

COMMENTS ON THE NEWS

by Miles Mathis

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[Gateway Pundit is now pushing a video](#) that came out on Thanksgiving day called *Capitol Punishment: Everything They Told you is a Lie*. It was produced by actor Nick Searcy. You can watch it for ten bucks. But you can read [my paper that beat them to the punch](#) by almost eleven months for free, and it tells you far more than the movie does. For instance, does Searcy tell you Ashli Babbitt was Air Force Intelligence, wasn't named Babbitt, and faked her death? No. They pretend to be going down the rabbit hole, but don't even get started.

What these “brave” filmmakers did is steal my research, water it down, put it on film, and then charge you ten bucks for it, without mentioning me or linking to me. So you should tell them to go take a flying leap back to the Langley basement where they came from.

Mike Lindell, the money behind *Gateway Pundit*, starts off the trailer by trying to sell you his crap foam pillows. But I have news for you, foam pillows are the last thing you want to sleep on, since they don't channel charge. You want natural pillows made of only natural materials, like wool, organic cotton, or real down. You don't want any synthetic fabrics like polyester, and you don't want foam.

Plus, he says the pillows are marked down from \$90 to \$30 “with your promo code”. What? Who would pay \$90 for a foam pillow, which costs about 20 cents to produce? And who would believe that a \$30 pillow ever sold for \$90? Are real things normally marked down that much? No, which means he just made up the number 90, to make you think you are getting a great deal. Are you really that stupid? These are Home Shopping Network tactics for morons, which shows you what Gateway Pundit really thinks of its audience.

Yes, Gateway Pundit, like Infowars, is doing some good work. It is far better than the mainstream news, and you can learn a few things there. But it is still controlled opposition, created to stall the revolution. For instance, how long has the vote fraud investigation in Arizona been stalled, and by whom? Is anything ever going to happen there? Probably not. The solution is always in the future, which never arrives. Like Tucker Carlson and all these other places, they keep selling fake events as real, including January 6 and Kyle Rittenhouse and George Floyd and the riots. The film still sells the prisoners in Washington DC jails as real. They aren't. No one is in solitary confinement and never was. No one is in jail. It is all fiction.

As a more recent example, all these places—including Zerohedge and NaturalNews—ran the headline about New York putting whites at the back of the line for Covid treatment, vaccines, and tests, complaining it was reverse racism. But wait, smart whites (and blacks) shouldn't be lining up for any of that, so who cares? Do I care that California is discriminating against whites in Covid treatment, vaccines, or testing? No, because I have never gotten tested and never will, have never gotten vaccinated and never will, and have never gotten Covid treatment of any kind, including Ivermectin, and never will. This is the flu and I will treat it like I always treat the flu, taking nothing more esoteric or newfangled than vitamin C. I never took horse dewormer for the flu before, so why start now?

Yeah, I am making fun of Ivermectin, but not as a Pfizer rep. I am making fun of it because it is just as stupid as the rest of this shit. I see Joe Rogan not as a Pfizer rep, but as an Ivermectin rep. Though it is cheaper, or was, Ivermectin isn't free, so someone is making a killing on Ivermectin. Probably Pfizer again through some hidden backdoor. You don't need Ivermectin or monoclonal antibodies or anything else. No one had ever heard of them before two years ago, and we got on fine without them. So DeSantis in Florida complaining that the Feds are blocking his monoclonal antibodies is more fake news. Who cares?

Likewise with all the stories about the unvaxxed being banned from shows, restaurants, or other things. Again, who cares? All restaurant food is poisoned garbage, so you should be glad you are banned from it. What show is there worth seeing? You can't go to a football game? So what? Grow up. Try doing something with your life besides watching giant people run up and down a field. Maybe this genocide will finally force several generations of American adolescents of all ages to get their heads out of their . . . sports and entertainment and see the real world around them, which is going to collapse if they don't take a long cold shower and slap themselves awake.

In other news, these same sites are reporting [a study](#) from University of Colorado that confirms what I have been saying for years: men overestimate women and women underestimate men. It not only tends to confirm the old “putting women on a pedestal” cliché, it confirms that women invert that, putting men in a hole they have to dig themselves out of. Here are the first lines of the abstract:

People must make inferences about a potential mate's desirability based on incomplete information. Under such uncertainty, there are two possible errors: people could overperceive a mate's desirability, which might lead to regrettable mating behavior, or they could underperceive the mate's desirability, which might lead to missing a valuable opportunity.

Ah yes, **missing a valuable opportunity**. If you are a woman, that may be the story of your life. See [my 2005 letter to Maureen Dowd](#) at the *NYT*, for instance. Or see my “[Letter from the Front](#)” in that same year. Those were based on my vast dating experience in Austin from 1995 to 2000, where I dated, hit on, or was hit on by about 300 women in a six-year period. So my set was almost as large as the set (398) used in this major study. You may ask how that is possible: how could I meet that many women, almost two a week? Well, I will tell you. I was young, looked even younger, and was considered to be very attractive. I was in Austin. And I was also an artist, so I could use that fact as an initial subject of conversation, asking them to model for me, for instance. You will say the whole thing was just a scam, in that case, and I was just a skirt chaser . . . but I wasn't. If I had been, I could have slept with a different girl every night, and some guys do that. I had no interest in that. I was intimate with very few of these women, and I admit it, and the reason was that I was extremely picky. I wasn't looking for a conquest or a lay, I was looking for a wife: someone I really liked. A keeper. I had split with my wife in 1995 and was looking for someone who I thought suited me better. I never found her, and I probably should have stuck with what I had. I can now admit that. I have been admitting it for a long time.

But the point is, I gained an incredible amount of insight into the way certain women treat men in the early stages. I say certain women, because my experience wasn't very broad. Those I was dating were all quite a bit alike. They were young, very attractive, very intelligent, white, and mostly upper-middle class. They were also “liberal”. Many were college girls or recent graduates under 30, and though I

wasn't interested in politics then and didn't talk much about it, I would guess most of them were Democrats, if anything. And I can tell you they mostly treated me like garbage. Being a male, I was certain the next one would be the perfect one, so I treated them great. But they treated me like a potential serial killer. I must have been stood up 100 times, and I got to where I was surprised if a woman did *anything* she said she was going to. After studying all the serial killer stories and unwinding them as fakes, I now understand why women were conflicted, to put it nicely: they had been messed up on purpose by the CIA, and I was the next-in-line recipient of that abuse. The CIA abused them and they abused me. If I had had dog, I probably would have kicked it.

So I have a recommendation for those scientists in Colorado: don't assume your algorithm is a straight function of male/female innate responses. You have to include the CIA as a big variable here, something I understood poorly back in 2005, much less 1995. I had some idea women were being screwed up by the media, but I had no idea the extent of it. I had no conception of the size, scope, or reach of the project, or its true levels of pure evil.

I do remember that many of these women mentioned serial killers to me, including Ted Bundy and Henry Lee Lucas—who was allegedly active in Austin at the time. I do remember several of them were big *X-Files* fans. A couple of them wanted to play rough or get beaten—which I had no interest in. Many were frigid or semi-frigid, and that wasn't just a knee-jerk diagnosis on my part. It got to the point they had to admit it. All of them believed the date-rape claims. But not once did I date a woman who had been raped, date-raped, or molested—though I am not denying they exist. My best friend's sister got roofed. You will say they wouldn't have told me if they had, but most of them loved to unload all their problems on me the second date, as a sort of free therapist. I have that affect on people, of both sexes. I was told way more than I ever wanted to hear, but most of it was about parents who were also sexually confused or frigid. The girls had been taught sex was wrong and couldn't get past it. I never met one woman who was aware she was being targeted by the CIA, or who could have understood a Men-are-Pigs project. I am sure that if I had suggested it, they would have said “you hardly need the CIA to help you with that project!” Despite the fact I had never done anything to her but buy her dinners and compliment her and paint her and spoil her in every way possible.

It got worse every year in the 90s, and I finally gave up and left Austin. In Amherst, Bruges, and Taos, I didn't date at all, though I was still up for it. I met a couple of women, but stopped putting any effort into it. It had to pretty much drop into my lap.

Which isn't to say women got any better at estimating my attractiveness. I continued to meet a lot of women, even in Taos, at places like yoga class or volleyball, for instance. They couldn't have cared less who I was or what I had to offer any woman. For the most part, I was invisible. If they looked my way, they just assumed I was another loser out to scam them somehow. Or they assumed I was gay. Or they assumed I was too tall or too short or too smart or too dumb or too rich or too poor or too something. In short, they were too into themselves and their CIA-created hells to care who I was or what I had to offer anyone. I lived in Taos fourteen years, inviting scores of people to come to my studio. I even advertised my art in the paper. Almost no one did come. Almost no one knew I was in Taos or would have cared if they did know. Most of the people who did end up in my house for whatever reason only glanced up at the walls. If they thought anything they just thought it was strange. Leonardo da Vinci could have been living nextdoor to them and they would never have noticed. I do not exaggerate.

When I was still in Austin, I finished my Triptych, and in order to photograph it I had to install it on my front porch. That was around 1998. It was too big to fit in the house, being almost 15 feet tall. It was

visible from the street, lit by many spotlights, and I remember neighbors jogging by or walking by with their dogs. Not one stopped to look at it. They just moved on. And I thought to myself, “Yeah, just another 15-foot Triptych Altarpiece of Harriet Shelley. Why stop and look at that?” But that is how it is, whether you are exhibiting triptych altarpieces or not. No one cares. If you are a guy they haven't seen on TV, you are no one. You are invisible. You have no possible importance. It isn't for them to notice you, you are expected to notice them. As women, they are all-important, and as a man you are of no possible regard.

A couple of older women tried to match-make for me in Taos, but they saw it was a lost cause and soon gave up. One said it was a horrible waste, which is true. But not just for me or the women of Taos, but for men and women all over the country, who have been obliterated sexually by these intentional projects to split us and make us miserable. At least I fought back. I spent six years hitting the streets every day and night, combing the bushes for a nice bird and trying to unruffle her feathers. And I have spent the last two decades fighting in a different way, trying to educate the world on what is being done to us. It hasn't done me any good personally, but perhaps it will do others some good in the future.

As I begin to share more stories about my past, I know some will say, “Miles, have you ever considered the possibility you are just an asshole, and that these things didn't work out because you are an asshole that these women couldn't stand to be around?” Yeah, I *have* considered that possibility, in fact, because I would love to figure this out one way or the other. But the thing is, I was there, so I know what happened and what didn't. I made some mistakes along the way, a few of them big mistakes, and I have already admitted that with regard to my divorce. But the fact, even there, is that I left her. She didn't leave me because I was an asshole, or for any other reason. She and I both acted like idiots at the end, and I think she would admit that as much as me. And I probably shouldn't have left. Maybe it was my destiny to leave. Maybe I was feeling trapped. I still don't know. But I do know that I wasn't generally thought of as an asshole in our group.

I will tell you a story that proves that. One of Mary's good friends was named Sheila, and after we split Sheila didn't like me very much, as you would expect. At that time I am sure she thought of me as an asshole. But I happen to remember an incident from a year earlier, when I was looking for Mary and went over to the house Sheila shared with her husband. They were playing loud music and didn't hear me knock on the door, so I threw a tennisball that was in the yard up against the second-story window. Sheila came to the window but it was dark outside, so she couldn't really see me very well. She said “who is that?” I said, “It's Miles”. She started to get mad, and I couldn't understand why, so I said, “Hey, I am just looking for Mary, is she up there?” And suddenly Sheila calmed down and said, “Oh, it's the nice Miles. I thought you were Miles X” (another Miles in town, a big phony on a motorcycle with a fake English accent who also considered himself an artist, but who just welded shit together). It takes events like that to tell what other people really think of you, and with Sheila, I wasn't really sure. I was sort of surprised to hear her call me nice, since we had had some small disagreements in the past.

Most people just know me from these papers, and here I have to be a bit of a hard-ass. I have purposefully developed a very sharp personality here, because I feel that is what is necessary. Things have to be said and I am now ready to say them. But in real life I am not like that at all. My Mom used to call me “gentle Miles”. I am generally very quiet, and have gotten quieter over the years because I have found that people never listen anyway. So I save it for the computer. But I know who am I, and I tend to know how I seem to others, because people tell me. If only a few people call you an asshole and many people tell you how charming you are, you tend to believe the latter, right? I fear I have become somewhat less charming over the years, from lack of practice. Too much time alone and too much heartache and too much neglect. But I am pretty sure I can still turn it on when the need arises—

though it never does.

Which is why I am absolutely certain the dating disaster of 1995-2000 wasn't my doing. I wasn't an asshole on a motorcycle talking in a fake English accent and loving and leaving girls. I was doing my best to make things work. I wasn't trying to start fights, though I sometimes ended them abruptly. In fact, in several cases I ran into these women later and they regretted how they had acted, admitting they had missed an opportunity. They admitted they had made a mistake or treated me poorly. Usually that apology was followed by "but I was in a bad place". Yes, and they likely still are, since that is where the CIA wanted them then and wants them now. They want us all in a very bad place, from which they can control us the better.

I will tell you another full story, so you can judge for yourself what I experienced. It may help you understand how I got here. In about 1995 I met a girl who I of course thought was perfect for me. We will call her Lily, though that wasn't her name. To start with, she looked *exactly* like what I was looking for, which always helps from the beginning. The physical chemistry was spot-on. She was smart and well-bred and from a good family. She didn't have a boyfriend, which I thought was amazing luck [foreshadowing alert]. Normally girls like that are born with a boyfriend, and you have to wedge your way in somehow over time. We began dating and I could tell she was attracted to me, but diffident. Diffidence is OK, as long as it doesn't express itself as aggression, so I kept my fingers crossed. On about the third date I said something funny and she laughed and then stopped short. She said, "You are funny, too. You've really got it all, don't you?" I said, "I guess". But I was worried, because she didn't say it like, "O boy, my new boyfriend has it all! He is funny and smart and talented and good-looking, aren't a lucky girl!" Instead she said it like it was some sort of albatross she had to bear. I had seen that look before, since I had gotten it from my wife. My wife had been constantly looking at me with dread, wishing I was *something less*. Something far more manageable. After we split, she said, "I was just in over my head". And again, I said "I guess". But to be honest, that isn't why I left. I am not sure exactly why I did leave, as I just admitted, but it wasn't because I had outgrown her, as she always feared I would. I don't remember ever looking down on her, wishing she was bigger. Or at least not until the divorce, when we both acted small. I left because **I was tired of people around me wishing I was smaller, and there is a difference.** Yes, she was holding me back, but not by being small herself. She was holding me back by wishing I was smaller. She was so sure I would leave her, she never bothered to open up to me fully. The best conversation we ever had was on the phone, *after the separation*. She finally opened up to me, but I guess it was too little too late. By then I was permanently mad at her for not opening up earlier. After it was over, she said, "I guess I just never loved you enough". And again, I said, "I guess". But it wasn't that, either. She loved me plenty, but she let her fear limit her expression of it. Her parents had divorced when she was about 10, I think, so she lost that man. Then her stepfather had died a few years later, so she lost him, too. She was sure she was going to lose me as well, so she always held back the central part of herself.

Someone might say to me, "Miles, most people go their whole lives without making that kind of connection you are talking about. They don't even know it exists or is a possibility." I now think that is true, though I didn't know it at the time. And that really gets to the heart of the whole problem, not just my personal problem, but the problem of humanity. It is reason number one you should be revolting right now, above all other reasons. That connection is love, and it is your birthright as a human being. It is what you were made for, above all other things, since that connection is what drives the universe. And the Phoenicians have taken it from you. They have squashed you until you can't even remember why you are here. That theft is far more important than the zillions they have stolen from you and your ancestors. With the proper rehabilitation, you could get it back, even now, no matter how lost you are, but not until the Phoenicians have crawled off your soul and been rehabilitated

themselves or etherized. The Earth has been in a four-millennia coma induced by these parasites, and nothing will change until they are thrown off.

Many of the girls I dated in the period after that were in the same boat as Mary. One of them, Fiona, had a huge amount of potential but was stuck. She had decided that it was better to have never have loved at all than to risk love. We talked about that on every date and almost nothing else, but she remained certain I was scamming her somehow. It probably had more to do with her father than me, but she was closed too tight to even begin to talk about that. Although Fiona never gave me anything but a few photographs to paint from, I loved her fiercely, though she never knew it, and she left a long crack in my heart.

It is like the old question, is it better to love or be loved? Because it isn't a toss-up. There is a right answer there, and it isn't even close, though most people seem to get it wrong. The Phoenicians want to be loved, which is why they become movie stars and celebrities. They need that attention. But they soon find out it is empty, because it is far better to love than be loved. Loving gives you depth while only being loved tends to make you shallow. All art comes from loving, not from being loved, which is why these people can't create art. They only create simulacra of art, empty shells of creativity which have no center.

That was a diversion, but a useful one for all of us, I think. Anyway, let's return to Lily. She started acting the same way, which of course scared me. It was falling into an old pattern. But it got worse very fast. On about the fourth or fifth date, we made it to her apartment, and she invited me to stay the night. I spotted a warning sign, but decided to ignore it: she had taped a small picture of David Duchovny to the wall. You will say I had nude women all over my walls, so I should be able to ignore one clothed dude on her wall. Fair enough, but it wasn't the fact that she was taping a guy to her wall that bothered me. In fact, I saw that as a good sign, in general. It meant she liked guys. What bothered me was that it was **David Duchovny**. A creepy, no-chin slimeball from a CIA-front TV show, selling fear. I never watched it, but I knew enough about it to get the creeps. I always called them Scolder and Mully, as if by accident, to piss everyone off. I didn't think Lily was an agent, since that was years before any of that entered my head: I just thought she had lousy taste. Who would have been better than Duchovny? I don't know, almost anyone, Brad Pitt, Keanu Reeves, Hugh Jackman, just about anyone. Or maybe an actual straight guy, though I guess none of those were available in the celebrity mags. They couldn't have young women lusting after real men, because that might be too salubrious. At the time, I wrote it off to the fact that Duchovny seemed smarter than those other pin-ups, so again it was good she was attracted to smart guys. If it were now, I would have to put up with Benedict Cumberbatch or someone like that. But in hindsight I was right to see it as a warning, since it was. *The X-Files* had been created just for women like her, and Duchovny had been made to seem smart and sexy just to mess up women like her. The CIA had not created her main problem, as you are about to see, but it had definitely added to it greatly. See scene one of the pilot, as I just did: a pretty girl in a white frock chased through the forest and murdered for no reason by an alien. And what did the alien look like? **Like any normal man.** Oh, and what was Mulder's first name? Anyone? **Fox.** My readers now know what a huge red flag that is, but no one knew it back then.

After dinner we pretty soon made it to bed, and everything was going swimmingly. Our bodies fit together like puzzle pieces. I still remember the back of her neck, which was so beautiful I could have melted right there. But she wouldn't take off her panties. After an hour of cuddling she dropped the bomb: she was a virgin, at 24. And that isn't the bomb. She confided that many men had left her and several had left her at this point, *in bed*. I held my breath and awaited the punchline. She admitted she was a medical case, and had a thick hymen. It ran in the family. She had been told she could have it

surgically cut, but she didn't want to. She had also been told that a man could punch through it, and she seemed to want to try that. But not right then. Maybe later. I said OK. I told her the surgery seemed simple, but if she wanted to try the natural way, I was there for her. But it never happened. She kept putting it off and eventually I got mad at her. I tried tough love, verbally, but then *she* got mad, and it was over. I ran into her many times over the next five years, she always alone, and I could tell she had never fixed the problem.

You will say big deal, good thing I found out early she was a nutcase. But she wasn't a nutcase, she was a walking tragedy, and I was devastated. I really did love her. I still have her picture in my bedroom, 26 years later.

I really did love a lot of them. That's why the paintings and drawings are so tender: I loved them and it shows in the work. You may be reminded of the old Chet Baker song, "I fall in love too easily, I fall in love too fast". Great song, but better to fall in love too fast than not at all. I remember a conversation I had with one of these women, though not one of the ones I fell in love with. Just a date. I think it turned out she preferred women, so I began to confide in her like a guy. I related to her some of my experiences. She said, "Wow, you really did love these people, didn't you? Do you know how rare that is? Most of us can't love anyone. We try but we never do." I looked at her blankly and said something like, "I guess". That had never occurred to me, though. I was shocked by it, which is probably why it lodged in my brain. Not able to love. I still can't process the idea myself, though I admit it explains a lot. It reminds me of Salinger's short story *For Esme with Love and Squalor*. Sergeant X, the narrator, is in Germany after the war, occupying a private home, and he is flipping through one of the books on the desk in his room. He opens it to the flyleaf, where the owner has written a quote from Dostoevsky:

What is Hell? My friends, I maintain that it is the suffering of being unable to love.

And in other news, there was an armed uprising in Kazakhstan this week, but it is getting little reportage worldwide, and most of that is fake news. They are saying it was because of gas prices, but alternative sources are admitting it was due to vaccine mandates and deaths. The revolutionaries took over the main airport and state offices in Almaty, attacking the police station, but we are told Russia sent in forces to defeat the revolution. That sounds about right. The Phoenicians are unlikely to let the revolution start in Kazakhstan or anywhere else, and are sure to close ranks. All the surrounding countries, even former enemies of Kazakhstan, have come out against the revolutionaries, calling them terrorists. If any country like Iran or North Korea is supporting the revolution, I have not heard of it. Nations don't exist anymore anyway. What we have now is a Worldwide Federation of Pfizer, and we can be sure they are the ones who ordered troops to Kazakhstan. But we should have eyes on Kazakhstan, for we might learn something from it as some real information leaks out over the next months.

One of the things we may learn is that the revolution was staged to allow Russia to retake Kazakhstan. It seems the last thing Kazakhstan would wish to do is call in the Russian army. Are we supposed to believe Kazakhstan doesn't have its own army capable of dealing with an armed revolt in the first days? While our eyes are on Ukraine, Russia takes the opportunity to do a lightning strike on Kazakhstan, re-absorbing it overnight. My guess is Russian troops will not leave.

And in other news, it turns out the disaster here in the Sierras, with many people losing power for days, including me, wasn't just a natural disaster, caused by snow. It was caused by vaccine mandates. I had thought they didn't have enough snowplows around here, but as it turns out, they do. The problem is, Governor Newsom had mandated vaccines for government workers, including snowplow operators, and many just decided to quit or not show up. So none of the highways were plowed or cleared of fallen branches, as they normally would be, causing a major crisis where people died. As I reported, ambulances weren't able to get through, though we don't yet have a death count. As with Kazakhstan, local news in California is trying to explain the crisis as due to the long drought earlier this year, not mentioning all the snowplowers who didn't show up to work because they weren't vaccinated.

Around 300,000 lost power, and many are still without power on day ten. I would assume most in the Sierra foothills have generators or wood stoves, since power outages are weekly occurrences, but at-risk people always die in these events. A handful of deaths have been reported, but since the event is ongoing, there is no total.

If they ever do report the truth, they will report it as the fault of our red counties, who are resisting the vaccine mandate. Though we are just to the east of Sacramento, where these fake laws arise, our counties are among the reddest and most resistant to the mandates in the State. We are just trying to avoid being killed by killer vaccines, but as the unvaxxed we will be blamed for any deaths due to non-compliance. Eventually it will be proved we are right, since we will be the only one that survive this unscathed, but that may take several more years to play out.

Given what I know of my own county and state, I would guess the same thing is going in Virginia and other east-coast states facing similar tragedies, including all the vehicles stranded on major highways. Mainstream media is blaming incoming governor Glenn Youngkin in Virginia, which is rich since he hasn't even taken office. Ralph Northam is still governor and is the one heading the relief effort there. He is also the one responsible for the vaccine mandate. State employees in Virginia have required vaccination since September 1, and most counties have followed suit, so I would assume that stretch of highway between DC and Richmond had snowplowers who didn't show up, either quitting or taking sick leave on purpose. In fact, I have had confirmation of that now via email, since I get reports from all over the world. East-coast truckers are telling me things are a "goat-fuck" there now, some of it due to weather but most of it caused by vaccine mandates, firings, and people quitting their jobs in protest. He also tells me this, which I will pass on to you for your amusement: he is paying his kids a quarter for every dirty truck they write my web-address on. That's how its done, folks.

In the meantime, I can tell you that those of us pushing back on mandates are beginning to win. Many states are being forced to rehire nurses and government employees fired for vaccine non-compliance, and to ignore federal or state mandates to do it. More and more courts are ruling against mask and vaccine mandates, and the judges are getting more and more vocal against what even they are admitting is tyranny. [See the recent ruling in the Navy Seals case](#), where a federal judge said that "the Constitution has no Covid exception, and that there is no military exclusion to the Constitution." He added that the executive branches, federal and state, and its health and regulatory agencies, including OSHA, have no authority to make laws or mandates, that power being expressly given to legislatures. Something I have been screaming for two years.

The Supreme Court has finally agreed to hear arguments in a case like this, so it may make a ruling soon. I almost hate to mention it, since there is no guarantee the Supreme Court will make a Constitutional ruling here. We have already seen proof they are owned by Prizer like everyone else at the top, so confidence is low in that regard.