One of my favorite movies is director Don Siegel’s 1964 remake of *The Killers*. It was supposed to be one of the first “Made for TV” movies but someone at Universal thought it was too violent so it was released theatrically. Siegel directed two movies, *The Invasion of the Body Snatchers* (1956), and *Dirty Harry* (1971), that are on my List of The 100 Best Movies Ever Made. And then there’s … *The Killers*. As a friend of mine said, “Don Siegel was one of those directors who could make good pieces of a movie, but had a hard time making a complete movie.” And *The Killers* is a very good example of that. It’s almost good. Too bad, because the cast is incredible: Lee Marvin, John Cassavetes, Angie Dickinson, Clu Gulager, and … in the last theatrical role of his 27-year long career … and the first time he ever played a bad guy … Ronald Reagan.

I watch this movie at least once every year. During the Reagan presidency I watched it more often than that. No matter how rotten the Real World became, because of the miracle of videotape, I could watch Lee Marvin shoot Ronald Reagan whenever I needed a little morale booster. There is justice somewhere in the world, even if it’s only in the movies.

I used to hate Ronald Reagan for a million reasons. The Republicans took an almost-has-been Hollywood celebrity, grafted him onto conservative bullshit, and thus created a president for the Yahoos of America. The Republicans could pick the pockets of the rubes while their celebrity front man razzle-dazzled the crowds with a line of patter sure to please the easy to please Morons of America.

Fast Forward …
Tuesday, June 16, 2015. Fucko the Clown announced his candidacy for President of the United States. The Donor Class was briefly derailed when Fucko completely eclipsed their choice for president, Jeb Bush. The Donor Class forgot there was one thing more powerful than their political machinations … celebrity. Which proved that The Donor Class wasn’t as smart as they thought they were.

Flashback …

When Ronald Reagan was president the rubes of America became even more fascinated with money. Big Money. Wealth. They didn’t have any, they weren’t ever going to get any, but they could watch it on TV by tuning in to Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous. To these dumbasses, Money equaled Intelligence. In 1987 these same dumbasses bought a book - part biography, part formula for business success - called The Art of the Deal by Fucko the Clown and Tony Schwartz. In reality, Fucko didn’t write one word of the book, but it sold over a million hardcover copies and cemented in the minds of The Morons of America that Fucko was one of the Titans of Business. A gawdawful star was born.

Meanwhile …

As president Reagan was telling comfortable lies to his base, another group of grifters elbowed their way onto the political scene … The Televangelists. They had always wheeled nickels, dimes, and dollars from the god-haunted mentally deficient of America, but they really started hauling in The Big Bucks when they were able to get their tent shows onto cable TV. Regardless of how many of these sleazeballs were found with their hands in the church’s cookie jar or in hotel rooms with hookers, there was always another greed-crazed shitheel waiting in the wings ready to hoot and holler for The Lord to keep the tax-free money rolling in. And all those nickels, dimes, and dollars added up to the multi-billion dollar Jesus Industry. Yes … there are that many suckers in America, Praise the Lord.
Armed with that kind of money and power, the avariciously-united Televangelists became a political force. They realized after fleecing the multitudes how to vote. After making a quid pro quo deal with the Republican Elites - don’t tax our money and we’ll deliver our minions’ votes - the Televangelists told their congregations to vote Republican … And They Did. That’s one of the reasons I don’t believe in their god. I think it is more probable that Pinky Lee is The Most High. For those who don’t know who Pinky Lee was … that’s why he created Google.

Welcome to the Monkey House …

There is no reason to rehash the 2016 campaign and election. Fucko the Clown tapped into the always simmering hatreds burning in the hearts of the truly stupid, but still lost the popular vote. But since the people only indirectly elect the president, the Electoral College is responsible for this shit-show, and Fucko won that contest.

Though the Donor Class isn’t very smart … they’re very quick learners. They finally remembered … the Power of Celebrity.

Fucko’s business track record is pretty sketchy. Thirteen of his businesses went out of business, he was in and out of bankruptcy court multiple times, and to top it all off he couldn’t even make money with casinos. The house always won…except if it was managed by Fucko the Clown. But for 14 seasons, Americans watched Fucko the Clown host a god damned television game show. He wasn’t a real business tycoon … he just played one on TV. And that was good enough for the Morons of America.

While Fucko was bumping off the other contenders for the Republican nomination one by one, it slowly began to dawn on the Donor Class that this lying sack of shit might actually become president. And after the election, it became crystal clear that they might actually be in an even better position than they were during the Reagan Regime.

Ronald Reagan was a mediocre actor. He could memorize his lines and make the appropriate faces but that’s all he could do. Real actors become the part. Reagan just played the part. I think we should all take a moment now and give thanks to whoever it was at
Warner Brothers didn’t cast him as Rick in *Casablanca*.

But I Digress ...

After being gutshot by Lee Marvin, Reagan gave up acting right before it gave up on him. But that didn’t mean he was out of work. Not at all. There are always jobs for mediocre actors. A mediocre actor like Reagan might not have been able to carry a 90 minute movie … but he could carry a 60 second commercial. So that’s what he turned himself into … a television pitchman. He sold the shit out of the Republican brand of Conservatism. The rubes believed him because he sounded like he actually believed the shit he was slinging.

But after the 2016 election The Donor Class had something that was even better than a salesman … they had a *distraction*. A 24/7 distraction.

Reagan would go on TV and tell comforting lies to the American people. Fucko grotesquely pirouettes in front of the cameras, or gets his Twitter on, to the secret delight and faux outrage of the *media*. All the while backstage, The Donor Class, the Republicans and spineless Democrats are gutting the country for all it’s worth.

They not only pick the pockets of the rubes, they knife them in the back,
too
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A
fterwards
the
poor saps
are so stupid they don’t even know they’re dead.
The
re’s
only
one
rule:
K
eep the Donors happy, the base happy, and everybody else can go fuck themselves.

Remember the Televangelists? The current slate of religious swineherds told their followers that Almighty Gawd (not Pinky Lee) chose Fucko the Clown to be president of the United States.

Let that sink in for a moment … The Creator of the Universe chose Fucko the Clown to be president of the United States.

And these ignorant to the bone half-wits, who don’t have two functioning neurons to rub together to spark an original thought, BELIEVE IT.

Which means …

Every fact about Fucko the Clown that overwhelmingly proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that he is a complete lying sack of shit who has never in his life upheld one Christian value can’t be true. Because an all-powerful omniscient God is incapable of making a mistake. Therefore … Fake News.

Regardless of whatever Robert Mueller’s investigation exposes … tens of millions of Americans will never believe the truth about Fucko the Clown. Fucko’s approval rating
among self-identified Republicans is at 86 percent. How perfectly goddamned delightful it all is, to be sure.

Spoiler Alert:

In the last two minutes of *The Killers*, Lee Marvin, who has previously been shot and mortally wounded, kills Ronald Reagan and turns the gun towards Angie Dickinson. She pleads for her life, blaming Reagan for forcing her to betray John Cassavetes. The last line of dialog in the movie is delivered by Lee Marvin just before he shoots her.

*Lady* … *I don’t have the time.*

No, we don’t.