

'With All Due Respect . . . '

by Smiley McGrouchpants, Jr-Esq-III

Here's a three (3) question, "FILM/CINEMA" pop quiz!

QUESTIONS:

1.) In *Pulp Fiction* (1994), the "crime boss" Marcellus Wallace, played by Ving Rhames, is:

- (a.) An "O.G." in a traditionally "black" street gang (e.g., the Crips or the Bloods)
- (b.) A higher-up in the Russian mob [who -- though they may seem intimidating at first (that's their *job*, after all!) -- are really a friendly bunch of fellows and all-around accepting sort, should you take the time to get to know them over a few tumblers of vodka, a nice game of chess, or a rapturous discussion of the finer points of Dostoevsky's Russian mysticism]
- (c.) A "don" in the Italian "family" (i.e., Cosa Nostra) [whom -- for *their* part -- true enough, barred such sorts as the Irish Henry Hill and Jewish "Joey Black" from being "made men" for decades since their first setting up shop here in America, only to institute a pseudo-"Affirmative Action" policy in 1993, after various members were awakened to the plight of African-Americans by reading Toni Morrison's *Beloved* (1988), which left even the most hardened capo in tears]
- (d.) A total fucking crock of shit; and
- (e.) . . . *entirely* a figment of "Q.T."s imagination

2.) The "sub-title" of the book Christine Vachon wrote [w/help from David Edelstein] about her experiences as an independent-film

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producer, *Shooting to Kill*, is:

- (a.) *How an Independent Producer Blasts Through the Barriers to Make Movies that Matter*
- (b.) *How to "Take Out" Annoying, Ignorant, and Obstinate Studio Executives Using Only a Single, High-Powered Rifle with a Telescopic Sight*
- (c.) "Well . . . it's *probably* (a.) . . . but it *should* be (b.)!"
- (d.) "Ditto."
- (e.) "Hear, hear!"

3.) The dumb-ass bitch film director Pascal Laugier [of the apparently-virtually-plotless "torture porn" entry, *Martyrs* (2008)], when asked in an interview earlier this year in *Rue Morgue* magazine about where his "inspiration" came from (in so many words), responded by saying (among other things): "I'm fuckin' French!" -- a comment which could strike one as:

- (a.) Odd; as though applying his nationality [as, apparently, a spate of recent filmmakers have done] to that of the character of the butcher in the *Argentinian* Gaspar Noé's *I Stand Alone* (1998) entitles him to vent as much undifferentiated hatred from *behind* the camera as Noé's character does *on-screen*;
- (b.) Telling; as this dumbfuck's ability to articulate himself (in *any* sense) apparently never got off ground zero, and we're supposed to just "get it" and apply justifications for his film's existence, 'cause it's "art" [i.e., "in the can," distributed, and now available on DVD];
- (c.) Hysterically funny; if you restate it, prefaced with the rhetorical phrase which Americans of a previous generations were wont to use when they were about to swear [i.e., "Pardon my French, but I'm

fuckin' French!"].

ANSWERS: Uh . . . (Don't look at *me!* I don't know what to make of all this!)

Apr. 1 (Mon.); Year 09

Dear Mssr. Laugier:

Our deepest, most heartfelt apologies about the recent MySpace Bulletin, which mentioned your name and recent film and quoted you in jest. Your fifteen-page retaliatory riposte was received by this office this morning, via fax sent by your assistant. We are sorry to hear that you are "deeply offended" at our "insensitivity to the creative process" which we "exhibited" by "mocking a film we hadn't even *seen*."

There, there. You poor boy.

Fact of the matter is: we here at Snyder, Fuckyoo & Whogivesashitwhatyouthinke (LTD.) have got our hands full "entertaining the masses" (as, again, *you* put it), and, when one of our writers came up with a clever quip based on your [c'mon now, admit it -- was it not?] idiotic statement in a recent interview ("I'm fuckin' French!"), it proved well-nigh irresistible to use in our next bulletin.

Your see, Monsieur Laugier (may I call you "Fuckwad"?), that was only the *third* joke in one of seven bulletins we sent out *that day*.

The "lead-in" prose (in which we bashed your however-many-feet-of-celluloid-you-exposed-to-light . . . oh wait, that's right: you're calling that a "film") was only "necessary" to deliver the "boffo" punch line.

Admittedly, it provided nary more than a quick, cheap kick, easily digested and soon forgotten . . . but, that's what we *provide* here at Snyder, Fuckyoo and Whogivesashitwhatyouthinke (LTD.),

am I right? Again, in *your* words: "entertainment for the masses."

Best of luck to you. Hopefully, the four-paragraphs of prose we dashed off under deadline to fill space while the people at Stumptown coffee here in Portland took longer to make our lattes than we had, at first, expected them to take will *not* derail your whole "career."

Just Kidding,
We-Don't-Give-a-*Fuck*-What-Happens-to-Your-"Career"

P.S. Should your access to film stock, lights, dollies, investors, crew members, distributors, and twenty-something actresses with archaeology degrees looking for a new "experience" (which you happily "provide") for some odd reason *dry up* -- and you find yourself working the sort of shitty jobs most citizens of industrialized nations find themselves stuck with [i.e., temping (for *anyone*; copyediting boring technical manuals; asking, "you want fries with that?"]], you may (or, perhaps, may *not*) find anyone at all who gives a good goddamn about your "plight" -- but, of course, you may always find the relief you seek in masturbating.

Fervently.

With a *whittling knife*.

P.P.S. Ha, ha -- just a *joke*, right? (We're such "cut-ups"!)

P.P.P.S. (We take that back -- *not* kidding! *Cut your own dick off*, for all we care! Feel free!)

