

Pure Campy Fun!

Back in the 1960's a TV sensation swept the country. With "POWS", "BAMs" and "SMASHES" Batman made it to television. Everything was bright, colorful and loud. In 1966 there was a spinoff from Batman called "The Green Hornet". Adapted from a 1930's radio program, this series (which lasted for 2 years) was a bit darker than Batman. The Hornet fought real crime, and of course Bruce Lee stole the show.

Now on to 2011, a new Green Hornet found his way to the big screen. This show is somewhere between the Campy fun of the 1960's Batman and the darker 1960's Green Hornet. Seth Rogen plays an inept jerk who wants to do good. He has one good idea and Kato (played by Jay Chou) is the master mechanic, martial arts expert with the knowledge to pull it off. The Vigilante, thought by all to be no better than the rest of the criminal underworld, Green Hornet is born.

If you go into this movie expecting it to be soul searching or a deep revelation into the mind of a vigilante hero, you are in the wrong show. There are some martial art fights, lots of things blowing up, a crime syndicate to wipe out, more things being shot at and blown up, some more fighting and more stuff blowing up. And there is comedy, yes there are things to laugh at in this film. 2 hours of mind numbing fun with lots of things being blown up and shot at.

I give it a must see again rating. I may even get the DVD when it hits the cheap shelves.

Life and experience

Now that I've lived over 1/2 of a century, I guess you could say I've got a little bit of experience living. In my life, I've been a child, student, husband, father. I've experienced the death of people close to me. I was married to the same woman for almost 20 years. I know about love, commitment and trust. I know about making promises and keeping them. I know grief, depression and anxiety. I know happiness, pride and hope.

But in those 50+ years there are many things I know nothing about. Things that I've never experienced. Things I never want to experience.

I know that with two ears, you should listen twice as much as you talk. I know that disagreements can only be solved by communication. I know lack of communication causes a lot of disagreements.

I hope to gain more experience in better things. I hope not to experience more 'bad' things. Realistically, I realize that I will experience both in the years to come. I don't need to like it, but to survive, i need to live with it.

7 Years Ago

7 years ago my best friend, the love of my life and mother of my children left this world. Cancer claimed yet another victim.

This year, I will spend the day with two of my Florida family. I'm not sure what we will be doing, but throughout the day I

will be thinking of her.

After 7 years, the pain in my heart is dulled. Time has done that. Memories, mostly pleasant, have filled the have filled the places where pain once stayed. Life continued even when I didn't want it to.

I've tried to remember what the pain I had experienced. Others have lost loved ones this past year, I had hoped my experience could help, but I know nothing will relieve the pain. It must be lived through. It must be experienced. It must be faced for healing to occur.

I know for a fact that time will not heal all wounds. Some stay with you the rest of your life. Those wounds, both physical and mental, are part of your life. You live with them. They become part of your fiber. They become a part of who you are.

On this 30th of December, I will pause to wish all a Happy New Year. May it bring joy to you and yours. If not joy, may it bring just a bit of hope and peace.

In thinking of life.

I'm never sure that I have any answers to life's questions. I've lived a more than a few years now, and I keep finding things I have no answers for. A part of life, i guess, to be constantly looking for answers.

I hope to find them, I hope they can be found.

Growing up, I thought my father had all of the answers. To my young eyes, he appeared to be the best of everything. As I grew older, I realized my father had a lot of things that he

could teach me, but there were things he didn't know. His life experiences were not the same as mine, so he had no knowledge in same areas. I had to learn those things on my own.

As a father, I would assume my children thought at one point in time, I knew more than I actually did. As the grew, I'm sure that they found my life experiences not quite fitting the lives they followed. They needed to find their own answers.

I hope to give one more piece of advice. Unasked for? Maybe. Not needed? Perhaps. Good advice, ahh, that is up to you. It is advice for anyone who needs it. And actually it came from my Dad.

"When you are in a situation where you will be making a choice, it is best to stop and think before making the choice." Maybe my Dad did know everything after all.

Finishing what I started

Last evening I was feeling a bit of insomnia invading my room, so I decided to try to finish a [book that I blogged about some time ago.](#)

Step one accomplished, I did finish around 3:00am. My view of the work itself changed very little. I can't honestly say that it was a sleep problem cure, but it never captured my interest. So here you have it folks, my final thoughts on Timothy Frost's "Final Passage".

So in my humble opinion:

The book had enough plots and subplots for multiple books. it was busy. Because of this, the character development actually suffered. I never really cared what happened to any of the

characters. I found that I didn't like or dislike any of the characters. I was ambivalent. If they got in trouble, I wasn't driven to find out if they made it through. In fact at one crucial point in the story I was thinking, "Just shoot them all, it doesn't matter." Any other character could have stepped in to finish the story.

The initial plot, brought forth in the prologue, didn't seem to have any importance at the end. Oh, I do understand how it could have been important if revealed earlier, but too much other 'stuff' happened, and I no longer cared about that either.

I guess I won't give this book the "Insomniac Relief Award" now, I can't say that I would recommend it either. In some ways I feel a bit saddened by this. The prologue of the book grabbed my attention. I waded through many chapters in the hope that the book would turn back to that beginning. When it finally got back there, I no longer cared.

A tangled web is woven.

Yes, something about Tangled, but no spoilers.

I was able to see the new movie Tangled with my youngest over the long Thanksgiving weekend. It was good little show. As with all Disney movies, it was a little be removed from the original story. A good family show that I recommend to all, but that is all I'm going say about it.

As I sit thinking back to this and other fairy tales, and I think back to the origin of these types of stories. They were all lessons to be learned. Morals for a good life. Things happened when you disobeyed. Hard times happened and the

stories did not always have happy endings.

Now a funny thing happened when our society grew up, we no longer had the same needs. The endings of the stories were changed. Then we ended with “everyone lived happily ever after.” Not real life, but everything was cleansed for the children.

I remember reading the stories as a child, and of course these were the updated versions. As an adult, I remember finding some of the original stories. The endings weren't as nice. People died. They were tortured. Life was not good and they didn't live happily ever after.

[Some original tales are here.](#)

Just when I thought I expanded my vocabulary,

I found out that I did not know what the letters “NO” mean when put together. I really thought I could put those letters to good use. I really thought I was able to grasp the meaning. I thought I would be able to fine some time for this or that. I'm afraid I haven't. Available time? poof! Not showing up at a theater 3 or more nights a week. Sure!. What were those letters again? I need to look the up in my Funk and Wagnalls. OF Course I will help out a friend or two....

But on to the good news. I'm only in the light booth. Only 3 or so short weeks. No lines to memorize. And I have my youngest daughter there to help me out. Not a bad deal. On top of that, I get to see every show for free and that is in some of the best seats in the house. Ok, maybe not the best seats,

but they will always be there. Cute show, so I shouldn't get tired of it too quickly. On top of that, it really changes every night.

But I'm not sure of all these Christmas Carols before Thanksgiving...

Harry Potter Movie – no spoilers

Yes, I can review this movie and give anything away.

The first point on this movie is that I feel it is the closest to the written material of any of the movies. I just started reading the book again and some of the lines said in the book were even use in the movies. I was very impressed that the screen writers could do that well.

I also thought it was great that the same actors from the very first show were still in their roles. From the time they were young children until they became young adults these actors have been the center of the movies. Now they can carry it. These shows have always had an all star cast of fine actors. From Richard Harris as the first Dumbledore, to Ralph Fiennes as Lord Voldemort. These stars are now in more supporting roles as the younger actors found their roles and made them their own.

I was worried that splitting this story into two movies. While I knew it would be necessary if the complete story would be told. The other books have bits and pieces that can be skipped. The last book has very little of that. It is far more than a 2 to 3 hour movie can handle. Let me just say the split

was in the best possible spot.

So what else can I say without giving anything away? The Harry Potter movie was a wonderful way to spend an afternoon. 2 and 1/2 hours of movie enjoyment. A good story, wonderful acting and good ending. Now when does next one come out?

Is it real?

I heard some bad news today. My first inclination was to see it as unbelievable. I've had this feeling many times in the past when I've heard similar news, I guess it is a natural reaction. At least it is for me.

I know that this time of year I tend to think about death a little more often. My parents died in early fall, and my wife died at the end of the year. Her cancer was found just before Thanksgiving. Today I heard that a friend lost his daughter. The thoughts went flying back in time. Was it back to 2000, 2001 or 2003? Yes those years and many other years past.

Last Saturday at the Weekenders' presentation of Mark Twain, Denver said something about loss being part of life. Mark Twains words about loss in his life. Very fitting to almost everyone. In this time coming up for family, joy and celebration, some families feel loss. One less plate at the table, one less person to visit. I hope my friend can find peace in this season, but I know it will never be the same.

An Evening at the Theater

I'm at a bit of a quandary. On one hand I could put this post in my personal blog. On the other hand I could put it in the theater blog. I guess I will write it up and see where it goes.

I just saw the WCCT's very own Denver Henderson give his performance as Samuel Clemens or as he is more commonly known as Mark Twain. Denver has performed a Mark Twain monologue many times, but this was my first chance to see it. I'm kicking myself for not having the drive to see it at the earlier performances. I missed out on a truly enjoyable time.

I've seen the Hal Holbrook version of Mark Twain on TV once or twice, and I've seen a PBS special on the life of Mark Twain. Denver has the mannerisms and timing of his subject down cold. Since I am a fan of Mark Twain's work, I have been exposed to most if not all of the material from tonight's performance. There was nothing new. The wonderful thing about that is this. This was 100+ year old stuff. It was as fresh, timely and as humorous this evening as it must have been during Twain's lifetime.

My only complaint is that the show just wasn't long enough. I could have spent hours on end listening to the stories and watching an actor I know become Mark Twain. Until the question and answer period after the show, I wasn't watching my friend Denver on stage, I was watching Mark Twain. This show took me back to the time of river boats and crooked politicians (Oh wait, the politicians never left). I really want to go back.

I've been told that there will be another performance in the spring. I would strongly recommend that if you see it advertised, clear the date. This is one performance you should not miss. To paraphrase Mr Twain and Mr. Henderson, I just like to hear him speak.