

# State of the Union Address



*by Miles Mathis*

*September 1, 2019*

Or I should say **disunion**. This is a State of the Disunion Address. The governors want no union and provide none. They only want disunion. They wish to disjoin you from everyone and everything around you, and bill you for the breakages as well as the glue. That is to say, they wish to tax you for the federal and state programs that split you from all natural sources of power, knowledge and happiness, and then sell you their new manufactured linkages and relationships, which they tag as an improvement.

You can tell this is another diatribe, and you aren't wrong, it is, but before I really get into it, just let me say that I still think this is a beautiful world. It has many of the makings of a paradise, and may yet become one. But the world is one thing, human society another. Human society has devolved into a nightmare, and it looks to be continuing to devolve. I see no point in pretending otherwise. Many or most of my friends/acquaintances who claim to be “woke” have signed into the “love everyone” counter-program, telling me it is the only way to advance the revolution. See the All One bumpersticker for just one manifestation of this program. But to me this looks delusional, if not worse. I have to admit that I now suspect anyone advancing that program of being either a spook or a programmed bot, since the idea dovetails so perfectly into the mainstream agenda. If I had been hired by the governors to detooth any real possibility of revolution or awakening, I would infiltrate the opposition and spread exactly that message: love everyone. There are no enemies. The governors aren't bad people, they are just confused. They didn't get enough love as children. They just need a hug.

If the governors didn't create that idea, you can be sure they embrace it and promote it all they can, since it saves them the bother of any real opposition. Personally I believe the governors inserted that idea into Christianity many centuries ago, with the whole “turn the other cheek” nonsense. To me it doesn't fit the rest of the story about Jesus, in which he was always meeting the enemy head-on, giving no quarter. The Jesus history has always looked to me like another watered-down falsification, where the life of a revolutionary was retold as the life of a confused prophet. You can be sure the contradictions in the Bible didn't get there by accident. Project Chaos didn't start in the 1940s.

But rather than pursue that hornet's nest, let's return to the present time, where we have more than enough to sort through without bringing the life of Jesus into it. Here and now, love is certainly part of the answer, but it is very far from being the whole answer. Because, whether or not you are able to love your enemy, you still encounter a further question beyond that. As in, WHAT NOW? You love your enemy or you hate him, but that isn't really the question, is it? The question is, given the state of things, what are you going to do about it? Loving everyone or "All One" isn't a specific action, is it? In fact, it is the precise opposite, being non-action. It is just words. Which is why I have so little respect for the movement. Anyone can say they love everyone. Likewise, anyone can say they hate their enemies. But neither feeling is meaningful, since any dope can sit in a chair and love or hate. So whether you love or hate is sort of beside the point. You can resist your enemy because you love him or because you hate him, but the resistance is the only real thing there. Your motives are internal, and are only really known to you. You could be lying about your motives, even to yourself, and no one would know the difference. But your actions are knowable by anyone, since they can be seen and weighed. To put it into Platonic terms, it is not how much you love the good that matters, it is *how much good you do*.

I have been told that fighting bad people is a waste of time, since there is a difference between doing good and fighting bad. I should just leave the bad people to themselves and paint my pretty pictures, I am told. Or I should do the good science and leave the bad science alone. I have to admit I have never understood that argument. If I prevent a murder, have I not done a good thing? No, these people would just say I had prevented a bad thing, and therefore wasted my time.

Anyway, I am pretty much immovable by anyone for any reason, so I don't know why anyone still bothers saying such things to me. But they do. And though I feel no real need to respond for my own sake, I bring it up here for others to think about. And to give my own advice. I advise you to do all good and prevent all bad you can, and ignore anyone who tries to shame you out of either one for any reason. For myself, I continue to expect everyone I meet to thank me for my efforts, whatever they may be, and to give me credit for them. If they don't, and they start talking about "how the world has always been like this", or "what can we do?", or "the enemy is too strong", or any other of a thousand similar mantras, I now just walk away. I know they are just exhibiting their own weaknesses, and are trying to make themselves feel better by bringing me down to their level. I don't need that, and neither do you. Demand respect or walk away.

Also remember that the entire world has been infiltrated by the spooks. These people saying stupid things to you may not just be local dopes who don't know any better or who can't get up the courage to act. They may be—and I might say they probably are—hired by the enemy. You are meeting the enemy face-to-face in your hometown. You may think the opposition exists only in Washington or New York or London or Langley or Anglesey or Berkeley, but it is everywhere. You will be pushed everywhere by agents at all levels, so do not expect to push back only when voting or when arguing in forums. You should expect to push back at the office, in line at the grocery store, while visiting friends, even while strolling in the park. Everywhere. You should expect to be constantly or consistently tested, and you cannot predict the form or place of the next test. Only the gods know that. So prepare yourself. Recognizing that the stupid comment you were just assaulted with was no accident may help you frame your response.

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Now that I have got that out of the way, I want to comment on a couple of things I experienced in the past fortnight. I have been living outside of my own little created reality during this time, being dropped by circumstance into the mainstream mode of existence. That is to say, I went to Atlanta to visit clients, and then my brother visited me in Taos. I watched TV. I saw mainstream films. I went to a sports bar. And I read newspapers. I felt like an Amishman off the farm. Fortunately I took some notes, so that you can see things as I saw them. One of the films I watched was *Interstellar*. Yes, I was with a group and got outvoted. Matthew McConaughey as a NASA engineer and Anne Hathaway as a top research scientist. No Oscars for casting there, I would guess. More broadly, you know you are in the belly of the beast when you are living in a world in which McConaughey has an Academy Award for best acting. That's sort of like Tiger Woods winning the *Ladies Home Journal* Award for best husbanding.

I finally peeked at McConaughey's genealogy, to see why he is promoted so much, and it was easy to see his connections (though they have been partially scrubbed). Although his mother is hidden at Geni.com, we find his paternal grandmother is a Maitland, linking him directly to James Maitland Stewart, aka Jimmy Stewart. His great-grandmother is a King who died in Uvalde. Since Uvalde is inside the King Ranch, we may assume McConaughey has links to that as well. This would explain his friendship with Lance Armstrong, [who I also recently tied to the King Ranch](#). McConaughey's maternal grandmother was a Maher, indicating a Jewish line and possibly linking him to Bill Maher. One of McConaughey's ancestors is Sir Thomas Dale, Dep. Governor of Virginia Colony under Governor Thomas West, 3<sup>rd</sup> Baron De La Warre (Lord Delaware). Dale landed in Jamestown on 1611, being Dep. Gov. for the next five years. McConaughey is also a Greene, Willett (see Sharon Tate's mother), Nugent, Fasbender, Condon, Dandridge, Polk, Somerset, and Douglass. The Polk links him to President Polk, and Somerset and Douglass link him to the upper reaches of the peerage. But of course his links are even higher, since the name Maitland links him to the Stewarts. The names Somerset and Douglass simply confirm that.

Although one would assume NASA was either a writer or consultant for this film, they couldn't get the basic science right. We had wormholes depicted as dark filmy planets, which—even if wormholes existed (they don't)—wouldn't match mainstream theory. We had glaring contradictions, where in one scene it is admitted that according to Relativity you can't move backwards in time, and then in the next scene Matthew McConaughey moves back in time. They couldn't even get the percentage of Nitrogen in the Earth's atmosphere right. They tell us the percentage is 80. It is 78. Even the title is senseless, since “interstellar” means “between stars”. No other star or star system was visited, so the title is inapplicable. It should be “interplanetary”.

With more research we find why this was such a mess. Kip Thorne, who was involved [in the Lie-Go scam](#), was the scientific consultant and executive editor for the film. He is one of the top phonies in the world of science. He knows about as much about physics as Matthew McConaughey knows about acting. He specializes in this science-fiction claptrap that makes it both into Hollywood blockbusters and worldwide tax-and-spend bills. It is all about draining treasuries with fake projects. At Wikipedia, we find that Michio Kaku also got involved, praising the film for its scientific accuracy. That tells us all we need to know in both directions. Kaku praising *Interstellar* for its accuracy is like Ted Bundy praising Jeffrey Dahmer for his diet.

But the film's main function is to sell the reality of NASA and SpaceX, since the action takes place in the near future, when it will be taught that NASA faked the Moon landings. We are assured this is wrong, and that NASA will always be there to save mankind, even if it has to lie its ass off to do it. Yes, NASA admits in the film that it is a pathological liar, but expects us to believe it is all for our own

good.

The plot is nothing but holes, but perhaps the largest one is that NORAD just happens to be a short drive from McConaughey's farm, surrounded by only a chain fence. Although they couldn't have known he was coming, and admit they didn't, he fortuitously fits into the top slot in their current project, which is only days from completion. We are supposed to believe they had a launch date and all rockets ready to fire, but no lead astronaut. Although this is supposed to be in the future, when we have the capability to travel to Saturn in a short time, the launch sequence curiously looks exactly the Apollo launches from the 1960s.

They include the varied aging nonsense, a la *Planet of the Apes*, but age Michael Caine 21 years overnight by putting him in a wheelchair. He looks about 85 both before and after the aging. We are supposed to believe he is 106 after the aging, I guess, based only on the wheelchair.

The plot hinges on aliens inserting a wormhole out by Saturn as a gift to us, so that we can fly through it and find the final link in our Unified Field Equations. Of course the question begged is why they couldn't have just inserted a few lines into our equations directly. Wouldn't that have been simpler? In fact, [I have already done that for NASA](#), but they aren't interested. They only want help from aliens, I guess. Later in the film we are told *we* are the aliens, sending back information from the future. Unfortunately, that is a contradiction in several ways, since they admitted you couldn't send anything back in time. Beyond that, if we already survived into the future, why would we *need* to send information back to the past? If we survived into the future, there is no problem to solve, is there?

[Some are writing me to tell me how much they loved *Interstellar*. I don't usually wish to ruin movies for people, but in this case I do. I really despise this movie, so I am back to trash it further. Let's hit the wormhole thing. Since I first wrote this, big things have happened regarding wormholes. [Roy Kerr, one of the top dogs of Black Hole theory back to the 1960s, just came out and admitted singularities—and therefore wormholes—do not exist. I have been saying that for almost two decades](#), but now the whole thing is starting to crumble in the mainstream. I think this really hit the fan in 2015 when [I proved Steven Hawking had been an impostor](#) back to at least 1984, and the huge *Daily Mail* in London [agreed with me](#). Hawking was the biggest of the big dogs of Black Hole theory until his fake death in 2018, so his outing as a fraud was a body blow to the whole Black Hole agenda. The way this impacts our current question most directly is this: a wormhole is a singularity, and it exists in theory at the center of a Black Hole. So you can't have a wormhole existing on its own, in empty space. Neither aliens nor anyone else can install a wormhole wherever they want it. They would have to install a Black Hole there, you see, and they sort of admit that in the movie, since on the other end of the wormhole is the Black Hole Gargantua. But in reality, the Black Hole would exist on both ends of the wormhole, since the Black Hole itself is not a hole. It is a massive collapsed star that is dark because light can't escape from it. Its gravity is so strong nothing can escape, not even light which is going  $c$ . The wormhole then exists at the very center of the black star. But if you installed a Black Hole “out near Saturn” (whatever that means), it would immediately change the entire Solar System. It would become the center of the system and everything would orbit it, including the Sun. All the orbits would change, which would create havoc across the system, not just some crop failures on Earth. All of the moons of Jupiter and Saturn would be jettisoned, for a start, creating a pinball-like cascade of major collisions. After that the Sun would begin moving closer to the Black Hole, and together they would squeeze everything else out of the system. Basically the entire Solar System would be destroyed. So it is almost impossible to believe their “expert” Kip Thorne couldn't tell them any of that. Any real scientist would have refused to have anything to do with this disaster, since it should have destroyed any credibility he ever had. But of course that isn't how it worked, because that isn't how the world

works anymore. Like Hollywood, science has long since melted down into a puddle where credibility no longer has any meaning.

An equal problem is that McCon sends information about the gravity equation either out of or through the Black Hole, which is of course impossible. If light can't escape the Black Hole, how would information get through it or out of it? There would be no way for McCon to talk to anyone on Earth.

You will tell me he does it through the 5D Tesseract. Yeah, except that, again, there is no such thing. It is just more science fiction bullshit sold as cutting edge science, so that these awful scriptwriters can do anything they wish, no matter how asinine and contradictory. Clearly, Jonathan Nolan, Chris' 38-year-old brother writing this script, was trying to manufacture some depth here, *a la* Kubrick and Clarke in *2001 A Space Odyssey*, but was completely out of his depth. That older movie is just a clever, silent mystery with some flapdoodle tacked on to the end, but it worked due to its visuals and music. This newer movie tries for much more, but delivers much less, or almost nothing. John majored in English, has never studied science, and was known only for the *Batman* and *Prestige* scripts, so he was completely unqualified to be writing this. And, as we have seen, these frauds like Thorne were absolutely no help to him. They should have advised the Nolans to pull it way back, hire some very smart actors, and at least try to make sense, but none of that got done. Not sure where they could have gotten the smart actors, I couldn't think of any, but there must be a few left on the stage in England or somewhere. Even so, McCon is the very *last* actor you would tap for this part. You literally could not cast two people less suited for these roles than McCon and Hathaway, except maybe James Franco and Heather Graham.

But even if the science here was all good, the movie would still be horrible because the casting is horrible, the dialog is horrible, the acting is horrible, and the script is horrible. The script not only mangles the Black Hole science and the science of Relativity, it mangles all other logic, continuity, human emotion, and basic intelligence. It is written to appeal to people who not only don't know the first thing about physics, but don't know the first thing about humanity, or even the first thing about how humans react in real situations. This is for people permanently trapped in some Hollywood/TV hellhole of nonsense and illogic, where having the 85 IQ McConaughey play a 140 IQ scientist seems normal to them. It is for the same people who thought the 85 IQ Kamala Harris was a believable Presidential candidate. Credibility has lost all meaning, since people will believe absolutely anything.]

We also watched *The Big Sick*, I am not sure why. I think it was recommended by Google, or by Dr. Phil, or by Meadowlark Lemon of the 1976 Harlem Globetrotters. It starred one of those guys from *Somebody and Somebody Else Visit White Castle*. The Pakistani guy with the eyebrows. It was so in-your-face quirky and off-the-cuff I finally asked, "are they writing this *while* we are watching it?"

We also watched the original *Blade Runner*, which I have seen several times before. It is always entertaining. However, it does have a couple of huge plot holes, which don't ruin the film, but are worth pointing out for fun. One, you would expect replicants to be produced in easily recognizable series, not as one-of-kind individuals. So Deckard shouldn't have had any trouble spotting them. Two, there is no possible reason the snake-dancing replicant Zhora would have been found in a photo given by Tyrell to Rachel, as part of her set of fake memories. But most amusing of all is the date of action, which is coming up soon: **November 2019**. The promoters of the future missed that prediction by a very long way, since we are nowhere near having flying cars, off-world colonies, or robots that are indistinguishable from humans. Of those three, only cars have made any progress since the time of the film, and that is pretty much limited to parking cameras and GPS. They still guzzle gas like they always did, and if anything they are larger and less economical than ever. As for off-world colonies or

replicants, I don't see that happening. . . ever. We haven't even discovered any worlds worth colonizing, and if we did we couldn't reach them. The idea is a non-starter, except as another manufactured reason to tax us for things that can't be delivered. These films are made to help justify the ridiculous NASA and SpaceX budgets, which deliver nothing but fakery. The same can be said for AI, which is just as mythical as space exploration. But it is pushed for exactly the same reason: taxation without deliverance. Along with the military and NASA, AI is being sold as a third arm of the desired trifecta, by which you can be taxed for a future and a present that does not exist, cannot exist, and that nobody wants.

Another thing I feel compelled to comment on is New Country music, which my brother was playing non-stop on his car radio. I thought this had hit bottom with Rascal Flatts, but nope. Like everything else, Country has apparently been taken over by the billionaire rich kids, pretending to be country while faking hick accents. Does anyone really believe someone like Dierks **Bentley** is country? Look at the names, people! Dierks father is a bank VP, though Wiki doesn't bother to tell us which one. Reminds us of former Country-gal Taylor Swift, whose parents are also top bankers/investment assholes. Dierks went to Lawrenceville Prep, a top spook feeder in New Jersey. Another guy is **Chase Rice**. The only way that name could be more of a red flag is if it were Spencer Churchill. He has no bio at Wiki. How about Jake Owen, real name Joshua. **Joshua Owen**. You think this guy is country? And how did they ever sell the idea to real farmers and ranchers that bankers' sons drawling about whiskey over a drum machine was country music? Don't people have ears? Don't they have memories? Does anyone remember what Country used to sound like? With a few exceptions, I never liked Country, but even in categories I don't care for I can tell the difference between bad and much worse.

I honestly think they need a moratorium on all songwriting, not just Country but all genres. Give it a fucking rest. Start over again in twenty or thirty years, after everyone's ears have stopped bleeding and our brains have had time to heal. We would have all been better off had the moratorium been initiated back in about 1990: we could have lived the last thirty years in blissful silence, and avoided the needless pounding of ten thousand fake prodigies. Just think how much smarter we would all be.

You can be sure the stars of the 60s-70s-80s were also rich kids from the Families, but back then they at least took the time to learn to play the guitar or the piano or took voice lessons. If they didn't write their own songs, at least they bought from real songwriters. Now the equation has been boiled down to this: rich Jewish kid+pitch machine+drum machine. That isn't music, that is just a computer giving itself a Jewish name.

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Some of my readers are disappointed I have not commented personally on all the fake tragedies of the past two months. After all I have said before, no comment is required but this: **they are fake**. All of them were faked in the past, they are all being faked now, and any you see in the future will be faked. I have no desire to comment on an endless string of fake events, since that is just a waste of my time and yours. All I need to do is point out the pattern. All you need to do is see the pattern. It hasn't changed in centuries, except for an acceleration of events. If something extraordinary happens in the future, I may choose to comment on it, but I may not. I am far more interested in studying the past: filling in the gaps in my research so that you can have an even fuller picture of the con. We now have a pretty good idea of the extent of the lie, but I am always seeking the next step down the rabbit hole. I am looking for something I haven't seen before, something that will move us forward in our search for the whole truth. History is a canvas far larger than the current one, and we are far more likely to trip across



something important or previously unseen there. Which is exactly why the governors want to keep our eyes on the present. That is one of the primary goals of the current fake events: keep our eyes off bigger things. Their overarching gambit is and always has been misdirection, and you have to remember that at all times. They want to control your line of sight, and you cannot let them do it. You have to follow your own nose and ignore their carrots and sticks. You have to make yourself the opposite of suggestible, impossible to hypnotize.

Mostly you do that by saying no. You start by saying no to peer pressure in school, then say no to your parents, then say no to your governors. You do that by listening to your Muse. You were born knowing what to do. We all were. The difference between me and most people is that I listened to my Muse and said no those around me. Most people ignore their Muse and say yes to those around them. In some ways that is easier, since your Muse is far more subtle. She doesn't use the carrot or the stick, the bread or the circus. She just tells you the truth, with no honey or pepper, no beatings or awards. But those around you will constantly play you, one way or the other. Don't be played. Flee all cajoling. You will never be cajoled by the truth. The truth is normally far quieter than the lie, and far less sparkly. In this world the truth has been made difficult, so you can often judge it by that alone.

Salesmanship rarely accompanies the truth. The lie needs a salesman, the truth does not. The more something is sold, the more it is advertised, the less likely it is to be true. Your government is always packaging an expensive lie for you; it is always fresh out of the truth at any price. The university is an arm of the government: always remember that. It is not a promoter of knowledge, much less wisdom. It is simply another supplier of propaganda. It "teaches" you the approved set of lies, nothing more. The rising price of a university education is the perfect sign of its demise. In general, the more expensive something is the more useless it is. If it rises quickly in price for no apparent reason, you can be pretty sure it has just lost its original value. The rise in price is meant to mask the loss in value. The value is then in the price, and nowhere else.

Never allow your children to be taught lies, because you think it is easier for them or you. It isn't. You may think you are doing them a favor by allowing them to "fit in", but you aren't. You will just ensure they are confused like everyone else. They will become the same liars and dupes as everyone else. They will not thank you for it. Your parents may not have known any better, but you will not have that excuse. I will be told that even in home schooling, you have to teach the kids certain things. The state tests them. Well, your kids will have to become revolutionaries at an early age, won't they? That will prepare them for their future of freedom, won't it? No one said it would be easy. Resistance is never easy, no matter what age you start. You will tell me they will be ostracized. Yes, ostracized by dupes and liars. There will always be others like you, so join them. If you need community, you can always find it. The Amish and Mennonites found it, or created it. So can you. This new community of resisters is a requirement of the awakening, so go gladly and rapidly into it, with full heart. It is a far larger community than you think, and far more powerful. Literally millions of people are looking for a way out of the current mind prisons, and that is just in North America.

And, conveniently for most of my readers, North America has a lot of room for these communities. Remember, it was just a couple of decades ago that Wendell Berry was recommending a repopulating of the countryside. He told us what was pretty obvious: the cities are too crowded and the farms need people to work them. Especially if we get rid of most of the chemicals and some of the machines. Do you see how the solutions start to dovetail? Not only do the small towns and farms and ranches need you, many of them want you. Land and housing is cheap there. They are patiently awaiting the revolution. The only ones who don't want you there are the bankers, the pesticide companies, and those people. They want you in the cities doing jobs that don't need to be done, so that you can buy

stuff you don't need and make them rich.

Some will answer me that they don't wish to be Amish, or even farmers. Well, I am not advising you to become Amish, or a farmer, unless you want to be. Do you think everyone in the past was a farmer? Do you think everyone before the Industrial Revolution or before the rise of the big city was a farmer? No, the necessary jobs are varied, almost as varied as in any modern city. Unless you really love sitting in a cubicle, shuffling papers, or talking on a phone all day, or selling widgets, or staring at a computer screen. But even if that is your thing, you can support the revolution. Even those jobs will remain, they just won't dominate society like they do now. You can talk on the phone all day for an organic farm, instead of for some den of evil bankers or pharmaceutical pushers.

Some have called me Revolutionary #1, but others are saying I can't be Revolutionary #1000 since I haven't called for the revolution. But these latter people aren't paying attention. Every paper I have written for the past 20 years has been a sort of call for revolution, and a roadmap to it. It is just that the revolution doesn't begin with a rock through some window or a meeting of guys in hoodies at night. It begins like everything else: in my head or your head. It begins by changing your ideas and your desires. It begins by knowing the truth. It proceeds by saying no to the lies. It proceeds by talking to your neighbor. It proceeds by seeing a set of problems and then a set of solutions. It succeeds when people begin acting on those solutions. Since people are already acting on those solutions, the revolution is already succeeding. It is not just proceeding, it is succeeding. So there is no reason to call for it. There is only a need for *encouraging its proliferation and acceleration*. Everything I do is that encouragement, so it doesn't really matter how I am ranked in some mythical hierarchy of revolutionaries or truthers. All that matters is that I do what needs to be done. All that matters is that I listen to my Muse, and that you listen to yours.

I have been told there aren't enough people for a successful revolution, and if you mean by that an overthrow of the government, that is true. I see no hope of that in the foreseeable future. But as I just showed you, the revolution is already successful, in the sense that people are disconnecting from that government and the programs it is selling. If even one person frees himself of those shackles, the revolution is successful, and many people are. In this day and age, revolution isn't about overthrowing the government or seceding from the union, although they want you to think it is. It is about seceding from the banks and pharmaceutical companies and pesticide companies and media and worldwide propaganda machine. It is about seceding from the lies. It is about telling all the salesmen and programmers to take a leap. It is about not working for the enemy. It is about saying no.

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Here in Taos, it has been another strange Labor Day weekend, with Sting (Gordon Sumner) coming into town for a highly promoted concert in the park. You may want to ask yourself why Sting would come to a little town like Taos in a backward State like New Mexico and play a venue that holds only a couple of thousand people. I have asked that question around town and gotten no logical answer. I have been told he doesn't need the money. OK, so why not play for free then? I have been told he just likes Taos, which is a pretty tourist spot in the mountains. Except that there are a lot of pretty tourist spots in the Southern Rockies, and I know of no previous ties of Sting to Taos. Some have told me he hasn't been a major act for 30 years, and can no longer book the major venues. Well, he isn't Katy Perry or Usher, but backed up by some young talent he should be able to draw more than 2,000 people. Before coming to Taos, he was in Vienna playing at Wolftrap. Before that he was in Chicago and Monte Carlo. He played many shows in Vegas at Caesar's Palace and started this world tour with 28



shows in Los Angeles. So that argument doesn't fly, either. Sting's 2016 album *57<sup>th</sup> and 9<sup>th</sup>* allegedly sold 600,000 units, which would make it gold. His 1999 album *Brand New Day* allegedly sold 3.5 million copies in the US, which isn't a minor act and isn't 30 years ago. So something doesn't add up. It also doesn't make sense that there were empty seats here in Taos. The scalpers couldn't get any takers for their tickets, and I saw that with my own eyes. One of them offered me two tickets for \$50 apiece last minute, which is *under* the general admission price. Even at that price he couldn't move them.

Some have proposed Sting is here to spread some sort of propaganda under the cloak of popular music, and I think that is part of the answer. But it still doesn't explain "why Taos?" Couldn't he spread more propaganda to more people in a larger city? Why target Taos?

I just rode my Vespa down there during the concert to find any clues. I parked across the street, where all could be heard but nothing seen. I wasn't there five minutes before I heard his opening band say in between-song patter that the Devil and God were playing chess and God was cheating. Hmmmm. That's sort of a reversal, isn't it? It is normally the Devil cheating in such stories. Next he started talking about transsexuality—promoting it of course. I am not sure what that has to do with a music concert in the park, but it does tend to confirm our suspicions. This reminds us that Sting has been pushing propaganda from the beginning, both with The Police and solo. In "Russians", from *The Dream of the Blue Turtles* (1984), he was pushing the Cold War and the danger of nuclear weapons. Remember "How can I save my little boy from Oppenheimer's deadly toy?" How about by [telling him it was fake](#), Gordo? In "If you love somebody set them free" and "Fortress around your heart" he was pushing free love to the new generation in the 80s that hadn't already been sold it in the 60s or 70s. It did nothing but further split the sexes, since nothing—least of all love—is free. In "Children's Crusade", he sold WW1 and the current opium trade as Children's Crusades—pretty much missing the point of both. . . on purpose. In "Moon over Bourbon Street", he is either talking about vampires, stalking, or pedophilia, none of which give us much confidence. Three years later in the double album *Nothing Like the Sun*, he continued on the same tack, telling us that "History will teach us nothing". Thanks for that, alleged former teacher Sumner. In fact, I have proven the opposite: history will teach us almost everything, especially how to resist propaganda like this. In "They dance alone", Sting sells us the story of Pinochet's Chile, which must mean it isn't true. If the mainstream story were true, Sting wouldn't be paid to repeat it here.

As usual, Sting is sold as some sort of songwriting genius, but if you just study his lyrics, you find very little poetry, most of it bad. In "Straight to my heart", we get this:

Come into my door  
be the light of my life  
come into my door  
you'll never have to sweep the floor

OK. In "We'll be together" we find

Forget the weather we should always be together  
I'll always be a slave to your charms.

Yeah. And those aren't anomalies. The entire double album reads like it was written by a teenage lesbian on bennies. It should be retitled *Nothing like Good Lyrics*.

The biggest selling single for *Brand New Day* included these lines:

I dream of fire  
these dreams are tied to a horse that will never tire  
and in the flames  
her shadows play in the shape of a man's desire.

Really? So the horse's shadows play in the shape of a penis? That's admittedly novel, and certainly takes Michael Murphey's *Wildfire* to a new level.

Sting has written a few decent songs, and I am not here to deny it. [For instance *Fragile* has lovely instrumentation.] He was a good-looking guy with a fair voice, but like all his famous cousins he was and is vastly oversold. Pop music is one of the premier eyes-off projects, bested only by film/TV and sports. Those three pastimes were created to fill the non-working hours of society, leaving no time or energy in the schedule for reality. Back before the CIA took over culture, film, music, and sports were mostly a simple diversion, with a low propaganda content. Compare the propaganda content of *The Andy Griffith Show* to that of *Breaking Bad* to see what I mean. Back then they were satisfied to have your eyes on the puppet, but the puppet was just toy. He was silly and harmless, his words mostly empty. But after about 1960, the puppet was given a complex and layered script. The walls fell and everything was pre-soaked in propaganda. Messages were inserted into all entertainment, and the amount of messaging has climbed steeply ever since. You are hard-pressed to find any entertainment these days that hasn't been dipped into a heavy frosting of spin. So while your off-hours have been filled to prevent you from experiencing reality and asking any questions, that filling has been filled with a counter-reality, making you *think* you know something about life. A faux-life has been manufactured for you and beamed directly into your brain, to keep you from noticing that all your links to reality have been broken and replaced. Your fake-life is so rich, complicated, and stuffed with fluffy facts, you may consider yourself a prodigy, but what you know is only a prodigious amount of planted data. . . chatter. You are like the Jeopardy champion who thinks he is the smartest person on Earth—except that all of his and your “knowledge” is less than trivial. For the most part it isn't even true.

You can see that within the televised history of Jeopardy itself. Go watch one of the early Jeopardy shows from the early 1960s and compare it to a new show. In the early days, Jeopardy was like a slightly watered-down College Bowl, with some pretty tough questions in some fairly non-trivial categories. It was heavy with history, the sciences, and literature. Now the questions have been dumbed down, with a concentration on pop culture, current events, TV, and Hollywood. In short, Jeopardy has been propagandized and weaponized. It is another weapon of the CIA against reality and real intelligence. It will only get worse in the coming years, and we can expect Alex Trebek to be replaced by a quacking lesbian in heavy make-up, introducing categories on transsexuality, AI, interdimensionality, chakras, and the history of *American Idol*.

As we have seen, Sting has played his part in this, advancing the various Intel programs of the past 45 years [as a pawn of the Families](#). They have always scanned their ranks for their prettiest children to put forward, selling them as self-made non-Jewish geniuses. Fantastic levels of promotion are meant to prevent you from noticing that these people normally have minimal levels of talent, if any. In the early years they may have nice hair or good teeth or big eyes, something that will fool you into thinking they are fascinating. But soon even that fades, and without the writing teams and wigs and voice machines and lifts and doctored photos and 24/7 promotion they would become transparent. One minute in their presence would burst the bubble, and you would understand that they are average or sub-average people who just happen to be from ancient lines of wealth. They aren't nearly as pretty, tall, talented, smart, or funny as you are assured they are, and most of the mystery and myth exists only in your head, which has been bamboozled with years of hypnosis. If you come back years later and listen to the

songs or watch the shows when off the sugar high, you may have seen this. I saw it today here in Taos: the songs sounded awful live, and I don't think it was due to bad acoustics. Sting couldn't even vocalize many of the notes, though the songs seemed to have been keyed down. I will be told he is old and is at the end of a long tour: his voice is fried. Maybe, but if so should have cancelled and refunded the ticket prices. If you can't sing you don't charge people to come hear you sing.