

The Way We Weren't



by Miles Mathis

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I just rewatched *The Way We Were* after several decades. Why? Sheer boredom and the fact it is from the 1970s. That was my time and I am very nostalgic. Besides, I thought it might lead to this paper, and it did. So don't complain.

Plus, I was sort of driven to it by a reader, who was complaining about Streisand being a Communist in this film. I don't like Streisand, either as a singer or an actress, but that is for her real politics now, not her character's politics in this movie. She has been cheerleading for this whole fascist takeover of the past couple of decades, getting worse every year. So has Redford, so no one can say they don't have this coming.

To be honest, as Hollywood films go, this isn't among the worst. It is watchable. Neither character is despicable, which is a nice change from the present. I even have to admit I was on her character Katie's side here, since although I am not a Communist of course, I have a lot more in common with her. I am driven, take things very seriously, and am obsessed with truth and fairness. All the politics in the film of the 40s and 50s, like the McCarthy trials, is skewed and fake, but we don't have to get into that. The script uses that only as a backdrop to define its two main characters, so that doesn't really matter. What matters is that Katie is the idealist and Hubbell is the realist. Hubbell doesn't mind getting along and compromising, while Katie is always trying to change things for the better. He has enough scruples to be drawn to Katie, but not enough to stick by her under pressure. My reader found Katie to be a bitch, but I didn't. I found Hubbell to be a shallow jerk, especially when he cheated on her while she was pregnant with his child and then left her right after the birth. Amazingly, the film doesn't dwell on that, managing to never really pick a side. At the end, you are supposed to still like both characters. If you didn't, you wouldn't leave with the required tear in your eye.

Yes, although this was written and directed by men, it is definitely a chick flick. I remember that my mother loved it while my father hated it. So although the Hubbell in the novel is pretty loathsome, they couldn't let that carry over too much here. Redford was being sold as a heartthrob, so the leaving at birth had to be glossed over quickly and drowned out by mood music.

The initial sex scene is also very strange. You know, the one where Katie takes a drunken Hubbell home and then crawls into bed nude with him when he is passed out. He remembers nothing. It is perilously close to rape by a female, and is only technically saved from that by him rolling over onto her rather than the reverse. Make no mistake, I was not offended by it in the least. I just find it a bit of a double standard. Switch the roles: he takes a drunken Katie home, she passes out in his bed, and he crawls into bed right next to her nude. She rolls over onto him and they have sex. Was she raped? By current standards, almost certainly. She was taken advantage of in an inebriated state. So why do no women blink an eye at this scene? Plus, it was not at all believable. I doubt that any encounter has ever played out like that in the history of the world. It was strictly Hollywood: soft porn for the ladies.

That's about all I have to say about the film, and I am here for other reasons. I want to talk about the actors, not the characters or the film. Redford and Streisand are a very strange pair here, and I don't think it is the Jewish/Gentile thing, like you are led to believe. For one thing, I don't think Redford is a Gentile. If he were, he wouldn't be in Hollywood to start with. Yes, he doesn't look very Jewish, but that doesn't mean anything. His hair is colored an unnatural color, but he does look like a natural blond, so that is just a bad choice by his hairstylist. He makes up for it with a very full head of hair and a good haircut—with that signature side part—and a great smile. You can see why he was chosen. But my point was that blond hair doesn't make him a Gentile. We should assume he is Jewish and go to his ancestry for proof. . . which is easy to find. He is a **Campbell, a Swift, and a Walker**, and of course his lines go directly back to the peerage. He is a direct descendant of the very first Walkers, from the year 1100 in Scotland. You will say that makes him Gentile, surely, but no. In all these major lines he descends from cloth merchants or drapers or bankers. See *When Scotland was Jewish*, by Jewish authors who admit the ruling families of Scotland were always Jewish. They either come from the Stuarts, who come from William the Conqueror, or they come from the Viking rulers, who were also Jewish/Phoenician. The Campbells and Walkers are very close cousins of the Stuarts, with the Campbells basically *being* Stuarts. In the Swift line, Redford is from Wales, taking him through the Stanley lines back to Isle of Mann and before that to the Vikings. So he is from the Phoenician ruling lines back to the beginning.

We are told his father was a milkman, but that is the usual sob story. They admit Robert was a hitting partner of Pancho Gonzales at the LA Tennis Club, and no son of milkman does that. So the Jewish/Gentile storyline in the movie is fake. Redford is just as Jewish as Streisand, he just doesn't happen to look it. His lines go through Scotland while hers go through Russia. Even so, many of his Scottish cousins back to the beginning have or had noses like Streisand's. We have seen them in dozens of papers.

No, they are a strange couple for a different reason: there was no heat between them. Streisand does a fairly good job of faking attraction for him, but he doesn't reciprocate. And it is on his side where we really need the acting. It doesn't take much to convince the women in the audience that she would be attracted to him—all she has to do is look at him. But the reverse isn't true. We need a lot of convincing he would be attracted to her, and he utterly fails to provide it. He is good at acting annoyed with her, but not good at acting in love with her. If you watch closely, it seems he can barely stand to look at her. I didn't understand it until I noticed something most people will miss, and that little thing caused something to click in my head. I tend to key on little details, as my readers will know, and I draw your attention to this: in many Hollywood films, old and new, you will see the male heartthrobs wearing bracelets that do not fit their characters' personalities or backstories. They are generally rather loud gold or silver bracelets, and it appears the actors refuse to remove the bracelets for any reason. My guess is they are some sort of love bracelet, and as you know straight men don't normally wear them. I guess gay men do. Well, Redford is wearing one in this film, and it looks very strange to me.

He is wearing it even in early scenes, when he is in Navy uniform. It looks especially odd with a Navy uniform, at least to me. It is a large silver chain bracelet, of a sort I wouldn't be caught dead in. Marlon Brando is wearing the same sort of bracelet in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, since I remember thinking it didn't fit his character at all. He is also wearing a strange ring that looks like the same sort of signal. It may be the sort of Phoenician family ring that Tom Selleck is wearing in *Magnum PI*. A Cross of Lorraine or something similar.

But it isn't just Redford. I bet myself going into this paper that Streisand was a Cohen, and I now owe myself a fiver. Her grandmother Anna was a Keston, and [her mother Dreijzie was a Cohen](#). She is also a Feldman, a Dvorak, a Rosen, and Kholevich. Streisand's dating and marriage history is also suspect, since she claims to have dated Richard Gere. Hah. She might as well claim to have slept with Cary Grant. Same for Bill Clinton, whom [I outed here](#). Same for Clint Eastwood and Don Johnson. Which to me brings everyone else on her list into question, including Elliott Gould and James Brolin. Elliott Gould has always acted gay, more as he got older. As Ross and Monica's father in *Friends* he was extremely soft, almost to the point of a lisp and a gallop. His smile is coy in the extreme. And his son with Barbra is gay.

This would explain why Redford's and Streisand's kisses in *The Way We Were* were so tepid and icky. Most people have had more passionate kisses with their grandmothers.

I don't really care that Redford and Streisand are gay. It doesn't bother me. What bothers me is the lies, whether it is the lies about where they came from or the lies about their sexuality. I am sick of it. I am sick of reading about Hollywood stars being the sons or daughters of milkmen or truck drivers or possum trappers. And I am sick of watching gay men kiss lesbian women on the big screen. It is false and icky and purposely disorienting. It has been a tragedy for modern sexuality, since it completely skews expectations and mores. It is bad for gays and straights alike. It could be why so many are refusing to be either straight or gay anymore, looking for a third option. They think that if they all become trannies, and pretend men and women don't exist anymore, they can eschew sex with humans altogether, and avoid mimicking the vile coupling they see onscreen.

And while it doesn't bother me that people are gay, in general, I have to admit that it *does* bother me that EVERYONE in Hollywood, and most famous people not in Hollywood, are gay and Jewish. I mean, it just seems a bit excessive, doesn't it? Can't we ever hear from someone who isn't gay and Jewish? Would that be remotely possible? Could we be presented with one role model on either side of any question who wasn't a gay Jewish actor trying to sell us some fascist crypto-program of ruination, perversion and corruption? No?