

Most Inspirational Women?



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I saw TIME's special edition today while in line at the grocery store. “Inspiring women.” Strange, since, as you see, they are all pop stars, and ten of them are young. I am not even sure who they all are. I recognize Swift, Clark, Williams, Gomez, Berry, Eilish, Rapinoe, and Fonda, but I have to look up the rest. Issa Rae, Florence Pugh, Olivia Munn. Still don't know who they are. Rae is an actress, Pugh is an actress, Munn is an actress. So I was right. I include sports figures with pop stars, since they certainly didn't get where they are on brains.

How are any of these women inspirational? If I were a young girl, I wouldn't be inspired by any of them. They are only inspiring if you happen to want to be a sports star, actress, or singer. . . but someone should tell young girls that unless you are from these Phoenician families, your chances of that are precisely zero. For instance, do you think Swift got where she is on talent? No, she got there because her parents are very wealthy bankers. Same for the rest of these people. If you don't believe me, look them up.

So they can't be inspirational by definition. “Inspirational” implies you could follow in their footsteps with enough talent and hard work, but you can't. They got where they are on promotion, not talent, and the only ones who get that promotion are Phoenicians.

Turns out there are actually 100 women listed inside, and there is a lot more to be inspired by, because some of them are rich fashionistas! So if you are a poor ugly girl, just start your own clothing line and

you can be like them! So inspiring.



Don't believe me? That is the always inspiring promoted Gabriela Hearst.

WHEN 2024 TIME EARTH AWARDS HONOREE Gabriela Hearst launched her namesake brand in 2015, one of the pillars of her design was a resolute commitment to sustainability. It was a decision that came in the wake of a clarion call from her past. Following the death of her father in 2011, the fashion designer inherited Santa Isabel, her family's 17,000-acre ranch, where she grew up in Paysandú, Uruguay.

Did she proceed on talent? No, not only was her father a millionaire, she just happens to be the wife of John Augustine Hearst, CEO of Hearst Corporation. Making her a cousin by marriage of Patty Hearst. So if you want to be a successful woman, all you have to do is marry a billionaire. So inspiring.

Oh, and look at that dress she is wearing! Did she just boat in from a tuna harvest, where she got caught in a net? Proves she doesn't know anything about beauty or fashion.

Another fashionista on the list is Stella McCartney. Does that name look familiar? Yep, she is the daughter of Paul. So, again, the opposite of inspiring.

Then we find Leena Nair, CEO of Chanel, who we are told is an outsider. Really? But that just means she came from outside the Chanel family. She is not an outsider at all, since she is a rich Jewish/Indian with a British passport who came to Chanel from Unilever. They hide her parents online, but she is a Menon, from that super wealthy Jewish/Indian family of industrialists, movie stars and models, related to the DasGuptas.

But we also get non pop stars. We find Mandy Cohen on the list, ex-head of the CDC. So if your Daddy isn't a billionaire and your husband isn't a billionaire, you can also make it if he is a Cohen. So add that to your list. Mandy lives at North Ridge Country Club in Raleigh, which has two golf courses. So inspiring to all those young ladies who do *not* live in country clubs and who are not Cohens or Krauthamers.

But wait, there is another inspiring way you can get on this list: you can be a Pfizer whore like Akiko Iwasaki. She is a Yale professor working on Covid vaccines. So like Mandy Cohen, she is another buy-on to this list. They were included specifically to sell you the vaccines. Yes, the more you know, the more sickening this list gets.



Going down, because [E. Jean Carroll is on the list](#). The crazy lady who won the fake lawsuit in a dummy court against Trump for allegedly groping her in a BergdorfGoodman dressing room back in . . . well, she isn't sure what year it was.

Going down even further. Because Yulia Navalnaya also made the list. She is the fake widow of fake Russian dissident Alexey Navalny, of whom I have already blown the cover. So this is another buy-on to the list, by CIA. As you know, TIME isn't as concerned with inspiring young women as it is with propagandizing them into a stupor. Navalny is the guy who we caught mugging for the camera with his family from the hospital bed.



Yeah, that terrible actor. Jewish. Faked his death. The usual.

Finally, I find US Poet Laureate Ada Limon. If you think we have hit something more solid here, you have not been paying attention. Here is the first linkable poem on her own site:

If I'm honest, a foal pulled chest-level
close in the spring heat, his every-which-way
coat reverberating in the wind, feels
akin to what I imagine atonement might
feel like, or total absolution. But what
if, by some fluke in the heart, an inevitable
wreckage, congenital and unanswerable,
still comes, no matter how attached
or how gentle every hand that reached
out for him in that vibrant green field
where they found him looking like he
was sleeping, the mare nudging him
until she no longer nudged him? Am I
wrong to say I did not want to love
horses after that? I even said as much driving
back from the farm. Even now, when

It continues, but that is enough, or more than enough. Do I have to tell you what the problem is? That isn't poetry, it is prose. She may be the prose laureate, but she ain't the poet laureate by definition. If you don't see what I mean, ask yourself why the lines are cut like that. Why break at level, way, feels, etc? No reason, just to make all the lines about the same width. If you get rid of the false breaks, you realize this is just nonsense prose:

If I'm honest, a foal pulled chest-level close in the spring heat, his every-which-way coat reverberating in the wind, feels akin to what I imagine atonement might feel like, or total absolution. But what if, by some fluke in the heart, an inevitable wreckage, congenital and unanswerable, still comes, no matter how attached or how gentle every hand that reached out for him in that vibrant green field where they found him looking like he was sleeping, the mare nudging him until she no longer nudged him? Am I wrong to say I did not want to love horses after that? I even said as much driving back from the farm. Even now, when

The mare nudging him until she no longer nudged him? Really? Not only is that NOT poetic language, it is barely language. I honestly can't make any sense of these lines. In what way is a foal like total absolution? No idea. But wait, the foal might have a bad heart, so better not love him, he might die. OK, but again what does that have to do with absolution or atonement? And is she wrong to say that? YES! Because things die you shouldn't love them? Yes, she is very wrong to say that, which means the poem isn't just bad, it is BAD.

But Limon is a woman of color, so she has a pass on everything. Not only Poet Laureate, but a MacArthur grant millionaire. She is from rich and privileged families and the horse theme above was no accident, since her husband is a millionaire heavily involved in the equestrian world. She was heavily promoted from the beginning, putting out two poetry books at age 28 which both immediately won prizes. All doors were open for her. Is that inspiring for young poets? No, just the opposite, because it means the field is rigged, like all other fields.

Here's another one, if you think I cherry picked. This is the next linkable poem from her own site:

On the plane I have a dream I've left half my torso on the back porch with my beloved. I have to go back for it, but it's too late, I'm flying and there's only half of me. Back in Texas, the flowers I've left on the counter have wilted and knocked over the glass—I stay alone there so the flowers are more than flowers. At the funeral parlor with my mother, we are holding her father's suit, and she says, He'll swim in these. For a moment, I'm not sure what she means, until I realize she means the clothes are too big. I go with her like a shield in case they try to up-sell her—the ornate urn, the elaborate body box.

I have removed the breaks because they are arbitrary. That's so bad it doesn't even require commentary. It speaks for itself. How did “poetry” like this ever get published? Ask yourself that and demand an answer. How did a person like this ever get to be poet laureate? I just told you. It's all rigged, and not just to promote these privileged people. All the arts have been rigged for over a century, expressly to destroy them. With art as high achievement in a defined field, these people didn't have a look-in, but with art as anything and everything, it just became a matter of promotion. In that case, these rich people take over everything overnight. And once in, they can turn all fields into propaganda and [money laundering.](#)

So, in sum, this special edition was the most embarrassing, uninspirational piece of stinking agitprop it is possible to imagine. It is doubtful that any real girl actually bought it or read it, but if she did we have to feel very sorry for her.

Next day: one of my female readers pointed out to me something I missed—the price of this magazine. **15 dollars!** So best guess is not one of them has ever sold in the history of the world. Like I have suggested before, these magazines are just placed at check-out by the CIA to make you think your fellow citizens are reading this stuff and believing it.