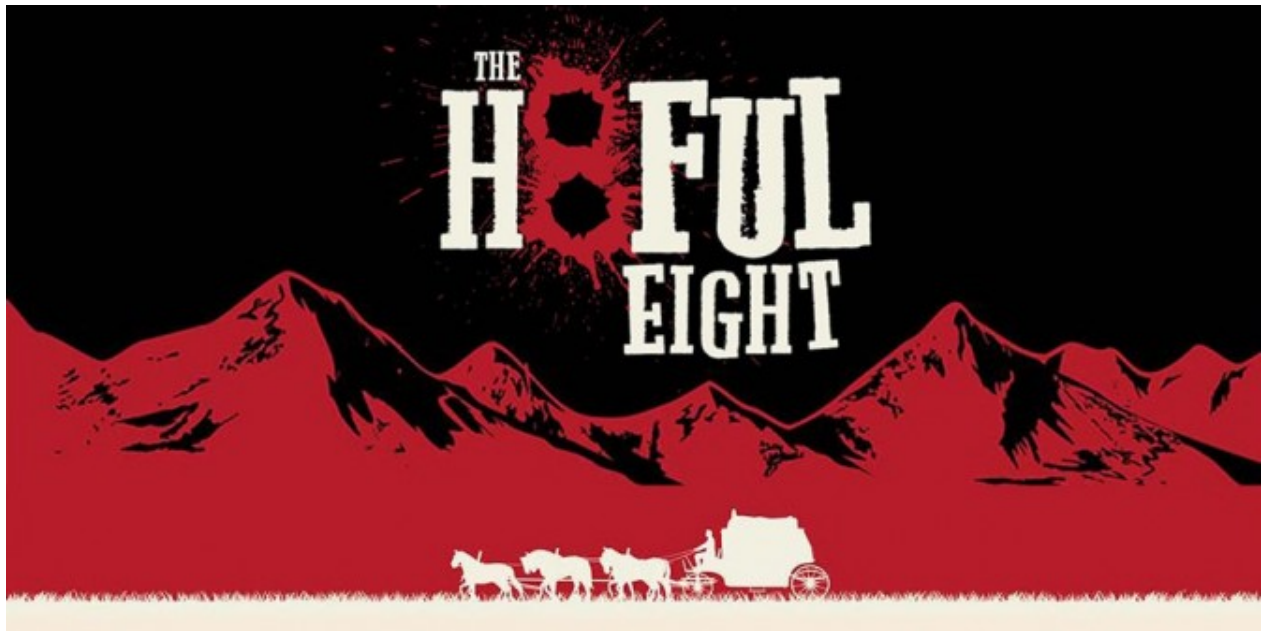# The Hateful Eight

A lot of people ask me if there are movies that I don't like because I usually give high praise. Well folks, here it is. *The Hateful Eight* is one of those movies that you either love or you don't. I fell into the latter category. Quentin Tarantino has made his mark with over-the-top violence; see *Kill Bill* which I enjoyed. This time, however, the violence is so gratuitous that I was just waiting for the movie to end. I was bored by the long-winded dialogue that seemed designed to showcase how well Samuel L. Jackson can deliver his hateful lines. He does it well and that is the problem with this movie. It's the usual plot, characters and shoot-em-ups.

All of the actors were very good in their roles, in particular, Jennifer Jason Leigh as an abused and abusive woman who fell into the worst hands possible. Besides being a preposterous premise, the gore and blood fest seemed repetitive and after a while the shock value dissipated. Kurt Russell did a fine job but everyone's talents were wasted on this grandiose ego fest. I felt that Tarantino was just getting off on seeing how far he could push the violence envelope. With less superfluous violence, a more low-key script and a less restrictive setting, *The Hateful Eight* might have been a contender. Instead, it was just two hours of my life I will never get back.

For those of you who enjoy maim after maim and are die-hard fans of Tarantino, you might have a different opinion. Perhaps I've seen so many movies that I can detect a re-tread when I see it. If you go to see these actors having a good time being really bad,

you won't be disappointed. But if you want to see violence done right, try something like *Mad Max*.

I won't even give *The Hateful Eight* any golden tickets because other than the destructive chaos of vengeance, there is nothing redeeming to write about this heavy handed blood bath.