



# DEAR CELEBRITIES: NO ONE CARES WHAT YOU THINK

CANDACE OWENS

Dear Celebrities,

I'm sorry to be the one to have to break this to you, but we do not care—not in the slightest particle of an imaginary thing—what you think.

If this surprises you, I understand. Because, let's be fair: We play an important role in your delusion. We camp out for days to buy tickets to your sold-out shows, then shout for you to reach down from the stage to touch our hands.

Faster than science would believe humanly possible, we learn the lyrics to your every song and master the choreography to your every dance move. We devour your movies, TV shows, and Netflix specials.

From that angle, I suppose it's easy to believe that after all the adulation, all the fan mail and all the magazine covers, you may have actually come to believe that we care what you think.

But you're wrong. Nobody cares what you think.

Nobody!

Well, maybe your mother and your therapist do. But we don't—not even a little. Allow me to spell this one out for you.

I go to a Lady Gaga concert to hear her belt out tunes that remind me of my messy college days. But watching her desperate protests against the results of a free and fair election? Hardly an event I'd ever care to see again in my lifetime.

I follow Beyoncé because—let's face it—nobody does a break-up anthem better. But can someone please tell me why I should care if she's for Hillary... or for Garfield the Cat?

And here's to you, Marc Jacobs—you design a killer pair of shoes. But as a political philosopher you leave a lot to be desired. In fact, it's difficult to comprehend why you thought it necessary to publicly refuse to dress our first lady.

And to the scores of celebrities who threaten to move out of the country if we don't vote your way—wow! Just how long on a private jet must one travel to reach that level of narcissism?

This may rock your glittery world, but we don't care whether you stay in America or move to

another country. Why would we care where you live?

On the one hand, we should find all of this amusing; but on the other, it's actually deeply offensive: It's offensive that you confuse our admiration for blind faith. When Eminem raps I have to either pick him or the president of the United States, I don't know whether to laugh or cry.

Which is why it's important that I take this moment to offer each and every one of you celebs a free ride back down to Planet Earth.

What happens outside of your gated communities, chauffeured SUVs, and personal assistant's iPhone is the real world. It's the rest of us, working very hard to earn a living—working toward that weekend break, when we can perhaps afford to treat ourselves to your concerts, your movies, and your handbags.

You see, we want to enjoy what you do. Sing. Dance. Act. Design. It's a wonderful gift you have. And it's extremely valuable not only to you, but to us. Entertaining people—making them laugh, or cry—is something that you should take pride in. You enrich our world with your talent.

But when you go on a political rant on late night TV or call your fans racist and sexist—my God, these people are your fans!— just because they don't think or vote the way you want them to, you cross a line. You lose touch with reality. You become just another shill for another politician.

And who wants to be a fan of that?

I'm Candace Owens for Prager University.