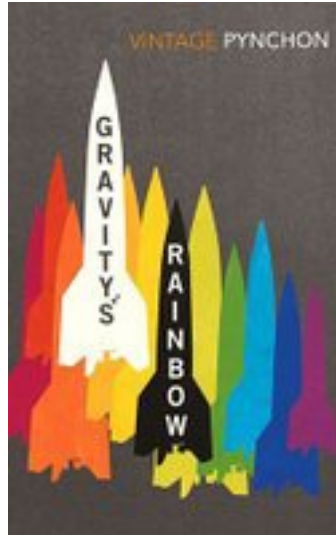


[return to updates](#)

Thomas Pynchon

is another spook-baby



by Miles Mathis

First published September 7, 2016

As usual, this is just my opinion, based on private research.

As you know, I like to tell you how I got here. I was looking for a free film to watch online and ran across *Inherent Vice*, the 2014 Paul Thomas Anderson film starring Joaquin Phoenix and other spooks too numerous to mention. It is the one where Phoenix plays a hippie detective in LA in around 1970. Although I consider Anderson to be annoying and oversold, I found this film to be watchable for a change. It is actually funny. It also captures Pynchon's disjointed narrative pretty well, while perhaps being even funnier than Pynchon. I have never been a fan of Pynchon, so that isn't saying much, but I like to give credit where credit is due. I will show you that Pynchon was hired to create misdirection, but his novels do have their moments. So does the film.

Here is one: when we first meet the LA cop and ultimate square and fascist Bigfoot Bjornsen, played by Josh Brolin, Pynchon describes him as

SAG member, John Wayne walk, flattop of Flintstone proportions. . .

SAG member? SAG means Screen Actors Guild, so Pynchon is admitting actors aren't liberal, they are actually rightist narcs like this cop Bjornsen. Hippie haters, like [I told you later in my paper on *Once Upon a Time in Hollywood*](#). But of course almost everyone who read the book or saw the movie missed that.

If you still aren't getting it, here's another inside joke, the central one of the book and film, in fact.

At <https://i.pinimg.com/736x/b2/06/ab/b206ab01dd2d7acf655c54804c0a4523.jpg> the 52-minute mark, Doc's lawyer is telling him why the big real estate guy Wolfmann has disappeared. It is because Feds want to install him in Las Vegas as a casino owner. We are told they want someone who isn't Italian.

They want white Anglo owners on the strip, who better than Mickey Wolfmann.

Did you get it? No? Well, all the owners on the strip aren't Italian, they are Jewish. Vegas was created by and is owned by Jews. But just as they want you to think all mobsters are low-class Italians in loud suits, they want you to think Vegas is run by Italians. It's a big joke. The joke within the joke is that Wolfmann is also an obvious Jewish name, and the actor playing him, Eric Roberts, is also Jewish. Everyone in the film is Jewish. The director and producers are Jewish. The publisher of the book is Jewish. And so was Pynchon:



And yes, that's really him, no joke.

I will go down Pynchon's Wikipedia page, showing you how to read it, but first I want to continue to point out to you what to look for in the film. The first giant red flag is when Phoenix's character Doc starts talking about the Aryan Brotherhood. I showed you [in my paper on the Manson murders](#) that, like Manson, the Aryan Brotherhood is a construct of Intelligence. It is fake. It doesn't exist except in the stories that come out of Langley and Hollywood. The same applies to the Black Panthers, which also play a part in *Inherent Vice*. In fact, as usual Pynchon—or whoever is writing this crap—loads this novel and screenplay with as many manufactured projects as possible, in order to resell them and keep the propaganda fresh. That is also why the film was made. While being sold as harmless entertainment, it salts in the old lies one more time, making you think the 1960s were something they never were.

[**Added September 2024:** About halfway through the film, the hooker Jade tells Doc the Golden Fang is a boat owned and run by an IndoChinese cartel of heroin smugglers: a “vertical package” that does everything, from growing it and cutting it to running street dealers in across the US. This is the usual CIA misdirection, blaming everything on China, Russia, or Mexico, or South American cartels, when the illegal drug trade is actually run by. . . the CIA, which is itself a front and gofer for the Phoenician Navy. That has been admitted many times, including by Gary Webb in the 1990s, with the crack cocaine trade. This feint is being run right now as cover for the Fentanyl crisis. See [this article today](#) at Zerohedge and EpochTimes blaming China for producing and importing most of the Fentanyl now on the streets.



That's a Justice Department graphic from a press conference in 2017, that the *EpochTimes* doesn't even question. See all the big arrows coming from China! Except that Fentanyl is a lab drug: it doesn't require huge poppy fields or traditional opium routes, you know. We also see the misdirection here:

The pharmaceutical ingredients for production of **fentanyl** are predominantly **made** in India and China. Originally, China exported finished **fentanyl** to the US. However, after Beijing ensured that the **fentanyl**-type class of drugs fell under a strict new controlled regulatory schedule in May 2019, its illicit traders switched to funneling precursor chemicals to Mexico's powerful drug cartels, particularly the Sinaloa Cartel and the Jalisco New Generation Cartel (CJNG), according to the DEA.

That is the first thing that comes up if you do a websearch on the question. Sure, why not trust the DEA? Except that, like Hamas and Hezbollah, Sinaloa and Jalisco only exist as CIA fronts. None of this is run by short Hispanic guys south of the border any more than it is run by IndoChinese gangs in red-sailed clippers. It is run by our own government, which is completely capable of managing this trade and taking all profits for itself. That is why they can't seem to stop this trafficking, despite spending billions: it is all a feint, and they have no interest in stopping their own supply routes. The illegal drug trade has been run by the same people for thousands of years worldwide, and those people aren't Chinese, Indian, or Hispanic. They have always been Jewish/Phoenician: the same people that run all other major trade routes.]

Pynchon includes asides to many conspiracy theories in his books, but you will never see him mentioning a real one. He only mentions the conspiracy theories created in Langley to keep you off the

real ones. If you don't know what I mean, compare his list to mine. Does he out any of the events I do? No. All the ones which I show you are fake, he sells as real. While appearing to be *avant*, he is just selling you a slightly tweaked version of mainstream history.

Possibly the most quoted quote of Pynchon is this one from *Gravity's Rainbow*:

If they can get you asking the wrong questions, they don't have to worry about answers.

That's very true, but what most people miss is that it applies first of all to Pynchon himself. In other words, it is another clue most people miss because it is hiding in plain sight. It is the *title* of the Pynchon project and his job-one. As part of Operation Chaos, Pynchon was hired to create confusion, and his novels were and are used primarily to keep you off beating the wrong bushes—as we saw with the Aryan Brotherhood, the Black Panthers, and so on. He was instructed to make the lies more sexy and more interesting than the truth. He and every other promoted writer in the 20th century.

Pynchon is from spook lines on both sides of his family. His full name is Thomas Ruggles Pynchon. You will remember from [my paper on Nathaniel Hawthorne](#) that the House of the Seven Gables was owned by Judge Pyncheon. That is no coincidence, since the real Pynchons—like the Hawthornes—were original Massachusetts settlers, involved in all the major hoaxes back to the beginning, including the [Salem Witch hoax](#). William Pynchon was a wealthy trader in Massachusetts in the 1600s, and he founded Springfield. It is admitted that he was an ancestor of Thomas. The Pynchons were involved in faking witch trials even before Salem did it. Springfield had their own trials in 1651, 41 years before Salem, and Judge William Pynchon presided. You may be interested to know that in addition to knowing Greek and Latin, [Judge Pynchon also spoke Hebrew](#). You may also be interested to know this founder of Springfield and one of the richest men in Massachusetts was forced to leave the colonies and go back to England to avoid charges of heresy. He didn't fake his death, but did everything short of that: giving all money and property to his son, to take it out of the reach of the courts; and leaving the country with his wife. We are told this was due to something he wrote about Jesus, but I would say it is more likely he was discovered to be a crypto-Jew promoting various hoaxes. Among his later books were *The Jewes Synagogue* and *How the first Sabbath was Ordained*.

We have seen the name Ruggles before as well. In [my recent paper on Mabel Dodge Luhan](#) the name came up. Her first husband Edwin Dodge was related to the Ruggles. They are also related to the Parsons and Snells. The Ruggles go back to Timothy Ruggles, President of the Stamp Act Congress of 1765. This was the first Colonial Congress. He was descended from Thomas Dudley, four-time Governor of Massachusetts from 1634-51. Dudley was related to the Jacobs, who took part in the Salem Witch Trial. He was related to the John Dudley executed for promoting Jane Grey as Queen of England. It is also worth mentioning [Bathsheba Ruggles](#), who was allegedly hanged while pregnant by the State of Massachusetts in Worchester in 1778. She was related to the Spooners, the Greens, and the Newcombs, among others. You will say, “I thought Mary Surratt was the first woman hanged in the US”. No, she was allegedly the first hanged by the *Federal* Government. But since both hangings were faked, neither was the first. We know Ruggles' hanging was faked, since they wouldn't kill the unborn child for the sins of its mother. Nothing could go more strongly against scripture, and these people were allegedly zealots. Even if that weren't true, we would know the event was faked by the people involved.

But back to Pynchon. His mother was Katherine Bennett. Her genealogy is well scrubbed, which is a red flag. We are told the date and place of her birth, but no parents. How is that possible? You would get the date and place from a birth record and such records always list parents. So how could we have

one without the other? My assumption is they are hiding something big, and best guess that is she is descended from the Bennets, with one “t”. That would make her descended from the English peerage. But her mother's name may be an even bigger clue, and I suspect it links us to the major crypto-Jewish families of Massachusetts one more time. Maybe she was a Parris or a Proctor.

The next red flag on his page is that Pynchon came out of the Navy. My guess is he was Office of Naval Intelligence, although of course they aren't going to put that in his bio. In support of that, we find he was not drafted but recruited in his sophomore year at Cornell. As a physics-engineering major, he would be recruited *by whom*? And as a student who didn't need the money from the military, he would agree to be recruited *why*? He actually quit school to go into the Navy. After two years, he returned to Cornell, but studied literature instead of physics. Curious. More curious is that during this time he joined a “micro-cult” centered on Oakley Hall's 1958 novel *Warlock*. If you don't know, that isn't a vampire book, it is a book about Wyatt Earp. And if you don't know why that is a red flag, you may wish to read [my recent paper on Earp and Tombstone](#), showing it was all another hoax. About the novel,

Pynchon praised it for restoring "to the myth of Tombstone its full, mortal, blooded humanity", and for showing "that what is called society, with its law and order, is as frail, as precarious, as flesh and can be snuffed out and assimilated into the desert as easily as a corpse can. It is the deep sensitivity to abysses that makes *Warlock* one of our best American novels."^[5]

Right. You might wish to read that again more closely and ask yourself how a “myth” can be restored to its full, mortal, blooded humanity. *He is admitting it is a myth.*

One year after it was published, the book was made into a film starring spook Henry Fonda, so we see the usual link between the Langley-lit division and CIA-west-theatrical division, AKA Hollywood. The genealogy sites have never heard of a Oakley Maxwell Hall, and my nose tells me it is a fake name. He looks like another front for a writing committee and may not have existed at all. There are three photos of him online, but they are all from the same age and may have been taken at the same time. Then we have this:



But that just looks to me like some guy in a wig, playing a part. It is supposed to be Oakley Hall III, but I am not convinced.

His sister is alleged to be writer Sands Hall, but she looks like another spook production. She was a ghost until about 2000, when she came out with her first book at age 48. The year before she was in the Iowa Writer's Workshop, at age 47. Her father Oakley also came out of the Iowa Writer's Workshop, which has been funded by the Rockefeller Foundation, the ACCF, and the Farfield

Foundation. The last two have been [outed as CIA fronts by Frances Stonor Saunders](#), and the first might as well have been. I talked about the IWW [in my paper on the Beat Poets](#), quoting from university professor Eric Bennett, who was there at the same time Sands Hall was alleged to have been there. Does that name look familiar? Thomas Pynchon's mother was Katherine Bennett, remember?

For more evidence Oakley Maxwell Hall is a created person, look at his dates: July 1, 1920 to May 12, 2008. Numerology from start to finish. July 1 adds to eight and so does May 12. And of course 2008.

While at Cornell, Pynchon hung out with Richard Farina, another guy with spook markers all over him. His first wife was Carolyn Hester, on whose album, you will remember, Bob Dylan was playing harmonica when he was allegedly discovered by John Hammond—son of Emily Vanderbilt Sloane. Farina's second wife was Mimi Baez, sister of Joan. Farina's bio is otherwise scrubbed, with no ancestors listed past his father Liborio Farinas from Cuba. But according to Geni, Richard's two sisters <private> both married Baez men as well, giving us at least three links between the families. Since the Baez family was very prominent, the Farinas family must have been as well. Joan and Mimi's father was physicist Albert Baez. Although Mexican, he got his degrees in the US. He got his BS in 1933 (note the date) and his MS in mathematics from Syracuse in 1935. He and his wife became Quakers, another huge red flag. [See my recent paper on the Quakers](#). Not a lot of Mexicans become Quakers. Albert got his PhD in physics from Stanford in 1950, which is *15 years* after his MS. We aren't told why it took him so long, or what he was up to in those years. All we know is that his wife was Joan Chandos Bridge, but her genealogy is also scrubbed, with a father given but no mother. However, we do find that she was descended from the Dukes of Chandos, who were named Brydges. So she was descended from the peerage. She may also be related to Lloyd Bridges, whose grandmother was a Case. He was also descended from the Bates and Nichols families of Plymouth. Also the Cranes of Connecticut. See Cornelius Crane Chase, also known as Chevy Chase.

Another pal of Pynchon at Cornell was David Shetzline. The Shetzline family used to own large parts of Philadelphia, and is Jewish. “Shetz” is Ashkenazi (Russian/Jewish) and it means “six”. They are related to the Simons, Minks (Minnichs), Chubbs, Brooks, and Getzes. Yes, Stan Getz was Jewish.

Another pal was Kirkpatrick Sale, also probably a crypto-Jew. His wife was Faith Apfelbaum, which is German for appletree. But Germans did not use the name, Jews did. Sale's ancestry is completely scrubbed at Wikipedia and all genealogy sites. Not even parents are listed. The name was probably originally Sales, Zale or Zales. See Ben Sales, currently a writer at the *Jewish Standard*, or Zales diamonds, started by the Jewish Zale and Lipshy families. Sale started his career at the “leftist” *New Leader* magazine, founded in 1924 by Eugene Debs. [See my paper outing Debs](#) as a total fake. It was not only this magazine that was a front: Communism in general was founded and promoted by billionaire Jewish families all the way back to the early 1800s, even before the Jewish Marx got involved. Sale then went to work for the *New York Times*, owned by billionaire Jewish family Sulzberger—who also founded the New York Stock Exchange. He wrote a book *SDS* in 1973 about the Students for a Democratic Society, which was nothing more than another CIA front posing as a leftist organization. It was spun-off from another CIA front SLID in 1960 by its director Aryah Neier, admitted to be Jewish. He was later head of the ACLU in 1970, which spoils that organization for us as well. But I can't get into that here.

In the 1970s Sale was also assigned to infiltrate and derail the environmental movement. Writing for *Mother Jones* and *The Nation*, he pretended to be a neo-Luddite, blackwashing everything he touched. In this way, he was a lesser demon of the Ted Kaczynski sort, selling the same kool-aid and pretending to support the environment, [but stopping short of faking a series of murders](#). Sale also wrote for

Counterpunch, the *Utne Reader*, and *The American Conservative*—which tells you what to think of those rags, supposing you didn't already know.

Pynchon worked for Boeing for 2.5 years in the early 60s, writing a newsletter for the Air Force and its BOMARC surface-to-air missile program.



Curious job for a future postmodern writer, I would say. While there he began working on his novel *V*, and after it began selling we are told he quit and moved to Manhattan Beach. Although he was a military man, we are told he adopted the habits and styles of the hippies. But since *V* didn't initially sell well enough to support a person, this doesn't really wash. To me it looks like he was on assignment in Los Angeles, infiltrating the hippies just as Orwell had infiltrated the lower classes before him. This was a common spook arc, and we saw it with Jack London and Ernest Hemingway as well. In support of that, guess where Pynchon lived in Manhattan Beach. Are you ready? 33rd street.

In 1968, Pynchon was one of 447 signatories to the Writers and Editors War Tax Protest. This was another big fake, as we can tell just from the numerology. I guess you caught the number 47 there.

While we are looking at numerology, we can back up to Pynchon's time at Cornell, where he is said to have taken a class with Nabokov. The number of the class? 312. Just a nudge from 33.

His second novel (or novella), *The Crying of Lot 49* (1966), was shorter than *V*, but just as unreadable for the average person. It hinged on the thrilling plot device of competing fake postal services. Even Pynchon later disparaged it as garbage. To show you the level of clever he achieved there, look no further than the name of his character Stanley Koteks. The novella couldn't have sold well enough to keep Pynchon in diapers and catfood, and yet we are told he did nothing between it and *Gravity's Rainbow* in 1973. I guess we are supposed to believe he lived for the intervening seven years on his COINTELPRO informer's fees.*

The only thing worth relating here about this novel is that somehow—despite not knowing the Beatles or any of their entourage—Pynchon came up with a mock-Beatles band which he called “The Paranoids”. This was in 1965-66, remember. That's curious, since—unknown to the outside world—the Beatles actually called themselves that. This was discovered by some in 1967 or 1968, when Paul wrote a song for Cilla Black called “Step Inside Love (Los Paranoids)”. He then recorded the song for the White Album in 1968, but it didn't appear on it. The question is, how did Pynchon know about this name at least two years before anyone else did? I suggest that the link was Intel. Pynchon was US

Intel and the Beatles were owned by British Intel, especially BSC. Pynchon had inside information.

Also worth relating perhaps—since we did some numerology above—is the art museum in Mexico and the painting by Remedios Varo which Pynchon's lead character describes. In it, eight women are held captive inside a tower. Again, the number eight. Remedios Varo is said to have died on October 8. October means eighth month.

I am not going to slog through the major novels here, but although “the great” Harold Bloom (Jewish, of course) has called *Mason and Dixon* the finest novel of the 20th century, I think its cleverness can once again be weighed by the names of its fictional characters, including the Reverend Cherrycoke. Yes, I know, you can't stop laughing, right? Oi vay. And, truth be told, humor is really the only thing Pynchon—or his writing team—has going for it. Although 9 out of 10 of his attempts at humor crash and burn like the Reverend Cherrycoke—seeming to have been written by a highschool boy—the tenth often scores (as we see in the film *Inherent Vice*). Without the humor, a Pynchon book is just a vast mishmish of obscure facts and figures, most of them outright boring and the rest only mildly interesting in context—or lack of context. Just run down the 78 episodes of *Mason and Dixon* glossed at Wikipedia and see if anything strikes your fancy. My guess is nothing will.

I will be told this is the way of postmodern literature: all the beauty and glory and meat is in the asides. I hope so, since it isn't visibly to be found anywhere else. However, I think most of the time it isn't even there. More than anything, Pynchon is the newer James Joyce, and I think he was instructed to come up with an update to *Ulysses* or *Finnegan's Wake* every decade or so, mostly as a form of literary misdirection. Joyce had trained pretentious readers to think that 1000 pages of dense posing was hip, and Pynchon kept them in training. David Foster Wallace did the same during Pynchon breaks, with his various Infinite Jest and Finite Flops. All this to be sure that American intellect was kept diverted with busywork. To fool the pseudo-Intelligentsia, they needed to keep selling fake history as real history, fake politics as real politics, fake art as real art, fake poetry as real poetry, and fake literature as real literature. The glorified simulacrum to replace the genuine article.

In a way, Pynchon admits this. It is what the novels are about, in fact. Even the reviewers admit it. In 1966, Richard Poirier said this [in his New York Times review](#) of *The Crying of Lot 49*:

The first novel, "V." was a designed indictment of its own comic elaborateness. The various quests for "V.", all of them substitutes for the pursuit of love, are interwoven fantastically, and the coherence thus achieved is willfully fabricated and factitious. Pynchon's intricacies are meant to testify to the waste—a key word in "The Crying of Lot 49"—of imagination that first creates and is then enslaved by its own plottings, its machines, the products of its technology.

Which is to say, Pynchon is purposely enslaving you with his own plottings and technological allusions, and admitting he is doing it while he is doing it. His “intricacies” don't just *testify* to this waste, they are *part* of it. And he is not trying to achieve coherence, he is trying to achieve *incoherence*, and does achieve it. That is what Poirier implies with the word “factitious”. The coherence is fake, and therefore not really coherence but incoherence posing poorly as coherence. As such, this literature is not a description much less an indictment of the Wasteland, but a creation and promotion of it. Like all other modernism and postmodernism, it is a pretend stab at corruption, vulgarity, and loss of standards, while purposefully accelerating that loss. After all, if Pynchon really felt enslaved by either his society's or his own plottings, the logical thing to do would be to attempt an escape. But the postmodernist response is never any such thing. It is the evermore potent and noisy glorification of the enslavement. As I pointed out above, Pynchon is not taking you over or around or

beyond all the fakeries that came before him, he is reselling them. He is repackaging them in a cooler set of terms, relabeling them as art, surrounding them with jokes and winks, and going on as before. This is why I laughed out loud at *Inherent Vice*: not because anything was really funny, but because I had to release the discomfort at seeing the transparency of it all, admitted to my face right there on the screen. The only joke on view was the towering idiocy of an audience that could have ever taken any of these stories from the 1960s as true. But of course to get that joke, you would either have to be an agent yourself, or be a very advanced truther. No doubt that is why *Inherent Vice* flopped with the general public [not even covering its 20 million budget]: the movie-going public is in neither of those categories. If I had been watching in the theater, I guarantee I would have been the only one laughing at the times I did.

By the way, *Inherent Vice* does give up the farm in one way, although I would guess most people missed the joke. In the nude scene near the end, when no one but me was still paying attention to the dialog (and even I had trouble), Shasta asks Doc “what would Charlie do?” [minute 1:45] Doc answers, “Well, probably not this.” Meaning, Charlie (Manson) would not boink the beautiful naked girl standing in front of him. Why not? **Because he is gay.** Don't look at me sideways. It was Pynchon's joke, not mine. That said, I did make pretty much the same joke several years ago in my paper on Manson, saying that his girls were as safe in the Manson bus as they would have been in George Clooney's bedroom.

In closing, let me say a bit more about that sex scene. Fortunately, I had a pause button, so I could listen to the dialog and then rewind the nude scene as many times as I liked. Which was several. Not until then did I understand why they hired Katherine Waterston. That said, I rush to elaborate, lest you think I actually enjoyed the sex scene. I didn't. I enjoyed seeing Waterston's beautiful body, but as usual the sex scene was a complete turn-off. Hollywood can't show you a sex scene without trying to spoil the sex act for you forever, and they have to tart it up with some manufactured perversion or pathology. This is (one reason of many) why I don't watch Hollywood movies anymore. Porn is often more wholesome (not kidding). In this film, we have the submissive female, talking about being on a leash and asking to be punished. Sorry, not sexy, except maybe for creeps. Doc then jumps Shasta from behind, giving her a full five seconds of pleasure. Wow, I can see why she came back to him, can't you? I leave open the possibility everyone in the US except me can no longer have sex unless it is frosted with some species of nastiness, but you should know it doesn't have to be that way. Sex has been turned into that on purpose by the disgusting people running the world, but it is possible to have sex without stirring a lot of darkness into it. Those driven by their mental illness at all times may think sex would be boring that way, but I assure you it isn't. Natural sex is just two people enjoying eachother's bodies, and it doesn't require multiple layers of neurosis and psychosis.

But the sex scene is annoying to me for another reason. Here we have this beautiful young actress, obviously hired for her great body, and they have her naked with the cameras rolling. She is not all tattooed up: you can see miles of glorious, ungraffitied skin. Even better, she is unshaven, I suppose as a nod to 70s authenticity. She has obviously been working her ass off in yoga classes and eating right, preparing for this scene. But instead of allowing us to enjoy her beauty for a few unsullied moments, they have to cut it into split-second peeks, and then overdub it with a lot of sick dialog. That is what I mean when I tell you your misery is no accident. They have the vise on your head (and naughty bits) and they are constantly tightening it. All because they know a miserable consumer is a better consumer.

If I had been directing this film, I would have told Waterston to just walk around the house for a while, having the cameraman following her lovingly. In fact, I could have made the whole movie about that,

with no dialog and none of the rest of the annoying plot. Kind of like a Tarkovsky movie, but with Waterston instead of landscapes and spotted horses. It would have been a much nicer two hours for everyone. And my movie would have covered its budget.

Addendum, September 10, 2016. I got bored with Pynchon pretty quickly, as you saw. I had meant to mention his MacArthur “genius” grant and the fact that there are almost no photos of him, but didn't work it in the first time. My readers prompted me, and so this addendum. One reader—a fan of Pynchon—tried to get me to believe he was embedded by some faction and was actually trying to blow the whistle on various things (like drug running and money laundering in *Inherent Vice*). That is obviously what they want you to think, but for me it doesn't wash. He has been the beneficiary of way too much support from the mainstream for that to be true. They don't give MacArthur awards to embedded whistleblowers. MacArthur was one of the richest guys in the US and was not a white hat of any sort. The MacArthur Foundation does not seem to me to be a force of good battling the Rockefeller Foundation, or something along those lines. Plus, Pynchon was always the beneficiary of great reviews from all the top mainstream sources like *the New York Times*, *the Washington Post*, *the Los Angeles Times*, etc. If he had been blowing the cover of major players or projects, he would either have been reviewed poorly or ignored completely (as I am).

His voice appearances in *The Simpsons* are also a big red flag, and are more indication he is an agent or total imposter. Real recluses do not do stuff like this. Do you think J. D. Salinger would have done multiple voice cameos for *The Simpsons*? No, it is just more levels of the Pynchon joke. As is his alleged statement that he would not call Homer a fat ass because Homer was his role model and he could not speak ill of him. Really? And you believe that? Do you really think that fits Pynchon's created persona? What exactly do Homer and Pynchon have in common, beyond perhaps a love of bacon?

Pynchon's defense of Ian McEwan against plagiarism in 2006 is another huge red flag, seeing that McEwan looks to me like another spook. Despite writing horrible garbage like *The Cement Garden*, *The Comfort of Strangers* and *The Child in Time*, McEwan has been given awards by everyone, but especially all the Jewish and crypto-Jewish organizations (see for example the Jerusalem Prize). He is a Fellow of all the fascist British organizations, like the RSL and RSA, as well as the fascist AAAS. He is also a knight, OBE. He is always pushing their projects both in his writing and in interviews, including anti-Islam politics, atheism, climate change, quantum physics, and just about every other. Quantum physics was a major plot device of *The Child in Time*, and McEwan was an early promoter [1987] of the idea that time is an illusion. I have written [several papers](#) on that project on my science site. He was a great friend of Christopher Hitchens, another spook writer. He got involved in Saviano's expose of the Neopolitan mafia, despite the fact that it doesn't exist. That whole thing is another obvious hoax. International government and Intel took over all local mafias decades ago. McEwan's involvement in the Ashtiani stoning case indicates to me that is also a hoax. This guy doesn't touch anything that is real, as far as I can tell.

Then there is his 2012 novel *Sweet Tooth*, about which Wiki says this:

It deals with the experiences of its protagonist, Serena Frome, during the early 1970s. After graduating from [Cambridge](#) she is recruited by [MI5](#), and becomes involved in a covert program to combat communism by infiltrating the intellectual world. When she becomes romantically involved with her mark, complications ensue. McEwan wanted to write a novel dealing with the social turmoil of the 1970s, and *Sweet Tooth* is to a large extent based on his own life. The story explores the relationship between artistic integrity and government propaganda. . .

Combat Communism by infiltrating the intellectual world? I hardly need to accuse these people of taking over art and literature when they admit it themselves, in their own works. They seem to have ditched the “covert” part of this infiltration, realizing long ago that no one was left to ask any questions. We see that again when it is admitted the novel is based on his own life. Really? Then we don't have to search far to see the relationship between artistic integrity and government propaganda. I think we already know how much artistic integrity these people have, including McEwan. ZERO.

This novel ties directly into [my papers on Frances Stonor Saunders](#) and her book *The Cultural Cold War*. I suspect it was published to help spin her research, which had divulged too much. In McEwan's *Sweet Tooth*, agent Frome is hired by MI5 to manage writers. Various Intel fronts are created and funded, through which pretty much all of art and literature become controlled, allegedly as part of the Cold War, but actually as part of the fascist takeover of anything and everything that had a use as propaganda. We are told it had something to do with Communism, but that was just a cover. Frome and her writers in the novel worked for the fictional Freedom International Foundation, but it actually existed under the name the British Society for Cultural Freedom. Its US counterpart was the ACCF. Despite that, Wikipedia lies to our faces, saying “The intelligence agency plot is also completely fictional; there was never a scheme such as the one described in the book run by MI5”. See what they have done there? If called on it, they can say, “Well, it *wasn't* run by MI5”. True, it was run by MI6, or BSC in collusion with CIA.

Don't believe me? [The London Independent admitted it in 1995](#). There, Saunders talks mostly about the CIA and artists, but in her companion book she states it for the record: the British agencies were also involved, and it wasn't just artists, it was writers of all kinds.

Likewise, the writer Frome deals with is just McEwan himself in poor disguise, and he even admits that. They admit it at Wikipedia. But then he tries to make us believe only the biographical points are the same: he himself was never approached by Intel. Right. The entire novel implies he was, so why believe his denial at the end? But this is what they do: tell you truth and then say, just joking.

*In the film *Inherent Vice*, the FBI tells Doc Sportello he can make \$300 a month as a COINTELPRO informer.