

# I'M BACK

by *Miles Mathis*

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And you didn't even know I was gone. The night of the 26<sup>th</sup> the electricity went out here, and I thought it was just another rolling California blackout, which we get about once a week, lasting 24 hours. But this was the real deal, caused by snow storms just to the east of us. It was in its 6<sup>th</sup> day today when the lights finally came back on. I just hope they stay on for a while.

Lake Tahoe got twelve feet of snow, setting a record for December, while further down the mountain we got only a couple of feet. The problem is, they have snowplows up there and are used to snowfalls like this, while we aren't. There was heavy tree fall on the major highways, blocking all traffic, including the few snowplows that exist. Not even ambulances could get through. I foolishly went out on the roads the morning after in my little Subaru, not realizing the extent of it. At my house, it only snowed a couple of inches, but just east of here in Georgetown it was a disaster. I was lucky to get back alive. Many little cars like mine had been ditched on the side of the road, and I passed an ambulance being pulled out of a snowbank by a friendly Jeep.

At home I had to settle into a dark existence, moving my bed into the living room to be by the fire—which I did little else but tend for six days. Once the fire went out at night, the house pretty quickly cooled down to around 50, so I had to sleep fully clothed, in a coat. The kitchen sink soon clogged, since the dispos-all didn't work, so I had to wash dishes in the bathtub. Fortunately I had my cats to keep me company and to keep me frisky: they didn't know the difference and expected to be fed every four hours regardless. I also used the free time to reread my Dickens, something I always enjoy. You may find my writings peppered by quotes from *Bleak House* as we get back into it. Reading by flashlight reminded me of old Abe Lincoln, who—according to the biographers we no longer trust—became such a phenom by reading at night by candle. That would be very hard on the eyes, I found. I tried to read by firelight but found it utterly impossible. I would need several candles close to the page to cast enough light to read for more than a moment. Though perhaps very young people could do it with straining their eyes. I now understand why authors like Scott did most of their reading and writing in the mornings. If the blackout had continued I would be forced to switch my schedule completely around, giving up on the night except for sleep.

It also reminded me how short the light is in winter, and how dim. And it would have been even shorter and dimmer in northern Europe, when all the great writing and painting was being done there. We are lucky to get ten hours here, and London gets what, about eight? London is way north of New York, you know. I did find I quickly became used to the cold, though, with anything above 55 feeling pretty comfortable. The only problem in that regard was that, in wearing so many clothes and not being able to wash—no hot water—my longjohns got a bit ripe. By the end I was wearing clean underwear *under* my longjohns: something I had certainly never thought of doing before, ha ha. I guess I need more than two pairs of longjohns to get ready for endtimes. I did learn something else useful, though, that you may or may not know. If your feet get itchy in times like that from dirty socks, and you don't think it looks like athlete's foot, you can cure it immediately with one thing: baking soda. Apparently the invisible buggies don't like the high Ph. Somehow I intuited that and was right. But don't overdo it: your skin also doesn't like the high Ph, and too much can start to burn like lye. I guess all the mountain men out there already knew that, but I didn't.

Before we move on, I just want to point out that I wrote 120 papers in 2021, 95 on the art site. Would probably have written a couple more in the past week if the electricity had allowed. That's around 3500 book pages (not PDF) which means I added another 10 volumes to my total, giving me something like 110 volumes on my virtual shelf.

There were a couple of things that happened over the past week I wanted to comment on, starting with Mike Adams at *Natural News* admitting [in a lead article that we are living in a vast theater production](#), with everyone being actors, including Biden and Trump. I wonder where he got that idea? He says the idea occurred to him when it was reported by Heavy.com that the lady who punched the old guy on the airplane turned out to be **Patricia Cornwall**, a former *Playboy* model and actress from Baywatch. I had thought the video looked staged, since the old man was sure to tell her immediately she was going to jail as soon as they landed, and—what do you know—she did. It all sounded scripted. And she barely touched him. I wonder if we are going to be told who he was? Also a director or actor or agent, we can be sure, with a peerage name. Because, I may tell you, that name Cornwall is from the Phoenician families. A Cornwall was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, which is how I recognized the name. They have an arm in Australia, related to the Byrons, Barons Rochdale; and as the Marshall-Cornwalls, they are related to the Willoughbys, Barons Middleton, as well as to the Owens. As the Cornwall-Leghs they are currently the Lords Grey. They also have an arm here in the US, which was Patricia's entry into Hollywood. The big computers have been scrubbed in preparation for this event, since although she is listed at Intelius and the others, her relatives list is missing. Just the dreaded *i*, as if the computers don't know of any relatives for this semi-famous person. One thing they failed to scrub is that she is aka Patricia **Yannet Breton**, so either married to a Breton or that is her maiden name: confirming my peerage guess, since Breton is also an upper-class name, though Frenchier. She has Downey, CA, on her list, which we wouldn't guess from an actress since it is LA spook central. See my paper on the Carpenters for more on that. She also has Burlington, WA, on her list, which is a Navy port—indicating her ex-husband may be Royal Navy. Intelius lists a younger Julie Cornwall Brown right below her, who looks like she may be a little sister or niece, and she does have a relatives list—linking us to the **Schiffs**! One of the names possibly scrubbed off Patricia's list is Matthew P. Cornwall, since we are asked if she is related to him in the intro. They forgot to scrub that, and he links us to a **Valentine**. That would likely make Matthew her husband and Patricia's maiden name Breton. And with more digging, this is what we find: at IMDB she is listed as Patty Breton, under her maiden name. Which reminds us that famous actress Lillie Langtry was really Emilie le Breton. If you remember, she was a consort of Edward VII. This is interesting, because we find that our Patty Breton has two grown children in the UK, tending to support the idea we are looking at the Cornwalls from the peerage here.

So, to sum up, we have a **Patricia Yannet Breton Cornwall**, with two sons in England, and no one thought to ask if she was married to a peer? No one thought that name looked a little posh? Yannet is also a clue, since it a variation of Janet pointing to Czechia, formerly. . . **Bohemia**.

The man on the Delta flight has now been named as Russell Miller of Seminole, FL, though he has been reported as being both 69 and 80. With a bit of digging and collating using all the computers, we find only two Russell Samuel Millers in Florida, age 69 of Seminole and Tampa, and [one died in 1984](#). [The other](#) is single and is a “Principal” at Ducor Telephone Co LLC, not a pharmacy as we are told in the mainstream. That's in Ducor, CA, of course, not Seminole, FL. And it just sounds like a CIA front, doesn't it? A drive-by on Google maps indicates it is now Varcomm. It is described as a rural telephone company, but aren't those extinct? At any rate, this is definitely our man, since he is related to all the right people. We even have a maiden name for his “wife”, or the woman playing her on TV:

Marjorie F. Gearhart. Ducor links Miller to Patricia Breton Cornwall, since it puts us in SoCal with her, and guess what, she also has Florida on her list. According to the mainstream reports, she just moved to Florida a month ago. What an incredible coincidence! Let me guess, she moved to Seminole? She was also flying out of Tampa, seeming to confirm that. Also not explained is why Russell Miller's son is named Tyler Gearhart—who the Millers were flying to see in South Carolina. Why did Tyler take his mother's name? Possibly because his father is Walter (Rob) Gearhart, not Russell Miller. Which would indicate Gearhart is Marjorie's first husband's name, not her maiden name, which remains hidden. It may be Folkman, a variant of Volkmann, Jewish. We do know her Gearharts are from Ambler, Pennsylvania, and are related to Everts and Bachmans, meaning they are definitely Jewish in many lines. Also related to the Rhoads and Waldos, ditto. We have the obit of Ralph Waldo Gearhart of this family at Findagrave, and it tells us he died in [Alexandria, VA](#), in 1958, being of the [Azalea Freemasonic Lodge](#). Marjorie does not live in Seminole, but [Redington Beach, FL](#), which is on the very expensive strand. It is probably just where they dock their boat. She has another big house in Oldsmar on a cul-de-sac.

Also strange is that Russell Miller seems to be listed twice at Intelius and Instantcheckmate, being both 69 and 71. In both he is related to Mary Miller and a second Russell. They seem to have mostly separated out his FL existence from his CA existence, although Tampa is on both. There, he is not linked to Duco, but to San Diego and Palo Alto. Also to Houston, TX. His FL listing—the one that also includes Marjorie Gearhart—links him to a Linda Lavenda, aka Miller, so she is either his sister or his real wife. She also has a lot of red-flag locations on her list, including Herndon, VA, on the front steps of the CIA headquarters, and nearby Silver Spring, MD, also a bedroom community for Langley. If we search on the Mary Miller related to Russell Miller of Florida, we find three, all of them also related to a Susan [Downing](#). She is 74, 85, and 106.

Tyler's sister Lauren married a Todd Chamberlain of New Jersey. This links us to the [Pietruchas](#) of New Jersey, who give us what I was looking for. See Robyn Pietrucha, alias of Robyn Bottoni, with [Fairfax, VA](#), on her list, as well as other red flags such as Littleton, CO. It is impossible to prove anything with people searches like this, but I think you can taste what I taste here: the usual.

If we back up, we can pull in more spook markers. Ducor Telephone started out in 1954, and by 1977 it was servicing Rancho Tehama Reserve. We aren't told why this “reserve” needed its own rural telephone company, but we can now guess. Confirming that is that his “reserve” is now famous for a (fake) mass shooting in 2017. Ducor became Varcomm in 2018. In the shooting, five were allegedly killed and **18** wounded in **8** separate locations. The shooter Kevin Janson Neal allegedly used a ghost gun, which looks like the point of the fake event. They don't know if his wife was named Gilsan or Glisan. He caused the elementary school to go into lockdown, then fired 100 rounds of ammunition into it with two automatic pistols he had “borrowed”. Borrowed from whom? We aren't told. He allegedly wounded a few children but killed none because he had been locked out. Unlikely. If you want to get in you can always shoot your way in through any window.



That's what Wiki posts as a previous mugshot. It is fake. In that incident his mother allegedly posted a \$160,000 bond. Right. Within months of this fake event, ghost guns began to require serial numbers in California. That's convenient.

This also makes no sense: Rancho Tehama Reserve is outside Chico, but [Ducor and Varcomm are north of Bakersfield](#): ie nowhere near Chico. It is about 300 miles between the two. So why would Rancho Tehama be served by Ducor rather than the town of Corning or Red Bluff nearby? We can ask the same of Kennedy Meadows, an even more remote place in the Sierras that Varcomm serves. It is nearer Ducor, but is on the wrong side of the Sierras. So that although there appears to be nothing there on a Google map, my guess is there is something there, and you know what it must be: some sort of Eagle's Nest where they plan these idiotic events. Probably via a small airstrip or helicopter pad there. These bozos really have nothing better to do than fake these events and bill the taxpayers for it.

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For those of you who don't do forums, I will post the CTF vote count for best of 2021 here. Category 1 is papers by me, category 2 is papers by guest writers:

**Category #1:**

Bad Conspiracy Theorists: 10

The Holy Grail: 7

Rome: 7

An Art Lesson: 6

Natalie Wood: 6

Amelia Earhart faked her Death: 4

Martin Luther: 4

The Jesuits: 3

The Nuremberg Trials were Faked: 3

Patton Faked his Death: 3

The Greatest Crime Against Humanity: 2

George Bernard Shaw: 2

The January 6 Riots were Fake: 2

The Epistemology of Science: 2  
JonBenet Ramsey: Case Solved: 2  
Our Buildings are all Wrong: 2  
Laci Peterson: another Men-are-Pigs Project: 2  
The Oklahoma City Bombing was a False Flag: 2  
The University of Texas Tower Shooting was Faked: 2  
Heavy Petting: 2  
Why Mercury in Retrograde is a Real Thing: 1  
The Girl with a Pearl Earring is Fake: 1  
Return on Investment: 1  
The Isabella Stewart Gardner Theft was an Inside Job: 1  
A New Teddy Roosevelt: 1  
Fake Race Wars: 1  
Solar Emission of Gamma Rays: 1  
Mental Health and the Men-are-Pigs Project: 1  
Just a Quick Note: 1  
The Leaders of Post-war Europe were also Jewish: 1  
More Major Clues in the War of the Roses: 1

**Category #2:**

The Global Business Network: 20  
Guy Fawkes: 11  
1666: the Year the Bankers Burned London: 8  
Josh's Vaccine Paper: 6  
Who is Klaus Schwab?: 4  
John Wayne Gacy: Another Clown Psyop: 3  
A Letter from Spartacus: 2  
18 Reasons I Won't be Getting a Vaccine: 2  
India: The Real Crisis: 2  
The Esalen Institute: 1  
Unwinding the 2020 US Death Count: 1  
The Isra-bluff: 1

Wow, not what I expected. 31 of my papers got a vote, which tells us how tastes vary, I guess. I hope it also says something about my consistency. But I never would have guessed Bad Conspiracy would take it. I think it benefitted from coming late, and also I assume because readers liked me bashing the Phoenicians unmercifully. Fair enough. As far as entertainment value goes, I would say Natalie Wood and Amelia Earhart were the best, along with Patton and Jon Benet and the UT Tower. As far as historical importance goes, I might lead with Luther, then War of the Roses, which I am surprised got only one vote. Maybe in England they are more interested to know the wives of Henry VIII weren't really killed. Or maybe not. Follow that with the Jesuits and Nuremberg. Oh, and I am gratified to see that Art Lesson got so many votes. It didn't go up until after voting had started, and yet still got fourth place, tying Natalie Wood. I wouldn't have guessed that, either. I guess it just goes to show you that art isn't completely dead yet, at least not among my lovely readers.

Glad to see Josh's paper on the vaccine waxed both Spartacus and Christian Elliot. He must be proud, since it shows some amount of loyalty, I think. The same anonymous writer wrote several of those in

category 2, and I believe he can take some pride in having the highest total votes.

It was another very interesting year for us all, not least for me, who was as surprised by these papers as much as anyone else. I never had any idea I would write any of them . . . until I did. I started 2021 as I start 2022: with zero plans for the future. Not an effing clue. So if you find life surpassing strange, just imagine how I feel, being the actual mouth of the Muse. I have to tell you it gives me a vague but powerful frisson, all but ruining me for a normal existence. In the real world I feel like a lost bear cub wandering down Fifth Avenue at rush hour. I am pretty sure people see it in me, and wonder where my mother is and why she doesn't keep me on a leash.