

Ethics the film the house i live in

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Ethics This essay is based on the film, *The House I Live In*. The film contends that war waged on drugs and especially dating from the 1980s Reagan administration has reduced social utility, class justice, violated individual's rights and promoted racial injustices. The essay is in disagreement with the arguments raised by the film makers.

This documentary conjures ultimate reactions from persons sensitive to cultural imbalances. The documentary nature's the natural instincts in a view to erase or expose social injustices, a candid talk of the good in people.

This documentary is a powerful evaluation of the American futile and costly war on drugs that ranks the country as the globe's largest injury. In his work, Jarecki declares that his catalyst for his project was spry in the documentary, the lady of African American origin who raised him as the parents were away at work. The lady is depicted as soulful and charming besides carrying the full weight of the world on her shoulders.

In this film, it is easy to realize that simplicity is the pillar supporting the film. A spin from its center conjures a collection of a powerful dissection from frustrated and shamed agendas, compromised blood lines, inhumane decision making from the wealthy, compromised bloodlines, interviewing the jailed and their jailers, and credible persons who offer the opinions on why and how.

The audience can decipher a laughable enterprise that from *The War on Drugs*, the phrase itself is absurd as lives are cost, families are destroyed. The American society is carefully cleansed off its enemies, racially. In this age, the drugs are purer, cheaper and easily availed than before. The documentary praises Richard Nixon in the charade's beginning who

supposedly and initially coined the media phrase with the Reagans driving it home in the 80s for vengeance. The documentary shows the audience that there has been no change, given the highly safer streets and prevalence of drugs. There is still a reckless abandon in spending.

The film attempts to answer two questions. Why has the society given us a community that NEEDs drugs at all cost? What is this atypical pattern maintaining emergence from history where enemy identification is followed by discrediting? The enemy's rights are deprived and his presence scrubbed as low class citizens, ethnic groups or minorities threatening the rich. This documentary rightly correlates the Wars on Drugs to holocausts, which it is. Executions and numbers are similar to the logistics in holocausts.

Ground breaking provocations are not normally incited by films. The House I live In posses a form of voltage that can capsize capital murder verdicts or releases from prison, justice service. The fill questions the appropriate questions about the involved right questions, but easily gets under the audience's skin compelling them to acknowledge the harsh fact that higher offices in the nation commit more crimes than street's drug pushers who are incarcerated in a move to expand their wallets, maintain their community positions, demonstrate influence, ameliorate infantile Anglo fears and justify inflated budgets.

Work Cited

The house I live in. Dir. Eugene Jarecki. , . .