

It must be hard not to think yourself a God. Heil to the Chief.

Wanted

Hollywood has to build giant, elaborate machines that take up whole floors of an old factory building to detect the slightest communication from God.

The rest of us mere mortals have a soul to do that.

Hello, but the messages this secret cabal of assassins receives from the Godhead are to kill people. Apparently, they're messages from the underworld and Satan. Hollywood itself is a giant machine and, in totality, a message from Satan.

I have a problem with this secret society's methods. They have to beat the living crap out of a poor guy, driving him to the brink of death (maybe beyond, it's hard to tell) — and repeatedly — for him to get the knack of this new faith-based skill of his.

Sure, maybe mankind suffered greatly over the millennia to achieve our faith, but it's a bit much to cram all that angst into a couple of sessions with a sadistic mentor. Hollywood loves to make faith look like torture.

I like that there are twelve of these elite assassins following their messianic leader on instructions from God, which he alone receives and interprets.

I thought plots like that, however, went out of style with David Koresh and the Branch Davidians, Charles Manson, and Jim Jones sipping kool-aid with his followers in Ghana.

The only thing good this film has going for it is Angelina Jolie in action. She grips that weapon like a maniac in the frenzy of penis envy.

This is not a solid enough role for her, though, give the damage it will do to her good girl image with the masturbating, role-playing-game Tomb Raider crowd.

She's going to have to lift some pretty heavy drama weights after hanging out with this no good, cutthroat crew of devil worshipers.

Black Death

A group of medieval warriors goes to a remote village immune to the bubonic plague seeking a demonic necromancer the Church believes is the cause of the villager's immunity from the black death.

Homosexuality is a plague in the modern world, whether or not you believe so.

Ten years ago gays were less than 1% of the population. Today (if you believe the gay propaganda) 25% to 40% of the population is gay. If that's not a plague then I don't know what is.

The HIV virus is actually hundreds of different viruses that all inhabit the victim's body at the same

time. They mutate constantly, becoming more and more resistant to our best drugs. AIDS has crossed the species barrier, from apes to man and not from man to cats, dogs and many other species.

Back then people at least had the good sense to be afraid of the bubonic plague. Today we literally embrace the gay's black death.

We facilitate the spread of their plague by giving homosexuals special rights, super-nominal privileges, and exclusive access to all aspects of the media to spread their vile message.

It's understandable, given the state of science back then, why people were so puzzled about the plague and it's causes. These days, sixty percent of gays are well-educated professionals with college degrees.

They know damn well who and what they are and what they are doing to western civilization. They know very well how to use the system to further their ends and have no qualms about doing so.

The king, the Church, locals, and everybody everywhere did everything imaginable to stop the plague. They used every possible resource. In the modern day, ironically, political correctness has marshaled all the resources of civilization to promote and spread the gay pestilence.

We indoctrinate children from kindergarten (in cartoons and in school, too), and we project the gay agenda into every living room, every political debate, and onto the front page of every publication in the land.

Conspiracy

The (supposedly) true story of a secret meeting of Nazi leaders to decide the fate of the Jews. The Jews refused to work, did not have the manual skills to contribute to the war effort in a meaningful way, and undermined the Nazi regime at every possible opportunity.

So what do you do? You declare war on them!

Thus, they were deemed enemy combatants and war criminals.

Fifty years ago, a similar conclave was convened of leading American academics to discuss the fate of a race and, as a consequence, the entire nation. What to do with the blacks and their propensity for random violence, like small children, throwing a temper tantrum whenever denied their wishes?

The academics decided to establish the welfare state to give all blacks a nominal income so they wouldn't riot. The property damage they had been causing in the Civil Rights "movement" far exceeded the cost of welfare.

There are now high level meetings behind closed doors in Washington DC to decide the fate of our nation and our national debt. Neither side has said one syllable about welfare reform. We spend \$1.5 trillion annually on welfare.

Our leaders have decided that it's better to destroy Social Security, Medicare, Medicaid, the Department of Defense, and to gut all other major government functions so they can keep on giving each poor black \$25,000 a year and every poor black family \$40,000 a year in cash and benefits.

The position of the NAACP on all of this is absolute outrage. They say the Republicans "want to eliminate the progress of the American government for the last half of the twentieth century."

The irony is that blacks are far worse off now than 50 years ago.

There are more blacks in prison than in college. 75% of black children are born out of wedlock. Black fathers are extinct as an archetype. Children without fathers are far more likely to become criminals, abuse drugs and alcohol, have sexuality issues, and drop out of school.

America has been a good father to blacks and they have stabbed us in the back and utterly destroyed our great nation.

It's high time we ended the welfare state.

” God help us if the Fuhrer ever finds out about this ! “

Cyborg 2

This is a futuristic drama where cybernetic robots are so realistic they perform many functions humans used to do, even prostitution.

A renegade cyborg with thick lips, big tits, and a kick ass attitude teaches us all a valuable lesson about being human.

The vile, despicable bad guy in this 1993 film is gay. He's obscene, psychopathic, vain, egocentric, self-centered, narcissistic, and violent beyond rage.

Hallelujah, finally a realistic depiction of the homosexual archetype.

Angelina Jolie, as the sexy cyborg, is sensual like you've never seen her — even with those natural, unenhanced breasts. She captures your attention in every scene with superb acting skills, body language, and facial expressions.

The modern Jolie depends far more on moving eyeballs and pumped up titties to keep our attention. What a waste of quality talent.

This film shows you just how powerful political correctness is, in stifling all attempts to characterize any gay character as the bad guy.

Any more, it's worse than worshipping Hitler, Stalin, and Ghengis Khan put together — if any gay character utters a single, solitary disparaging word your career in films is finished, fin, the end.

The evil gay guy has balls, I give him that. He's assertive, driven, and he even rolls up his sleeves and throws his punches like a man in the end. None of this servile, fawning, sissy-fied, limp-wristed balderdash gays dish out these days.

Modern gays have strayed so far beyond the pale of manhood as to not even be human any more. They've become a hive mentality they depend on communal reinforcement so much.

They identify only as a group any more, as a paranoid cluster of

sub-humans who can't even, in their entirety, approach the grace and dignity of a single honorable heterosexual man.

Not Forgotten

A gringo father returns to his dark past to do everything possible to find his kidnapped daughter.

Serves the stupid gringo right for dabbling in all things Mexican.

Mexico is much more than the Spanish language and the Catholic Church but a deep, dark, pagan culture that dates back to human sacrifice by the Mayans, whose empire was centered in Mexico City.

The story takes place along the U.S.-Mexico border in Del Rio. The contrast between the two cultures is highlighted in the characters, their actions, the dialogue, and the dark theme.

We all assume that Mexico is a nation of honest, hard working people devoted to Christ and to the Catholic Church. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Devil worship is as much a part of the Hispanic culture as voodoo is in Haiti and the Caribbean. Blood worship is endemic to the Mexican soul.

Hence their propensity for deceit, criminality, drug running, and generally undermining the United States under the noble auspices of the Catholic Church.

The Church in America is as activist an organization as any other these days. They lobby for the “rights” of illegal immigrants, give them shelter and safe harbor, and do their utmost to fulfill Jesus’ holy obligation to the “believers.”

The gringo father in the film was raised in the Hispanic culture from an early age, but he never understood it.

No one but Hispanics understands the disparity implicit in using the Catholic Church as a spiritual decoy for their true worship: Death, the antithesis of Jesus Christ’s teachings.

Everything in Mexico is sex, sensual, and lust — the entertainment,

the TV, the music, their fav soap operas. Every scene in the film shots to the unbelievers: Jesus is Dead, God is Deader.

Come to worship life with us and your deepest, darkest aspirations will become true: Death, mayhem, lust, vengeance, revenge.

All these things can be yours and more. Just give your soul to Satan and the Antichrist will do the rest.

Strange Days

A futuristic drama about a virtual reality technology device that gets a slick entrepreneur into trouble with the law. This is before YouTube when it seemed quite bizarre that people would film insane pranks like robberies and assaults just for kicks (and mega hits on the Internet).

The backdrop of the film is a big city wrecked with random violence that police have no hope of ever controlling. This is a world where morality has lost all influence. Sound familiar?

The last straw (in realville) is gay rights and it's subversive influence on family values, the church, family cohesiveness, sexual identity, and political correctness — one group undermining the entire social order. The result is the total, irreversible chaos depicted in this film.

When I first saw this film a decade ago it was scary but not very realistic. Now it's so realistic as to be terrifying. All the action video games have far more violence and sexuality, but not the hellish bite.

The Supreme Court over ruled lower courts to lift the sales ban on these games to minors of any age. Washington itself is far more horrifying in comparison.

The old computer adage applies here: Garbage in, garbage out. We fill kid's heads full of random violence, hate crimes, and death with no consequences — and we get the same crap when they are adults in positions of responsibility: bad parents, bad husbands, child molesting mothers, and bad citizens in every possible way.

I'm always amazed at the extent to which cops in the movies go to solve crimes involving the most inconsequential people.

They pursue high profile targets, sure, but only to get the DA points at election time.

Criminal prosecution is nothing more than a triage any more.

You prosecute the crimes that are easily solved first and with a good chance of getting a conviction and file the others away.

In The Valley of Elah

I've always heard that Hollywood hates the war in Iraq and the U.S. military.

This film proves it beyond every reasonable doubt.

It's scary to think that Hollywood made a film like this while our young soldiers were at the peak of the conflict in the Middle East. I can only imagine what this film did for their morale.

Everybody goes overboard to get their point across just how unjust and vile the war in Iraq is — the screenwriter, the director, and the actors.

Tommy Lee Jones pulls off a brilliant performance, using his trademark morbid expression to say over and over again just how much he hates the war, hates himself, hates the American flag, hates his own wife and son.

The first half is great. It shows the agony of war, the suffering of family members, and the horrors of our brave soldiers in combat.

These young men are thrown into chaos and expected to behave better than any senior government official in the

U.S. and to set the moral standard that nobody else in America abides by.

This film is sure to be a favorite with all the draft-dodging, war-protesting Baby Boomers who despise the military and all the good things the military stands for.

The only genuine character is the lady detective, struggling to do her job in a climate of male chauvinism and outright harassment.

The second half, like what we do to bright, idealistic young men we throw into combat; slowly goes bad, very bad. In screenwriting par excellence, we are led by the nose to believe our military's finest are guilty of a heinous murder. While, all the while, nothing tangible is said to disparage the military.

When the details of the crime come out, we are convinced that all our soldiers are walking, talking, drinking, smoking psychopaths.

At the final curtain, we agree with the whole premise of the film, that the U.S. military is indeed the Great Satan.

Immortal

Most dramas set in the future show everything is sleek, perfect, and technologically immortal.

This film is much more realistic.

The transportation is undependable, the authorities are as bungling as ever, and the people simmer in a constant state of suppressed rage. Ahhh — the people. There are a few real actors in the cast, but most of the characters are FX video game archetypes.

When I first saw this film going on ten years ago, it was a thrill ride into a not-so-perfect future. The bizarre humanoids were clever and cute and the genetic scientists were just a few more interesting Hollywood characters.

A lot has changed since then. Now when you watch the film, it's almost a horror flick.

One of the few really profitable areas in modern science is genetic engineering. All the traditional sciences and engineering disciplines have pretty well run their course. Even electronics has hit the wall.

But genetics — the possibilities are limitless. They're researching growing human replacement organs, they've found non-embryonic stem cells, and they're even developing brain tissue to be used to run machines like a living computer.

Just think, robots with human brains but without the need for human health insurance, vacations; hell, any benefits whatsoever. Any CEO's wet dream come true.

Just last year scientists in the UK raised a red flag, demanding some kind of international rules on splicing human genes with those of lesser species. With all the billions of dollars out there (trillions!!) and all the political clout that represents, you can be damn sure any rules will be full of loopholes.

You can bet China and Korea and Iran already have extensive genetic research labs that are off the grid. Hell, our own Department of Defense probably does as well.

And so, all the strange looking humanoids in this film could very well come to pass. Humans with the head of a cat or the beak of a bird.

Even voracious carnivore-like humans with the head of hammerhead shark — they won't be the denizens of our imagination much longer, but our next-door neighbors.

True Grit

As an ardent John Wayne fan, this film was agonizing to watch. I can see how Jeff Bridges got a lot of Hollywood praise for his interpretation of the title role because he did his level best to lambaste a great American icon.

John Wayne, even playing a drunken U.S. Marshall, always kept that intangible edge of dignity and honor intact. This film does everything but.

Matt Damon's introduction to a 14-year-old girl was, "I've a hankering to kiss you on the lips" as she lay in bed, barely awake. This is vintage Joel and Ethan Coen, though, and their trademark trashing of all things great and noble. In writing and directing this film, I think they forgot to take their antipsychotic meds.

Not to be outdone, Matt Damon does his damndest to disparage all our grand preconceptions of the Texas Rangers. He literally whips the 14-year-old girl (we have this vague notion that it's because she jilted him the last time they met in her hotel room) and generally is a dark character in this dark drama.

The young lady with the true grit has that and more. She's an encyclopaediac with a sharp tongue, a vicious attitude, and an adult-sized ego far, far beyond her years. There's not an ounce of tenderness or give in this girl. She doesn't have grit in her soul but sandpaper.

It's hard to imagine either the U.S. Marshall or the Texas Ranger showing a liking for her at any level, other than sexual; and, now that you mention it, that's likely the Cohen Brother's intention.

This is not your usual young girl. She's what in the modern day we perceive as a born lesbian.

The anal expressive kind (as opposed to the anal retentive), the "male" who wears the pants in a lesbian relationship. She's cold, cruel, un-excitabile, and quotes the Bible like it was a writ of habeas corpus. I'm sure the lesbians adore this young gal.

Gangsters love to see law and order icons tarnished. Hollywood loves to see their reigning stars subverting what few decent values remain in our culture.

I can see why the film got so many Academy Award nominations.

Aeon Flux

A plague in 2011 devastates humanity, and 400 years later human beings are confined to a single domed city.

The remnants of the plague wreak havoc with their subconscious minds, as does the totalitarian state of their “perfect” society.

Something is wrong, very wrong, and an elite band of dissidents is determined to find out what and to free their society from the iron grip of their rulers.

The spectacular gymnastics of Charlize Theron give this film a poetic quality tinged with an ever-present sexuality.

I would like to hook up the most devout homosexual to electrodes and see him sweat bullets trying not to get excited watching Aeon Flux her stuff in this film — there’s not a man alive who won’t experience an increased pulse, elevated body temperature, sparks of higher brain activity, pupil dilation, or some other subtle sign of arousal.

Give me a thousand confirmed gays, and I’ll give you a thousand sexual reactions.

Gays are persistent in claiming their condition is genetic, that they are the third sex. At the same time, they depend upon artificial insemination and sperm banks to procreate and pass on their genes to the next generation.

I’m sorry folks, but you can’t have it both ways.

If your condition is indeed genetic, then you have no business flooding the healthy gene pool with your condition, doubling the number of gays with each generation, and thus at an exponentially increasing rate, driving the human race to utter extinction.

The bad guys in this film are a clique of the ruling party who oppose the genetic experiments of their secretive leader to create a healthy human race (they have depended on cloning for 400 years to propagate

the species, thus the mental aberrations that are cropping up among via bizarre dreams, flashbacks, and schizoid episodes — much like the modern epidemics of schizophrenia, ADD, and similar maladies).

These bad guys are violent, mean, and aggressive.

In real life, in our modern world, the bad guys are champions of political correctness. Gays have Civil Rights. They have a right to marriage.

The Church has a legal obligation to qualify gays' rights to not only exterminate their own genes from the gene pool but the genes of all their progeny, forever.

The really sad part is that well over half of gays are professionals with advanced college degrees. They can doom their own souls to purgatory, but what right have they to deprive the human genome of their talented, productive, intelligent genes?

Their psychology is so perverted, they use this — every woman wants brilliant, talented children — to further their ends, to speed the extinction of humanity once and for all time.

Personally, I think homosexuality behaves like a “soft” recessive gene that becomes dominant in a politically correct environment. This means every offspring of a gay person is gay, even if the mother is heterosexual.

This equates to a VERY fast increase in the gay population, taking only 100 years or so to contaminate the entire human genome; and 50 years of the progression has passed already.

Fight the future.

Clash of the Titans

Yes, the Gods gave young men short, stubby sticks that miraculously turn into long, shiny swords as soon as you grab them and swing them around a little bit.

Bully for Perseus for refusing to use God's sword — not that he's the least bit shy about grabbing other men's swords to swing them around at will. I am glad they made Perseus a fisherman like Christ the Son of the Christian God.

They even had a scene where no fish were in the nets, and we wait expectantly for Perseus the Jesus figure to summon the nets full of bounty.

It's pretty clear that FX (special effects) got the lion's share of this film's budget. After paying exorbitant fees to A list actors to play the lame title roles for Zeus, Hades, and Io they had nothing left to pay the hero, so they got a real loser.

Liam Neeson, who looks good as the supremely effeminate Zeus, and Ralph Fiennes as the lame Hades (anal retentive and anal expressive personalities, respectively) must have the gay community positively giddy in their seats. Finally a film with the true vision, gays as gods.

The only bright spot is Gemma Arterton as Io, the extremely beautiful creature who wants us to feel sorry for her because she was "cursed" with immortality. Looking like that?

She flits along through the men's battle scenes enticing male egos in the audience with a spark of lust now and then. Lust that is quickly transferred to men in mortal combat — grappling each other with their swords and spears while they cry with ecstasy to jam their large round spears into the backside of a monster or another man.

This must be how it looks inside gay bath houses, where grown men go on their lunch break to have random sex with many beautiful bodies

in steam-filled rooms where they never see the other men's faces, to keep it all quite anonymous you understand.

I never even made it past the ghastly giant scorpions. As soon as the screenwriter introduced some bizarre mummy characters to save the day, after 80% of Perseus' men were dead; well, I'm just glad I rented this one from Netflix and didn't pay hard cash for a movie ticket.

This is one pathetic use of Hollywood money, for damn sure.

300

How far we have digressed as a species. Physically, 80% of

American kids can't even qualify for Army basic training because they're too fat or too stupid.

Even after years of rigorous physical training, our soldiers can't carry all their gear into the battlefield without debilitating stress injuries to their spine. We're moronic slugs of fat, nothing more.

Now I know what Hollywood thinks about the freedoms guaranteed all Americans by the U.S. Constitution, and how jealous King Hollywood is of Congress's power to declare war. Congressmen are old, degenerate, putrid crones huddling in a circle on some remote mountaintop.

The War Powers Act that gives the President the power to make war is a nubile young girl in drug-induced ecstasy. Then Obama shows up in the guise of heathen savior, the constitutional lawyer that Hollywood anointed as Godhead with the authority to unravel every last Constitutional thread of liberty...

The gay hordes have long since overwhelmed

Tinseltown. Alas, the craggy rock orifice of Thermopylae is not the sensual female Hole of God but, with the addition of a prostate-like wall of stone, the fountain of endless homosexual joy.

The military welcomes gays serving openly with great enthusiasm. They welcome the weakness, strife, unfettered sexuality, extreme narcissism, and arrogance. What was weak before is now infinitely more so. Hallelujah.

As a culture, we are lazy and unfit. The only sports we partake in are vicariously or virtually. Even our esteemed athletes last no longer than a year or two in the big leagues. Most athletic contests are little better than staged professional wrestling events where grown men wear brightly-colored tights.

These pathetic caricatures of manhood hug and dance each other after scoring, as if they had just scored with a foxy dame. It's all pomp and circumstance, gladiators in the Coliseum — and there aren't even any ravenous lions to make it dangerous, just busty cheerleaders.

In large stadiums with big screens overhead, athletes love to watch themselves as they run for a score. What conceit, what arrogance.

Can't let the public know that our "pro wrestling" athletics is really all make believe, now can we?

Then who would buy all the sports gear from Nike to make their fat, flabby, weak, lazy selves feel superior and athletic while they vegetate on the couch on Sunday afternoons (and now on Monday evenings, on Thursday evenings, and on Saturday all day...) — when, in fact, they are barely even human any more.

Even the star athletes are feminized characters, to whom testosterone is an illegal performance-enhancing drug. Victory always takes last place behind ego, money, athletic sponsorships, fame, and even infamy.

There aren't 300 men in the whole 6 billion human beings alive today as fit and sturdy as the Spartan's teenage boys, much less the 300 seasoned warriors themselves. They're the last men who were truly all they can be. The 300 are immortal all right.

The Haunting in Connecticut

The only stories that Hollywood cannot distort to its own perverted ends are true stories like this one.

You can be quite sure they tried.

This is a good all American family who breaks under stress but ultimately pulls together to confront the horrors that haunt their teenage son/sibling who has terminal cancer. Everybody pitches it to the best of their ability.

All the forces of Hollywood's lexicon are are unleashed against this poor family — demons, necromancy, death, defilement, and even alcoholism. The poor family's faith in God is questioned, their faith in themselves, in medicine, and in mankind.

Hollywood does its level best to distort the events to the extreme, stretching our belief in the validity of the sick boy's Mom, from whose point of view the story is seen.

It's hard not to say this is all just way to extreme, way too unbelievable. But, this time, fine performances by the family members and a sympathetic preacher (who himself has terminal cancer at a very advanced stage) combine to win over any and all doubts.

Personally, I give this story more credence than even a haunting by some aggrieved spirits. I see the haunting as a message from God, the Supreme Story Teller, that Hollywood's gruesome assault on family values is not unnoticed in Heaven above.

Evil may run rampant and unchecked in Hollywood studios and executive offices, but it's demise will be the honest, hardworking families of America who demand more than vile propaganda intent on brainwashing them with alien values, but good solid stories that reinforce our

Christian morals and offer spiritual encouragement for all who strive to better themselves.

God pulled off a real winner this time.

I look forward to more of His awesome work.

Hourglass

Seventy percent of human communication is nonverbal. It's not hard to understand, then, all the sexuality issues people have in the modern day.

Take women, for example.

How do they learn that menagerie of moods, expressions, poses, tricks, and machinations that make them so seductive? They learn by observing and copying. Their teachers are those with the most enviable attributes — hourglass waist and a generous bustline.

Now, what happens when a femme fatale in training latches onto a classy dame with silicone boobs? The wannabe assumes this buxom gal is the real thing and copies all her moves (consciously or not).

After a few more iterations of this facade, the art of seduction is so watered down as to be unrecognizable. Thus, lesbians are born.

The lead actress in this film is the real deal. Her moves are fluid, her body language is organic (orgasmic), her facial expressions are genuine, and her body is prime grade beef. The contrast with every other actress is mind boggling.

And so, it's not at all hard to understand how strong her pull is on the poor guy in the film. To think of all that money women spend on clothes, jewelry, plastic surgery, and shoes

— when all they really need is genuine sex appeal learned from hanging out with the real deal.

Ditto for the big-haired James Bond men us guys subconsciously model our behavior on. (The flaming fag in this film sure got it wrong.) They're all feminized by Rogaine, hence the rash of homosexuals among men. Think Roger Moore versus Sean Connery.

No pussy galore for 007.

Echelon Conspiracy

We take it for granted that since 9/11 the government collects all kinds of information on us. Virtually all telephone conversations and text messages are filtered for information.

A bevy of judges on call will rubber stamp any request for bank records and a full in depth investigation of all aspects of your life. Hell, the cops can download your life story from your iPhone or iPad without a warrant.

You can try to live off the grid, use only cash and live a minimalist lifestyle, but then they'll assume you have something to hide and they'll keep you on their radar.

The tropical fish in my fish tanks have more privacy. At least they have some quality time alone at night when the lights go out.

This kind of government-snooping-gone-out-of-control film is popular lately. Nobody trusts the government, and it's not hard to imagine bureaucrats abusing their authority.

Actually, the government is relatively benign in this new information game. At least they have rules and oversight and accountability, even if it is full of holes.

The private sector is a whole nother ball of wax. Google keeps track of every search you ever do. Haven't you noticed google's uncanny ability to anticipate your search parameters? iPhones and iPads have a GPS chip that keeps track of wherever you go.

Amazon keeps track of all your purchases. Netflix knows about your movie interests. All these people collect information without any oversight whatsoever. You put all that information together, and Big Business knows you better than your own mother.

Would you trust an anonymous caller who texted you messages that

saved your life then later made you millions? Would you follow their every instruction thereafter? Probably.

People spend more time interacting via smart phone and messaging than they do in face to face interactions. We don't need body language to give messages context. Hollywood has taught us that the only thing we need to trust another person is sizzling sex in an exotic hotel room.

Problem solved.

Information is power in our simplistic world. Information is profit in the perception of business. Pharmaceutical companies buy prescription histories from Walgreens and Kmart so they can see which physicians don't like generic drugs.

Big Pharma doesn't need your permission to do this. The Fortune 500 companies all use this kind of raw data to fine tune their promotional campaigns, to tunnel their way into your subconscious mind, to overcome your natural resistance to fast talking salesman.

Resistance is futile. You will be assimilated.

Don't Look Up

A schizoid director tries to remake an old horror movie in Romania that met with disaster. There are a lot of great ideas in this film, well executed for the limited budget...

Some good acting, lots of raw emotions, and a solid pace from beginning to end.

The film brings to mind the Vietnam controversy of my generation. The peaceniks won that one. Now the industrial half of the military-industrial complex gets 70% of their profits from Red China, and the Obama administration is socialist bordering on outright communist.

Increasingly, Congress goes along with this. Anyone who objects is schizophrenic. So, here we are almost 40 years later, having flashbacks to that whole psychotic time in our nation's history, seeing it happen all over again.

Watching all the foibles of a film in actual production never gets old. Having an emotional, enthralled, charismatic young director go into fits of hallucinogenic creativity seems quite realistic.

The executive producer, who is a real jerk with a broom stick up his ass and dollar signs in his eyes, works for me. The cameraman is good, too.

The romantic Romanian female leads is perfect, as is the sexy lady reporter with the video camera. There's just something irresistible, mysterious, and dangerous about the Romanian babes.

Great use of psychotic flashbacks to the past, excellent how there were strange clips in the film footage itself. Demons made real like that are always scarier. The live birth of the baby was as horrific as it was memorable.

Better to show the back story as it's told in words at the very beginning. The whole story of the original movie production comes out again

along the way, but a little more detail in the very beginning would have been better.

Just not used to having to pay that much attention early on in a film.

You never see a screenplay or script on the set. Apparently, the director is the writer (hint: notepad within arm's reach at all times, scribbling bits and pieces down at random times of the day and night).

It would have been more realistic to see the film crew referring to a script now and then — maybe even dematerialize it to the script of the original film for another scary angle.

The Romanian helper Gregor got on the nerves after a while. He was a real hoot while making sly, sarcastic quips to himself (speaking in Romanian under his breath, while the translation was subtitled on the screen).

If he had done that more often his character would have been more three dimensional.

The crummy hotel was fun, with the paint peeling and a general air of dereliction. The set itself could have been a little more elaborate and labyrinthine. We see bad things happening at the upper levels several times, but they all happen in about the same place.

Better to reveal a little more about that area with each situation, to give us something new in a new setting to be freaked out about each time.

Omen III

Now I know why so many kids these days suffer from Attention Deficit Disorder. Don't take my word for this. Watch this film.

No, I'm not referring to the evil child of Satan, now all grown up and flexing his muscles on the world stage. I'm referring to the s – l – o – w pace of this film. It's agonizing!

Long, endless panoramic vistas in verdant pastures of men on horseback chasing foxes on the hunt with everybody in their black velvet riding tuxedos, and a pack of hounds chasing the poor fox over hill and over dale while the bad guys set up an obvious trap for the clueless son of Satan.

A modern editing room would cut and paste the entire plot of this film into one ten minute segment between ads for Post toasties and Budweiser. And we'd still be sorely tempted to switch channels after 5 agonizing minutes.

Society is Satanist any more. Well, maybe we would watch until the commercial break. Satan is cool, especially a young Sam Neill as Satan. Sex appeal!

There's something oddly compelling about how easily people in this film are brainwashed, mesmerized, programmed – and driven to kill without any qualms. We have no difficulty whatsoever with making this connection or accepting it. Because it happens to us all the time!

That's political correctness for you. Once you're in sync with the mob instinct anything is possible. Anything at all. Long live Satan.

Murder by Decree

Several murders in the business district of foggy Olde London circa 1880 get the attention of one Sherlock Holmes. Seems the dead prostitutes were killed by Jack the Ripper, and the horrific nature of the mutilations has frightened customers away from local businesses in the area.

Chalk graffiti points to a miscreant upset with the Jews and their uncouth manner of doing business. Naturally, the authorities don't want any anti-Semitic rage surfacing, so they call in Holmes and his loyal sidekick Dr. Watson.

These are the days when merchants had no advertising in their modest stores. No gaudy storefronts, no bright lights, no "Closeout Sale" signs, or even gaudy ads in newsprint. Merchants prospered on the basis of quality of service to their customers.

Along come the Jews, who discombobulated the entire mercantile system. They displayed their merchandise in front of their stores in fancy glass windows. They used every possible guile to entice business away from the local merchants.

The Jews became fabulously wealthy overnight. They obliterated the hard-working middle class before they knew what had happened to them.

Thus, there was at the time of this story much enmity between merchants and Jews. It's not hard to imagine the merchants suspecting the murdered prostitutes, literally left to bleed out on their doorsteps, were part of another fiendish Jewish ploy to scare away what little business the merchants still had.

The head of Scotland Yard, Sir Charles, becomes personally involved. He does his utmost to scare our Sherlock Holmes off the case. Jews have powerful friends in very high places, then as now.

Think of all the millions of small businesses worldwide that have had to close their doors because of the "Big Box" stores. A Jew is a Jew,

by any other name. Do people want good jobs or cheap merchandise? Advertising decides for them.

You've seen all the dead downtown areas of small towns in every corner of America. This is happening in every nation on the planet as the Big Box stores put tens of millions of people out of work and suck billions of profit out of already weakened communities using their docile armies of minimum wage workers.

As you watch this quite authentic film, notice the early scenes of the streets of London, the dirty bricks, the featureless storefronts, the fog, the grubby attire, the dark windows, and the narrow streets. Imagine, if you will, a bright colorful storefront opening up in this dark place, displaying their gaudy merchandise like whores on display in glass windows in Rotterdam.

Thus did the Jews overwhelm the tradition born merchant class, constrained by their code of conduct to have no advertising and compete only by virtue of the quality of their product and the friendliness of their service.

Big Box stores have the same strategy in the modern day. Now as then, they suck the vitality right out of small communities where they reside and send it to faraway places. They care not one whit about bettering the communities that support them.

These giant multinational chains use advertising to sell their cheaply-made products. Their monopoly means they don't need to provide a quality product. Their gain is our

loss. Planned obsolescence is good for business. Let the buyer beware. Profit is key, not customer satisfaction.

I call it Murder by Degrees (of shoddy workmanship).

The Island of Dr. Moreau

Here we have the story of genetic engineering gone amok. A mad scientist experiments on a remote island, mixing human genes with all manner of animal genes – orangutans, gorillas, hyenas, monkeys, dogs, felines.

The question that begs is what purpose is the soul? Is there a God? These new creatures ask this question often (far more often than humans do). This film makes it pretty clear that man most certainly is NOT made in God's image.

Maybe woman. Definitely not man.

What is a lesser animal to do with heightened intelligence from splicing their genes with man's? Is it a blessing or a curse? Without the capacity to actualize that intelligence – with poor vocal skills, limited dexterity – what's left but a pitiful creature driven to insanity as sure as you can't fit a tempest in a teacup?

Isn't that the purpose of the soul? Once creatures outgrow their body and skill set as the course of evolution, they advance to the next level, one that affords the mental architecture suiting a higher intelligence.

Likewise, what of a human being who fails to use his or her intelligence to the utmost? The soul can just as easily transgress backwards as forwards. Indeed, the natural evolution seems to be backward; you can see it every day in the news.

De-evolution is as much a reality as evolution, if not more so.

Moneyball

This is a great film about America's favorite pastime, baseball. It's the true story about how science and analytical mathematics were used by two stalwart fellows at the Oakland A's – a fat Yale graduate (the brains) and Billy Beane, the congenial General Manager who just couldn't resist the temptation to take a ragtag bunch of has-beens, never-beens, and jelly-beens and mold them into a force to reckon with on the diamond.

Brad Pitt clocks a super performance as a good ol' boy who just plain loves the game, hates the monetization of it, but who still manages to rise above it all with some infield dirt obfuscations.

Pure math applied to pure sport is somewhat ruthless, for sure. And, in truth, it doesn't work – never has, never will. It takes the human touch of a kind manager with the heart of a lion, the inspired leadership of an older player on his last legs, and the reluctant enthusiasm of a creepy Ivy Leaguer to share the magic of numbers with us lesser mortals.

The mystical allure of moneyball is the genuine power of knowledge. It's teaching players their foibles and strengths revealed by video analysis. It's playing team strengths against the indomitable odds and – most of all – it's knowing more about your opponent than he knows about himself.

The one profound truism I gained from this heartfelt film (other than “God help us if anybody puts numbers to politics – POLLS – Crap, polls... statistics! They already have !\$%#^!) came from one scene toward the end with the filthy rich, supremely arrogant owner of the Boston Red Sox.

“The nice thing about being rich,” said he, “is that I can do whatever I want... The whole world can say one thing, and I can do just the opposite if I want to.”

Of course, this is exactly what Billy Beane did, and he wasn't rich – not money-wise, but certainly love-wise; maybe.

This rich guy, so proud and so supremely confident; he and his peers

take umbrage with the status quo, despise it; flaunt their power to influence it.

The rich have the power to change the world, and they relish the chance to do so – adore it even. They change the world to make themselves more money (the Red Sox won the pennant the next year, and I’m sure this guy was so effing full of himself, still is), and to glorify themselves.

We can now blame the rich for all that is wrong with the world. (Lord knows, if you have spent any time on this website, you know just how bad things are.) They admit to it.

They did it, because they could. Who cares if their influence is for good or not. (Think 5 Too Big to Fail Banks on Wall Street that own derivatives worth \$600 trillion – ten times the total annual output of the whole world.)

Thank the good Lord for baseball. Of all the sciences and disciplines and fields of endeavor, baseball alone can embrace statistics and still keep its heart.

Thank Billy Beane.

666: The Ritual

A mystical lady archaeologist tries to keep a rabid neo-Nazi dame from using an ancient Celtic amulet to open a portal to another dimension.

Plenty of awesome Irish landscapes, fascinating olde castles, all seeped in enticing historical dialogue.

A pleasant movie with a gripping story line that keeps you on the edge of your seat until the very end.

This is the modern-day equivalent of the invasion of the British Isles by Christians. They spread Christendom by making Irish holidays Christian feast days (Easter, Christmas, All Saints Day) and by carving sacred obelisks into Celtic Crosses.

The Nazis, fanatical occultists, tried to do the same. Now a ruthless German lady wants, once again, to use the awesome Celtic spiritualism for personal means.

On a grander scale, most ancient religions around at the time of Christ were nature based. The early Christians made nature out to be evil so they could win over pagan converts.

Most Christians still believe nature is evil, and deep spiritual traditions like the Celtic culture are satanic, or worse. How perverted is that, for people to hate the very world that created them?

The premise of the film, at least for me, is fascinating. A revival of an ancient spirituality with a new perspective on God.

Everything about this film reinforces the deep Celtic allure — the characters, the land, the vagabonds who live well and happily off the land (here in America they would live in filth under bridges), the spooky ground fogs, the rocky old castles, the language (ceremonial Gaelic with English subtitles), the indomitable lady archaeologist, and even the evil German lady who often speaks to her muscle-bound thugs in German with no English subtitles.

The choice of a German antagonist immediately conjures the notion of Nazi. That's too facile. I would have preferred the evil lady to be a rich American so that the theme could emphasize the Christian (and American!) obsession with obliterating all forms of spirituality except their own.

The final enactment of The Ritual itself could then be made into a kind of demented Black Mass, contorting a spirituality predating Christianity by a hundred centuries into a bastardized worship of the all-powerful, pagan crushing, spiritual thug Jesus Christ.

With all the problems man is causing our environment we'll never make any progress until we get rid of this vile Christian principle that nature is evil.

In this regard, modern man will be just as reviled as the Nazis by future generations.

Succubus Hell Bent

This is a Spring Break party down movie until you mull things over...

Scientific studies have shown that women on the pill feel less sexy, are less interested in sex and enjoy sex less when they do have it.

The female lead Lilith fits this new archetype to a T.

She's ruthless, determined — and captivating.

Fashion houses adore women like this. Their diminished hormones make them feel less sexy, so they spend a fortune on alluring clothes to achieve that end: leather tights, scandalously short skirts and all the glam a flawless physique like that can handle.

Lilith shines like a goddess compared to the sundry homegirl coeds in this flick. The curvy plain Jane babes are actually everything a stud could ask for: buxom, punch drunk and ready for some heavy petting.

The guys always go for what they can't get, though; and

Lilith is definitely way out of their league.

It's good for the soul to watch a low budget direct-to-video movie like this now and then. The acting is solid. The sets are realistic — maybe too much so. The whole feel is very much like the drunken sexual excesses of college with the blasé' apartments, the late-night pool parties and the brews flowing like there's no tomorrow.

All the while, the rich boys flaunt their stuff. The pretty girls flock to their lavish parties and mount their millionaire toys just like materialistic girls always do.

Lilith wrecks the party every time, though.

The college dame on the pill always wears less and wants more — and she gets it.

Her superficial view of romance (like, what guy won't say "I love you" if that's what it takes to get in your pants) and her raw jealousy are not

something you see any more where metrosexuality, hormonal imbalance and “friends with benefits” have blurred the line between romance, fun and honest devotion.

For all the evil in Lilith the symbol and Lilith the vengeful broad who’s been jilted, it’s hard not to be nostalgic for bygone days when women weren’t afraid of their hormones and men weren’t afraid of her hormones either.

Anamorph

This is the story of Hollywood, about how they have gotten more and more extreme. Violence is more violent, sex is more perverted. People and places are distorted beyond recognition.

Set in the middle of a gutted Gotham of an inner city, the drama revolves around a talented painter/artist with a warped, sadistic bent.

The stupid detective investigating the décolletage of murders falls right into his trap. It's inevitable! It's ugly. It's bloody, grotesque human nature extremis.

This is how Tinseltown sees humanity – degenerate, depraved monkeys fallen from the grace of God. Mere mortals are blessed to glimpse the heart and soul of their holy of holies, Hollywood. We're all the bloody victims of Hollywood's vicious evisceration of the soul, our soul. Your soul!

Sure, there's the random detective who has strayed onto holy ground and seen Hollywood for what it is. Written about it! They fall victim to the monster every time.

There's a reason why priests themselves have a father confessor; why psychiatrists have a therapist. Hollywood has their films and you, the helpless viewer.

There's no check on Hollywood's power over our imagination. There's no end to the moral depravity they wreak on an unsuspecting humanity.

There's no antidote, just more – more!

Scorpion King 2 Rise of a Warrior

All the great warrior movies show nations of Antiquity training their best people from an early age — Sparta, Rome, and now Akkad.

It takes six years of constant training and hardship.

These days, six weeks in basic training, and they ship you off to the front lines. That may have worked in Vietnam, but these days the Army rejects 80% of applicants because they are either too fat or too dumb.

Although, you've got to wonder about these new Black Scorpion boys with their cute black leather bras, long hair, pony tails, and swords. They look pretty sharp in their tight black leather pants, too.

Hollywood loves to dress up their boys and consign them to the king's personal harem, er — I mean, personal guard. The buxom babes in this flick have one serious case of penis envy, carrying those giant swords around like they do.

The bald king never grows old with audiences. There's just something irresistible about a man who's never feminized his body with daily Rogaine doses, a man who takes what God gave him and who depends upon his inner strength, his personality, and his inner beast to impress the ladies.

This king literally exudes machismo. Alas, but that's oh so politically incorrect any more. Men should be sensitive, fey, and fickle.

I doubt if modern kids can relate to our hero's motivation, though. Not the part about spending the night in a harem of shapely, well-oiled beauties. I mean the part about honoring (avenging, no less) his father's death by black magic mustered by the king's evil sword master.

Kids just aren't raised in the old Biblical ways any more, to honor their father — if they even knew their father in the first place.

Alas, fathers are too busy with their own narcissistic pursuits. Kids are there for a tax deduction. Even the good fathers are constantly

denigrated in our fav films. Hollywood loves their boys young, nubile, and unattached so they can become sexually confused easily and thus easy plunder for gay perverts.

Every good young adult romance, you should know by now, needs a gay scribe to get in the middle of things. He steps in whenever sexual juices between the two romancers begin to simmer, thus transferring, in one magical dramatic sleight of hand, the audience's (both you male and young female viewers) to his person, his gay person.

Thus begins the epic adventure, with the wise gay scribe leading the audience by the nose with his constant, aggravating, subliminal interjections.

He's prepping you all with his silver tongue to become good young gays and lesbians, first as gullible fodder for the old timers, then as sexual predators in your own right.

After all, we all know that straight young men are there in the script for their brute force, straight young ladies are good only for their bitter tongues and deceptive feminine whiles, which leaves the prototypical gay scribe there to provide the brains for the whole operation, the heart and soul, the end of all ends.

Of course, this whole clever subterfuge is kept well out of your conscious mind by cleverly introducing the minotaur — that mythical half man, half beast monster of Antiquity, the living embodiment of all things gay.

It threatens your subconscious mind with fear while deeper inside the reptilian part of your brain the monster takes hold.

The charming young lady is key here. She's brave, stalwart, loyal, and ingenious. Beware!

Here comes the monster...

Barb Wire

The studio calls this a “futuristic Casablanca set in the distant future starring a buxom barmaid.” I think a snowflake must have written that blurb because Pamela Anderson knocks the white bobby socks off Humphrey Bogart.

Lame artsy back-room film aficionados may drool over

Humphrey Bogart’s numbskull performance, hacker’s cough and casual disdain of the fairer sex – screw them! – give me a busty broad with style, attitude and legs that go on forever (golden globes to boot) any day of the week.

This flick was made in 1996, back when gays were still firmly in the closet (where they belong) and the femi-nazis hadn’t yet utterly obliterated the sublime, ineffable allure of all things female. Barb Wire is their arch enemy.

This babe (uh-oh, “Don’t you call me babe!” Boom- slam- dish- bah!) puts your teeth on edge worse than fresh spinach. She’s sexier with clothes on than any sagging, silicon centerfold sexpot fully nude and air brushed to perfection.

Barb Wire in black leather is better than hot cream of wheat on a cold winter morning.

This film is set in the future, alright – close enough to the present day. The screenwriter hit it on the nose...

We’re as close as you can get to a second civil war in America. Obama’s jack-legged Nazis control the whole country, stamping out resistance wherever they find it.

That director Bigelow dame (oops! Lady!) just got stiffed for a Golden Globe for her job on Obama’s glorious story “Zero Dark Thirty.” She included a realistic torture scene that has the liberal ass wipes in

Hollywood regurgitating their caviar aperitif topped with confectionery cocaine.

“Bar Wire” Bigelow is the only dame in the dark, smoke- filled domain of Hollywood, alright.

Feminism is frappe’, and women are only “with it” who practice reproductive health via the pill, regular abortions, systematic use of the day-after pill and every other femi-nazi-sanctioned means to gut the female reproductive system – Drano, coke, crack, clothes hanger – whatever floats your boat.

Barb Wire is a hard-boiled lady who flaunts her stuff, dances with the lonely soldier boy in her nightclub, adores her blond alcoholic brother more than life itself, respects the law, hates the wieners in Washington, and takes time to enjoy a nice soapy bubble bath when the rest of the world is going straight to hell and back.

If that’s not the ultimate in femininity, then I don’t know what is.

Thanks, Barb. You’re a keeper.

Watchmen

The opening credits to Bob Dylan's tune, "The Times They Are A-Changing" is priceless. I watched it a dozen times when I first rented the DVD.

It's the best five minutes in film history, bar none.

My favorite Watchman is "The Comedian." He's real, and he typifies the American attitude and all that is best with this great country. Life is great, life is fun, and all the best things in life are free. He has a classic superhero flaw, he knows it, and he accepts it, but he keeps on trucking— and smiling.

Speaking of changing times, I see the ominous influence of the modern "Age of Narcissism," in the characters of Dr. Manhattan and Ozymandias. They are both super perfect, super influential, and super wealthy.

The implication is that they are both gay — and gays are, we all know, the purest, finest, most noble creatures in the Universe. They live above the filth of humanity. They are supremely intelligent, infinitely dignified, and more Godlike than the Divinity himself.

In the end, they even save humanity — or do they condemn us, doom us??

"Straight" people are, if you believe this film, clumsy, inept, dorky, incompetent, not artistic or creative, selfish and base. They wear masks and costumes to emulate gays a la Mardi Gras and to appear more Godlike.

Give me the crude, dirty, incestuous, abusive, sick, demented, corrupt Watchmen any day of the week. They have character, personality, angst, and a tragic guilt. They wear their costumes out of a true wish to do good and a sincere desire to get absolutely no credit for their noble deeds.

Ozymandias and Dr. Manhattan do good to further their own personal agendas, to be worshiped, to control all. Granted, this is the "New American," but in my book, they are still the "Ugly American." Sure, the "Times Are A Changing," but in the wrong direction...

I may be old fashioned, but I like my heroes with a side dish of humility and tap water on the rocks, stirred not shaken.

The Rite

A faith-challenged priest enrolls in a new Vatican program to train exorcists and gets more than he bargained for. A fine production, rich in Church traditions and with strong performances by all.

Do yourself a favor, and exorcise a few demons of your own — watch this one.

Medicine cannot cure the possessed, and psychology will not. So we roll out the good old Rite of Exorcism from the Age of the Inquisition. There's actually quite a strong demand for exorcists these days. What has changed to create these demonic possessions?

One dramatic session doesn't cure the patient any more but a whole therapy of them is needed, regular sessions lasting months sometimes years. Even then success is not guaranteed no matter how sturdy the individual's constitution, how stalwart his soul, or how bottomless the Church's financial pockets are.

This begs the question, why? Lack of discipline is one possible why. Just as 80% of kids are too fat or too dumb to even qualify for Army Basic Training, our culture is so loose any more than demons are spreading like an AIDS of the spirit.

The only antidote is self discipline. We need more challenging schools, more consequences for the confession of sins, less reliance on technology, less dependence on government largess and more reliance of friends, family, and community.

In the modern world, in this narcissistic and egotistical extravaganza we call life, the noble priest is a reviled reminder of just how far we as a species have fallen from grace. We abhor the abomination of priesthood and its constant unspoken nag, nagging at our conscience that we can, could, and should be so much more.

The simplest priest is now so infinitely superior to even the best of

us that we yearn with every heartbeat of this story for the young priest to plummet into that chasm between us.

Why has science and psychiatry forsaken these deeply disturbed individuals? The same reason why they abandoned their cure for homosexuality? Is political correctness the new God; are pundits and bloggers now our moral authority; is the Church really the only gossamer thread left separating us from Neanderthals?

Anthony Hopkins was a bit too acidic and unconventional with his clients, and his understudy is too blasé. The only character with any real backbone was the lady journalist. Everybody else just limps along on feeble spiritual crutches. Their faith had no traction, no dynamism, no spark of the genuine.

In other words, their heart just wasn't in their acting roles. The only time we see that depth is when

Anthony Hopkins is in his trademark Hannibal Lecter mind set.

A priest pissing in the toilet as he gazes at a crucifix hanging over the commode in the bathroom of his private room at the Vatican. Is nothing sacred in Hollywood? How long before we see women squatting on the toilet and pissing while they read the Bible?

Clearly the writer and director are possessed, and thus experts in foisting this kind of obscene sacrilege off on the trusting, vulnerable public.

The only people who find any dramatic or artistic value in showing a man urinating on screen are gays with an enlarged prostate. You see them running out of the theater after scenes like this to have some group sex in the theater bathroom.

The whole idea of "secret knowledge" that demonic people illustrate, is that alone reason enough to deem a person possessed? Early psychologists had a "secret knowledge" of people, but they weren't demonized.

And why isn't the military studying this phenomenon to help us infiltrate terrorist cells, to spy on the Soviets or the Chinese, or to peek inside the secret debt negotiations in Congress?

Green Zone

I finally figured out why we had more “private contractors” as bodyguards in Iraq than U.S. military personnel.

To protect our corrupt, lying, malicious political leaders from the honest, loyal, dedicated soldiers of the U.S. military.

Say what? You’re offended? If you doubt for one millisecond how duplicitous the U.S. government was and is, recollect the situation in Iraq in the months before we invaded. Iraq had full teams of UN inspectors present at all their nuclear facilities.

There was some bickering and grandstanding over placement of cameras and the presence of American inspectors on the teams, but Iraq was in full compliance.

Fast forward ten years. Iran has a full blown nuclear enrichment program with a hundred thousand centrifuges operating 24/7/365 (Iraq had at most a hundred). Iran has an operational nuclear power plant that just went on line last month, capable of enriching uranium to weapons-grade levels.

They have enough enriched uranium to make several atomic bombs, a hundred uranium mines operating at peak capacity, and intercontinental missiles capable of delivering nuclear warheads to American soil.

There are no UN inspectors in Iran. There are no objections to this by the U.S. or any other world power.

Folks, Saddam Hussein was a pussy cat compared to Mahmoud Ahmadinejad. Saddam’s Revolutionary Guard was strictly an army.

Iran’s Revolutionary Guard controls half the entire Iranian economy and is a vast military-industrial complex with the full and enthusiastic support of the Ayatollah and the religious zealots there.

It’s politically incorrect to even mention Iran as a threat. That’s insane.

Skyline

This is the terrifying story of aliens (the ones from outer space) who first take over Los Angeles, then the world. First they take over your mind, then they “rapture” you away into their spaceships.

Aliens aren’t stupid.

LA is definitely the first place any smart alien race would take over, right? LA is the conduit directly into our living rooms, the expressway into our psyche; the sexual jackpot, the spiritual Holy Grail, the every everything.

This story isn’t about advertising or unfulfilled dreams or spiritual enlightenment, though. It’s about monsters invading and obliterating everything we hold near and dear. Obama invaded Hollywood, but all he took from us was hope.

Advertisers have a stranglehold on Tinsletown, sure; but no more so than lobbyists in Washington DC. Wall Street bankers absconded with our homes and stock portfolios and 401Ks, but that’s nothing new, either. Skyline is more than that, much, much more.

Skyline is primal and visceral. It’s a force that gets into your brain and short circuits your humanity in a manner of seconds. It eliminates your basic human drives for procreation, continuation of the species, raising a family, and passing on your own priceless genes to the next generation. This force channels all our primal drives into one, single, solitary obsession.

I call it the “gay force.” Humans have many basic instincts: The sex drive, the drive to have and nurture a family, the drive to continue the species, the drive to survive, even. All these basic drives are re-circuited by the “gay force” into one single, omnipotent force: The continuation of your kind by the creation of more gays, more and more and more of them.

Gays have no genetic future. They have no desire to procreate, or to pass on their genes to the next generation. Their future is in propagating

their way of life. They don't even have to worry about immortality of their soul because they have none.

All they care about is getting into your head, infiltrating your city, overwhelming your defenses and those of your society, then taking over. LA is a gay battleship. Through the Hollywood media, gays bombard the rest of the world with their message. Through LA, gays attack church groups, political groups, entire nations. They transmit their insidious message constantly, worldwide.

The end is near. Rapture, indeed.

Beyond

This is the gripping story of a seasoned detective who struggles to follow his intuition. Everything in our “modern” culture acts against him. We are so data-driven, so scientific, so “civilized” – our lives are so shallow, and our emotions are so superficial that we cannot even trust our “gut” instincts.

People who are in touch with their emotions are “psychics” with “powers” that we disparage and belittle. They might as well be Jesus raising people from the dead, as dead as our emotions are to us.

But alas, God is dead. Faith is a four-letter word. You see it in the headlines every day. The atheists are on a roll!

Religion is politically incorrect. Football players who pray before a game – well, they can’t. The ones who still do so are ridiculed on national TV shows, 6 o’clock news programs and by our most respected leaders.

We can’t even conjure the faith to get in touch with our own emotions. We can’t access the deeper processes of our brains that manipulate information faster than the speed of light into “psychic” intuition.

It takes a little girl who is abducted to drive this aging detective to go beyond a lifetime of indoctrination, past the forensics, the formalities and the facts – to go beyond what is seen and known to what connects the dots.

Pity it takes a crisis to find his humanity.