

**In Response to Your E-Newsletter Re: Peter Gabriel's Upcoming
Summer Tour Dates**

To Whom It May Concern:

In response to your E-Newsletter regarding Peter Gabriel's upcoming summer tour dates: NO THANK YOU. I want it to be perfectly clear to whomsoever is reading this, that I do not want to be subscribed to your email newsletter any longer nor in any capacity. Your constant and insistent invitations for me to click on your links are met with, on my end, nothing but frustration.

For some reason, despite my initial, measured requests to be removed and my later, more vehement protestations, your emails continue to arrive in my inbox. No matter what I do, no matter what button I press, no matter who I email, I continue getting emails from you. I have tried and tried to unsubscribe, but to no avail.

Any company who would find it necessary to harangue me in the way you have so vociferously done, after I have asked you to stop, is a company I would avoid patronizing. No matter what they were selling, behavior like that would dissuade me from purchasing their product, even if I were in the market for said product. Even if I knew the product to be a quality product, reasonably priced and readily available for purchase from online sources as well as a variety of retailers, I would hesitate to purchase said reasonably-priced and well-made product if I felt the company selling this product were disrespectful of their potential client's wishes.

Even if the product being offered was a medication that cured moderate to severe acne. Even if it were a software program that helped you to manage your funds and balance your budget and prevent you from constantly overdrawing your account. Even if it were a product that was safe for the environment and did not exploit any workers in developing nations (some people say third world countries, but I say developing nations). Even if the product were some kind of computer program that would prevent the NSA from monitoring me and my computer habits and what I was illegally and legally downloading and viewing, and what my social media and email habits were like. Even then, even products like these, which I would normally be very

interested in procuring, even if these were the products you were selling, I would be hesitant to be involved with exchanging money for goods and service from a company that was so willing to harass its customer base in the fashion that you have seen fit to harass me.

But that is not the situation we are in. The aforementioned products which might actually be of interest to me are not the products you are selling. The products that you sell have exclusively to do with the music of one Peter Gabriel and I am not in the market for anything having to do with Peter Gabriel. Not now. Not ever.

I am not interested in his new single, nor his upcoming tour. I do not like Peter Gabriel's music. Not his work with Genesis which I consider to belong to my parent's generation, not his ostentatious solo work which I considered samey and overly produced. "Salisbury Hill" is ok, I guess. And when "Games Without Frontiers" comes on PYX 106, which is the classic rock radio station around here, I don't change it. Despite these exceptions, it is fair to say I find Peter Gabriel's music distasteful and would be happy to never hear these songs again if it meant I was saved from the soulless carcass that is the rest of his catalog.

Gabriel's melodramatic later work is what led us to the situation we are in right now, so I hate it more than any of his other work. My girlfriend at the time, Christina, who later became my wife, and then my ex-wife, loved some song about a father and son that Gabriel wrote and played an uncharacteristically spare and naked version of. She loved the black and white video where Pete emoted all over the keys of a piano and the lens of a camera. Her feelings toward this song had something to do with her father and her I am sure.

I was never sure of the whole story. I never bothered to find out. Maybe I should have. Maybe if I had asked about her more often we would not have grown apart the way we did. Especially at the end there.

Or maybe she imagined it would have something to do with the children she imagined we would one day have. We were unable to have children, it turned out, which of course did not end the marriage, but it didn't help. Various factors go into ending a marriage and whether or not we could have children, and whose fault that was, was merely a contributing factor to what was an already, by the point we realized we could not have children together, a hostile and unhealthy relationship.

She had some kind of expectation for me. Some kind of mold I was supposed to fit into that I was unaware of when the

relationship began, which is unfair I think. She was measuring me against other men. Against men she had previously dated, against her father, her very successful older brothers. Maybe a pastor or high school English teacher. She wanted me to be a certain way. She wanted me to be a good father to her as-yet-unborn child.

This is how I imagined she felt. Not me, though. As far as I am concerned, fathers are overrated. Most people long for some relationship, or reconciliation with their fathers, but I don't. I don't see the point. When I watch a movie, or a TV show where the father tragically dies and the child must avenge them or whatever, I always end up hating that movie. The kid is usually better off without their father. They have to learn to think for themselves, they have to learn to stand up for themselves and they can't be let down time and time again by some guy they wish was a hero, but who actually isn't.

This automatic response of mine, where I hate movies about fathers and sons, has ruined several movies (if you have not seen them, beware, Spoilers for *Godfather* and for *Star Trek* ahead). It has made me long for the death of Marlon Brando in *The Godfather* and cheer for the death of Liam Hemsworth in the 2009 reboot of *Star Trek*.

Whenever I see a movie like *Batman*, *Lion King*, or *Braveheart*, where there is some touching scene where the father dies I always say to the screen, "You're better off without him," or "who needs him, anyway?" Christina, my ex-wife, always hated when I did that. And yes, we did watch *The Lion King* together even though we didn't have any kids. We were that kind of couple.

But Christine was one of those people who wanted to reconcile with her father. He was your classic piece of crap. Worked all the time, was never there for her, divorced her mom, emotionally unavailable. The whole nine. Eventually she came to some kind of understanding with him. She was always trying to get me to go over there for Christmas and the like, and I was like, "Why?"

It just never made sense to me.

But I loved her. And even though I probably didn't ask her about what was going on with her as much as I should have I did the best I could and so I used to do stuff for her, like go to Christmas at her stupid dad's house with his new wife and all that. And I would smile and be so polite and charming. And, believe it or not, despite what you have seen in the various communications regarding, vis a vis, the newsletters you won't stop sending me, I can be very charming. And I also used to do

other sweet stuff for her too, like rub her neck and feet and go to the store and buy maxi-pads and all that other unromantic/romantic boyfriend-husband stuff. You know what I am talking about. The kind of stuff that when a guy in a TV show does it, you can tell he's a good guy. The guy the girl is supposed to end up with, even though the guy is a little less handsome, and a little less cool than some other guy played by Chris Messina or Dax Shepherd, or some douche like that.

And that is why I subscribed to your newsletter. Just because that was the only way I could download that stupid god-damn Peter Gabriel song from your website. Because of Christiana and her stupid dad. Because I am such a caring, charming, kindhearted fucking guy.

I would not have done it had I thought it would be so hard to unsubscribe from you bastards. Sometimes I wish I had not ever received the promotional material in the mail from Guitar Center. They send you catalogs in the mail if you spend a certain amount at their stores and their mailers and newsletters don't bug me like yours do. They know how to treat a customer. And yes, I am on their mailing list because I am a musician, but don't just jump to a bunch of conclusions. I'm not one of those bitter, angry failed musicians. I'm just a guy who used to be in a band. And who knows what would have happened if we'd have

booked that gig opening for Buckcherry. I don't dwell on those things and I don't mind that I wasn't able to make it as a solo musician. I can accept my limitations with grace.

Just because I am a musician doesn't mean I have to like Peter Gabriel, though. Just because I was not able to meet all my career goals and he was, it does not mean I am jealous of him. I just don't like his music. That's what it's all about for me. You know? Music is supposed to hit you in the gut. And it is supposed to mean something. It is supposed to tie you to a place and time. It is supposed to be like an inside joke that only you and one other person share. Like that song by Lou Reed my dad used to love, or the one by Whiskeytown that Christina and I used to sing along to, or the one by The National that I can't even talk about right now. It is supposed to make you feel like it was written just for you, or just for you and one other person. Like you found something magical in the real world. And Peter Gabriel just doesn't do that for me.

So, for all these reasons and a few more that I have not even mentioned here, I want you to remove me from your mailing list.

I am contacting you at this email address that I found on your website because I don't know where else to turn. When I try to respond to the emails that show up in my inbox I get an

automated response that says "the email address you have reached is not monitored." Whatever that means.

I have tried clicking on the little fine print "unsubscribe" button and that link brings me to a website called realworldproductions.com. As far as I can tell the site provides information about the crappy World Music Peter Gabriel pretends to give a shit about, but it provides no option for unsubscribing. I emailed the booking agent, Delia Carruthers the following message:

Dear Delia Carruthers:

Unsubscribe me immediately. Peter Gabriel's music makes me want to vomit.

Sincerely,

Frank Ketchum

That was two years ago and I have received no response from Miss Carruthers, and countless Newsletter junk-emails since then.

Next I tried contacting Petergabriel.com

There I actually found an option to unsubscribe, but they request an email address and a reason. I entered my email address and included the following message:

To Whom it May Concern:

Unsubscribe me immediately. Peter Gabriel's music makes me want to murder school children by strangling them. This is the sixth time I am requesting this. If I have to do it a seventh time, I will consider it harassment.

Sincerely,

Frank Ketchum

After entering my email address I immediately received an automatic notification thanking me for subscribing to the Peter

Gabriel Newsletter. Now I regularly receive two emails at a time from your company. And at this point it has become a little pathetic. I feel like Peter Gabriel has become so irrelevant to the music buying, concert attending public that you have to resort to these tricks to continue to be a part of the conversation. I know how numbers get manipulated. I'm not stupid. And I know that you don't care what kind of attention is paid to your website as long as someone is paying attention.

My second grade teacher, talking about Tracy Watts, used to say, "Tracy just wants attention, even if it is the bad kind of attention." That's you, right now. You are just like Tracy Watts, who I also pitied. And let me tell you, these tricks don't work. These little ploys and plans and plots. I know from experience. It's like, you think just because you leave stuff at your ex-wife's place you can keep going over there and she is going to fall in bed with you like that one time right around 4th of July. But I can tell you right now, it is never going to be like it was. She is never gonna laugh in that way she used to laugh and tilt her head a little bit and offer you a beer.

And if I have to accept that about Christina, then you need to accept that Peter God Damned Gabriel is never gonna headline the MTV music awards again. Or the Grammys. Or whatever other

stupid awards show they have now. You need to just accept that. That time in your life is over. It's time to take a good hard look in the mirror and try to figure out what you still have to offer and who is interested in it. Maybe you can take the knowledge and the skills you have and the love you once had for music and apply it to teaching young people how to unlock their potential. Has that ever crossed your mind, Peter? Or maybe there is a band you can contribute to who really needs your skill set. Like really needs it. Not like Genesis, who clearly didn't need you and who moved on so quickly after you left without even blinking an eyelash. And maybe this hypothetical band who requires your skill set will even let you be in charge, which is something that you obviously really value. Or maybe they won't, but you'll be involved. You'll be a part of the process. And that is important.

Or maybe music isn't what you needed to do after all. Maybe you should have followed in your dad's footsteps and became an engineer. The world needs engineers. And you might have been able to really do something new and different and great. Have you even thought of that? Has that even crossed your mind?

But first, before you can do any of that, you need to move on. You have got to give up on the past. You have got to

accept that you are in a new phase of your life now. You have to give yourself a break on mistakes you have made. And it won't be easy, but you have to do it. For example: in my life I had to come to the realization that I never should have bought that Nissan. Nothing good ever came out of it. All it ever brought me was trouble. I know that now. I can see that. And after the divorce, when I went to Christina's dad's funeral I realized that the things I was pissed about were petty. I couldn't even be there for Christina. She was happy I came but what was I supposed to say? I am sure you have stuff like that in your life as well.

I can admit all of this to myself now. Once you admit these things to yourself, you can finally move on. And who knows. Maybe something even better is on the horizon.

I know you are going to keep emailing me. I know that you are going to send me newsletter updates for your new tour and your new record and I am going to get annoyed. I am going to froth at the mouth for a second and tell anyone who is around, anyone who will listen, what an asshole you are. Who knows who it will be at that point, but I will tell them, "screw this guy and his music," but I won't email you again. That would just be encouraging you. That would just be giving you the bad kind of attention, just like Tracy Watts used to long for when she would

grab our homework and tear it up or put gum in Heather Sanford's hair. And we both know that kind of attention seeking isn't good for anyone. And eventually, I won't even bother to delete the emails you send me. Every new Peter Gabriel Newsletter that you send me will sit with all the other 5,000 unread emails in my inbox that I skip over until I get to the ones from my mom, or old high school friends, or Guitar Center. And I will change my email address one day and stop even looking at the one I was using when I made the mistake of subscribing to your newsletter so I could download that free song for my then girlfriend, who became my wife, and is now my ex-wife. And I won't give you my new address and all those emails you send will be like letters written to an old apartment, or phone calls made to a closed business. And I'll have moved on. And I am telling you this now, for your own good. I am telling you this now from the bottom of my heart: I really do want the best for you, Peter. I really do want you to be happy, but if you think that emailing me is going to make you happy, you are wrong. And the sooner you accept that, the happier you will be.

Sincerely,

Frank Ketchum

P.S. If I ever hear from you again, so help me god I will make
you pay you god damned son of a bitch. LEAVE ME ALONE FOUR
CHRISTS SAKE!!!