

The background of the cover features a close-up of the American flag, showing the stars and stripes. Overlaid on this are two large geometric shapes: a purple rectangle on the left and an orange rectangle on the right. The title 'AMERICAN DREAMS' is centered in the purple rectangle in white, bold, sans-serif capital letters. Below the title is a short horizontal white line. The author's name 'Joni Järvi-Laturi' is located in the orange rectangle, below the purple one, in a smaller, black, sans-serif font.

AMERICAN DREAMS

Joni
Järvi-Laturi

American Dreams

Joni Järvi-Laturi

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Some Miscellaneous Notes Concerning a Film Screenplay About America

joku suojelee jotakuta
se on kristityn rakkaus, kristityn rakkaus,
maskuliinisuus,

salaiset agentit
supervoimat yhdellä nuorella, naiivilla miehellä
äidin hoivavietti

The artist (writer) saves a man from drowning. The man is eternally grateful for the artist and befriends him.

When I watch presentations of America's kind and peaceful states and the cities within them, I cry. Is there a greater proof of American Providence?

The superpower is a glimpse at the future from the man's body language.

To live and love within some peaceful community filled with kind, decent, intelligent, talented and wise people. To live in the kingdom of heaven and to feel nothing but love and do nothing but good.

America, she was made to be loved and not analyzed.

These tears are strong, filled with sorrows and joys of past loves and of future passions.

Oswald Image – window to soul, window to an imperfect, weak lover as well.

Love grows silently, wisely like an eagle flying alone.

The strong, silent man.

Hollywoodian corner.

The American Dreamer.

Sentimental cinema.

Coin.

Gift to America, after death. A bracelet

Loner.

THE INTRODUCTION

Dark tent. Light. Book.

NARRATOR

Here stranded from almost every place on Earth sat a reader of the purest wonder ever imagined, a quiet breath, a succulent literature, a muscular tradition, except that this was not at all the same language agreed upon, a language that revolved around divine secrets and delicacies.

A godliness of a reader's island,
a heaven of a lonely reader's literal palace,
an American corner, a Hollywood corner
of greatness and individualism and moral virtues.

No wonder the reader, the dignified reader, was a minority in everything, and everywhere he went.

Greatness as a crime, individualism as a sin, were a nightmarish surrounding to live in but paradoxically they were also the blessing of his life.

Because the island had its protectors,
the reader felt excitement and love
from the great commentators and defenders of
the greatest system ever built – The U.S. of America,
but they existed only in his mind.

He feared that the sophistication would end,
that Western civilization would end.
There was no greatness left, no magnificence
to protect and the world had progressed too rapidly to the new era,
without knowing what to stand for and what to fight for.

Forest. Light. Book.

NARRATOR

The forest was dark and dreary,
with two kinds of creatures,

the wicked and the profane. The snakes
represented the wickedness of nature
and the man represented the saintliness of dignity.

Night. Light. Book.

NARRATOR

The night had been violent for centuries.
The man had been in love with America,
and secretly loving conservative Republicans,
in his home country of Finland.

The City. Light. Book.

NARRATOR

The man loved the great wise conservative commentators.
and effeminately liked their videos on the internet,
a small, effete, but also an important and nice modern gesture.

He started walking downtown, hating the dreary, drunken chaos that so many people
had succumbed to, reading a story about America on the bus. And here is how the
story went.

Finland and America

If a Finn has great feelings towards America and holds American values as paramount, as something greater than Finnish values, well that is comparable to witnessing UFO sightings on your own or seeing Bigfoot on your own. Nobody believes you. Nobody believes your feelings and emotions towards the greatest country on Earth. Americophilia tends to be lonely and feel lonely. The detractors usually point to America's multitudinous gun massacres and the great number of poor people and the societal ills such as expensive health care and student loan debt. These are valid points. Even though these same left-leaning Finns are hopelessly addicted to Facebook, an American invention as well as to YouTube, another American invention, they still hold America accountable for many ills.

If there is one lamentation I hold about my country of birth, Finland, it is the narrowness of our psyche and, sometimes, our way of life. There is something small and prosaic about our lack of dissent, the dissent of the spirit. We can be cynical people without a moralistic emphasis on social affairs. I sometimes think that Finns are copies of each other in some essential things. I crave for great moralistic, artistic and idealistic heroes, that my country, in its emphasis on welfare and equality, doesn't always give me. Not to mention the awful experiences of nihilistic youngsters in my youth and a certain, weird nihilistic ethos without a moralistic idealism I so much crave into my life. The lack of a moralistic approach to life, which Judeo-Christian conservative America offers, seems lonely while living in Finland. In point of actual fact, when one talks about good and evil and morality, one is shunned, sometimes even laughed at, in the wonderfully equal country of Finland.

Still, I love Finland as well. I have spent two amazing and memorable decades here, the 1990s and the 2010s, thanks to the communities that gave me so much fascinating and mind-blowing experiences where my hometown Tampere was at the centre of a communal comfort, where life was like spending time with two families, my own family and the city of Tampere. In 1990s my childhood was athletic, I played hockey and soccer and I estimate that I met a thousand lovely people through school, leisure and sports. In 2010s I spent years in a mental rehabilitation community and Tampere yet again felt like an enormous family. It was incredible.

But, deep down, I always sought for something more, and I always knew I was going to be a true artist. Early on, I felt as if I represented many of the forbidden dreams, feelings, thoughts and ideas contrary to the modern age. I always searched for more and what I searched for was everything that the modern world had tragically forgotten or lacked. Finland didn't listen to my voice, as a young, struggling artist,

even though I heard from at least three or four different parts of colloquial discourse and hearsay that I was a genius.

I grew to despise the celebration of mediocrity, and the fact that it was much easier to declare one self a mediocrity than a genius. I also discovered many intellectual cowards who catered to the group, and not the individual.

I also despised the sameness of each thought, the sameness of each experience, the sameness of each subjective feeling. I felt that it destroys the uniqueness of certain thoughts, the uniqueness of certain experiences and the uniqueness of certain subjective feelings. I don't want to sacrifice my greatness over someone's great moment, however great the moment might be. True, individualistic, achievement-oriented greatness is not normal and is certainly not common and is certainly not as small as a mundane feeling or experience.

Man was created to be great and achieve great things and greatness stands for something, and it can be measured and detected. The willingness to be small, the offensive submission to small passions, to small ideas, to small moments, to small joys, to a small, like-minded group, as well as the relativistic subjectivity of each smallness being as important and relevant as greatness has always struck me as being a cowardly and an unbearably collectivistic notion.

I feel as if the emphasis on equality destroys greatness. Where have all the geniuses gone? Maybe they haven't? Nowadays, reality is seen as art. The equality of each thought, of each action, of each moment and of each intention seems outrageously vulgar and narrow-minded in a world where the gap between unique greatness and common mediocrity is so wide.

I also despised collectivism, the notion where the group is more important and unique than the individual. We are not always stronger together, we are sometimes weaker and worse together. America has always seemed like a haven of greatness, of big ideas, big people and big innovations. The fact that most of humanity's innovations and fresh ideas come from America, struck me as a good example of America's divine providence.

I also despised moral relativism. I had seen so much meanness, of evil words and outright collective nihilism, where nobody is happy and everyone is cruel, that I despise the subjective view of morality. In my view, one is either a decent person or one is not. This attribute, decency, depends on your each individual action that are derivative from your own moral value system. Meanness is a sin, it is not a harmless and a natural part of human condition, it is a personal choice which one has to be accounted for.

Small Note on America

I consider Americans as my dear friends. I feel a strange, incessant and curious sympathy to the greatest country of Earth, The United States and its people. I dream of living in a nine-million dollar mansion in Beverly Hills, I dream of visiting an American grocery store and purchasing items there (the exotic candy, the sparkling sodas, the joy-inducing cigarette packs and the nutritious cheese brands), I sometimes cry tears of joy when I watch presentations of American cities on YouTube, I love the history of Hollywood and the mystique of the lives of famous celebrities, I love the pop culture and its famous quotes and anecdotes. And I love the fact that the United States is the world police.

I have always been interested in alternative America, in psychedelic America, in hippie America. But I grew up to find the greatest solace in conservative America. I admired their arguments, I thirsted for their moralistic wisdom, I considered them big brothers and sisters to me and my philosophy of life. I felt that this part of me was not seen or heard in Finland and it was seen as strange or foreign, if not insulting to Finland's left-wing, secular hegemony.

I always thought how an American conservative commentator loved America. I was subconsciously obsessed with those light-hearted, humorous comic reliefs they referenced in their more serious political speak. Those "soft" and "pointless" moments that revealed what books, music and movies they loved, those were the moments I always hunted. I loved their references to classic literature, like to the pity-inducing Karamazov Brothers written by a conservative Russian Fyodor Dostoevsky or to the music of Johann Sebastian Bach which has brought even many secular people to tears.

The sympathetic affection for the common, simple people that conservatives so often hold with the passionate admiration for great artists like myself, always felt like an interesting combination. It felt like a divine combination, as well. I felt special and loved by someone.

My Conservative Sympathies

Here are some of my conservative sympathies. I love the philosophy concerning life in general and I notice that life and politics are different things. I find conservatism, especially in its greatest forms, an incredibly important and healthy philosophy.


Feminism.

Feminists tend to hate the patriarchal structures of Western societies and rebel against them. This is a common view of the left. I always wondered where is the patriarchy? Where is it? If one considers the fact that 99 percent of those feminist women who want to have mindless, emotionally cold casual sex with men, want the men to be strong because women in general are very attracted to strong men, even stronger than them, sometimes. So where is the patriarchy they so hate and oppose? There is no patriarchy without strong men. Strong men have built cities, joined police forces and protected the weak.

If one considers the fact that in bars where young people drink alcohol and mess around and talk about fashionable things, men are almost always the loudest in the group, maybe even to the point of being offensive and barbaric and behaving like pigs and talking aggressively. And young women might love it, and they might love being dominated and quiet, with someone being more menacing than them, with strong men leading the conversation.

I also believe in a different West than the feminists. I believe we revel in freedom, there is very much freedom and very much equality in the West, but there is also inequality. Even those people who believe in equality are judgmental and rough towards some people they don't like, because it is the human condition and it is easily noticeable even in the most feminist, equality-believing people.

I don't consider myself an anti-feminist, but I do have anti-feminist sentiments. My anti-feminist sentiments are actually very matriarchal, instead of being patriarchal. I believe in the goodness of women, the warmth, the motherliness, the softness, the comfort, the gentle, empathetic strength, more than in the coldness, the toughness, the beastliness, the narcissism that some young feminist women are emulating. I wish to see a world where women are raised differently, so they don't start to copy men, or the classical male pathologies like sadism, roughness and control. I have noticed that many young women emulate male toughness and it just simply looks terrible.

The background of the entire page is a close-up, slightly blurred image of the American flag, showing the stars and stripes. The flag is draped and folded, creating a sense of movement and texture. The colors are vibrant, with the red, white, and blue of the flag standing out against the orange and maroon background elements.

American Dreams is the 22nd book
by Joni Järvi-Laturi.

What should America learn about
Finland? What should Finland learn
about America? Why are American
values important? Why is America
so essential to the world in which
we live?

Joni Järvi-Laturi delves deep into
his passion for America, showing
how much America taught him as a
human being and why he feels a
passionate connection to America.
American Dreams is an honest love
letter to both America and Finland.

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