

The receptacle of something divine (Or as he's known in the film industry: Tommy Wiseau)

Have you ever considered the possibility that Gods walk among men? That everyday, ordinary citizens going about their business could in fact be hiding something mystic or divine?

It's an unlikely possibility no doubt, but it's a possibility that certainly rings true for a select few among us.

Now, at this stage you may be thinking, "What? No way. Gods Among Men. What on earth has this guy been smoking?" Well, truth be told, I was just as baffled as you until I discovered the undeniable truth.

The truth that, right now, somewhere on planet Earth, a man who fits that very description is roaming around with cash to burn and a reputation that rivals even Jesus Christ himself.

Who is this so called God among the people you ask?

Oddly enough, it's not the Pope. It's not Hitler. And no, it's certainly not Donald Trump. It turns out that it is, in fact, an unlikely filmmaker from... err, well I don't think anybody really knows where... but a filmmaker by the name of Tommy Wiseau.

That's right. The very man responsible for the infamous 2003 cult classic known as 'The Room'.

Heralded as the worst of the worst (or the best of the worst if you're a participant of the monthly screenings at the Prince Charles cinema in London), The Room is one of those films that only a handful of us have the capacity to make.

Bizarrely structured, incompetently written and superficially acted, The Room is a film that has absolutely nothing going for it and yet has been received with the highest of regards by select audiences.

How and why? Why and how? Well, because Tommy Wiseau is a loose cannon! There's no project too poorly conceived that he can't turn into a money making machine. There's no idea too deficiently thought through that he can't use to grab the cash from our wallets.

And with every step he takes, whichever way the wind blows, he'll find some way to manipulate the standards of what we would usually call 'good cinema.'

But how do we explain all of this?

How can one man, one filmmaker of such calibre, craft one of the best worst movies ever made?

The answer lies behind the eyes. Tommy Wiseau is, for better or worse, the receptacle of something divine.

He has the shell of a man but the spirit of something much much more.

He's managed to craft a film that ignores all the conventions of screenwriting, that breezes over half-baked plot lines and, despite all else, has crafted a product that even the likes of JJ Abrams and James Cameron have come to adore.

My critique: Only a God, with his divine power of manipulation and masterful control of will, could possibly achieve such a unique blend of irony and social commentary.

So, my advice: Go and see this film for yourself and let the magic of Tommy Wiseau, *COUGH* I mean cinema, take you on a journey into Tommy's ever-erratic and devilishly quirky psyche.