

## Love the Pink Vette

This year, the most significant social comment movie of all time, *Clueless*, became the second most significant social comment movie of all time with the release of *Barbie*.

If I've said it once, then I've said it once: Western Civilization...even with all its wars, political frustration and societal combustion...was for the most part pretty damn boring and barely the stuff of movies and books until Barbie roared in behind the wheel of her vintage pink Corvette.

Yes, until she stepped forward and broke out of the closet of shameless Barbie-ism, pink Corvettes were a neglected dynamism in Western culture. And make no mistake...that was the real genuine Barbie doing the socially acceptable thing of pretending to be Margot Robbie while making a movie about herself.

And now every civilized child dreams of someday seeing a pink Corvette in the driveway of the home they'll never be able to afford. Every civilized parent dreams of dying and leaving their children pink Corvettes parked in pink garages attached to pink houses in a world where their children will never be able to afford the pink house but, by God, if they can just have that pink Corvette.

And the nerve of Hollywood for not seeing this.

Hollywood, land of broken dreams, false hopes and dead stars; sordid Hollywood with its impossible mission to define a nation that never existed until Barbie came to town like love in a pink corvette. Spiteful Hollywood with its mean-minded Academy and disrespect for internal combustion when it's enclosed in pink.

I won't get into the details. Ask God and Nietzsche about those. All I have to say is...

The Academy needs to be disbanded and replaced by lesser idiots. Nothing less will save Hollywood's reputation for defining something that never existed to the extent that it's almost impossible to believe it doesn't exist no matter how many schools and malls turn into battle grounds.

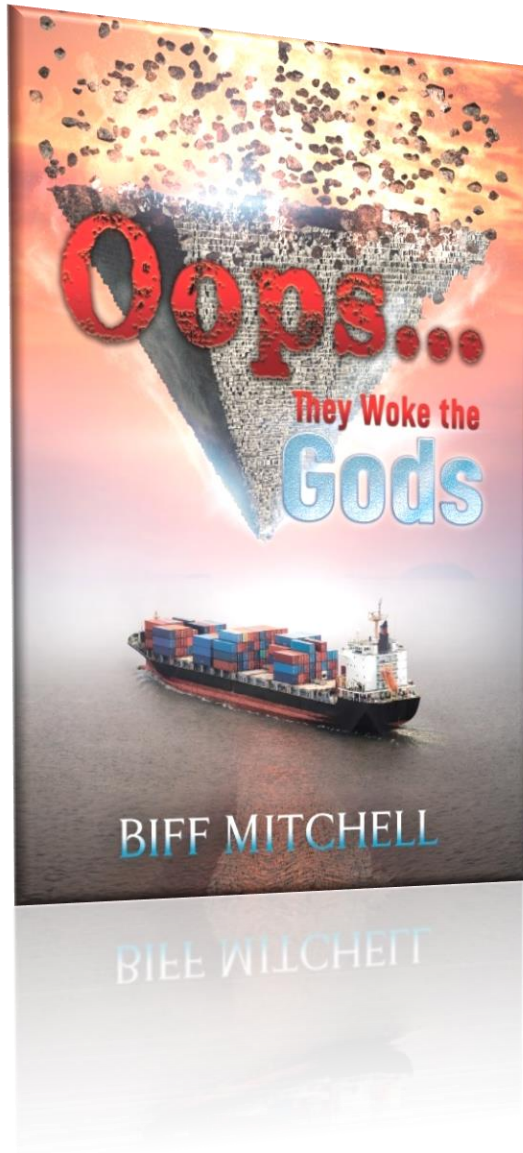
And what's with Sandra Bullock not getting an Oscar for Miss Congeniality? Didn't we all cry at the end?

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God only knows when the gods get angry!

# Oops



## They Woke the Gods

Cursed to sleep for 2000 years, the Gods of Rome awoken to a world destroyed by the mortals and a war among themselves that threatens to destroy all that's left.

Charon the Ferryman has upset the balance of nature by sending legions of the dead back to the firmament because they didn't have coins for the ferry crossing to the underworld. Now, he must hunt those legions down, give them a coin for the ferry and kill them.

Meanwhile three crazed demigods wreak havoc on what's left of the human race, and gods of the skies and the underworld must join forces in seedy bars and drink vast quantities of Scotch to plan their moves.

**COMING SOON!**