

# BRAD PITT

## *Artiste Manqué*



*by Miles Mathis*

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Before we get into it, I wanted to let you know the event where the tomato soup was thrown on the Van Gogh painting was staged. You can see there was glass over the painting, and I suspect they had switched out the painting for a copy anyway, to make sure. Even the frame was likely switched out, since they are saying the frame got damaged. Those frames are worth tens of thousands of dollars by themselves. Plus, we see the kids prepping for this for many minutes: if it had been real someone in the crowd would have tackled them and slapped the shit out of them. I would have done it and you probably would have, too. No one is going to stand there and let that happen, so there must have been guards just out of camera preventing any interference. That or this was filmed after hours.

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[I said in a recent paper](#) that either Brad Pitt or I might hit the wall soon, since we are both nearing 60 and are only a couple of months apart. We are both known in our circles for cheating the clock, but no one lives forever or looks young indefinitely. Yes, I had meant *physically*, since he is a smoker and a drinker and I am not feeling 100% (for reasons not fully known). I don't know if Brad read that—I kind of doubt he did since why would he be reading me—but by accident or plan he has decided to hit a wall first. But it is some sort of psychological or emotional wall, since he is now wearing skirts, dancing around in pristine overalls, and pretending to be an artist.

To be honest, I didn't really blink twice at the skirt story, since as you know I am a liberal\* guy and also a Scotsman (in part)—I have worn a kilt once or twice myself. It's not like he is wearing a short butt-twitcher ice-skater skirt with hearts on it or something. Plus, it has been unbelievably hot here in Cali—it was 120 here in the foothills of the Sierras in September—so just be glad we are wearing anything. And if this is a sign of Brad coming out after all these years, I am also fine with that. Why shouldn't he? He is dropping lots of hints that is what this is, saying “It's just exhausting to be anything but who you are.”

I am fine with all that, so that is not why I am here on this page. I am here because Brad—like many aging Hollywood actors before him (think Jim Carrey, for one)—has now taken the opportunity [to pose as an artist](#). He is using his considerable fame to further besmirch my field. It would be like me now claiming to be an actor, and appearing onscreen with a body full of new tats and PED-muscles, and acting on the level of Pauly Shore or somebody. And being lauded for it by the *Financial Times*, *The Guardian*, and *The New York Times*. You can see why I am pissed.

If you can't, here is Brad's “sculpture” they are leading with:



I put “sculpture” in quotes, because obviously no sculpting was involved. Firing bullets into plexi is not sculpting. This is a sculpture, Brad:



I sculpted that with just four tools: my two hands, a wire, and a pencil. It has my fingerprints all over it.

I know some will answer me that is just a little bit of pretty fluff, a nod to the phallogentric past, or a sign of my own inauthenticity, but it isn't. It is part of [this larger work](#), which—like Brad's work—was created from personal tragedy in my life, though I have never sold it that way.



That is almost fifteen feet tall, and includes oil on canvas, that sculpture, original poetry in calligraphy, and woodworking. You can take that link if you wish to know more. But my point is, no matter what you think of that work, it is clearly a work of art on a completely different level than what we are looking at with Brad and his buddies. Again, you may say, "So what?" The so what is that that piece, like most of my work, has never been in a gallery. Almost no one has ever seen it. It has had no promotion, no press, and no literature. It has been buried on purpose, to keep me from competing directly with these guys.

Here is another Brad sculpy:



Amazing technique, eh? Why wouldn't he score a major exhibition and worldwide acclaim with that, having Jonathan Jones at the *Guardian* say in his title, "Shockingly, Brad Pitt turns out to be a very fine sculptor"?

You will say, "What about this?"



Again, not a sculpture, since it looks like life casts Brad has pieced together in plaster. That or really bad molding/modeling. That takes zero skill of any kind, and the entire conception (Aiming at You I saw Me but it was Too Late This Time) doesn't transcend a confused Modern psychologism. Plus, Brad, if you *aren't* coming out, you should really stop wearing costumes like that and striking such poses. Nick Cave was also part of this exhibition, and he is wearing the obligatory all black, scowling, and sculpting little gay Satanic figurines:



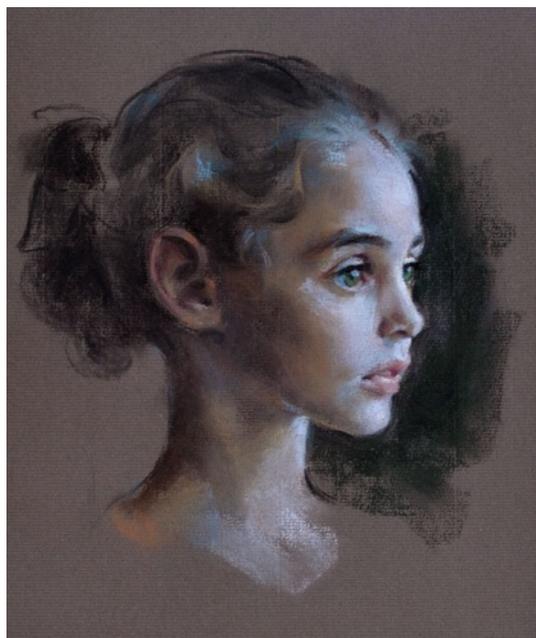
Devil As Child from the series The Devil – A Life, 2020-22, by Nick Cave

Devil Returns From the War, 2020-2022, by Nick Cave

[And they wonder why we think they are Satanists.] But mostly Nick seems to be scowling at Brad's coffee jumper and bright white loafers. Doesn't Brad know the Modern artist uniform in that genre is a filthy old jumper caked with paint and plaster, and Doc Martens covered in duct tape? The fedora is OK, but it needs to be at least 80 years old and stolen from a bum on the streets. And Brad, you should never smile, never explain your work, and most of all, never do *grand jetes* into the camera.

It looks to me like Brad has fired his fashion consultants and is reverting to his own style, which again is fine with me except for his pose as an artist. He has already fielded that accusation, saying humbly that he is just hanging out with his buddies and trying to work through his problems with art. But that is fake humility, as usual, since that is not what he is doing and he should know it. If he was doing that in some shed in LA, I would leave him be, but he is doing it in the top galleries in the world and on the front pages of the magazines and newspapers, which means he is continuing the old cooption of real art by the *poseurs* of Modernism. The Modernists stole art from real artists about 120 years ago, and it is still going on, as you see. If Brad doesn't know that, he should. I will make sure he does know it. His recent ancestors/cousins took the field in a coup, with big business as a willing partner, for two main reasons: one, so that their talentless children could pretend to be artists; two, so that the billionaires could use art as a money laundering front. Real artists wouldn't sign on to that scheme, for obvious reasons, so they had to be phased out. By 1920 they had all been driven out, retired, or killed themselves (see Sargent, Whistler, Rodin, etc), and no one with any talent has been allowed into the field since then. I have met nothing but hostility and slander from the major markets, and have survived only by doing portraits and selling directly to a few old fashioned people with taste.

It reminds me of my recent paper on Andrew Tate, where I accused him of being a fraud. Some of his friends or promoters wrote me and told me to back off because he was on my side. I answered them, “Is he? Then why is he pretending I don't exist and promoting only himself? As a self-proclaimed trillionaire, he could be promoting me, offering to underwrite me, buying my art, setting up exhibitions for me, or at least linking to my papers. Instead, nothing.” I am now in my 60<sup>th</sup> year and I have never once had serious promotion or support from anyone. People come to my studio and say, “I can't believe that painting never sold. It is one of the best things I have ever seen from a living artist.” That has happened literally hundreds of times. But, as I say, not only have these things not sold, *they have never even been exhibited*. The kind of realist galleries that would show them do not exist anymore.



They existed as recently as the 1990s in places like Taos, NM, but as soon as I arrived there in 2007 Dennis Hopper and his buddies came in and [destroyed the whole realist market](#), with malice aforethought.

But back to the current exhibition in Finland. The strange thing is that Brad is no worse—*and is actually not as bad*—as the “real” sculptor in this trio of exhibitors, Thomas Houseago. Houseago is famous as a large-scale sculptor of horrific corpses and skeletons and monsters—and for his recent near-death mental breakdown—but on closer inspection he turns out to be the usual fraud. He claims his breakdown was due to abuse from his father, but I suspect it was due—at least in part—to the realization he himself was a fraud. His bio is conspicuously missing most real information, including his parents' names, so we don't really know who he is or where he came from (yet). He claims to come from a poor family [from Leeds] but that is just the standard sob story of all these famous people, including Brad. We are supposed to believe Brad came from nowhere, too, although he is a direct descendant and namesake of William Pitt the Younger, Prime Minister of England. Since Brad has many many links to the British peerage, odds are he didn't just happen to meet the British Houseago at the local cappuccino shack in Beverly Hills or Malibu. They are probably peerage cousins. Houseago looks like a fake name to me, and there is no chance he came out of nowhere. It simply doesn't happen. When we see someone like this moving to the top of the art scene and then hanging out with movie stars, we can be sure they were connected from the cradle. We can tell this again by his relationship with Amy Bessone. He was with her back to his 20s, and the Bessones are peerage, related to the Shakespears and Thackerays. So they are probably cousins as well. [See below where I prove all

this.]



I had never heard of Houseago before today, I admit, but of course my research on him immediately takes us down another rabbit hole. Just before his collapse, he gave [an interview to ArtNet](#) under the title, “Sculpture is Dying if Not Dead”. Which tends to confirm my belief his breakdown was due as much to that as anything else. Yes, sculpture is dead and has been for a long time, and it is due to people like Houseago filling the top spots with their corpses and skeletons. Maybe that didn't occur to him until 2019, who knows. Whatever the case may be, [he later admits](#) that

**I realized art had been at times a trauma loop. In my attempt to somatically, through sculpture, release the trauma, I was simultaneously re-traumatizing myself.**

Proving one of my oldest claims about Modern art, that being that it was never a response to trauma, but trauma itself. Modernism only pretended to be about big subjects from the beginning, hiding behind causes and ideas in order to cloak the emptiness of the art itself. And the emptiness of the artist. Psychology was one of these fake causes propping up Modernism, but it was just one more inversion. While the artist was claiming to address societal or personal issues, he or she was actually exploding the history of art with full intent, to make the product easier to produce, promote, and launder. Modernism was never about addressing the trauma of history or of the individual, it was always about *inducing* trauma in society and individuals, especially talented artists seeing their field destroyed. That was the real trauma of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, for people like me.

But even if we believe Houseago was working through personal trauma, we have to laugh at this late discovery his method was flawed. What, sculpting giant scary corpses and skeletons didn't make him feel better? Who would have thought? Who would have predicted that his PTSD would not have been ameliorated by a series of new negative experiences? Isn't the cure to black more black? Isn't the cure to ugly more ugly? Isn't the cure to monsters more monsters?



In the same place Houseago admits he hated himself. For being abused? Obviously not. Then for what? For being, he says, “an art-star asshole guy”. So now he is just saying what I am saying.

Houseago is now painting “colorful vision paintings”, which he says are full of hope. Like this one:



Yeah, he has clearly turned a corner there.

But I said there was a rabbit hole here. There is and it starts here:

**I think white men are finally being asked to look at themselves, to begin taking account of evil, racist, sexist systems that benefit a white notion of power that is vile and corrupting. My journey as a white male growing up within the class system in the U.K., before moving to the race-based, oppressive system in the U.S., has been really informative.**

Ah, so that's what this is all about? Inducing ever higher levels of fake trauma, as part of a CIA project to splinter society even further . . . to prevent revolution. That quote from Houseago's 2021 interview with Kate Brown puts him squarely in the eye of the created hurricane, which allows us to place him with some certainty in the current cast. That quote pegs him as another Pfizer rep selling race and gender wars to keep eyes off their genocides. Since we know most of Hollywood was hired for the same purpose, it explains why we see him with Pitt and Cave now, selling the same poisoned kool-aid. **Houseago explicitly sells the vaccine in this interview.** Which ties us back to that last painting. What is the title? *Vaccine salesman?*

But the rabbit hole doesn't stop on that floor. Oh no! In that same interview we discover Houseago was the “dear friend” of artist Saul Fletcher, who allegedly murdered his partner the curator/dealer Rebeccah Blum in 2020, then killing himself. Fletcher was also a friend of Brad Pitt. What is strange is how aggressively this murder/suicide is [sold as part of the Men-are-Pigs project at ArtNet](#) and other

places, immediately making us question everything. The other thing that does so is the names: these people are all famous Jews, and we have seen how much these people love to fake their deaths, especially when they can make political hay out of it. Houseago is so *obviously* making political hay out of it in this interview at ArtNet we would be foolish not to ask the question. According to ArtNet, this isn't just one man killing one woman: *no, it is all men killing all women*. FEMICIDE. Since of course no woman has ever killed a man she was living with, physically or spiritually.

Before we move on down the rabbit hole, I should pause to point out that Houseago was also a dear friend of Turner Prize judge Michael Stanley, again confirming all my worst guesses here. Stanley committed suicide in 2012. I won't follow this line down the rabbit hole, I will just pause to point out once again how strange it is that the poor Houseago from the wrong side of the tracks in Leeds ("like Gary, Indiana"), is a "dear friend" of so many Jews from top peerage families, including the kingmaker Stanleys.

I also point out that Houseago says this:

**In Arizona, I'd listen to Bach as the sun came up in the canyon and weep that the music was also a sunrise.**

So Bach was healing. But would Bach be allowed to write stuff like that now? No, because that would be inauthentic now. Like my art.

Bach is cool. Beautiful sensitive drawings are not cool. You see the contradictions embedded in these people's heads and theories and programs. Bach is no threat to them because he is dead. He can't compete with them, take their funding, or replace them on the front pages. I can so I have to be crushed. Because these people can't create beauty, they have to outlaw it.

The next thing I notice is that the interview of June 2021 that we have been looking at seems fake. It doesn't read like a real interview. It is way too slick and structured, and Houseago sounds feminine throughout it, as if Kate Brown wrote the whole thing. Go read it yourself and tell me if it sounds like someone interviewing Houseago, or if it sounds like Brown talking to herself. For me—another professional writer—it is obvious what it is.

But let's return to the alleged Blum murder.



Those are two [Saul Fletcher works](#), just so you know what sort of major talent we are looking at here.



There he is hanging out with Pitt and Houseago. He looks a little like Harvey Keitel there, doesn't he, especially in the mouth. And Blum in a dress that is way too tight.

So anyway, the strange thing, as they admit at ArtNet, is the way the murder/suicide was sold by the press right afterwards as a big promotion FOR Fletcher and his career. The press releases barely mention Blum and spend all their time talking about Fletcher and his galleries and shows. You have to admit that is pretty weird. ArtNet spins that to mean the press is still phallogentric and sexist, but there is another more logical and direct reading, isn't there? If I am right and the murder/suicide was staged—like all the rapper deaths—then it was probably staged for the same reasons as the rapper deaths. **To boost sales.** From the point of view of Fletcher's ghost, the obvious use of the event was as a chance to get him on the front pages again. You will say being a murderer isn't great promotion, but this is Modern art we are talking about. Modernism has always been upside down to morality, and those in the field would not hold a little thing like murder against him, even if they thought it was true. It would just be another thing to talk about as they were showing the new painting to the neighbors.

The mainstream gives us yet another clue in this direction: as it turns out, Fletcher had not had a show since 2013. He was basically off the map and couldn't buy any promotion by any honest method. His wife was an art dealer and therefore an expert at. . . art promotion. So we have all the bases: motive, means, result.

And yet another clue: these early reports got almost everything wrong about the event, and many retractions and corrections were made. We have seen that is par for the course in fake events, since they create multiple stories on purpose, to manufacture confusion.

And yet another clue: Fletcher's own dealer, Allison Jacques, posted on Instagram demanding that all traces of Fletcher be erased from history, due to this “femicide”. *The Observer* then published her plea, under this subtitle:

**It is not ok to continue to promote, publicly archive or exhibit the work of a perpetrator of domestic violence.**

That's a bit much, don't you think, and more than a bit suspicious. Almost as if she knew the truth and was trying to undercut it. She hadn't been cut in and wanted to undermine this underhanded form of promotion. While at the same time promoting their split-the-sexes program. Just a theory. Otherwise her comments don't really make any sense. I also note that she is implying that the promotion and exhibition of Fletcher *was* continuing in 2020-2021, which also tends to confirm my reading. Even those who thought Fletcher shouldn't be permanently erased from history should have been offended by new promotion right after the event. You would expect all promotion and exhibition to be cancelled in the short term, and if it wasn't it just adds suspicion to the entire spectacle.

Here is what *The New York Times* had to say about Fletcher's bio:

**At the age of fifteen, Fletcher dropped out of school in hardscrabble Lincolnshire, where he was born, and joined the Army. By sixteen, he was back home, working the docks.**

The usual bollocks, since you can't join the army at 15, or drop out of it on a lark either. Here is what it says at Parliament.uk:

**The minimum age for enlisting in the is 16. The UK is the only country in Europe which routinely recruits people aged under 18. Those who sign on when 16 or 17 must serve until they are 22.**

So, lies on both accounts from the *NYT*. Which means the “hardscrabble Lincolnshire” thing is probably a lie, too. They admit Fletcher was born in Barton-upon-Humber, which is not exactly



hardscrabble. Our first guess would be that Fletcher is a peerage Fletcher, linking us to the Saviles, Grimstons, Talbots, Fox-Strangways, Molyneux, Russells, Campbells, Howards, Brabazons, Peels, Hamiltons, Spencer-Churchills, Egertons, Maitlands, and Stuarts. Also see Baron Fletcher, d. 1990, Deputy Speaker and later Privy Council. He is strangely scrubbed at thepeerage.com. These Fletchers of the peerage also have ties to California, see Dr. Clarence Fletcher who attended Berkeley. With a bit more digging, we find these Fletchers are related to the [Hohenbergs](#), linking us straight to the Kings of Austria, including Archduke Franz Ferdinand. Wow.

Also see actress Susannah York, nee Fletcher. Her father was a merchant banker and steel magnate. He is listed in the peerage but is scrubbed of all information. He is the one who links us to the Peels and Hamiltons, that is to the Home Office and MI6. Peel is on the cover of Sgt. Pepper's, remember.

And we have more in that vein: these peerage Fletchers became Aubrey-Fletchers in 1910, and in 1965 Susan Aubrey-Fletcher, daughter of the 7<sup>th</sup> Baronet, married Richard Stanley, son of Lord Stanley, and grandson of the Earl Stanley, 17<sup>th</sup> Earl of Derby. So that's twice that name came up already, if you are counting. It will come up again. The Earl Stanley's wife was the daughter of William Montagu, Duke of Manchester, a cousin of George Washington.

These Fletchers also link us to the Telfers. Do you remember who is a Telfer? That would be Matt Damon. Which reminds us we have now linked Pitt to Fletcher. Pitt is related to these peerage Fletchers in many lines, which would confirm that Pitt and Fletcher were not just friends: they were *cousins*. Pitt and Damon are also cousins.

This could be why we are never told who Saul's parents are. His bio is empty of all information of that sort, just as with Houseago. But can we link the peerage Fletchers to Lincolnshire? Yep, since they have been there since the 12<sup>th</sup> century. See Ralph le Fleccher of the Hundred Rolls.

But I just did my little dance, since I found the link to Barton-upon-Humber itself. Remember, that is where our Saul Fletcher was born. So I did a search on “stately homes Barton-upon-Humber”. Stately homes are homes where the peerage or nobility have lived. [There are 13 listed](#), but I just happened to click on the right one the first time: Lotherton. Maybe that was a good guess or maybe we could link the Fletchers to all of them. Anyway, here is the direct link: The Gascoignes owned Lotherton, and they are now the Trench-Gascoignes. So I just looked up the last one who owned that home, Alvary



Trench-Gascoigne, and found he comes from Col. Frederick Trench-Gascoigne, ne Trench, whose

mother was a Gascoigne. These Trenches were the Barons Ashtown, and one of the nephews of the 1<sup>st</sup> Baron married a [Chevenix](#). That rang a big bell since I had just seen that name while researching the peerage Fletchers. That Dr. Fletcher who went to Berkeley married [Isabel Clare Chevenix Trench](#), which means the Gascoignes of Lotherton in Barton-upon-Humber [are also Fletchers](#). Meaning, I have now proved the Fletchers of Barton-upon-Humber are not “hardscrabble”, they are in fact peerage.

They are also Gervaises, linking us no doubt to Ricky Gervais, yet another cousin of Brad Pitt. Explaining why they let him do his thing at the Golden Globes. He is just joshing his relatives.

Who else do we link to with these Fletchers? Well, we link immediately to Gores, taking us forward to Al Gore. Through the Trenches we link to the Bloomfields and then to the Liddells. We saw in a [recent paper that Joe Biden is a Liddell](#), related to the these Barons Ravensworth. The Trenches also link us to the Moores, Earls of Drogheda, who link us to the Ponsonbys and Brabazons, who link us to the Manners and Montagus, who link us again to the Stanleys for the third time. The Manners link us to the Pierreponts and Cavendishes, including J. Pierpont Morgan. The Cavendishes link us to Scudamores and Stuarts. So, basically everyone.

That successful outcome leads us to return to Thomas Houseago, to try to do the same with him. My best guess would be he is a Houssemayne du Boulay or something like that. That is the name that jumped out at me first from the peerage lists. I may even have found our link between Houseago and Pitt. [I have shown you many times Pitt is a Trotter](#) in his recent lines. Well, in about 1970 [Robin Houssemayne du Boulay married Tanya Judge](#), whose mother is a Micaleff. They are related to the Trotters and Nicholls. And we find a second link between Pitt and *Fletcher* on these pages of Houssemayne du Boulay in the peerage, which is very unexpected—strongly confirming my guess. We find the Kirkpatrick's marrying the Trenches in the late 1900s, linking the Trenches to the Trotters and Murrays/Staneleys. So Brad Pitt is a cousin of the Gascoignes and Fletchers through the Trotters and Trenches. This would explain why Pitt is hanging out with Houseago and Fletcher. They are peerage cousins, just as I expected.

A second confirmation of this is that the Houssemayne du Boulays also turn out to be related to the Kings of Austria, via the Habsburgs and Hohenzollerns. That links the Houssemayne du Boulays to the Fletchers.

To back this up I continued to research the name Houseago. Strangely, [there is a second sculptor named Houseago, first name Natasha](#), and she also came out of the Jacob Kramer Art College in Leeds. That can't be a coincidence. She must be an older sister or something. Does that confirm the name Houseago, or did they both change their names from Houssemayne du Boulay? There are other Houseagos online, but not more than a handful. They could all come from one family. So we have to ask why someone in this family thought to change “mane” to “go”. There must be some logic there. For instance, if we could find they married the Golinskys, becoming the Houssemayne du Boulay-Golinskys, that would explain it. That would compress to Houseago, wouldn't it?

So let's see what we can find. One of them married a [Ritchie](#), which again is a clue. It would explain why Brad Pitt has famously worked with Guy Ritchie. We also find one of them marrying a [Clare Stewart](#) in 1972. We also link to Field Marshal Alexander, 1<sup>st</sup> Earl, who married into the Bingham's, Earls of Lucan, linking us to the Gordon-Lennoxes, Dukes of Richmond.

I didn't find what I was looking for there, so it remains just a theory. Possible names starting with Go would be Gore, which already came up above, so I take it as the most likely. . . Hold on. Guess what,

a second little dance, since I just found it! It isn't Gore, it is **Gordon**. See [Suzanne Houssemayne du Boulay Gordon](#), daughter of Lt. Colonel Arthur Houssemayne du Boulay, who married Lt. Col. Lord Douglas Gordon, of the Marquesses of Huntley, in 1940. [That links us to the Gibbs as well](#), probably pulling in the BeeGees. That would make the Brothers Gibb of the Isle of Man cousins of the Kings, Earls of Lovelace; the Warburtons; and the Spencer-Churchills, Dukes of Marlborough. But anyway, I take this as proof that Houseago is a compression of Houssemayne-Gordon. ~~Houssemayne-Gordon~~. It's a portmanteau, you see.

But do we have any links of these Houssemayne du Boulays to Leeds? Yep. See [Adam Houssemayne du Boulay](#), b. 1968, listed at gov.uk, who was the director of a construction company in Leeds. We can also check the stately homes of Leeds. The first is Harewood, owned by the Lascelles Earls, who had children who came to New Mexico and Arizona in the 1970s. We also hit Lotherton again, reminding Yanks like me that Barton-upon-Humber is only about 20 miles from Leeds. Which links Fletcher and Houseago once again.

Then we have Branham Park, owned by the **Lane-Foxes**. Oho! Guess who they are related to? I will give you a hint: They later became the. . . Lane-Fox-Pitt-Rivers. The Fox-Pitt-Rivers link us again to the Stanleys, since Lt. Gen. Augustus Fox-Pitt-Rivers married the daughter of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Baron Stanley of Alderley. His grandson also married a Stanley of the Barons Sheffield. This also links us to the Tennants, Forsters, Montagus, Douglasses (Marquesses of Queensbury), and **Cohens**. [Also to the Astleys](#), including Rick Astley.

I think we may assume Nick Cave is also a cousin, since his mother is a Treadwell. The Treadwells in the peerage are closely related to the Mann baronets, who link us to the Alexanders. We just saw them with the Field Marshal related to the Houssemaynes. In fact, we find a Nick Cave in the peerage, son of a Gore, though it isn't this Nick Cave. The Caves are baronets in Devon, also related to the Campbells, Earls Cawdor, and the Cavendishes, Earls of Burlington. Also see the Baronets Cave-Browne-Cave, who were big in the army and RAF. They also link us to the Astleys. So we have just found one easy link between the Caves and the Pitts: the Astleys.

Cave came out of the posh Caulfield Grammar School in Melbourne. He met Leonard Cohen as a child, so that proves he was connected. Were you ever introduced to anyone famous? I wasn't. And notice we just saw a Cohen in the previous paragraph. Coincidence? Nope. Leonard was yet another cousin. These Cohens trace back to [Levi Barent-Cohen](#) of the Netherlands. We saw them in my paper on Karl Marx, since they link us to the Rothschilds. They also link us forward to Sacha Baron Cohen.

Some of my fans (and non-fans) don't understand how I do this. How can I always find some obscure link no one else could find? Because I know it is there going in, and I don't quit until I dig it out. My gut told me Saul Fletcher was peerage, so I looked for proof in the most likely places. You will say I still haven't proved it. That's true. Saul Fletcher's lines are hidden, and we can have no final proof without that. Just because the Fletchers lived in the stately homes in that area doesn't prove beyond doubt Saul is one of them. But when you add to that the promotion he has gotten as an artist of very little talent, and the fact he is hanging out with Brad Pitt, you begin to have some extremely strong circumstantial evidence. The same applies to Houseago. If you still think it is all just a coincidence, that is your prerogative. I just show you my data and you can come to your own conclusions.

As for the murder-suicide, I also have no proof that was faked. It is just a gut feeling. But it wouldn't be the first time [we have seen such a thing in the field of art](#). We have seen that fake deaths are an *extremely* common occurrence in these Families, almost a point of honor. Confusing the Gentiles

requires a constant stream of nearly transparent fakes. So in proposing this one was faked, I am just playing the odds.

Also, while others are scared of speculating in cases like this, I happen to know that you can't be sued for libeling dead people. Fletcher and Blum would have to rise from the grave to sue me for speculating, and if they did they would just prove my case. And besides, I have no assets. The Families have made sure of that. I haven't got enough in the bank for bus fare to court. So they might as well sue a rock.

And if these people *are* traumatized, as they certainly seem to be, I think we can see why: the trauma they had meant for us has recoiled upon themselves, just as the ancient texts warned. I can't quote scripture, but I know there is something about curses reflecting back on the cursers a thousand fold or something. Which is why I do not curse them. It is why you do not need to curse them or even block their curses. Your armor is not in black or white counter-spells, it is in being a good person. Build your spirit in a white light, upon a true pattern, and the rest will take care of itself. No, you won't be guaranteed promotion, fame, or money, but your spirit and its creations will flourish nonetheless.

\*Liberal by the 1960s meaning, not the 1990s and especially not the 2020s. I am anti-war, anti-chamber of commerce, anti-authority, anti-establishment, anti-Wall Street, anti-banks, and anti-CIA, which used to make me liberal. Now both parties are pro all those things.