

THE UNLOVELY BONES



by Miles Mathis

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As usual this is just my opinion

Now that Alice Sebold, famous author of *The Lovely Bones* and *Lucky*, has been proven to be a liar in court, I wanted to take this opportunity to point out what no one else has: there is no reason to believe anything she has ever said.

She claimed to have been brutally raped and sodomized at age 18 in 1981 while a freshman at Syracuse University. Except that someone can't do math. According to the dates given, she graduated highschool at age 16 and so she was 17 in May, 1981. I saw that immediately because, like her, I was born in September 1963 and graduated college in 1984. She and I both graduated college at age 20. Except that I really did. I now doubt that she did. Anyway, I think the reason they say she was 18 is to get the aces and eights in there, Chai.

A black man was convicted of that and jailed for sixteen years, all the while protesting his innocence. This month that man was officially exonerated when a judge ruled that police and Sebold had conspired to convict him despite her inability to identify him as the perpetrator. The man is now suing her, the police, and her publisher.

Since Sebold's most famous book is also about rape, her entire career should now be called into question, and I am calling it into question.

All this fell apart on the set of her new movie, which has now been scrapped. Executive producer Tim Mucciante, previously a trial lawyer, noticed her story from *Lucky* didn't add up, and that she was claiming many things on the set and in the script that simply weren't true. So he researched the case himself, and what he found was used to call for a review of it. In interviews, Mucciante diplomatically says he doesn't doubt she was raped, but a reader of the story certainly will, or should. This lady, a former heroin addict, is responsible for putting an innocent man in jail for 16 years, so the time for giving her the benefit of the doubt **is over**.

Here's another clue: in her Wiki bio, we find that she started writing *The Lovely Bones* at age. . . you

know it. . . 33. Why do we need to know that? Why is that important? It isn't, or shouldn't be, except that it is the usual signal.

Here's something else everyone has missed: Although allegedly traumatized and scarred for life by this brutal rape as a freshman, she didn't drop out of school for even a minute. She graduated on time in 1984. Also curious is that we are told when police first took her testimony, they allegedly commented she was "lucky", since a girl had previously been raped and murdered on the same spot. Why is that a clue? Because it makes no sense. This allegedly happened in a tunnel near an amphitheater on campus, and if a girl had previously been raped and murdered there, everyone would know that. Girls would be warned in orientation not to walk there alone. Flood lights would have been installed as well as CCTV cameras. So neither the story nor the cop's stupid response are believable. It already smells like Langley.

So my guess is Sebold was recruited early at Syracuse by her spooky English department teachers like Tess Gallagher, Raymond Carver, Tobias Wolff, and Hayden Carruth. Gallagher was a protege of Theodore Roethke, who was a Ford Foundation "poet".



He was supposed to be the greatest poet of his generation, but one of his most famous poems begins like this:

I have known the inexorable sadness of pencils,

No really. He thought he could make a poem from that beginning. Here's the start of another famous one, the one Sebold got her title from, in fact:

**I knew a woman, lovely in her bones,
When small birds sighed, she would sigh back at them;
Ah, when she moved, she moved more ways than one:**

The shapes a bright container can contain!
Of her choice virtues only gods should speak,
Or English poets who grew up on Greek
(I'd have them sing in a chorus, cheek to cheek).

Just awful. Have you ever heard a bird sigh? I haven't. "She moved more ways than one"? Does anyone honestly think that is poetic? This isn't only *not* poetry, it isn't even tight prose. It is just flabby description. It isn't precise, evocative, or anything else. Though I do agree that only real poets in English should speak of these things—one of whom Roethke was not.



As for Tess Gallagher, this is the first part of the first poem published at poetryfoundation.org:

**She was cleaning—there is always
that to do—when she found,
at the top of the closet, his old
silk vest. She called me
to look at it, unrolling it carefully
like something live
might fall out. Then we spread it
on the kitchen table and smoothed
the wrinkles down, making our hands
heavy until its shape against Formica
came back and the little tips
that would have pointed to his pockets
lay flat. The buttons were all there.**

I have news for you Tess: that isn't poetry. It is bad prose cut up into lines for no reason. There is nothing the least bit poetic about any of that. Not even close. Nothing interesting about word choice, choice of subject, meter, sound, or anything else. Here's another example, if you don't believe me, from her poem "Linoleum":

**There are the few we hear of
like Christ, who, with divine grace,
made goodness look easy, had
a following to draw near, gave up
the right things and saw to it
that sinners got listened to.**

I know I would start a poem entitled Linoleum by talking breezily about Christ, wouldn't you? But it gets worse. From the same poem:

**I care about the bugs and not
in this life will I do enough towards
my own worth in the memory
of them. I appreciate the Jains,
their atonements for my neglect,
though I understand it makes poor farmers
of them, and good we all
don't aspire to such purity so
there's somebody heartless enough to
plow the spuds.**

This woman was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship at age 35 for crap like that. So how did you get famous, Tess, please tell us that. Or, we already know.

Though they try to hide it. Her Wiki bio has nothing on her early life, not even telling us where the name Gallagher comes from. Her birthname was Bond and no early husband Gallagher is mentioned. Her mother Georgia was a **Morris**. Her mother has a page at Findagrave, but while Tess' brother and father are listed there, she is not. Very weird. We do learn Tess is a **Kepler** there. Instantcheckmate lists only one Tess Gallagher of New York, and she is 96. Not her. Also no Teresa or Theresa Bond, 78. So according to the big computers, she doesn't exist. Her father comes from the Bonds of Wiltshire, so we can link her to Hiram Bond and the Vanderbilts. For more on Hiram Bond, [see my paper on Jack London](#). Bond was a billionaire who had his hands in everything in the 1880s. We have more indication of the link between Hiram Bond and Gallagher in that her family was from Port Angeles, WA, and Hiram Bond owned huge amounts of real estate in that area, being in mining and lumber. Also see Hiram Bond Everest of Mobil Oil.

The same with Alice Sebold. Her parents aren't named in her bios, but Sebold is a Jewish name of course, a variant of Siebold. Also see Siebel and Siebald. As with Tess Gallagher, the computers have never heard of an Alice Sebold. According to them, she doesn't exist. There is no Alice Sebold in her 50s in the entire US. However, I did find in my searches that the Sebolds are related to the Gallaghers. Finally, I found a page for her at MyLife, but it claims she is 59, being born in 1962. That actually fits her graduation dates better, but it means her page at Wiki is wrong. Her father was Russell P. (Bud) Sebold. He has a Findagrave page but it is completely empty. Not even a pic of his stone, which is why the site was set up. He specialized in 18th century Spanish poetry at the University of Pennsylvania and was a Corresponding Member of the Spanish Royal Academy. His page at Instantcheckmate lists Jane and Mary Sebold but no Alice. Jane H. Sebold is his wife. Perhaps Alice's real name is Mary. But no, [an obit at UPenn](#) lists his two daughters, Mary and Alice, so I am not sure why Alice is scrubbed at Instantcheckmate and Intelius.

I did all this work looking for a maiden name for her mother, but no luck.

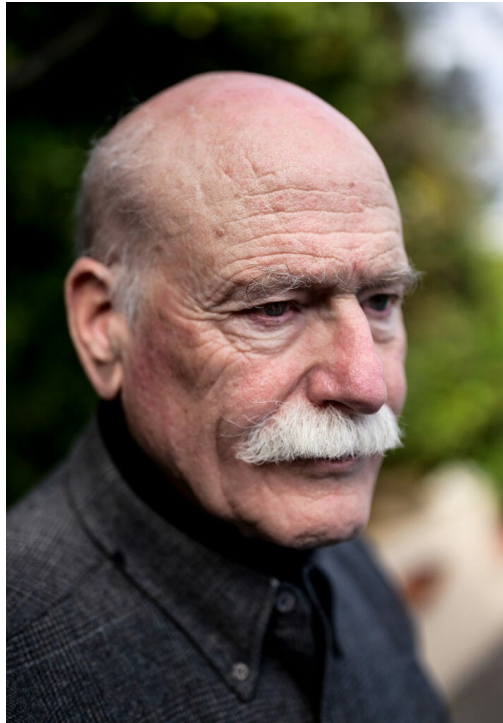
[**Added next day, after hearing from a reader:** [FamilyTreeNow has a page for her](#) with more info. It confirms the birthyear of 1962, not 1963. And it links her to many Golds and Jones. The Golds are almost certainly Jewish, think Gould. Clicking on Sandra Gold, age 76, who may be her mother or aunt, we find more links to Hollis, Buckhouse, and Green. Through Herbert Allen Gold, who may be her uncle, we link to Glazer, Lyon, Sanz, and Markham, again confirming the Jewish assumption. Lyon could link us to the Queen, who is a Lyon. Since all these people are in LA, we may also have links to Hollywood, since Sanz=Saenz=Zaentz. Also Paul Michael Glaser, aka Starsky, and Elliot Gould. Also on her list we find Glen David Gold, who may be an ex-husband or half-brother. He links us to a Sara Morris, age 76, who links us to a David J. Hastings. She is also known as Sara Hastings. That's interesting, because Tess Gallagher's mother was a Morris. So Gallagher and Sebold may be cousins, which wouldn't surprise us.]

Anyway, I jump on any reason to attack these people, since I hate them with the white-hot passion of a thousand suns. I hate their small pinched unlovely poems, sputtering and stuttering and clogging up history. I hate their smelly promotion of one another, I hate their stupid ugly catatonic faces, I hate their puking and pathetic art, and most of all I hate their evil literary projects like *The Lovely Bones*, spawned in some smokey and drugged hellhole in the dungeons of Langley or these corrupt and moldering universities, cobbled together to confuse and disjoin and explode the rest of us. For it is now easy to see what I have been saying all along: books like those of Sebold are just entries in the Men-are-Pigs project, one more eruption in the ongoing Project Chaos volcano to depress, suppress, repress, discombobulate, and ultimately marginalize and destroy anyone not from these top Jewish families.

Like the serial killers project, the rape project now looks to me like another vast fiction, manufactured to split the sexes for profit. We were taught back in the 1980s in college that one in four women were raped, but I didn't believe it then and believe it even less now. It isn't supported by any real statistics, so it is just one more thing Intelligence made up to scare you out of ever having a good relationship. And as for the idea you should always believe a woman, get real. You shouldn't believe *anyone*, man, woman, or child, without good evidence. Given what we now know, these famous people running the world exhausted all trust a long time ago, and you would be smart to assume everything they say is a lie. I wouldn't trust them to tell me the correct time.

If you didn't know that in 2019, the past two years should have taught it to you. What was ugly in 2019 just got ten times uglier, since all the veils came down and the masks came off. The lying and corruption is now so overt and obvious a four-year-old could spot it.

Continued



Sebold is already done for: she will never get on her feet again. But I will use this opportunity to out some of the others who came up above. What about Tobias Wolff? He is Jewish, though he claims not to have known his father was Jewish until he was an adult. Right. He is also a Samuels and a Loftus. His mother is a Loftus, but we are supposed to believe he was raised Catholic. This reminds of John Loftus, Army Intelligence Officer and US prosecutor who claims he is not Jewish, despite being President of the Florida Holocaust Museum. Also see famous psychologist Elizabeth Loftus, born Fishman, Jewish on both sides. In the peerage, the Loftuses are the Marquesses of Ely, related to the Dashwoods, Humes, Macartneys, Wellingtons, Gordons, Ponsonbys, Tottenhams, and Grahams. They are also related to the Lindsays, see below.

Tobias Wolff went to the Hill School, one of the Ten Schools, a spook feeder. There he took the name von Ansell-Wolff, which they now try to pass off as some kind of joke, using a name of his father, who called himself **Saunders** von Ansell-Wolff. But it plays in here, since the Ansell of the peerage, like the Loftuses, are also related to the Grahams. So are the Saunders. Remember, Ben Franklin was a Saunders. Also think Frances Stonor Saunders. The “von” is also strange, since it may be pointing to the German peerage, and the Wolff Metternichs, Grafts related to the Princes of Salm-Salm, the Princes of Croy, and so on. Regardless, I don't see the name as a joke or as made up from nothing.

Wolff is also **Special Forces** and has a degree in English from Oxford. Just what we need: Special Forces officers in the English department. Since we are not told he was a Rhodes or Marshall Scholar, that would also indicate links to the nobility. Americans rarely go to Oxford except on those scholarships. Again indicating Wolff is some kind of spook.

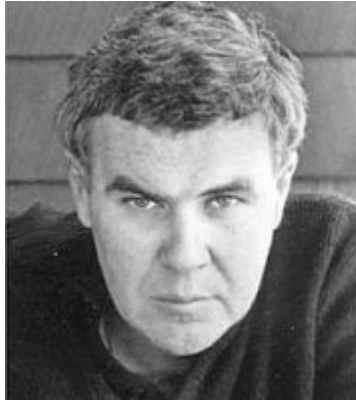
As does this story: there was supposed to be a kind of Renaissance of the short story in the time of Raymond Carver, about which Wolff, his teacher, said this:

To judge from the respectful attention this renaissance has received from reviewers and academics, you would think that it actually happened. It did not. This is a rhetorical flourish to give

glamour, even valor, to the succession of one generation by another. The problem with the word "renaissance" is that it needs a dark age to justify itself. I can't think of one, myself... The truth is that the short story form has reliably inspired brilliant performances by our best writers, in a line unbroken since the time of Poe.

You have to be kidding me. If we haven't been living through a dark age of art and the soul since the time of my birth, there never was one. Salinger wrote a couple of decent short stories in the late 1950s, but I honestly can't think of any since then. I can think of a handful I would call novel, but none I would call memorable. The short story anthologies, like the poetry anthologies, are and have been a wasteland for many decades, getting worse by the year. And as I have told you, that was no accident. The landscape has been obliterated on purpose. That was the great project of Modernism. Strip us down to bare ground and keep us there forever, gasping and wretched, begging for new pharmaceuticals to make up the difference.

Raymond Carver was close to Tess Gallagher, so he must be another fake, right? Yep. His father was supposedly a sawmill worker. Right. I guess that is a little better than possum trapper. Raymond supposedly worked as a janitor. No one in his family had ever gotten past an eighth grade education. His full name according to Wikipedia is Raymond Clevie Carver, Jr., but according to Findagrave his father was Clevis Raymond Carver. My guess is they are hiding the name Cleveland there, and that Raymond is related to that rich family, including President Grover Cleveland and the **Cleveland** dukes. They were the **Vanes**, formerly Earls of Darlington. They come from Charles Fitzroy, the illegitimate son of Charles II. They are related to the Stanhopes, Primroses, Pakenhams, and Bouveries (Bouviers). In the 19th century they became the Barons Barnard, and married the Nevilles and Cecils.



There are no genealogies of Raymond Carver available, which is very strange. Carver went from being a janitor to taking creative writing at Chico State, as you do. His first short story was published when he was only 21. He was only at Chico State for two years, from fall of 58 to spring of 60. Even stranger, he published that story himself, in a literary journal he had founded. Even stranger, he was no longer in school when it was published, since we are told it came out in the fall/winter catalog of 1960-61. But he wasn't enrolled then, so it makes no sense. Which means it was not published under the auspices of the college, which means he self-published it. They forget to tell you that.

I think he was from wealth, since he named his son **Vance Lindsay** Carver. His wife was Maryann Burk, but I believe that name may be fudged. The Burkes and Carvers are related in the peerage, and they are both close to the. . . Stanleys and Lindsays. This would explain why no information is available on Raymond Carver. They admit Maryann went to a private Episcopal school, which means she probably wasn't poor. I found no private Episcopal schools in Yakima, so they may have fudged that, too. Most schools there are Catholic. Like Tess Gallagher, Carver was from Washington,

growing up in Yakima, so he may also be related to Hiram Bond, being a cousin of Gallagher. That is what we normally find. They didn't marry until he was on his deathbed, which is odd.

Carver's teacher at Chico State is also spooky, since his early bio also makes no sense. We are told John Champlin Gardner [was forced out of a position at Oberlin for some reason](#), then told that Carver found out he had never published anything. But in his bio at Wiki we are told he got his PhD in 1958 from University of Iowa. Carver was already at Chico State in 1958, so I don't see any time for Gardner to have been teaching at Oberlin. At any rate, Gardner is supposed to have gotten a masters in one year and a PhD in two years after that. It doesn't work that way so he looks like another agent with a faked bio. Which would explain why a university writing teacher hadn't published anything.

Next we are told Gardner gave Carver a key to his office, as a quiet place to work. Also not believable.

We are also expected to believe that this self-published first story of Carver, *The Furious Seasons*, merited a critique in the school paper *The Wildcat* by a professor in the spring of 1961—although, I remind you, Carver was no longer a student there at that time. Again, it doesn't work that way, because small college papers don't publish reviews of self-published stories. How did they even know the story existed? This history all looks completely fabricated.

He allegedly transferred to Humboldt State in Arcata, getting a BA in general studies in 1963. He didn't even qualify to graduate in English, had bad grades, and was two years late, but we are supposed to believe he scored a fellowship to the prestigious Iowa Writers' Workshop. He completed only twelve credits while there, so he basically flunked out, but he later put it on his resume anyway. After allegedly working as a janitor again, suddenly, just two years later, he hit the big time with “Will You Please be Quiet, Please?” He was also given a job by IBM in Menlo Park for no reason I could come up with. He was a public relations director there until 1970. Even that makes no sense, because we are told he worked there “intermittently”, taking time off to travel to **Israel** with his family. In 1969 he was supposed to be working on a graduate degree in library sciences at San Jose State, so I don't see how he could also be working in Menlo Park as a public relations director for IBM.

If all that isn't weird enough, Carver soon took up with spook Gordon Lish, whose CIA ties we have previously seen. Although Lish was supposed to be working for *Esquire* in 1969, before that he had been at Stanford's MKUltra program with such people as Ken Kesey, Robert Hunter, and many others. Carver worked at Science Research Associates, a CIA front also connected to IBM, right across the street from Lish, who was doing similar work at Behavioral Research Laboratories. Working with them for Intel was George Parks Hitchcock, who we have also seen before. He would soon be the CIA wedge into UC Santa Cruz.

Lish is the one who got Carver into *Esquire*, which means Carver was just another CIA project. That isn't hard to see with hindsight. In 1971 Carver went to UC Santa Cruz, brought there by provost James B. Hall, also a mentor (read CIA handler) of Ken Kesey. Pretty weird because, remember, Carver didn't even have a degree in English, much less an MFA or PhD. He had flunked out of IWW. At the same time, Carver was admitted to the spook writing program at Stanford, and was also given a position teaching at Berkeley. All for pretty much nothing. His first collection wouldn't come out until 1976, when he was 38. Up until 1971, Carver only had a couple of small collections of really bad poetry and a few uninteresting short stories. How bad are the poems? The first one we find at best-poems.net is about a naked woman on the toilet:

As he writes, without looking at the sea,

**he feels the tip of his pen begin to tremble.
The tide is going out across the shingle.
But it isn't that. No,
it's because at that moment she chooses
to walk into the room without any clothes on.
Drowsy, not even sure where she is
for a moment. She waves the hair from her forehead.
Sits on the toilet with her eyes closed,
head down. Legs sprawled. He sees her
through the doorway. Maybe
she's remembering what happened that morning.
For after a time, she opens one eye and looks at him.
And sweetly smiles.**

Lovely. Remember, they led with that, not me. As with Roethke above, we get one rhyme in the whole thing, and it is a bad one. Forced. The rest of it is also the opposite of poetry. The opposite of evocative. The opposite of beautiful or metric or rhythmical or creative or compressed or shaped or intended or mysterious. Just an offhand description of something not worth describing.

Here's another one, called *Your Dog Dies*

**it gets run over by a van.
you find it at the side of the road
and bury it.
you feel bad about it.
you feel bad personally,
but you feel bad for your daughter
because it was her pet,
and she loved it so.
she used to croon to it
and let it sleep in her bed.
you write a poem about it.
you call it a poem for your daughter,
about the dog getting run over by a van
and how you looked after it,
took it out into the woods
and buried it deep, deep,
and that poem turns out so good
you're almost glad the little dog
was run over, or else you'd never
have written that good poem.**

There's more, but it isn't worth repeating. None of it is. Just imagine how embarrassed you would be to write something like that, or see it with your name on it. Well, it doesn't effect these people that way. Why? Because they aren't trying to be good. It is bad on purpose. These people don't care about dogs getting run over, or about killing poetry, or about messing with your mind. It is what they do.

Carver's short stories are no better. One of them in *Will You Please Be Quiet, Please?* is called "Fat". It is about a waiter waiting on a fat guy as he eats a lot, and thinking he is fat. He says it over and over. That's it. There is no point to the story at all, except to call a fat guy fat. They decided to lead off the book with that one. It is about four pages long, so I don't really know how that even qualifies as a short story. I guess eight pages would be a novella. When the book came out, it barely sold, despite being published by a major publisher, being in all the bookstores, and being shortlisted for the National Book

Award. I guess their editors like stories about fat guys. But selling just a few copies the first year didn't stop them, as usual. They continued to promote it and him, and still are, giving him awards and buying up copies to drive sales figures up.

I will be told "Fat" isn't one of his best, though it is found in several collections. So let's look at "his best", one called "Where I'm Calling From." It is about a couple of drunks, one of them a chimney sweep. In it a big fat guy named Tiny has a seizure. So you see it doesn't get any better. I had trouble getting through the story, since it is about the chimney sweep and his wife beating each other up for no reason. Also about the narrator and his girlfriend being drunk all the time. The only sensible line in the whole story is where the girlfriend's son tells them he hopes they kill themselves. That is what the reader is also wishing, so that the story can end.

We are told John Updike chose this story for some collection, though we can't imagine why. Or yes, I can imagine why: it is because none of the other famous writers are writing anything better than this. This is the best anyone can do these days, or at least anyone from these corrupt families who control all the arts. This is what Modernism is. It is an inversion, a planned dark age, a targeted wasting of all talent and a targeted promotion of all waste.