

# Poor Jim Carrey

poor all of us



by Miles Mathis

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Before we get started, I just have to ask: has anyone seen *The Onion* lately? What happened? Did they fire everyone who was funny, or did they all move over to BabylonBee? I haven't seen such a complete crash and burn since. . . oh, let me see. . . since CBS, NBC, ABC, The New York Times, The Washington Post, The New Yorker, The Atlantic, The Nation, The Village Voice, The Chicago Tribune, PBS, NPR, CNN, Disney, Warner Brothers, Columbia, 20<sup>th</sup> Century Fox, MGM, Scientific American. . . . OK, so I *have* seen such a complete crash and burn before.



I was watching the best thing at youtube—cat videos—when the ghosts in the machine there began pushing other things on me. They were distressed to hear me laughing and enjoying myself and they needed to pull the plug on that immediately. So, just out of cat curiosity, I decided to see what they had for me. I knew I could spin their spin, which is what I am now doing—having fun in a different way.

I just passed by most of their propaganda, since it is all transparent to me. I can't believe after all this time they actually think they are going to budge me an inch. But anyway, I soon came to [this video](#) of Jim Carrey—a guy about my age—in some roundtable discussion with Ted Danson and Sacha Baron Cohen a few years ago, and he is talking about being trashed by Siskel and Ebert when the first *Ace Ventura* came out. He says they both called it the worst movie ever made or something. Carrey was devastated. But several years later, after Carrey hit the big time with *The Truman Show*, they came back and made a whole show on Carrey, calling him the Clown with Class and admitting they had been wrong. Jim says he gets emotional just thinking about.

My response was “what?” Why would Jim Carrey ever give two flips what those bozos thought? Carrey, a very talented comedian by any measure, already extremely popular by that time, headlining a movie and making big money for it. The film made \$12 million its opening week, making back its cost in nine days, eventually making \$107 million worldwide. While Siskel and Ebert were a couple of unattractive, uncharismatic people with no talents at anything, and zero qualifications for their jobs, who didn't even have interesting opinions or good judgments. I remember when they first came out on PBS, very small time, and I wondered even then where they came from and why anyone would watch

that. I just took it as a measure of how bored people were, and how little there was to watch on TV in 1975. And I was right. People would watch absolutely anything, later proved by shopping networks, cable access, and CNN.

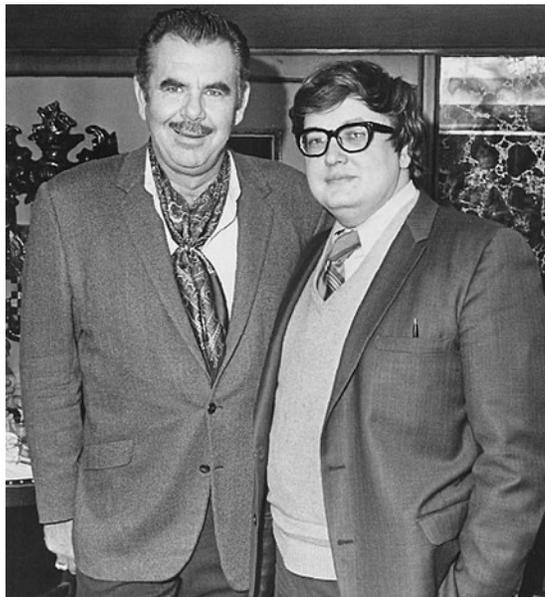
But somehow—no one knows why—they grew faster than Ebert's waistline, and in a few years they were big potatoes, burying Rex Reed and all the other pundits in their wake. One or both of those guys must have had some serious connections, is all I can say. Maybe they are Cohens. Otherwise it is beyond human comprehension.

Actually, I came back to this after finishing this paper and researched them, just to be sure I wasn't being hasty. Siskel is Jewish of course, and he came out of the Army. Intelligence, to be specific: he was public affairs officer for the Defense Information School DINFOS. I call it DISINFOS. They placed him at the *Chicago Tribune* in 1969, when he was just 23. His bio includes no other activities or accomplishments other than reviewing films, which indeed needs no qualifications.

What about Ebert? He claimed to be Catholic and a former altar boy, but I don't believe it. His mother is a Stumm, which is commonly a Jewish name, see also Shtum. He dropped out of a graduate program in English to be a film critic, so again, zero qualifications going into his field. He says he learned to be a critic from reading *Mad Magazine*. No, seriously, that is a direct quote. Not making it up. Like Siskel, the skids were greased for him, and he was placed by someone at the *Chicago Sun Times* by the time he was 25. Also for reasons unknown, the Jewish Pauline Kael took this altar boy under her wing.

But we can find reasons for his promotion without looking too hard: early on Ebert was a big promoter of Warren Beatty's *Bonnie and Clyde*, calling it “a work of truth and brilliance, a milestone in the history of American movies”. Not coincidentally, Ebert's Jewish muse Kael was saying the same thing in the same words. But really? *Bonnie and Clyde* a milestone? I didn't get that from it, even before realizing what it was really about. It just seemed like a poor excuse for silly violence, with Beatty unnecessarily flat in the lead role, as usual. We now know it was selling false history, since none of that happened. So it is just more propaganda, like *Shampoo*, *Reds*, *Bugsy*, etc.

By age 27, our fat altar boy was hanging out with Russ Meyer, also Jewish. Nobody can figure out why to this day, though I suggest you might by studying this photo.



Meyer tapped Ebert to help him write the screenplay for *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, one of the worst things ever produced. It makes *The Valley of the Dolls* look like *Casablanca*. The only way *The Valley of the Dolls* could have been any worse is if it were made into a musical parody, so that is what they did. We are supposed to believe it now has a cult following and a high audience rating at places like Rotten Tomatoes, but there is no chance that is true. You would have to be zonked out of your mind to sit through it. And again, Ebert had no qualifications for being chosen for that, having never written a script before.

Ebert later wrote *Who Killed Bambi?*, the horrible Sex Pistols movie. We know the Pistols were a creation of British Intelligence, so we now have Ebert pegged. The film was so bad it got cancelled before it was even finished, though we aren't sure who cancelled it. We can only assume someone at FOX decided the bad publicity it would bring to the studio outweighed the propaganda benefits of culture destruction that would go to CIA/MI6. Indicating FOX still had a modicum of independence in 1978. This was before Davis and Murdoch, and FOX was riding high then from the success of *Star Wars* in 1977—which explains it more than anything to me. After hitting the biggest home run of all time, the last things the bigwigs wanted to do in 1977 is put Russ Meyer and Roger Ebert in the game and up to bat.

By 1975, Ebert had already received the Pulitzer Prize for criticism. Did you know they have a prize for that? You have to laugh. A prize for promoting Hollywood propaganda. How old was he? C'mon, you know it. 33.

But none of that compared to finally getting on TV in 1975. Though it was just lowly old PBS. The success of that in the early years probably goes to Tribune Media, which promoted it heavily in local markets. Just a few years later Tribune took total control of it themselves, creating it out of WGN. By 1986 Disney had bought it, rankling Tribune Media mightily. Siskel and Ebert had been manufactured as key operatives in the machine selling Hollywood to the public through “criticism”. For that, apparently, they didn't need any charisma or panache. Straight promotion was enough. They could have promoted Beavis and Butthead to the same levels of fame, had they wanted to. And they later *did* want to.

That is the danger of television and all mass media: it makes stars out of absolute nobodies. The audience seems to always forget to ask who these people are and why we are having to listen to them. Do they have any qualifications? Are they compelling in any way? Are they at least nice to listen to or look at? Anything? In most cases, the answer is a resounding *no* on all counts. They are ugly, abrasive, and ignorant, so why are we watching them? I'm not, obviously, but why is anyone? Can anyone tell me what redeeming qualities Anderson Cooper has? Whoopi Goldberg? Don Lemon? Wolf Blitzer? When you dig a little, you find there is no good answer for why they were chosen except this: **they are from the Families**. This is what they wanted to do, and these people can do whatever they want, so here they are. Anderson Cooper is a Vanderbilt, and that is his only qualification. Otherwise he is about the last person on earth you would put in front of a camera everyday, if you wanted to impress anyone or convince anyone of anything. Brian Stelter was even worse, and is just the most extreme example of what I am talking about. Do you think anyone looking for a dose of charm to warm their day ever tuned in to Brian Stelter and went, “Oh goody!” No, not one person. Everyone who tuned in just put up with him, averting their eyes and turning the sound down to avoid ear chafing.

But that is the rule, the norm. TV was always pretty much unwatchable for anyone with three brain cells, but it gets worse every year. Not only because the programming just gets worse and worse, but because these people we have to watch get more obnoxious by the week. Everyday it is more make-up

and more hairspray and more quacking voices and more speech impediments and more brain fog and less ability to read a teleprompter or follow an earpiece. Youtube also pushed a couple of old Ronald Reagan vids on me, and I was shocked at how smooth and professional he appeared compared to his cousins now. He was a big dope selling a load of snake oil, but his tiny brain was relatively clear. He predated the mass dementia we are living through now, where only Ben Shapiro can still speak fast (and that won't last—the speed will eventually burn a hole in his cranium).

So why am I telling you what you already know? Because I am going somewhere with this. To get there I first have to circle back to Jim Carrey. We have all seen Jim crash and burn in the past decade, and it hasn't been fun to watch. He seems genuinely lost, and that video tells us why: like almost everyone else, he is suffering from a hyperactive superego. In short, he cares what other people think *way too much*. This is caused by media oversaturation. In order to ape the media and the medium, he had to internalize the *zeitgeist*, swallowing it whole. It became a part of him. In the process, it drove out JIM CARREY and replaced it with a manufactured media-creature, a conglomeration of expectations and promises and fears and sympathies and other false connections, obliterating the single spirit that was there and casting it out into the airwaves in a million pieces. Carrey has it worse than most because he made a career out of it. He was rewarded far more than you for it and so has confirmation and feedback loops you will never understand. Where you are wired once by the machine, he is double and tripled wired. But you are wired in the same way, since you have been living in the same machine.

We have seen Carrey recognize this to some extent and try to break free, but he is having only limited success because he still doesn't realize what the machine really is and who built it. As usual, he is making the problem too complex—and that is because he is following paths out of the machine made by the machine builders themselves. Yes, they have contingency plans for everything. They have to hide from you even then, so they have walls built outside the machine as well. Another maze outside the maze. They want you to think the machine is spiritual or religious, or is some kind of necessary construct of Nature or human society. When it isn't.

They want you to think you have to replace their mysticism and confusion with some greater and more mysterious confusion—as in *Magnolia* or *The Tree of Life*—since the question is too big for you. But it isn't.

The machine is nothing more than a social construct, put together over millennia by the Phoenicians and thrown into high gear in the past few centuries. It is a web of lies and fear and control, posing as information. It is a vast and enveloping conjob, created on purpose to herd you and soak you and ultimately kill you before your time: before you can figure any of this out. Because if you figured it out you wouldn't put up with it. You would stop it.

Perhaps the most shocking thing about this machine for someone like Carrey is that he was never exempted from it. He is from these Families, which is why he got famous. But as it turns out, even most of them don't have a bye. They don't get the memo, which is why they age as poorly as the rest of us. They get chewed up by the lies and fear just like we do. The Phoenician machine is now so enveloping it has swallowed the Phoenicians themselves. They can't find that little door on the far edge of the sea, since they painted it just like the sea and forgot where it is. Like Alan Turing, they are too clever by half, and can no longer decrypt their own code.

Are there some High Phoenicians who still live outside the machine? Perhaps. I don't know the answer to that. If there are, they are well camouflaged. I have never seen or heard of anyone who

seemed exempt from its effects. But I don't travel in those circles. I haven't been to the islands or the bunkers.

It doesn't matter, because that is not what this paper is about. This paper is not about earning exemption, supposing that is possible. It is about climbing outside the machine without permission and staying there. Which anyone can do, no matter their past or their heritage.

I have been telling you how to do that from the beginning, and I will tell you again here, but first I want to hit another video I saw at Youtube, since it ties in here. It was a video about Greg Lemond, another guy about my age. He won three Tour de Frances from 1986 to 90, and should have won the 1985 Tour. On my scorecard he did. He had been hired to help Bernard Hinault win that Tour, but turned



out to be so strong Hinault had to tell him to back off, causing a huge controversy. Every time I watch that, I wonder why Greg didn't tell Hinault to catch him if he could. Nothing was stopping him from taking the Tour, since Hinault and the team couldn't fire him without making the controversy a hundred times larger. What were they going to do, have the police drag Lemond off the starting line? It was only a few days from the end and everyone in the world knew what was going on. The times were all public. If the team fired him after the Tour or docked his pay, who cares? He would be the winner by then, and would come into all the promotion and sponsorship due to that. Another team would pick him up in a heartbeat as their new lead. If Hinault didn't like him, again, who cares? Hinault was an asshole. Hinault's only argument at the time was that Lemond had been hired as a domestique, who was expected to do what he was told. But not only was that only a bluff as far as Lemond was concerned, it wasn't even true. Every rider in the Tour has the basic right to try to win it, and if Hinault wasn't the strongest rider in the Tour he had no *right* to win it. It was Hinault's own fault for hiring a rider stronger than himself, and no one ever sided with Hinault or the team. It is has been a black mark on them both ever since, and Hinault's fifth win should have an asterisk by it. I consider it such a huge black mark on Hinault it makes me question all his other wins. Who else did he have to buffalo to win those?

But almost no one states the obvious to this day. Although I assume almost everyone in the know agrees with me, no one says anything, and the subject has been all but buried. Even this video I watched glossed over it, while glorifying Lemond otherwise.

The way this ties in here is that Lemond allowed himself to be bluffed, and he did so because of a hyperactive superego and a hypoactive (weak) ego. He was so concerned about what others might think of him that he backed down and made the wrong decision.

You may say he made the right decision, because unlike Lance Armstrong, Lemond is still well liked

and in possession of his yellow jerseys. He is liked because he is NOT egotistical. If he had told Hinault and the team to stuff it, he might not be as well liked today.

Except that. . . I suspect Lemond agrees with me, since he has strengthened his ego over the years, out of sheer necessity. We later found he had been bluffed again in 2001, this time by Lance Armstrong, apologizing for asking if Armstrong was doping. Armstrong and his associates attacked Lemond and his business contacts, and for two years Lemond backed down. But in 2003 Lemond finally found his backbone and counterattacked, eventually winning that one, of course. He also won more recently against UCI former president Pat McQuaid.

In fact, Lemond confirms my reading here:

**"I wanted to be seen as a good person, and never wanted to let people down, but I found it hard to handle the fame or adulation. I didn't feel worthy of it. I was ashamed by who I thought I was because I felt partly responsible [for the sexual abuse as a child] and I was never able to enjoy the stuff I should have been able to enjoy. My first thought when I won the Tour was: 'My God, I'm going to be famous', and then I thought, 'He's going to call'. I was always waiting for that phone call. I lived in fear that anyone would ever find out."**

—Greg LeMond explaining how he felt about the fame he acquired.[\[139\]](#)

That's in the sidebar at Wikipedia on his page. The first two clauses are his superego talking. That is your social self, how you think others see you. And we see precisely *why* Lemond's superego was hyperactive: he was hiding a great deal of shame, for something that wasn't his fault. This would keep his ego weak for years, since his superego was squashing his ego.

And there is something else that fell before my eyes in studying Lemond. Something no one seems to have noticed. The weirdest event in Lemond's life, I guess after the sexual abuse as a boy, would have to be getting shot by a relative while hunting turkey. It happened just before the 1987 Tour, taking him out of it, and it never made any sense to anyone. We are told the relative shot blindly into the bush upon hearing a noise, but no one would do that while hunting turkey. Turkey are pretty easy to hunt, since they are slow and not particularly shy. You could hunt turkey around here with a rock. Lemond was hunting with his **uncle** and brother-in-law, and we are told the brother-in-law shot him. But then I noticed something in another part of his bio. He told Floyd Landis about his childhood sexual abuse, and Landis' business manager Will Geoghegan ended up calling Lemond in the middle of the night pretending to be his **uncle**, saying he would spill the beans on the abuse if Lemond didn't keep quiet about Landis' doping. So it seems to me more than a coincidence that an uncle was involved in both things. Lemond has since changed the story, telling us it wasn't his uncle but a friend of the family. But of course he would want to get us off the truth if I am right. Is it possible the same uncle shot him that abused him, and that the brother-in-law is just the fall guy here, to prevent that connection? That is really dark, but should be put out there to perhaps prevent Lemond from being in front of any more stray bullets. Something very dark appears to be going on in his family regardless, and—as with Jim Carrey—we can only say, *poor Greg*. Greg's uncles better behave themselves from here on out, because Sherlock's eyes are now on them. Not everyone is blind and deaf.

As with Jim Carrey, what Lemond's history teaches us is that ego is good and superego is overrated. At some time in the distant past, the development of the superego was certainly a necessity, to facilitate civilization. But it is now hypertrophied, and threatens to snuff out the ego altogether. Which is of course fine with the Phoenicians. They would love it if your ego died, since you would no longer be

able to say no to anything. You would be utterly bluffable, since you would have no will of your own. You would rely on them for every decision. You wouldn't have to be censored because you would always censor yourself.

We saw how much use that was to the governors during Covid, when they found fifty million people ready to police themselves and one another, upon only a suggestion from the TV. That was the machine at work.

So if you want to step beyond that, you see the path. It is a path away from media and society and the superego, and a path toward the ego. By that I don't mean you should practice being a belligerent asshole, certain you are right about everything. There is a difference between being egoistic and being egotistic. But you do have to start by assuming you know yourself better than anyone else could—how could you not? You have to consider the possibility that you don't need anyone to tell you what to do next. You have to trust your inner promptings and realize they are more trustworthy than anything else or anyone else you are likely to meet. You don't need to wait until you have had thirty or forty or fifty years of bad experiences trusting other people to quit doing it. If anyone gets in your face uninvited, tell them to fuck off, even if they are famous, rich, promoted, degreed, or titled. And never be bluffed by anyone. Never do anything “just because”, or because other people are doing it, or because the TV told you to. You don't have to do anything, ever, and remember that. Even with a gun to your head you are still free to say no. And if the person has to put a gun to your head to get you to say yes, you should definitely say no.

But don't worry, because the odds are it will never come to that. I have discovered that almost everything in this world is a bluff. Certainly anything you can be told by the TV is a bluff or a lie, so ignore all that on principle. And when you come up against a Siskel or Ebert, telling you you are crap, let that pass over you like the wind it is. Question everything, especially the credentials of anyone trying to convince you of anything or sell you anything. Who is this person? Where did they come from? Is their bio impressive? Is it believable? Has it been confirmed, or is it just another tale from the cryptos?

This, more than anything else, is what has allowed me to proceed. It has allowed me to climb over walls no one thought passable. I trespass wherever I like and don't ask permission. Remember, [I got arrested for climbing the wall at Windsor Castle in my 20s](#), so that is who I have always been. I have never had much concern for how others see me, since I have always known they are blind. Their disabilities are their own concern; they are not my problem. I always thought they should be more concerned with how *I see them*, since I am the one with better judgment. They weren't, of course, but again that was their problem. If they didn't want to learn from me, they could get stuffed. That was my original response as a child to other people, and it still is. And, as it turns out, most of them *have* gotten stuffed in the meantime. When I meet people from the old days, I find they have stuffed and mounted themselves on some wall, like a brick. While I have continued to trespass wherever I liked, they have built their own little jails and locked themselves inside.