

# Oscar's Wilde's Genealogy is Garbage as is his *oeuvre*



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This paper went to #5 at Yahoo and Bing soon after being published, on the search Oscar Wilde Genealogy. Not to be found at Google, which means they are censoring it.

What mainstream genealogy isn't garbage? I have never yet researched something like this and found it to be trustworthy. The historians and genealogists are liars to a man. It is strange that so little is known of Wilde's genealogy, with all lines dying out after a couple of generations, at most. They admit his mother Jane Elgee thought she was from Italian nobility, which would explain Oscar's Habsburg jaw, but the bios now claim she was wrong, with the Elgees being Durham laborers. Right. What about her other lines, like the Kingsburys? That doesn't sound like the surname of laborers to me. Even the name Elgee looks fake to me, like it has been fudged from Elgin or Elgen or Elgenaes. Jane's middle name Francesca also points to the south, otherwise it would be Frances. Durham laborers don't name their girls Francesca. Wilde's sister's name **Isola** tells us the same thing.\* His mother was also a Waddy, and her great-grandfather was named **Cadwallader** Waddy. Wow, definitely not the name of a laborer. The Cadwalladers are top nobility, with many early kings coming from those lines. His name might as well be Komnene Waddy. The Waddys in that area of Ireland are indeed in the peerage in those years, being related to the Pallisers and Franklands of Yorkshire. This may link us to Ben Franklin, who I showed was originally from the Franklands in the peerage. Like Wilde, Franklin was a hidden peer.

But it is through the Hares and Christians that the Waddys link us to the big time. In the early 1800s, just before the time of Oscar Wilde, a Waddy in his line married a Hare whose mother was a Christian, linking us to the **Curwens**. They link us to the Lawson and Musgrave baronets, who link us to the **Grahams**. The Hares also link us to the Strickland baronets, who link us to the Cholmleys, who link us to the **Cliffords and Percys, Earls and Dukes of Northumberland**.

Which means Oscar's father wasn't just any Wilde. We know that because he was a knight and a wealthy doctor, and they don't come up from laborers. They tell us his Wildes came over from Holland with William of Orange, but what they don't tell you is that this means Oscar was closely related to Thomas Wilde, 1<sup>st</sup> Baron Truro of Bowes, whose second wife was the daughter of the Duke of Sussex, Augustus Hanover, son of George III. This wife Augusta D'Este's mother was a Murray and a Stewart, from the Earls of Dunmore and the Earls of Galloway, linking us to. . . you know it. . . Stanley, the 7<sup>th</sup> Earl of Derby. He comes up in almost every paper I write now. Baron Wilde didn't pass any blood with this wife, since his children were from his first wife. But still. It tells you who these Wildes really were. The third baron, a cousin of Oscar, born at about the same time, was Thomas Montague Morrison Wilde, linking us to all kinds of action, including back to George Washington, who was a Montague. Also linking us forward to Jim Morrison. This line died out by 1900, but we can follow the 1<sup>st</sup> Baron's brother Edward Archer Wilde, whose son was Lt. Gen. Sir Alfred Thomas Wilde. Darryl Lundy at thepeerage.com admits he had issue, but refuses to list them. Geni tells us there were five sons and a daughter, including Alfred Neville Wilde and Charles Wilde of Eastbourne. The general's brother also became a baron, though of a different place, Penzance. Even that ties in here, as we just saw in my paper on the Brontes, who came from the Cornwall seaport Penzance. It was always yet another Phoenician seaport.

Oscar's three other great-grandparents on his father's side are fudged, one being unknown and the other two a Fynn and an O'Flynn. Right. More scrubbing. They go nowhere. And none of this tells us where he and his father got the middle name Wills. The Wills are also peerage, being big tobacco importers in Bristol. They produced four baronets in the time of Wilde, one of whom married a Pearce whose father lived in Montague house in Bath. The third Baronet of Hazelwood ran the Imperial Tobacco company at the time of Oscar, and was a Knight of St. John of Jerusalem. The 1<sup>st</sup> Baronet Wilde of Northmoor married a Hamilton of Lanarkshire, and his son became the Baron Dulverton. He married the granddaughter of the Chichester baronet, and the 10<sup>th</sup> Baronet Chichester married a Musgrave, completing that circle and proving we have the right Wildes/Wills here. Since we already saw the Musgraves in Wilde's maternal line, this means his parents were cousins, just as we would expect from the terminally inbred. By the 1860s, these Wills were also Melvilles and Stanleys, though it is not clear how these lines enter. The links are scrubbed. But the 1<sup>st</sup> Baronet Blagdon's brother was Walter Melville Wills. His mother was Alice Lomax Hopkinson, so I guess it came through her lines.

The name Hamilton is a clue, since William Rowan Hamilton was a guest at the childhood home of Oscar, being a friend of the family. We now see that is because he was a relative.

Although Wilde went to university at Trinity College Dublin, he soon won a scholarship to Oxford and joined the Masonic Lodge there. We are told he let his dues lapse after a few years, but that is just the common cover story. They try to sell him as a Catholic, but that isn't any more believable than the rest of this. He was a Phoenician/crypto-Jew like the rest. They admit he dodged getting baptized at age 24.



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By 1881 at age 27 Wilde was set up in Tite Street in London as a wealthy *bon vivant*. Surprisingly, his early poetry was called tame by the critics. They weren't yet being paid off by the Home Office, I guess. Nonetheless, standing on only that ("a single thin volume of very mediocre verse") and his money, he went on a lecture tour in the US, promoted heavily for no apparent reason, and by no one they will name. In London he was lampooned unmercifully by the critics as an interloper and buffoon, but he just kept talking and spending money.

Very soon Wilde got involved in fake politics, signing Shaw's petition to pardon the anarchists in the Haymarket Affair. But he had to have known it was an inside job, pulled to crack down on the unions.

They expect us to believe Wilde wasn't homosexual until a 17-year-old Robert Ross seduced him at age 33. No chance that is true, since Wilde had been sashaying around since prep school, wearing lilies and boas and peacock feathers. If the Village People had been around then, he would have joined up.

In 1885 the *Pall Mall Gazette* hired him as a general critic, though we have never been told why or by whom. Less than two years later he was hired as editor of *Lady's World*, which he changed to *Woman's World*. Again, we aren't told what his qualification or entree was, but we suppose it was money or BJ's. There is no other way to explain it. With a little digging we find Wilde was hired at *Lady's World* by Sir Thomas Weymss Reid, who had written a biography of Charlotte Bronte. So we close another circle there. These Reids of Newcastle were from the Reids, Baronets of Aberdeen, where they had married into Barings Bank, Barclays Bank, and Smith Bank. Like the Wills, they held down three different baronetcy's at the time of Wilde, and like them they were also St. John of Jerusalem. So Reid is looking like another gay cousin. Reid had been appointed editor of the *Leed's*

*Mercury* at age 27, also with no qualifications. On his Wiki page, they quote him as saying he came in only in the afternoons. Hmm, not like any real editor I have ever heard of. They normally work long hours. Sounds like an agent to me. The name Weymss proves he was not some downmarket Reid, since the Weymss clan are Earls of Weymss, closely related to Campbell, Douglas, Bingham, Kerr, Anson, and Philips, linking us to the Queen. [These Earls of Wemyss were also Barings by marriage.](#)

Anyway, Wilde drove that magazine into the ground in less than two years, so it is fortunate he finally wrote something that would sell at that time: *The Happy Prince and Other Tales*, which included “The Selfish Giant”. You likely know of it. It is the definition of clunky and maudlin, reminding us somewhat of the later C. S. Lewis stories, but it sold because Wilde cunningly inserted the Christ child into it to help sales. Sort of like how Lewis inserted Santa Claus into Narnia. Knowing what we now know about Wilde, we can only see this as surpassingly calculating. It helped immensely that Walter Crane produced the plates for the first edition.

In the next year he published something infinitely worse: the misnamed *The Decay of Lying*. Like all Phoenicians Wilde was an inveterate and pathological liar, so the title is the first feint. You can see why Whistler and Tolstoy came to despise him from reading this essay, where he tries to sell the idea that good art and bad are divided into aestheticism and realism, the second being a stale conforming to the facts while the first is a rich imagining—one that he perversely equates to lying. Your first conclusion might be he doesn't understand what lying is, but he clearly does. How could he not? Wilde also sells here his famous idea that life imitates art. That had originally been a somewhat clever flip of the old “art imitates life”, but now he takes it beyond a joke and sells it as a foundation of his aesthetics.

[I am not saying Whistler or Tolstoy were realists, because they weren't. I am saying that they would have nothing to do with Wilde's manufactured divisions here, which are purposely confusing and dishonest themselves. Art has nothing to do with lying, so claiming it does can only harm it. Lying is, by definition, a malicious representation of the facts, and there is no need for art or fiction to be malicious. In fact, there should be a requirement it NOT be.]

To see how strange all this is, I beg you to compare it to where we are now: a time when Wilde's ideas have engulfed all of culture. How is that, you will say? Well, just look around you: lying has taken over not just aesthetics, but culture as a whole. The Phoenicians, always in love with inversion and distortion of any kind, have since jettisoned every last shred of the truth in all their dealings. Where Wilde subordinated life to art, the current Phoenicians have subordinated reality to illusion, telling us seriously—in top scientific journals no less—that [time is an illusion](#), quantum mechanics is an illusion, the electron is an illusion, and that life itself is an illusion. We create our own reality, they say, and it all just **a story**. Jordan Peterson, supposedly on the right, was selling that idea on Tucker Carlson recently. As you see, that is all just a spin out and spooling out of ideas Wilde was selling in the 1889. And why was he selling them? Because he was part of the same story that is still being told. Or, to say it another way, he was an agent of the same families. When was the Fabian Society founded? 1884. Their central stated goal was the destruction of the middle classes by malicious fiction. Operation Chaos back to the 1880s.

His essay *The Critic as Artist* is upside down in the same way, and we can see that just from the title again. Since Wilde is not an artist, he should have titled it *Critic **instead of** Artist*. He is trying to downgrade the artist and replace him with the critic, and he says that pretty much directly. This is in answer to Whistler, a working artist, who said the only useful critic was the artist himself, since no one else knew what he was talking about. Whistler treated the critic as a malicious interloper, and none

was ever more malicious than Wilde. But once again, Wilde won that argument, not by being right, but the numbers. In the 20<sup>th</sup> century all the children of the rich wanted to define themselves as artists, so they simply did so. They became critics first, destroyed all real art and artists, and then set themselves and their friends up as artists. In the early years some of them quoted Wilde in their own defense, trying to give their invasion and cooption some intellectual ballast. But pretty soon they realized no intellectual ballast was necessary. They were speaking to their choir and that choir was intellectually and artistically bankrupt. No argument or defense was necessary.

In *The Soul of Man Under Socialism*, Wilde foresaw the draw of his aesthetics to the untalented, selling Socialism as a scheme in which “everyone was an artist”. Wiki admits Orwell continued Wilde's line well into the 20<sup>th</sup> century, saying the New World would be populated by artists, each defining art in his own way. On a lazy read, that may sound great, but look around you. It is the death of real art and its replacement with therapism, vulgarity, solipsism, and self-absorbed tininess. It is the replacement of all greatness, ambition, and achievement with banality, cliché, noise, and static. It has been a recipe for decadence and loudly promoted nullities, a complete zeroing-out of culture across the board.

My readers often ask me if there is anyone left standing after my critique, anyone I still admire and recommend. Yes, and Whistler is near the top of that list. He stands nearly alone as defender of art in the Modern world. Before I arrived he was the prime figure of the defense, and I learned my polemics



from him and others. I was a born fighter, hence the name Miles, I guess, which means “soldier”; but Whistler's example has been formative. His most famous adversary was Ruskin, and I now see it as strange he didn't spend more time destroying Wilde. But of course Wilde soon destroyed himself, so Whistler probably thought it wasn't necessary. What Whistler failed to predict was Wilde's resurrection by his peerage cousins in the 20<sup>th</sup> century, selling him as a major figure of his time—which he never was. They even had the audacity to try to redefine Whistler as a pre-Modern, arguing that his “art for the sake of art” somehow led to Modernism, but [I have previously exploded that argument](#).\*\* Whistler was violently opposed to the Modern trend in his time, and would be my main ally in the current wars. He would be shell-shocked to see what art has become, and would never stop weeping. But that could



be said of all the real artists of the past.

Yes, Whistler was of the families, being an Abbott and McNeil, but like me he didn't like taking orders or being subordinate to anyone. He never appears to have "got with the program" and his cousins therefore made things very hard on him. But he produced some very good work and they didn't have to bury him completely. They allowed him to become famous for the paintings after his death and only buried his writings. They may try to do the same with me, but as you see I am making that very difficult. They will have to dig a much bigger hole for my writings. As well as erase a far larger swath of the internet.



Look at Wilde's extremely long face, large jaw, and very low forehead. Not a good combination. They say you can't tell much by looking at person, but I find the opposite is true. No, you can't judge someone just by the way they look, since that is mainly an accident of Nature with us all. But you can tell a lot about someone's ancestry by studying the way they look, since that is where our looks come from. We inherit them. I have proved by other means Wilde comes from these top peerage lines of Europe, and we can now see confirmation of that in his physiognomy.



Here he is with Lord Douglas later, once he began settling into his mature body. Next to pretty boy Douglas, you can see what a monster he was. Why Douglas would want to sleep with that is beyond anyone's imagination, but these things happen. I think you can see why his father might be upset. Gallivanting around with his pretty college pals was one thing, but being gobbled up by Wilde was another thing entirely. Wilde was 37 and Douglas was 20 when they met, which is not beyond the pale in itself. In fact it is a common split in homosexual relationships, and if either of them had been discreet about it, it might have been overlooked even at the time. But both were the opposite of discreet, Wilde already being the pinnacle of obnoxiousness and getting worse by the year, and Douglas emboldened by Wilde, both of them publicly taunting Douglas' father, the Marquess of Queensbury. Not a good move, since as you will remember the Marquess had invented the rules of boxing. He was an ex-Navy man and Lt. colonel in the Volunteers. Wilde was taunting the wrong man in a time when laws against homosexuality were still on the books.

What most people don't know is that the Marquess' first son Francis was also in a big homosexual fracas which had just ended in his death in 1894, the year before. Francis was the lover of the Prime Minister, Archibald Primrose, Earl of Rosebery, and died in mysterious circumstances at a hunting party when he was shot and killed. Many guessed he had been murdered, but nothing went to trial. He died on October 18, aces and eights, so it may have been faked. At any rate, that was the background when Wilde sued the Marquess for libel. That's right, the Marquess did not prosecute Wilde for homosexuality, Wilde sued the Marquess for calling him a sodomite. Bad move, considering the fact that truth is and was a defense against libel. Before the suit, the Marquess had visited Wilde's studio in Tite Street, warning him he would take a beating if he didn't quit appearing at public restaurants with

his son, and Wilde claimed he answered, "I don't know what the Queensberry rules are, but the Oscar Wilde rule is to shoot on sight." You can be sure that never happened, since it isn't even clever. The Marquess claimed Wilde backed down and "threw up the white flag", which is more believable.

The Marquess was a towering jerk (he was a vocal atheist, for one thing), but my guess is Wilde was even worse. Wilde was certainly noisier and more successful at self-promotion. His example has had a more negative effect on culture than anything the Marquess ever did or said, since while the Marquess was ignored by most, Wilde is promoted to the skies to this day as a genius and defender of gay rights. Of course Wilde should never have been prosecuted only for his sexuality (and wasn't), but he should have been countered by other means. His literature and theories of art and culture should have been revealed as the dangerous frauds they were.

Wilde dropped the suit when the Marquess' attorneys found several male prostitutes to testify they had had sex with him. But the Marquess then countersued for expenses, taking a big bite out of Wilde. Even worse, evidence was turned over to Scotland Yard by the Marquess and his investigators, proving not only that Wilde was in fact gay, but that he was paying underage boys for sex. That would be against the law even now, since neither straights nor gays are allowed to sleep with persons under the age of consent (commonly 18) or to pay anyone for sex (prostitution). So when they tell you Wilde was unfairly targeted and is a martyr to the gay cause, that isn't true. Once again, his example was negative to all future causes, whether of art or gay rights.

To see how Wilde is still whitewashed, you only have to look to Wikipedia, which leads its page on him by saying he was charged with consensual acts. Only later, way down the page, do they admit that isn't true: there was much testimony proving he was with boys so young they weren't legally capable of consenting. It was statutory rape.

I pause to point out that the 1997 film *Wilde* with Stephen Fry falsifies the historical record by telling us Douglas was banging rent boys while Wilde was just watching, but the court records contradict that. Wilde wasn't convicted for just watching. Even Wiki admits that.

**The judge described the sentence [two years], the maximum allowed, as "totally inadequate for a case such as this", and that the case was "the worst case I have ever tried".**

Too bad Douglas isn't still around to sue for libel, since it was his favorite thing in the world. Second favorite thing in the world.

In his extensive writings from jail, Wilde admits he was an agent provocateur, though that has been purposefully misread by all. Like the rest of promoted writers, then and now, Wilde was an actual agent, either of Intel directly, or of the Phoenician Navy through its myriad of private societies and funding. That should have always been clear just from the projects he was pushing, which were right in line with the Modern project of dissolution and confusion.

If you want to read something truly putrid, read Wilde's long letter to Alfred Douglas while in jail, *De Profundis*. That means "of profound or deep things", but it is anything but that. In the first part he blames Douglas for everything, and in the second part he compares himself to Christ. Like many before and after him, Wilde pretended to be a misunderstood sinner and prison convert, but that was all just to generate sympathy.

Even Douglas turned against him after reading *De Profundis*, so thoroughly disgusted by the entire



affair he repudiated homosexuality and embraced religion, becoming a Catholic.

**He called Wilde "the greatest force for evil that has appeared in Europe during the last three hundred and fifty years", adding that he intensely regretted having met Wilde and helped him with the French translation of *Salome*, which he called "a most pernicious and abominable piece of work".**

In fact, Douglas seems to have become fully cognizant of from where Wilde's project was coming, since he became virulently anti-Semitic for a while, admitting it in those words and even editing the magazine *Plain English*, which promoted those ideas. However, by 1921 he backtracked, admitting the conspiracy was wider than he had understood, being not just Jewish but English. Two years later Douglas was convicted of libeling Churchill, though I suspect he was railroaded and was convicted for leaking the truth.

**Churchill had been accused as cabinet minister of falsifying an official report on the [Battle of Jutland](#) in 1916, when although suffering losses, the Royal Navy drove the German battle fleet off the high seas. Churchill was said to have reported that the British Navy had in fact been defeated, the supposed motive being that when the news was flashed, British security prices would tumble on the world's stock exchanges, allowing a group of named Jewish financiers to snap them up cheaply. Churchill's reward was a houseful of furniture valued at £40,000.**

Sounds par for the course, doesn't it? Easier to believe it is true than to believe Douglas made it up.

Douglas also later said he had gone too far in dismissing Wilde, saying he had created the finest comedy in the English language outside of Shakespeare. I suppose he means *The Importance of Being Earnest*, which we will look at in a moment. But Douglas never learned any respect for the truth, being in his 60s pretty much what he was in his 20s: he was still claiming before his death that he and Wilde had only kissed and found men for one another. But he was claiming at the same time he "was beyond the sins of the flesh", especially homosexuality, while sleeping at age 67 with the 27-year-old Samuel Steward. We have to wonder if he ever figured out the Douglasses were Jewish as well.

Before we look at *Earnest*, let's back up and look at *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. This is considered by some his greatest work, and you can see why, since the central conceit of a portrait aging instead of its subject *is* highly compelling. This story has always been of interest to me personally, since it has been a running joke in my life since the time I was 35: due both to my youthful looks and my being a portrait painter, I have often been asked if I have a self-portrait aging in my closet. I have accepted it gracefully as a compliment, though of course it really isn't one. It implies I am not the boy scout I appear to be, hiding a raft of sins and indiscretions from the public.



That was me at 57, so you can kind of see why I was asked that. But my point is, I may have some insight into this story that others don't, since I know firsthand you don't stay young by making deals with the devil or by hiding your sins. And you especially don't stay young by leading a life of debauchery, hard living, and lying all the time about everything. You stay young by sleeping a lot, clean living, and a clear conscience.

I will be told that *The Picture of Dorian Gray* is a cautionary tale, warning the reader away from a life of evil, but I don't think that it is. After all, Dorian got exactly what the Phoenicians do want: youthful looks right up to the end, while avoiding for years any consequences for his actions. He died instantly at the end, by his own hand, as they often do. So how is that cautionary? Isn't it just a recipe for the sort of lives these people actually live? The only thing they lack is the youthful looks, and the novel suggests a pact with the devil may be the way to achieve that. More recently the Phoenicians appear to have moved away from that recipe, since it wasn't working very well. The devil either doesn't exist or he doesn't appear to honor his promises, so they are now looking for other methods, including gene therapy, blood transfusions, and miracle drugs. So they don't appear to have been properly cautioned by their cousin Wilde, do they?

That said, Wilde does confirm that your sins are written on your face, something I have been warning you. When Dorian cruelly jilts his lover in an early scene, the portrait immediately takes on an ugly sneer.

But we know Wilde didn't write the novel as a cautionary tale, since he so pointedly ignored his own advice. Does a man write a cautionary tale about debauchery and then flagrantly and publicly live a life of debauchery? No. Which means Wilde must have been up to something else. As I say, it is the temptation to debauchery parading as caution. As with so much else the Phoenicians have fed us as entertainment, it is the introduction to and promotion of evil dressed up as a condemnation of it. Any time the promotion is more beguiling than the condemnation, they set the hook.

We see this in the opening scene, where the pretty and innocent Dorian is corrupted on purpose by the old spider Lord Henry. You should also know that the story was at first far more gay than it is now. Both the publisher and then Wilde watered it way down in that regard to pass the censors and help sales. But you can see the gay theme from the beginning, since the artist Basil is clearly in love with Dorian.

This isn't the problem of the book, though. The problem is the “everything is allowed” Luciferian/pre-Crowley theme that underpins it. Wilde makes no effort to disguise that, top-loading the novel with an explicit sermon on it from Lord Henry almost as soon as he meets Dorian. Since this was Wilde's own philosophy as well, you would have to be a fool to read the novel as a cautionary tale against it.

This theme became the defining theme of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, thanks to Western Intelligence. Think of Neil Young's “Better to burn out than fade away”, quoted by Kurt Cobain as he fake-burned out. Young did both, burning out and then fading into a wizened rep for Pfizer. Pardon me if I hate these people with a passion, but I remember one day in the mid-1990s, when my favorite model Tess had made it into her teens and came over to sit for me with that quote inked on one of her Converse hightops. I gently scolded her for being a poser and told her she could do better. I suggested that maybe, at 14, she wasn't quite ready to burn out *or* fade away. You have to fade in before you fade out, and that is what a lot of these people never figure out.

I was angry because obviously we shouldn't be corrupting the youth with these pathetic ideas. We shouldn't be corrupting anyone with them, because they aren't true. It is a false dichotomy, because life isn't a question of burning out or fading away. It is a question of avoiding corruption like these ideas and corrupters like these people. I am almost 60, and I haven't burned out or faded away. Despite huge efforts to crush me, I continue to get bigger, smarter, and more influential. The creations continue to pile up. And that is what we need to teach the youth. No matter how old or young you are, every day is a new day to do something worthwhile. Seek it out and put all your heart into it, earnestly and sincerely.

As a sort of proof of how bad the book was, Wilde added an even more wretched Preface in 1891 as defense of it, written in a faux-Whistlerian style. This is how it begins:

The artist is the creator of beautiful things.

To reveal art and conceal the artist is art's aim.

The critic is he who can translate into another manner or a new material his impression of beautiful things.

The highest, as the lowest, form of criticism is a mode of autobiography.

Those who find ugly meanings in beautiful things are corrupt without being charming. This is a fault.

Those who find beautiful meanings in beautiful things are the cultivated. For these there is hope.

They are the elect to whom beautiful things mean only Beauty.

There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book. Books are well written, or badly written. That is all.

Yes, and prefaces are well written or badly written, and this is very badly written. If you don't see what I mean, go read Whistler's *Ten O'clock Lecture* and compare them. You will see where this comes from, and how it has been flipped into a corruption and mockery of that. Obviously, no real novel would require such a defense, and no real novelist would think of tacking one on.

This is also strange. In chapters Wilde added in 1891, Sybil Vane's brother stalks Dorian in revenge for her death. Just before he is about to shoot him in a hunting party, this James Vane accidentally gets shot himself. Sound familiar? The same thing had happened to Lord Douglas' brother Francis. When did Wilde meet Douglas? 1891. So it was no coincidence. It should have been seen as very bad taste to insert an incident like that into his new novel, but Wilde obviously had inside knowledge into the event. It just tells us once again that there is more to this story than we have been told, to this day.

There was some sort of internal feud between Queensberry and other top nobles, and it went deeper than the question of homosexuality. Wilde now appears to be a late casualty of it.

And that isn't the only reference to the death of Douglas' brother Francis in *Dorian Gray*. In the second scene, we find out that Dorian's father was killed by his grandfather, who paid "some Belgian brute" to pick a fight with him at the Spa and kill him in self-defense. "The whole thing was hushed up". The father, of no rank, was killed for marrying the mother, who was Lady Devereux. The grandfather was Lord Kelso, an obvious reference to Queensberry, being described in the novel as a "mean dog", always squabbling with cabbies about fares.

Also interesting: the girl who kills herself after being jilted by Dorian is named Sybil, as we just saw. Alfred Douglas' mother was named Sybil. But Wilde wrote those parts before 1891, so he must have known Douglas before 1891.

Also worth knowing in regard to the Marquess is that he feuded with his second son as well. Alfred, Wilde's squeeze, was his third son. His first son the Baron was shot. He dismissed the second son Percy as a loser, but could not disinherit him without making Alfred the next marquess, which was even worse. He was right about Percy, since he proceeded to spend all of the family money in about 18 months, driving it into bankruptcy. Percy was also a friend of Wilde, visiting him before his death in 1900 in Paris, in the company of Alfred. Percy then became a gold prospector in Australia for a few years, but ended up in New York working as a journalist. Somehow the family wealth regenerated, or what we are told isn't true: his son the 11<sup>th</sup> Marquess was a member of the London Stock Exchange, and bankrupt people aren't elected to that. Possibly it was due to marrying the Manns of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Now we come to *The Importance of Being Earnest*, in which even Mary McCarthy admitted "depravity is the hero and only character". Many thought it was funny, but of course the most depraved thought it the most hilarious. For myself, I have never found it amusing, though I have to admit I also was not amused by *Blazing Saddles* or *Dr. Strangelove*. As you know, I have a keen and broad sense of humor, but it doesn't extend to all things commonly found amusing. Some readers are surprised to find me admitting to liking *Friends*, or even more *The Hangover*, but there it is. I don't require elevation and even appreciate inanity. But Wilde I cannot admire on any level.

Ironically, *The Times* said in 1895 that "the story is almost too preposterous to go without music", which is why in the 2002 version with Colin Firth and Rupert Everett, they added a soundtrack to tell you to be amused. They also staged the whole thing with obvious flourishes not in the script and not of the time. See Everett nearly falling off the piano bench in the second scene. You should find it strange to see Everett in the two opening scenes and Firth in the third, but of course that is because Firth is a poor comic actor. They needed to open with Everett to set the tone. The third scene with Firth utterly fails to set any tone, mainly because he can't act. He has two and only two expressions: serious, which he does by looking constipated; and happy, which he does with a shy grin like an eight year old. As you will remember, in *The Girl with a Pearl Earring* he needed only one of those as Vermeer, who, I guess, was eternally constipated.

They cheat again in the fourth scene, using scanty chorus girls and quick cuts to add interest Wilde could never have achieved. So if you found any of this amusing, very little credit goes to Wilde. In the fifth scene, they actually manufacture a large audience to chuckle at the drab dialogue: a laugh track. In the sixth scene, they bring back the Keystone Kops chase from scene one, again with soundtrack to remind you this is all very funny. In the seventh scene, we get Cecily opening a book to nude

illustrations and imaging a white knight riding up—again, not something Wilde wrote or could have staged. So another cheat.

Finally, we come to what one might call the central scene, where Gwendolen admits she has always wanted to marry a man named Ernest. Unfortunately, that isn't amusing, inane, or even absurd, it is just stupid. Absurdity in a play should have some bite to it, and this has none. It doesn't veer close enough to reality to be believable or far enough from it to be drôle. It is just a character being forced to match a pun in the title. Not funny. *Forced*. You might say this is the main exhibit in my argument against the play, since the whole thing is like this: forced. It is not comedy, but the hamhanded attempt at it.

As if to confirm that, this scene has its own annoying soundtrack, telling us to be amused. A light, upbeat little romp with cutesy flourishes, insinuating the humor into our skulls with everything short of pliers.

But to back up. In scene one of the play itself, Algernon says that divorces are made in heaven. That is one of the first big jokes of the play, and is representative of the rest. But remind yourself who is making these jokes: a gay man who knows nothing of women and wants to know nothing of women. So we are where we were with George Bernard Shaw and *Pygmalion*, [in my critique of that](#). We are getting commentary, that is supposed to be witty, on subjects the writer knows nothing about. I suggest to you that you can't joke about something you know nothing about. You can only reach a point of wit on subjects with which you have long and varied experience, pro and con. For instance, someone who had been divorced several times might make a joke about it, to cover his pain, and that joke might—or might not—be witty or clever. But a gay man who had never even looked sideways at marriage is in no position to be a wit about it. That is why the humor fails to land here.

Shaw loved *Earnest*, but he also loved Stalin and Hitler, so not exactly the praise you are looking for as an author.

You will say I am judging *Earnest* after the fact based on knowledge of the author, but I'm not. I felt the same way about the play before I knew anything about Wilde. Knowing what I know now just confirms it. I now know *why* the play isn't funny, whereas before I just knew it wasn't. As with everything else to do with Wilde, it is calculated. Prefabricated. False.

I leave open the possibility Wilde was clever in his own circles. His mind may have been quick enough in its own ways, though his run-ins with Whistler put even that into doubt. Most of his wit appears to have been borrowed or stolen. So much so that one of my first thoughts was that he had stolen the idea of *The Picture of Dorian Gray* from someone—some French writer unknown to most of us. I fully expect one of my readers to write in and prove my guess right. But however that may turn out, in my circle, Wilde lands like a lead balloon. After the past century, and after learning what I have learned, nothing could be less drôle or more insidious than reading about a gaggle of upperclass twits basking in their depravity and denigrating so-called middle class values.

And it turns out to be even worse than that. Wilde later all but admitted the play was a gay double-entendre, saying “How I used to toy with that Tiger Life”. Then as now, a tiger is a gay man who uses duplicity (his stripes) to trick a straight man into gay sex. Even the title is a gay double-entendre, since Ernest is chosen as the central motif due to John Nicholson's book of gay poetry from three years earlier *Love in Earnest*. So Ernest is a code word for gay. Of course this is why Rupert Everett was chosen to play Algernon in the 2002 production: by then he was known—via Madonna—even by the straightest of audiences to be flamboyantly gay. Same for Firth, though Firth still tries to pass for



straight. But his first known woman was Meg Tilly when he was 29, so something is off there. Other than Firth, Tilly has had two relationships with much older producers, which also normally indicates a set-up of some sort. Tilly (born Chan, think Cohen) was attractive enough at 23 to date anyone she wanted in the entire world, so why would she marry this guy:



Looks like her dad. But who knows why women do anything they do? I guess it was good for her career, for a while. You will say I recently advised young women who want children to marry a stable older guy. Yes, a stable older guy, *not a producer!*

Firth has since all but admitted he is gay, playing multiple high profile gay roles and pretending he took the parts from real gay actors, but as with Tom Hanks, I am not really buying it. Of course I have no proof one way or the other, I am just telling you how it looks to me. And playing the odds.

Also interesting is that Firth was also in 2009's *Dorian Gray*, playing Lord Henry. This indicates Firth is a close relative of Wilde, as we have seen many times. The closest relatives in the families are chosen for the biggest parts. This is how it is done.

**[Added next day:** I just tried to watch that *Dorian Gray*, and it makes 2002's *The Importance of Being Earnest* look like *Casablanca*. Dorian is all wrong, since Wilde specifically tells us he has blond curly hair and a charming demeanor—a “sunbeam”. Ben Barnes has neither. Without that, the story can't work, because it is about spoiling that charm, putting out that sunbeam. If Dorian has no sunny innocence in the opening scenes, the film is lost. They needed someone more like Cary Elwes at 20.

The film looks plastic from the opening scenes, since it is 90% CGI. Even Barnes looks CGI. Dorian is the grandson of an Earl, so why is he dressed like a bootblack? Apparently no one on the script team had ever read the book, or any book from the 19<sup>th</sup> century. Or perhaps any book ever.

In an early scene, Lord Henry takes Dorian and Basil to the Hellfire Club, which we are supposed to believe is in the poorest district of London. Two problems: Wilde never mentions the Hellfire Club, and it wasn't in the poor district, of course. It was a club for peers, so it was in the richest part of town. It was founded by the 1<sup>st</sup> Duke of Wharton, and his picture tells us everything:



He was raised to his dukedom as a minor, the first since the 15<sup>th</sup> century, and he was raised by James III, the Pretender son of James II. We are never told exactly how or why a pretender king living in Rome can raise peers to dukedoms in England, but that is the story. I think you can guess why James Stuart made him a duke. The raising went both ways, I suppose.

They met at various locations, including Wharton's riding club. I needn't tell you that wasn't in a poor district.

But back to the film. This Hellfire scene is utterly made up, for no reason I can see. Nothing like it is in the book, so the scriptwriters are just rewriting the whole novel, making a bad story worse. Lord Henry, played woodenly by Firth, is not compelling at all, but revolting, and we can see that Dorian is revolted, so this is all strictly upside down to the book, besides making no sense. The corruption of Dorian cannot proceed without the mesmerism of Lord Henry.

Then we see Sybil, who isn't right either. She is miscast as well. I like red hair, but Sybil doesn't have red hair. And I can tell you how she should look. Cast as Lord Henry's wife in this film is Emilia Fox, who you will remember from the BBC's *Pride and Prejudice*, where she played Darcy's sister Georgiana 14 years earlier. That is how Sybil should look.

Then we see the portrait, which is by English artist Paul Benney. It is underwhelming, like everything else by Benney. It looks like Barnes, is all I can say. Otherwise it is stiff and soulless, with a bad pose and bad background. Arms hanging down like noodles, bad color, and unvarying facture. Spiritless in every way, so I suppose it does fit the film.]

Here's another line from the book for the ladies in the audience:

**My dear boy, no woman is a genius. Women are a decorative sex. They never have anything to say, but they say it charmingly. Women represent the triumph of matter over mind, just as men represent the triumph of mind over morals.**

This is also indicative:

**JACK: Gwendolen, it is a terrible thing for a man to find out suddenly that all his life he has been speaking nothing but the truth. Can you forgive me?**

**GWENDOLEN: I can. For I feel that you are sure to change.**

Are you amused? If so, you haven't read enough of my papers on Phoenician events. Such a flippant disregard of the truth should never have been seen as witty, much less comedic, but if it ever did it certainly doesn't now. Wilde's own life should have cured his audiences of its laughter by 1895, but if that didn't do it the 20<sup>th</sup> century certainly should have. You will say I have lost my sense of humor, but I haven't. I laugh at things all the time. My own papers are full of humor and wit. I just don't find Wilde's Phoenician brand of humor amusing, and never did. It is a cruel and shallow and misguided humor, what I call a military humor, with a little Oxbridge banter stirred in for bad measure.

Here is a quote that should endear Wilde to all the women out there:

**The only way to behave to a woman is to make love to her if she is pretty and to someone else if she is plain.**

Hilarious, right?

And here's a niggling little question for you: Jack Worthing [Ernest] has loads of money. If he was an orphan left in a handbag in Victoria Station, why isn't he Oliver Twist? Do you think the rich back then adopted infants found in handbags? Again, not absurd, just stupid and lazy. And if Miss Prism had left an upperclass infant in a train station, she would either be transported or secretly drowned. In no case would she continue to work for the families.

In the film, Algernon actually arrives in the country in a striped hot-air balloon, again with the silly mood music. So you see the lengths they had to go to make this watchable. Which it still isn't.

As my reader, you will be especially interested in this: in the film they make a little addition to the text when Jack finds Algernon playing Ernest for Cecily. Rubert Everett says [min.38:00]

**I stand before you an entirely new man, risen as it were like a Phoenix from the ashes.**

Equally disgusting is another added scene, where Gwendolen goes to a tattoo parlor and has Ernest tattooed on her ass by a Chinaman. As if the play weren't already stupid enough. But I guess the tattoo industry was paying top dollar that year for product placement.

Here's another *bon mot* of Wilde in a scene after that, sold as clever:

**In matters of grave importance, style, not sincerity is the vital thing.**

The same tired joke in a thousand forms, and it wasn't funny the first time. But of course it IS at the heart of Modernism, the substitution of style for sincerity. [See [my old critique of Tom Waits](#), called *Casualty of Cool*.] But I remind you, sincerity is a synonym of. . . earnestness. So the play should rightly be called *The Importance of NOT Being Earnest*. Everything, even that, is on its head here. Operation Chaos, where day is night, black is white, shallow is deep, lies are more interesting than truth, reality is boring, and the boorishly offensive is supposed to be funny—or at least as long as it is

upperclass, effeminate, and said with a sly winky wink.

But the film producers actually thought that winky wink wasn't enough, adding a wink to it. They had the unmitigated gaul to magnify even the famous ending. In the play Jack's father's name really is Ernest. In the film, he lied about even that, his father being named John. And what does that tell us? It tells us that Wilde, the greatest and most famous liar of the 19<sup>th</sup> century is now considered an amateur. The most disingenuous thing ever produced up to 1895 couldn't pass muster in 2002, and had to be inflated for a modern audience. So as bad as the play was, Hollywood found a way to make it worse.

But let us wind this down. Wilde died of syphilis in Paris at age 46, indicating he hadn't just been watching. . .

Or did he? I now offer you the final turn of the screw, one I didn't see coming in. There is the possibility the whole crash and burn of Oscar Wilde was staged by British Intelligence, perhaps to save him from a worse fate. This is because the story after his arrest makes no sense. We are told he was thrown into bankruptcy by losing the case and having to pay court costs for Queensbury, but that shouldn't have bankrupted him by itself. We are told he was still broke in Paris after getting out of jail, but again that makes no sense, one because *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* sold very well, and two because he had a whole nation of rich gay friends who should have been on his side. But we get a lot of other clues this was not what it seemed to be, and I will now list them for you. To start with, Wilde could have easily have fled to France before the arrest and they gave him every opportunity to do so. But despite knowing all evidence was against him, he decided to stay. The story of the libel trial is garbled to this day, with Wiki telling us Wilde dropped the case and then that Queensbury was found not guilty, the Libel Act allowing him to collect expenses. Other places say that Queensbury had to sue for costs. It has to be one or the other, but not both. In the trial for sodomy it actually took two trials to convict Wilde, since the first jury hung. The government should have let it go at that, but decided to try him a second time on the same charges, which I have argued before shouldn't even be legal. But it is, here as in England. The weird thing is that the judge in the second trial was named Sir Alfred **Wills**. Do you see it? Oscar's name was Oscar **Wills** Wilde. **The judge was a close cousin.**

Wilde's prison number was **C33**. The signal of a fake Intel event.

*The Ballad of Reading Gaol* is also a big clue, since Wilde had just been moved to Reading before Charles Wooldridge was brought in for murdering his wife. So it looks like another set up. The first edition was **800** copies, and though Wilde doesn't claim Wooldridge's innocence, he does legitimize the whole event just by writing about it. This was the point, since that murder was also faked, as part of the Men-are-Pigs project that has been going on for over a century. We know it was faked because he allegedly slit her throat during the day in front of a crowd in front of her residence. Nobody murders his wife for adultery in that manner. Nobody murders anyone in that manner. Wooldridge was a trooper in the Royal Horse Guards, so the hoax was another military operation, like thousands of others we have seen. Wooldridge was the first prisoner hanged at Reading Gaol in **18** years. And as in the fake Nuremberg hangings, we get a strange story of the hangman using a drop too long and stretching Wooldridge's neck **11** inches. That is just to get more numerology in there. In Paris, Wilde allegedly tried to join the Jesuits, which is as ridiculous as the rest of this, but is indeed another clue. He took the name **Sebastian Melmoth**, which is doubly revealing, since Wilde is comparing himself to another saint besides Jesus, while at the same time admitting he is a Jewish agent. Melmoth is from Charles Maturin's *Melmoth the Wanderer*, a wandering Jew like Ahaseurus, who sold his soul to the devil for more life like Dorian. Maturin was also Jewish, although they try to sell him as Huguenot. Like Wilde

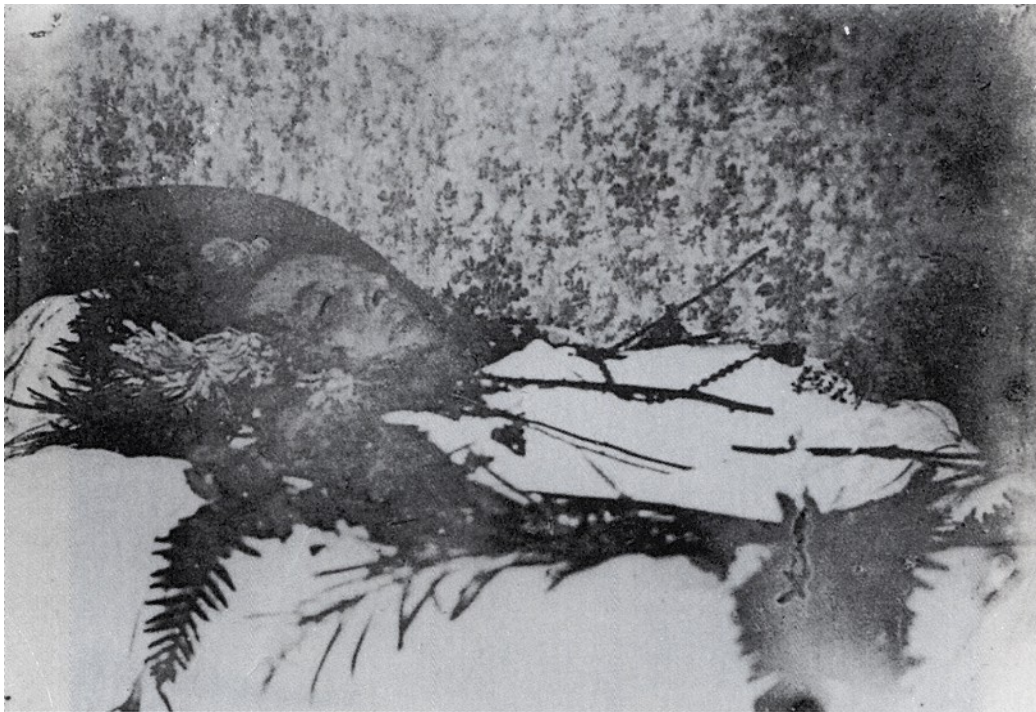
he came out of Trinity College, Dublin. Maturin was Wilde's great uncle.





Charles Maturin

Then we have this:



Wilde on his deathbed, photographed by Maurice Gilbert, 30 November 1900

The usual fake deathbed photo. Not very convincing, is it?

So why would they fake this? Why would Wilde possibly take this assignment which would end his

career? Only, as I said, to avoid a worse fate. And that would be? A real death. I propose Wilde had gotten over his head in the Queensberry affair, which was not what we are told. The murder or faked death of Queensberry's first son shows us a very serious feud in the upper levels of Intelligence at the time. By writing that death into the second edition of Dorian Gray, Wilde clearly pissed off some big people, including Queensberry but perhaps including those even higher up. So I think Wilde was in immediate danger of being killed, and his allies in Intel saw the only way they could get him out of it was to fake his fall themselves. A flight to Paris wouldn't do it, because agents there could get him almost as easily as in London, but if they could fake a prison sentence and hole Wilde up in some remote private residence themselves, they might save him until this blew over. You can be sure he was never in jail for a moment, regardless of anything else. But after two years we see the opposition still hadn't forgotten Wilde's mistakes, and with Wilde still feeling heat in Paris the only thing they could do is fake his death. Most likely they moved him from there to the US or South America. Remember, Percy Douglas also soon ended up in the US, so best guess is Wilde was in New York with him. Maybe the English spooks left him alone there, maybe they didn't.

We have a final clue, in that Wilde allegedly died just a few months after the old Marquess of Queensberry. If the feud had been just between them, that should have ended it, and it was clearly hoped by Wilde's people that it would. But it didn't, telling us that Wilde's enemies went higher than the Marquess, just as I guessed. This was bigger than either of them. Remember, we know it included the Prime Minister Rosebery, lover of the young Baron Douglas who died. So we should look to him for more information here. That pulls in Harcourt, Salisbury, and Balfour, all enemies of Rosebery. Sir William Harcourt was Chancellor of the Exchequer at the time, and he was angry that the Queen had chosen Rosebery over him for Prime Minister. As such, you will recognize him as the face of the banks. . .

But wait. Remember, I am writing this as I go, as I research it, so you see the progression of my ideas. You are on a ride-along. Taking a break in the afternoon, I just went for a bike ride and the wheels continued to turn in my head as well, as you won't be surprised to hear. I realized I was getting ahead of myself. Or Clio the Muse of History popped into my head to remind me to put all the pieces of the puzzle I have already gathered together before I go looking for more pieces. Suddenly those pieces started rising from the page in my head, putting themselves together before my eyes. We have all the clues here to solve this already. Let's start where we left off, with the old Marquess dying in 1900. I said that because the Wilde feud didn't seem to end there, we needed to look beyond the Marquess. But we don't, since there was a new Marquess, wasn't there? His second son, Percy Douglas, 10<sup>th</sup> Marquess of Queensberry. He fell in line when his older brother was shot in the hunting party. And I have already shown you the stories about him are false, since there is no way he could have run through the family fortune in a year and a half, declaring bankruptcy in 1901. So that must be fake. We know he didn't because the family was still rich after that. So there is a mist here, which should have alerted me that something was being covered up. On a first reading I failed to put the pieces together, because this really is a bit deeper than the crap we have been looking at in current projects. These 19<sup>th</sup> century agents hadn't been dumbed down by fluoride and TV and cellphones and a million other of their own projects, so they almost fooled me. But let us pull in some more pieces. Percy visited Wilde in 1900 after he became the Marquess, and though I thought that was strange, I jumped to the conclusion above he was a friend of Wilde through his brother. That was silly of me, since we had no evidence they were ever friends before that. **More likely it was Percy's visit to Paris that told Wilde he wasn't off the hook.** Percy was there to tell him to withdraw further.

**Which means Percy is the linchpin here, not his father.** If the project continued after his father's death, then Percy must be the central character here, not the father. But the family has rewritten the

history to make sure Percy remains in the shadows. Why? Well, all we need is the last piece of the puzzle. Percy couldn't become Marquess while his brother was alive. So the *cui bono* goes to him. He benefitted most, so the most suspicion should have gone to him. It would also explain why his brother's death was never properly investigated. We still aren't told to this day who shot him or in what circumstances. Very strange. But maybe the family didn't want it investigated, didn't wish to press charges, and paid the police to move on. Which means? Which means the most likely scenario, the one that fits all the pieces, is that Percy and his father both hated Francis, the moreso once he started sleeping with the Prime Minister, who was from the hated Liberal party. So they conspired to get rid of him and make Percy next in line. Alfred discovered the truth and told Wilde, putting Wilde in danger. Wilde and Alfred, being the fools they were, may have tried to blackmail Percy by threatening to go to the papers or police, forcing Percy and his father to call in Intelligence to deal with it. Since Wilde was already an agent—though a relatively low-level one from the theatrical department—his own people jumped in to protect him, and struck some sort of deal. He was forced to withdraw, but he was allowed to withdraw in slow motion, so that theatrical could get a couple more minor projects out of him that were already in the can, including the Reading Gaol business. It should have always seemed strange that Wilde continued to joke around and pump out these projects even after he had allegedly crashed and burned. Just before dying in Paris, he was still joking “my wallpaper and I are fighting a duel to the death: one of us has to go”. Do those sound like the last words of a dying man, in deep depression?

**Added April 23, 2023:** I just tripped across this photo of Cameron Crowe and realized he is a dead ringer for Oscar Wilde, down to the hairstyle.



Just look at that massive Habsburg jaw! So they must be related, right? Yep, through the Atkinsons. Wilde's mother-in-law was Adelaide Atkinson, and Crowe's grandmother is Nancy Atkinson. You will say, “that wouldn't explain the match in looks, since it isn't a blood match, unless Crowe is his great-grandson or something.” True, which suggest to me that Wilde's hidden great-grandmother on his father's side must be an Atkinson. That wouldn't surprise us, since it would indicate he married a close cousin (Constance Lloyd). Either that, or Crowe really is a direct descendant of Wilde, with the Atkinson just a clue in that direction.

Crowe is also probably related to the big-jawed people we saw in my genealogy dive on Virginia Woolf, whose great-aunt was Julia Margaret Cameron. Cameron Crowe's first name is a transported last name, of course. Woolf didn't get blood from that uncle Cameron directly, but all these people are cousins so even uncles by marriage are consanguineous. They are all Stuarts through the Hays/Livingstons/ Manners/Grahams.

**Added May 4, 2023:** One of my readers alerted me to [this Lawrence O'Donnell “Last Word” segment](#) at MSNBC this week, which amazingly tries to compare Tucker Carlson to the Marquess of Queensberry, while simultaneously reselling Oscar Wilde as a great man. Like Biden, O'Donnell is so vaccine-compromised he can hardly read from a teleprompter, but his vaccine-compromised bosses at the station don't see it, I guess. Even worse are his writers, whose blood clots have short-circuited their brains as well, and they can't see that this is reversing on them—like the *New York Times'* attacks on Carlson. Using a famous flamer like Wilde to attack Carlson is like trying to sell Bud Light to middle America with Dylan Mulvaney. This is the Wilde quote O'Donnell's writers used as the bullet for this segment:

**The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it. Resist it and your soul grows sick with**



**longing for the things it has forbidden itself, with desire for what its monstrous laws have made monstrous and unlawful.**

Wow. So this is where the mainstream news now is? MSNBC is promoting Alistair Crowley's Luciferian “everything is allowed”. Want to be a pedophile? Yield to it or your soul will grow sick with longing. Want to be a murderer? Go for it, man! Don't deny yourself.

O'Donnell says Wilde was convicted of being a human being. No, he was convicted of having sex with underage boys, which we now call statutory rape. O'Donnell then segues into Tucker's laugh—though we aren't sure what that has to do with Wilde raping little boys. He calls the laugh a “horrible, monstrous cackle”. Really? Tucker's laugh is a bit strange, but no one with ears or a dictionary would call it a monstrous cackle. This is what is called a hatchet job with no hatchet. More like an attack with a wet noodle. The whole segment is an embarrassment to the history of polemics.

O'Donnell attacks the nobility in this segment over and over, which is doubly strange, since not only does the American upperclass—including those who own MSNBC and the rest of the media—come directly from this nobility, but Wilde does, too. So the argument—such as it is—is once again wildly inconsistent. O'Donnell and his masters are just assuming you don't know anything about Wilde or the owners of American media. Yes Tucker is privileged, but so is O'Donnell<sup>[10]</sup> and everyone else featured in or on or behind “the news”, so the punch can't possibly land.

Next O'Donnell calls Wilde “one of the world's greatest artists”. The hyperbole here is so great it destroys the segment by itself, since literally no one thinks Wilde is or ever was one of the world's greatest artists. Technically, he wasn't an artist, he was writer, and not even a good one. Where would he rank in a list of beloved 19<sup>th</sup> century writers? He might make the top 200 in English, but then only because of the continued heavy promotion, as we are seeing here. Like a lot of these people, without that promotion no one would ever have heard of him. Compared to a truly beloved author like Dickens or Doyle, his sales were always minuscule, and still are.

O'Donnell then tries to blame Queensberry, and therefore I guess Carlson, for the violence inherent in boxing, and for any accidental deaths from the sport from then up to now. Brilliant. But how does O'Donnell work Carlson into that slander? Has Carlson killed anyone in a boxing match? You have to be kidding me. No, it is because Carlson said something about white men, and Queensberry is a white man, therefore. . . .

No really, this is the level of O'Donnell's argument, which he nonetheless tries to sell with a shaming seriousness that only lacks violins and crocodile tears. O'Donnell and his writers have so completely destroyed their own credibility by this point in the “opinion” piece, nothing that comes after that is to be believed. We are now listening only out of a macabre curiosity, to see how else they might self-destruct. They do so by leaking Tucker's private emails, which just reminds us that the government is now collecting and storing all our private emails, the better to blackmail us. Anytime we say something stupid—and we all do—it can be dredged up later and spun to make us look like “horrible monsters” on the national news.

Even more lacking in self-awareness is O'Donnell's attack on Tucker for alleged racism. I guess he is counting on your having forgotten his own 2010 controversy, concerning comments on black candidate Michael Steele, which drew accusations of racism and led to an apology from O'Donnell. Ditto for tone-deaf comments about black candidate Herman Caine, who O'Donnell accused of being against civil rights. You may also want to look at [the clip of O'Donnell from 2017](#), cussing up a storm on set



because someone dared to accidentally drop something while he was live on air. You may also wish to remember that this same O'Donnell admits to being a Socialist, and that he wrote parts of the wretched *West Wing*, which was just straight-up government propaganda. The point of that was to restore trust in the government and the Presidency, which is ironic considering that in the two decades since that has all gone right out the window. Thanks to Fabian Socialists like O'Donnell, and with lots of help from 911, DHS, CIA, and Pfizer, the world is now in a shambles, with all trust gone forever.

It appears to me that with the self-destruction of FoxNews, MSNBC had to find some way to stay beneath it, self-destructing even worse. MSNBC saw its ratings go above Fox for the first time in many years, and—not knowing how to cope with that—figured the best thing it could do is torpedo what was left of its ratings by ineptly attacking the most popular man in broadcast news in a decade. As with those at the *New York Times*, O'Donnell can now watch his own ratings continue to tank down to nothing. Tucker will survive this regardless, but as we can tell from his dwindling ability to read words on a screen, O'Donnell will not.

\*Wikipedia lies again and tells us she was named for Isolde. No, Isola is Italian for island. It is a common girl's name in Italy. Isola goes with the name Francesca, not the name Tristan.

\*\*Also see my [\*Clive Bell and Formalism\*](#).

☞ Much of O'Donnell's genealogy is hidden at Ethniclebs, but they admit he is a Reagan, Buckley and Russell.