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# A GAME OF FAKES



*by Miles "R. R." Mathis*

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As usual, this is just my opinion.

I will use this paper to compile some smaller fakes I have run across. Although some of you may find them very important, I consider them historically insignificant next to, say, the life of Napoleon or Hitler. Which is why you will have to forgive me for just hitting them as I run by at speed. I really don't have time to prove them in-depth, so I won't even pretend to, or pretend to care that I am not proving them.

The first is *Game of Thrones*, allegedly by George R. R. Martin. You do realize he is a fake person, right? They took the R. R. from J. R. R. Tolkien, who is being ripped off and bastardized here. They even have Gandalf's staff on-set or something, borrowed from Peter Jackson's movie, I guess. I don't know all the details, since I haven't watched even one minute of this shite, much less wasted my time reading the books [reading a few synopses and watching a few previews was enough to make me queasy]. And then George Martin was the Beatles' producer, of course, which is where they got that. None too subtle. George R. R. Martin is sold to you as a conscientious objector during the Vietnam War, when he became a Vista volunteer instead. OK. You do realize Vista is a CIA front, right?

In short, all this new fiction is coming right out of Langley. They just churn it out and then manufacture some bio and photo to front it. It was written by some committee, and it is being shoved down your throat for two reasons: 1) to waste your time and keep you from looking at more important or interesting things, 2) to further propagandize you. They work in all the current gambits one way or another. [This also applies to *The Hunger Games*, by the way, and lots of other similar stuff.] They are conditioning you to live in a humorless, joyless world where the bad people are more interesting and the good people always die violently. The only upside is you may get to wear a cool wig. They have to condition you to this entertainment because it is all they are capable of. This is who works at

Intelligence: they write about themselves. My guess is they really are this one-dimensional and boring. This is what you would get if *Days of Our Lives* were set in the 11<sup>th</sup> century, allowing for the 19 murders and rapes per hour. If you are watching it, **turn it off**. If you need to veg out, go watch reruns of *Match Game* on youtube. It will be a total waste of your time, but at least you will avoid a brainwashing, a disempowering, and an un-enlightening. And if you are watching Game of Thrones for the gay dwarf sex, that's just sad. Either indulge in the good stuff, which is online free by the truckloads, or go out and find a real gay dwarf and live the dream. ‡

Next, this year's Oscar-winning movie was called *Spotlight*. I haven't seen it and don't plan to, but even at a distance I can smell the stench. Admittedly, it doesn't sound as bad as *The Revenant*, or last year's *Birdman*,\*\* but the propaganda angle is more transparent. In short, it is about newspaper reporters (think Woodward and Bernstein) blowing open the Catholic Priest child-abuse stories in Boston in 2003. Now, I am not Christian, much less Catholic, and I had never considered the possibility these stories were faked before today; but *Spotlight* winning the Oscar made me consider that possibility. As I have shown you over the years, the world is now completely upside-down, so much so that if the mainstream is telling you it is day, you can bet all your money on it being night. The very fact they made this movie and that it won the Oscar for best picture is very strong indication the story it is selling is a hoax. Why would I say that? Oh, let's see, *12 Years a Slave*, *Argo*, *The King's Speech*, *The Hurt Locker*, *Crash*, *A Beautiful Mind*, *Schindler's List*, *Full Metal Jacket*, *Gandhi*, *Platoon*, *The Deerhunter*, *Apocalypse Now*, *Chariots of Fire*, *All the Presidents Men*, etc.

Whereas before, my assumption was the priest-child-abuse stories were true—mainly because I hadn't studied them for sense—my assumption now is that they are false. And yes, that changed simply because this movie was made by Hollywood and won the Oscar. But that assumption is confirmed by looking more closely at the circumstances surrounding the film. The director is Tom McCarthy, who was also involved in *Good Night and Good Luck*—another obvious CIA production, whitewashing their agent Edward R. Murrow and starring one of their premier Hollywood agents George Clooney. Tom McCarthy's dad happens to be named Eugene McCarthy. Just a coincidence, right? Researching this newest stuff, I feel like I am in an old Chevy Chase movie. Remember in *Fletch*, when Chase's character goes in disguise and introduces himself as Harry S. Truman, Gordon Liddy, or Igor Stravinsky? Fletch didn't think much of the intelligence of those he was talking to, and the writers at Langley feel the same way about you. They know you will miss almost all references, so they are free to joke around at your expense.

More confirmation comes from the producers, including Blye Pagon Faust. You have to be kidding me with that name. That's an obvious anagram, folks, though I'll leave it to you to play with.\* Steve Golin is another producer, the co-founder of Propaganda Films. Again, none too subtle there. Golin is an anagram for lingo. Another producer is Michael Sugar, who also brought you another CIA film, *The Fifth Estate*. That was about Julian Assange and Wiki-leaks, remember? Sugar is an anagram for Argus, a monster with a thousand eyes. All these producers look like sims to me. As with George R. R. Martin, they are just names and faces fronting CIA committees.

And what happened to Michael Keaton? From *Night Shift* to *Birdman*, and now *Spotlight*? I guess this is what happens after you play *Batman*. Did you know that Keaton has been named an officer of the Order of Arts and Letters by the French Government? Did you know this Order is linked to the Order of Saint-Michel, founded in 1469? Recent officers are a list of spooks, including T. S. Eliot, Ray Bradbury, William S. Burroughs, David Bowie, Clint Eastwood, Bob Dylan, Bono, George Clooney, and so on.

Now let's move on to David Bowie. Of course his death was faked. But more importantly, so was his life. He was an agent from the beginning, selling you a manufactured, distorted worldview packaged as progressive music. The first clue is his birthdate, 1/8/47. Numerology through and through, a marker to other agents that he was one of them. That number 47 tells us he was an Intel baby, born from Vauxhall Cross in a test tube, I guess. Everything to do with Bowie was always filled with this numerology, including the 2013 museum show at the Victoria and Albert. It ended on August 11. That's 8/11/13. That show was the most popular show ever at the Victoria and Albert, which is itself strange and depressing. VAM is billed as the museum of decorative arts and design, so what does that have to do with David Bowie? Wasn't he allegedly a musician? The museum houses the world's largest collection of post-classical sculpture, including the largest collection of Renaissance items outside Italy. No one will show up to look at that, but 1.3 million people allegedly viewed the David Bowie show.

Before we continue, I want to pause to remind you that Bowie was a big promoter of Modern “art”. Not only did he have a large collection of expensive nullities, he was constantly promoting Modernism as something worth talking about—which of course it isn't. This is just another indication of who he was and who he was being paid by. So his show should have been at the Tate Modern, if anywhere. Why was it at the Victoria and Albert? Same reason the Turner Prize shows are at the Tate Britain instead of the Tate Modern: they want to take over all the old museums, slowly turning them into circuses. Eventually they can store or sell all the real art and use the floor space for jello pits.



*That's from Bowie's collection. Is it upside down?  
Turn it over:  
it looks a lot like the Flintstones' living room.*

Also pertinent to that question were Bowie's statements about religion. As we would expect, he promoted both Buddhism and Atheism—as most agents are required by contract. Bowie also referenced Kabbalah, magick, and gnosticism. All three are sub-headings in that same contract.

Like the rest of the stars forced down your throat, Bowie's popularity was mostly manufactured. They admit he hadn't had a top-40 hit since 1987, but even before that [he had precious few](#). *Fame* and *Let's*

*Dance* were his only #1 hits. *Blue Jean* hit #8 in 1984, and he had two that went to #10: *Golden Years* and *China Girl*. That gives him about the same track record as Gilbert O'Sullivan. So why is Bowie so famous while Gilbert isn't? Intel promotion.

Note that only two of Bowie's hits are from the 1970s, supposedly his glam years. His album *Let's Dance* of 1983 was the big seller, but he was already considered a pop sell-out by the punks by then. There is nothing glam or progressive about any of the songs on that album, and they could have just as easily been written or performed by Hall and Oates or Rick Springfield. Actually, the same could be said of *Fame*, which is just standard pop fare and sounds like a B-movie soundtrack. Billboard has to cheat to get *Space Oddity* up to number 15, because we are told it went there in 1973. But as you know, it came out in 1969. When originally released, it didn't chart at all in the US. I guess this is just indication that if you release a song often enough and spend enough money promoting it, you can force just about anything into the top 20. The only other things that charted in the top 50 in the 1970s were *Young Americans*, which went to #28; and *Changes*, which went to #41. Even *Jean Genie* only went to #71.

For comparison, Bowie had five solo top tens. Barry Manilow had more than twice as many, with 11. Rod Stewart had 14. Elton John had 28. Madonna had 38.

Fans will respond, "Who cares about Billboard? No one has looked at Billboard since the 1960s". Maybe, but since my point was about fake popularity, there is really no other way to test it. The arbiters of musical taste tell us how important Bowie was, but my response to that is, "prove it". Just because a lot of paid writers say it doesn't make it so. I claim that most of the cheering for Bowie has been planted since the beginning and still is, and a few people hunkering down and repeating how important he is doesn't answer that. My guess is that most real people couldn't care less about Bowie, then or now. If they talked or talk about him, it is mostly because they are cued to do so. The mainstream media plants our daily talking points, and most people don't have enough of an independent mental life to go another way.

And if you look at album sales rather than singles, it is even worse for Bowie. Except for *Let's Dance*, none of his albums were big sellers, and that album now looks about as important as Eurythmics' *Sweet Dreams*. In other words, not. *Ziggy Stardust* may make *Rolling Stone's* best-of lists and things like that, but it probably gets less real play by real people than James Taylor or Cat Stevens. It may get less play than Gordon Lightfoot or Johnny Mathis *to this day*. Young people who want to hear something weird don't put on *Ziggy Stardust*. And why else would you put it on? People who play old stuff for nostalgic reasons don't normally get nostalgic about glam rock.

I have met a lot of music collectors over the years, but never once have I met a big Bowie fan. He's too pussy for punks, and those who went for progressive music in the 1970s normally went for bands like Led Zeppelin, Yes, or Pink Floyd. I guess old transvestites may have big Bowie collections, but I never "hung" with that crowd. Bowie's greatest legacy may be having influenced Boy George, which is not really something to put on your resumé. Very early in his career, Bowie was already mainly famous for being famous, rather than for actually doing anything, sort of like William S. Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, and that crowd. Since they were all agents, that isn't really surprising. For the last thirty years, he has done nothing but make cameos, give interviews, and get his picture taken. Such does not make one an artist, in my opinion.

Nonetheless, he is sold by the mainstream as some sort of towering figure of the late 20<sup>th</sup> century, with a Wikipedia page longer than Isaac Newton or Leonardo da Vinci. You have to laugh.

Bowie's first hit was of course *Space Oddity*, which was released five days before the Apollo 11 launch in 1969. Not a coincidence. Bowie was just 22, and the odds are he had nothing to do with writing it. More likely the CIA or NASA or MI6 wrote it, as part of the promotion. Why do I say that? Because the song came out in July, and Bowie had met Angela Barnett in April. Again, not a coincidence. She was an American, and her father was Colonel George Barnett. Note the rank of Colonel. [Among other things, he was involved in the hugely profitable Cyprus copper mines, which were later {1979} bought by Amoco. Amoco is an arm of Standard Oil, of course, which ties us to the Rockefellers.] Her mother was Helena Galas, and her grandmother was Wiktoria Gatkiewicz, which is a Jewish name. Helena's sister was Rozalia Smolenska, also a Jewish name.

Even the mainstream admits Angela's influence on Bowie was "immediate and far-reaching". They married in 1970 and his quick climb began. While Bowie was perfecting glam-rock, Angela was auditioning to play Wonder Woman. Soon after, she bought the rights to Marvel Comics characters Black Widow and Daredevil. She was doing her spook-work while he was doing his.

Although glam-rock would seem to be pretty fluffy, already by 1970 Bowie was selling a tonic composed of schizophrenia, paranoia, delusion, androgyny and bisexuality. That year's album *The Man Who Sold the World* has a strange set of lyrics and a stranger cover:



That's Bowie, dressed as a woman. The lyrics of the title song end like this:

I gazed a gazely stare at all the millions here  
We must have died alone, a long long time ago  
Who knows? not me  
We never lost control  
You're face to face  
With the Man who Sold the World.

The lyrics are actually very good, which for me is a problem. Bowie was only 22 when he allegedly wrote them, and I simply don't believe he was that fine a writer at that age. Both in form and content, the prose reads like it was written by a much older and more intelligent man. Bowie couldn't have had the experience or skill to write anything like that. Besides, the lyrics are the lyrics of an agent. Ask yourself what he means by "we never lost control". Who is we? I suggest it is Intelligence. Who is the man who sold the world? Intelligence, or the men Intelligence works for.

For more evidence, note these earlier lines in the song:

We passed upon the stair, we spoke of was and when  
Although I wasn't there, he said I was his friend  
Which came as some surprise I spoke into his eyes  
I thought you died alone, a long long time ago  
Oh no, not me  
I never lost control  
You're face to face  
With The Man Who Sold The World.

"I thought you died a long long time ago". Oh no, not me, I faked my death. That's what we in Intelligence do, you know.

Although all of Bowie's previous albums had bombed, this 1970 album was heavily promoted by Mercury Records coast-to-coast in the US, with Bowie wearing his dress in hundreds of interviews, including one with *Rolling Stone*—which ludicrously compared him to Lauren Bacall.

The lyrics to the first song *Width of a Circle* also give us a clue:

In the corner of the morning in the past  
I would sit and blame the master first and last  
All the roads were straight and narrow  
And the prayers were small and yellow  
And the rumour spread that I was aging fast

Again, extremely good writing. Simply too good for a 22-year-old. We have perfect rhyming and perfect meter. No one was writing lyrics like that at the time except maybe Leonard Cohen. Those aren't just amazing lyrics, they stand alone as poetry. You simply didn't see poetry like that in lyrics then (or now). Which indicates professional writers, hired by Intel. Cohen himself may have been involved. And why would a gorgeous 22-year-old like Bowie write that there was a rumor he was aging fast? He was so pretty he looked like Lauren Bacall in that dress, so any talk of aging must be seen as strange. How old was Cohen in 1970? 36. Those lyrics fit a 36-year-old, but do not fit a 22-year-old. Also note the word "master". One of Cohen's favorite words. The song also mentions Kahlil Gibran, which is a big clue here. Cohen has mentioned Gibran in many interviews.

Coming into this paper, I had no intention of pegging Cohen as the writer of these lyrics, but now I do. I see signs of it everywhere I look. Come to your own conclusions. I simply give you the clue. [For more clues, you may take [this link](#), which lists Cohen's links to Intelligence.]

Also look to the song "The Supermen". Do you really think a 22-year-old Bowie could write that? I

find it superior to the poetry in journals of the time (or now). I suggest the journals had been purposely filled with garbage poetry, while the real poets were hired by Intelligence. Rhyming and meter and big subject matter were disallowed in the journals, and the only place the real poets were allowed to let go was in these ghosted lyrics.

All very strange. Also strange is that Jim Morrison was being sold as the poet, not Bowie. Given what I am discovering here, Bowie should have been sold on a level with Cohen, but he never has been. Why not? I suggest it is because they didn't wish to draw attention to these early lyrics. They were afraid someone might figure out what I just figured out. By the time of *Ziggy Stardust*, the great poet was gone. Those lyrics weren't written by the same person. The new lyrics are shorter and choppy, and therefore actually far easier to fit to catchy tunes; but they certainly don't sit on the page with the sort of beauty we saw in the earlier album.

Also strange is Bowie's "Song for Bob Dylan", from the 1971 *Hunky Dory*. It doesn't appear to me to have been written by Cohen, since it lacks his usual cohesion, but it does link Bowie, Dylan, and Cohen. Why? Because I have shown that Cohen also wrote for Dylan. I mean, what else do Bowie and Dylan have in common? Musically, nothing. Stylistically, nothing. We can see why Dylan might do an homage to Woody Guthrie, but why would Bowie do an homage to Dylan? Well, notice the song is addressed to Robert Zimmerman. His Jewish name is used on purpose. Why? Because the writer is probably Jewish as well. Cohen is Jewish, of course. And although I repeat it doesn't seem to have his signature style, my guess is a third Jewish songwriter wrote it, linking himself to both of them through Bowie.

But let's go back to Bowie's label, Mercury. Guess who owned Mercury in 1970? Philips Records, out of the Netherlands. You may wish to consult [my paper on Elvis](#) for more on Philips. To get you started, remember who the Philips family was connected to back to 1818: [Karl Marx](#). Marx's mother was the aunt of Frederick Philips, who founded Philips Electronics. But I also connected Philips to Dutch Intelligence. Bowie appears to have been a joint project of Dutch/British/US Intel, which is not uncommon. Those countries often work together, as we saw with the Elvis project.

Anyway, that isn't what I meant to tell you about Bowie, but it is pretty good. Far more interesting than what I had planned. So let's move on to Prince. What will I discover there?

Well, we can start with Prince being a Jehovah's Witness. As I outlined [in an earlier paper](#), JW was started in 1876 by millionaire spook Charles Taze Russell. Curiously, that was the same year as the [Custer hoax](#). Russell incorporated the Watchtower meme, which had been a logo of Intelligence as far back as John Dee in the late 1500s. The image had been used before that in religion, the four Watchtowers being the abodes of the Guardians, who—in Christianity—were the Archangels. But as used by Intelligence, the Watchers were the *spies*. You may think of NSA as the premier Watchtower now, but they are everywhere. In the big cities, they are now mounted on every lightpost.

The next thing that is suspicious that not a lot of people know is that Prince was signed by Jewish promoter Owen Husney when he had barely turned 17. Within a few months, Warner Brothers, A&M and Columbia were all interested in Prince. He signed with Warner Brothers at age 18, based on a demo made in Minneapolis. We are told WB signed him to a three-album deal, but had to give him creative control and ownership of the publishing rights. Really? Is that how it works? Go find me another 18 year old musician who was given a deal like that. A few, like Stevie Wonder, started earlier, but I would guess that only other musicians promoted by Intel could boast a first contract where they got creative control and ownership of publishing rights.

Prince's mother is also a red flag. We are told she was a jazz singer. But her birthdate is given as 11/11/33. Wow. Prince's father was supposed to be a plastics moulder at Honeywell Electronics, so it is not clear at first glance what his early connections were. You don't get discovered at 17 without major connections, it goes without saying. It could be through Honeywell, since that company's Minneapolis division was famous for its defense contracts. Its controls were used on the *Enola Gay* and the *Nautilus*—the first nuclear submarine.

**During and after the [Vietnam Era](#), Honeywell's defense division produced a number of products, including [cluster bombs](#), [missile guidance systems](#), [napalm](#), and [land mines](#).**

Honeywell had been in joint projects with Raytheon back to 1955. Later they worked with GE, taking over the Multics computer operating system—which led to Unix.

I suspect Prince had military and Intel connections, and they were likely through his dad. John Nelson has a [big hole in his bio](#), up to 1955, and he was probably in the army or navy. In this line, there is some mystery about Prince's half-brother Alfred Jackson, starting with why his last name is Jackson. Prince's mom was never married to anyone named Jackson, as far as we know. It would be interesting if there were some link between Prince and Michael Jackson.

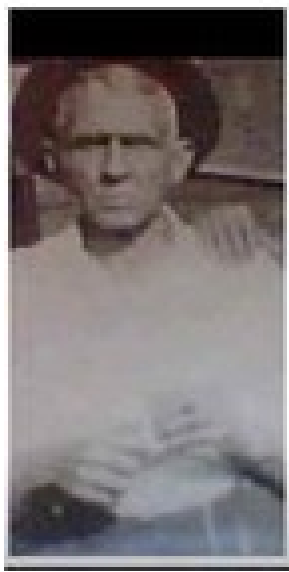
Charles Smith, Prince's drummer, has stated in his book that Alfred influenced Prince musically, but it hard to say when he would have done that. According to the given history, Alfred was drafted to serve in Vietnam at age 17. When he returned he was admitted to the Veteran's hospital in St. Cloud, and he remains there to this day. That's strange, since you can't be drafted until you are 18. The Army doesn't take 17 year olds. Plus, Alfred was older than Prince. He would have had to have influenced him as a child.

Prince's maternal grandmother was Lucille Bonnell, and her mother was Kate Head. Here is her picture from Geni:



Does she look black to you? No, but she might be Jewish. She was married to Samuel Bonnell, who was Prince's great grandfather:





Again, does he look black? Not even remotely. His last name is variously also Barnhill, Parnell, or Barnell. Since they can't decide, he probably went by many names, indicating he was some sort of conman. Or agent. Apparently all the names are wrong, since his father was named Bunnell.

You won't believe what comes next. Strap yourself down. Samuel's grandfather was Russell Bunnell, and he married Lucinda Nash. Her father was [Larkin Nash](#), and this same Larkin from Culpeper County, Virginia, is listed in the direct line of John Forbes Nash. Remember him? See [my recent paper](#) on him, and the movie *A Brilliant Mind*. He was the nutty mathematician played by Russell Crowe. John Nash's great-great-grandfather was [George Nash](#), and his brother was Larkin. So John Nash and Prince are cousins, and they are also related to Marshall Field (see my paper on the [Scopes Monkey Trial](#)). Since I showed in my paper on Nash that he was very likely working for Intelligence, he and Prince may have had that in common as well. It is known John Nash worked for RAND, which runs many top security clearance people. Prince's dad worked for Honeywell, remember, about which we can say the same. My guess is Prince's dad wasn't a plastics moulder at Honeywell. Best guess is he came out of the Navy, maybe ONI, and was picked for this project based on this musical background. In this way, the Prince project is starting to look an awful lot like the [Tiger Woods project](#).

**[Addendum December 2016:** I just discovered another possible link for the Bunnells. The founder of Dow Chemical was Herbert Henry Dow, and his mother was Sarah Bunnell. Due to scrubbing in Dow's line, I couldn't (at first) positively connect the two Bunnell families, but both lines contain Sarah Bunnells. This may also explain why Prince's dad was working for Honeywell: [there are links](#) between Dow and Honeywell.

With more digging, I did make the connection. The Bunnells in Prince's line end at Russell Rubert Bonnell, b. 1788, but he actually has two separate Geni pages. In one, he is the end of the line, but if switch to [the other page](#), we find he moved to Alabama from Bristol, CT. This connects the two lines, since Herbert Dow's mother Sarah Bunnell was from Derby, CT. The two towns are only about 20 miles apart. Turns out, the Bunnells are among the oldest families there—coming over from England in the early 1600s—and in around 1760, Nathaniel Bunnell [married Thankful Spencer](#). I guess you recognize that name. Princess Diana was a Spencer, and they were related to the Churchills. The Spencer-Churchills were Dukes of Marlborough. The Connecticut Bunnells were also related to the Hickox, the Howes and the Kelloggs.

Since Jennifer Aniston's grandfather is Gordon McLean Dow, we may be able to pull her in here as well. His grandmother was Katherine Stewart, so we see the Stewarts again. These Dows are scrubbed, but we do know they were from Eastern Canada in this period, like Herbert Dow. Before that, Herbert's Dows were from New Hampshire, but Aniston's Dows don't go back that far. Smart money would bet on the relationship. Aniston is also a Hoar. We have seen that family many times, and they all hail back to Henry Hoare and Hoare Bank, the oldest bank in the UK. They came up in [my paper on Harry Potter](#). There was also a Dorcas Hoar at the faked Salem Witch Trials. Since Aniston's [Hoars are also from Massachusetts](#) in those years, we have a probable link.

Aniston's father John is a ghost, and we do not know his mother's maiden name. All we know is that he changed his name from Giannis Anastasakis, which is Greek. But his mother may be Jewish for all we know. He was an intelligence officer in the Navy, making him ONI. He reached at least the rank of Lt. Commander. He is said to have been born in 1933, which is a red flag. He began appearing in soap operas when he was 36, which leaves a large gap in his bio. We aren't told what he was doing in the 1960s.

Also remember that Jennifer recently married Justin Theroux, also from the spook families. His 2g-grandfather was billionaire banker and railroad magnate H. B. Hollins. Hollins' mother was a Morris and they were also related to the Vanderbilts. Hollins' firm transacted the bulk of the Vanderbilt's operations on Wall Street. Hollins was also one of the founders of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, which we have seen before. They were also related to the Stewarts, so Jennifer and Justin are probably cousins. Also related to the Randolphs. Hollins married Eveline Knapp, who was granddaughter of carpet millionaire Sheppard Knapp and the niece of Joseph Knapp, founder of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. The Knapps were related to the famous Palmers. Eveline was also the granddaughter of Abraham Meserole, although they now fudge her middle name as Merseole. The Meseroles were also wealthy bankers, and they used to own large parts of Brooklyn.

And one last bit of important info was uncovered in digging for this update. It turns out the famous Cases—as in Case Western Reserve University—[are actually Chases](#). They hail back to Chesham, Buckinghamshire, where they were related to the Percys and the Pierces.]

Again, I had no idea I would discover this when I start writing. These things just seem to fall into my lap, like the apple from Newton's tree.

But if Prince and David Bowie were agents in a project, what was the point of that project? Well, we have already seen it above, when I said Bowie was promoting schizophrenia, paranoia, delusion, androgyny and bisexuality. The mainstream bios admit he was doing that. It is no secret. And Prince was doing the same thing. That's Project Chaos, and of course it has continued to accelerate since Prince's heyday. All those things and many more are being used to break up the male-female relationship, the family, and the general stability. Rational, stable people are capable of some levels of resistance, but the governors wish to short-circuit that. They want you incapable of any thought except “what should I buy next?” Plus, if you are a paranoid schizophrenic transvestite, there are so many new things for you to buy—starting with a doubled wardrobe. Even if you aren't, most of the things you can't seem to live without weren't on your parents' list of purchasables. They couldn't have bought those things if they had wanted to; and, being partly sensible creatures, they would not have wanted to. This is no accident. You have been prepped to buy all the new useless (and often harmful) products, and to be prepped your brain had to be stirred in major ways. David Bowie and Prince were a small part of that stirring. Some of the things you have done and some of the things you have bought were suggested to you by them. That is how they were “influential”. They influenced you to become who

you are, instead of some other person. If you were influenced by them and others like them, to that extent you became a shallow and narrow person, incapable of real conversation or meaningful action. In other words, you became a standard citizen of the world, capable only of slave labor, gross consumption, and scripted response. Nor do I mean to point the finger: that describes every one of us, to a greater or lesser extent. I bought the album *1999* in 1983. I was 19, but that isn't much of an excuse. Oh, that I had been encouraged to do better.

\*east of Langy pub?

\*\* I did start to watch *Birdman*, but couldn't stomach it past about ten minutes.

‡ I did check out the *Huffington Post* video with every nude clip from six years of the show, to see what the fuss was about. It was just 16 minutes of annoyance, about as sexy as a repeated kick in the nuts. No, it was worse than annoying, it was disturbing, and I believe it was meant to be. If you are going to *Game of Thrones* for titillation, you are being purposely messed up. So once you are messed up, don't ask why. This is why.