

ChesterBelloc



by Miles Mathis

April 11, 2026

Before we get started, I want to ask a question about the “Iran War”. Tell me how this makes sense: we threaten Iran for weeks with total destruction if they don't open the Strait of Hormuz, so they do, and the next day we close it ourselves, threatening them with total destruction if they try to break our blockade. This makes the phony wargames in Orwell's 1984 look rational in comparison.

Do you think that maybe, just maybe, we need the Strait to appear to be closed, to explain the manufactured rise in prices of gas, fertilizer, food, etc.?

A reader recommended to me G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc today, implying they had been on the same page I am, since they had advanced Distributism, as a better alternative than either Capitalism or Communism. Belloc also wrote a famous book *The Jews*, being accused of anti-Semitism for that and many other things. Belloc and Chesterton worked together and were often referred to as ChesterBelloc. That is them above with George Bernard Shaw to your left.

So yes, there are minor parallels, but as usual I will give you a very different reading of these two “gentlemen”, showing why I have never had any use for them.

That picture is the first clue, since they were pals with Shaw, [whom I have already outed here](#). That link to Shaw is enough to destroy them, since it belies their claims to be good Catholics. Shaw was a Socialist, Atheist, Fabian, and thoroughly nasty character, in addition to being an awful writer, so why

were ChesterBelloc hanging out with him and other obvious agents? You already know but are about to be given piles of evidence.

All three of these fellows were cloaked Jews themselves, Shaw pretending to be Irish and the other two pretending to be Catholic. This Catholic pretense was Belloc's assignment from his time at Oxford, where he was already carrying around Mary figurines and rosaries back to 1893. Not really believable, is it? That Virgin Mary he liked to nurse allegedly cost him a Fellowship at All Souls College. Really? And we are supposed to buy that? Also read his earlier bio, where we are supposed to believe he walked across the entire US on foot to get to a girlfriend in California, paying for lodging along the way by reciting poetry. Oivay caramba! More fractured fairy tales.



I already showed you Shaw, sold as “from shabby-genteel poverty”, was actually a [Townshend, Hamilton and Whitmore, linked to Pagets, Maxwells, Villiers, and Gordon-Lennox](#). I remind you what the Townshends look like:



As for Chesterton, all bios try meekly to scrub him, [but it doesn't take much to link him](#) to the peerage Chestertons and Chesterton and Sons, the oldest estate agents in the UK. Our Chesterton is a first

cousin of [Frank Sidney Chesterton](#), and uncle of Sir Oliver Chesterton, director of the Woolrich as well as head of the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors, the director of Forte Hotel Group, and head of the [Worshipful Company of Curriers](#), City of London. It goes without saying he was not a Catholic. One of Chesterton's grandmothers was a [Blackett](#), of those baronets of Newcastle, which also links us to [Moncks](#), [Somervilles](#), and [Lowthers](#). They were also not Catholics. These Blacketts link Chesterton to [Lord Nelson](#). Chesterton was also a close cousin of physicist the Baron Patrick [Stuart Blackett](#), who won the 1948 Nobel Prize for nuclear transmutation and who later became a major spook as head of the Royal Society. He was called a radical for recommending restraints on military use of nuclear energy, but we now know that was just indirect salesmanship of something that didn't even exist.

G. K. stands for Gilbert [Keith](#), and we know all these names are surnames. We saw the Keiths most prominently in [my paper on Ben Franklin](#), since Franklin mysteriously went to work for the baronet Sir William Keith, Governor of Pennsylvania, when still a teen. Keith's cousin George was Earl Marischal, [the one who led a fake Jacobite uprising in his youth](#) and was later the Prussian ambassador to Spain, being awarded the Black Eagle (actually a Phoenix) of Prussia. In the time of Chesterton, a Keith was a Baron and Privy Counsellor.

None of these people were Catholics, and that is painfully obvious, which is why Chesterton had to appear to convert much later, at age 48. We are told Chesterton was brought to Jesus by his wife Frances Blogg, but she did not enter the Catholic faith until four years *after* he did, in 1926, at age 57. Yes, she was five years older. Before that she was a French Huguenot, which, I remind you, is not Catholic. It is [Calvinist, a very bad sign](#). Chesterton's mother was also French, though we know nothing about her.

Hilaire Belloc was also part French, as you can tell from his name, so we should assume he and Chesterton were cousins somehow. His mother was Bessie [Rayner Parkes](#), a famous feminist and daughter of Joseph Parkes, one of the [Philosophical Radicals](#) we looked at in my paper on Darwin. A very bad sign. Belloc's 2g-grandfather was Joseph Priestley, whom we also looked at closely in that paper.



So as usual, we find all these projects linked. I remind you of this from [the Darwin paper](#):

Joseph Priestley's mother was a Swift and his father a cloth merchant, so we have him pegged already. He married Mary Wilkinson, of those iron industrialists, telling you where his interests lay. Mary's brother John was one of the richest men in England, pioneering the manufacture of cast iron during the Industrial Revolution. His grave is marked by a massive obelisk in Cumbria, telling us again who he really was.

Priestley spent much of his non-scientific time in disputation, trying to destroy Christianity in the British Isles through the Unitarian Church, which was just another Intelligence front run by the Phoenicians. Which circles us back to Chesterton, whose family was originally Unitarian. Just more proof of what I am telling you.

Belloc's sister was a writer as well, and she married a Lowndes, also peerage. Their daughter married a Northcote, Earl of Iddesleigh, also linking us to the Barings and Goulds. Big bankers, you know.

Wikipedia hides one of Belloc's *four* middle names: Swanton. This is because his grandfather Jean Hilaire-Belloc, the famous French painter, married Anne-Louise Chasseriau Swanton, a famous writer of the Chasseriau family, including the artist Theodore Chasseriau:



Note the Jewish face and the hand in the vest, telling us he is a Phoenician. His father Benoit has a page at Wikipedia, but it is partially hidden, not coming up on a search for Chasseriau. You have to get to it through Theodore's page. Maybe it is because they admit he was a spy. He was a French diplomat who became Minister of the Interior for Colombia, being a comrade in arms of Simon Bolivar. He was also head of the Masonic lodge there, doubling what we just discovered with his son. Benoit's father was Jean Chasseriau, merchant, shipowner, and advisor to the City of La Rochelle, a big Phoenician Navy port. Jean's wife was a Couret de la Blaquiere, more Jewish/French billionaires, also British barons. The Blaquieres were also de Varennes. I also remind you we already saw the Blacketts above, with Chesterton's grandmother. Same people. Blackett=Blaquiere. So that is one link between Belloc and Chesterton. I told you.

And again, none of these people were Catholic: as Masons, shipowners, and merchants, they were all Phoenicians, worshipping El or Mammon if anyone. They had less than no use for the Virgin Mary, whom they loved to mock, so we must assume Belloc's stories at Oxford are more of the same. I am sure they got a big laugh out of it.

You will ask how I can jump to these conclusions so fast, so I will just tell you. I ask myself how, if these fellows were so smart, moral, and productive, they managed to miss everything about history that I discovered in pretty easy research? How is it that I, an unconnected and anti-promoted boy from small town north Texas, who has spent only a few days in England, could penetrate all this while these famous guys, living in the middle of it all, missed it completely? They never got the slightest sniff of anything, not only concerning English, Scottish, Irish, French, German, Russian, or Italian history, but never tripped over the slightest clues about the Phoenicians. Doesn't seem possible, does it? There are only two possibilities as I see it: either they were all dense as lead, or they were paid to miss it. Not only to miss it, but to purposely hide it.

If you still aren't following me, I will get very specific. Let's look at Belloc's *The Jews*, which you can [read for free at Gutenberg.org](#). This book destroys itself in the first pages. The first thing we notice is the subtitle in Hebrew. Looks like shlvs lyshral, backwards and letter-for-letter, which I believe is how it is done. No idea what that means*, but if I was writing a book critical of the Jews, I wouldn't subtitle it in Hebrew. That's just giving yourself away, in my opinion. He might as well post a pic of himself under title with his hand in his vest or wearing a yarmulke. Same for the dedication to a Mrs. Goldsmith. That just looks like another joke of the Virgin Mary sort. Dedicating a book critical of the Jews to Mrs. Ruby Goldsmith. At least it isn't Rube Goldberg.

On page 3, Belloc states his thesis that the solution to the problem of the Jews being an alien body in the society they inhabit is the RECOGNITION of a separate Jewish nationality. What? How is that the solution to any problem? Isn't that what a Jew would argue: well, this is how it is, so best recognize us and just let us live how we want.

In the thesis to chapter IV, he says the common accusations against Jews are false and then says the causes of friction are

These examined—the Jewish courage—examples—the Jewish generosity—the strength of Jewish patriotism—the consequent indifference to our national feelings—accusations arising therefrom, especially in time of war—the Jewish power of concentration—of eloquence—the Jewish tendency to "push" a Jewish success and hide a Jewish failure or danger—the evil effects of this tendency in our mutual relations.

The poverty of the Jewish people—false effect produced by a few great Jewish fortunes—the instability of these—cringing of wealthy Europeans to Jewish money-dealers—dependence of our politicians on wealthy Jews—evil effect of this in the attempt to regulate domestic affairs of Eastern Europe.

So this isn't looking like much a critique of the Jews, is it? Again, you see why I say this looks to be written by a cloaked Jew. No one else would think to frame it this way, then (1922) or now.

It continues in the thesis to chapter V:

I have called "Special" causes of Friction those [Pg xiv] which are remedial at will by either party—they would seem to be, on the Jewish side, the habit of secrecy and the habit of expressing a sense of superiority—on our side a disingenuousness and unintelligence in our

treatment of Jews and a lack of charity.

So the worst sin of the Jews is secrecy and superiority? Really? That's the thesis, the baseline for argument here? That's why I can jump to conclusions here: it isn't necessary to read the whole book when the opening pages are like this.

It continues in the thesis to chapter VII:

The Anti-Semite. Error of neglecting to study Anti-Semitism on account of its extravagance—it is a most significant thing, however ill-balanced—character of the Anti-Semite—he does not recognize a Jewish problem to be solved but only a Jewish race to be hated—this hatred his whole motive—his self-contradictions—his delusion

Would any Gentile or Catholic frame it that way, arguing that we see and are aware of no problem, but are only looking for someone to hate? This is sophistry at its most transparent, proving again that Belloc is a Jew controlling the opposition.

As for Chesterton, he never went to university, spending only a few months at art school before going to work in publishing at age 21. By age 26 he had his own daily opinion column at the *Daily News*, Dickens' newspaper, which is astonishing. He was working for the publisher T. Fisher Unwin before that, so we have no idea what his qualifications for a daily opinion column were. Why would anyone want the opinion of an unknown nobody with no degrees or experience? I guess no one ever asked that obvious question before me.

One of Chesterton's most famous “non-fiction” books is his critical study of Charles Dickens, the founder of the newspaper he was working for. [I put that in quotes because the book still manages to be mostly fiction.] He wrote it in 1906 when he was just 31. Unfortunately we now know it was all garbage, since he failed to discover [anything I discovered in 2022](#). He and I both entered our research as big fans of Dickens, but only one of us was willing to honestly report what he found. He repeats all the lies of Dickens' boyhood, and there is otherwise nothing critical about his study. Yes, the final chapter is about Dickens' “vulgar optimism”, but that is just mostly just fluff. Criticizing a fiction writer for writing popular fiction. It is nothing to my criticism of him. But of course Chesterton couldn't write anything like I did: he would have never found a publisher and would have destroyed any future career. Biographies of famous people are expected to be softball hagiographies with no real content. The last thing any mainstream readers want to be told is the truth about anything, and even the few that do won't be catered to by mainstream publishers who are related to the famous people.

Also strange is that Chesterton published his Distributist writings through the *American Review*, seeing that they admit [its founder and editor Seward Bishop Collins was a fascist](#). And yes, that means that Collins and the *American Review* were supporting Hitler and Mussolini in the 1930s. As, I remind you, [was Chesterton's pal George Bernard Shaw](#). Even worse, perhaps:

To manage the composition and production of the journal Collins employed a small staff. For most of the run of the journal its editors were Geoffrey Stone, Marvin McCord Lowes, Dorothea Brande, and Collins, with the influence and assistance of political actors and literary figures like Allen Tate.

Do you recognize that last name? Probably not, so I will remind you Allen Tate came up prominently in my [Cultural Cold War papers](#), where we found him as one of the poets voting the Bollingen Prize to superspook Ezra Pound. Tate won the prize himself in 1956. In the 30s he worked as the editor of the

American Review, pushing Chesterton's Distributism.

Tate was one of six U.S. delegates in 1952, including William Faulkner, Katherine Anne Porter, and W. H. Auden, to the Congress for Cultural Freedom in Paris.

As we learned [in my papers](#) and from Frances Stonor Saunders' book *Who Paid the Piper*, the Congress for Cultural Freedom was a CIA front, outing all these people as agents. But Tate had been an agent from the beginning, coming out of the Fugitives at Vanderbilt University and becoming a literary critic for the *Nashville Tennessean* by age 24. Though, again, we aren't told what qualifications a 24-year-old had for criticizing anything or why anyone would care what he thought. In that same year he moved to New York City and began working for *The Nation*, a spook mag even then. The billionaire Schiffs would own it after 1939, proving that point, but in 1924, when Tate arrived, it was owned and run by billionaire railroad [Northern Pacific] baron Henry Villard (real name Ferdinand Hilgard, born in Speyer), proving that point again. Villard's father-in-law was William Lloyd Garrison, founder of *The Liberator*, which is what *The Nation* had been in a previous incarnation. As we have seen previously, *The Liberator* was also not what it has been sold as, hiding behind abolition when it was actually a mouthpiece of Northern merchants. Garrison's wife was a Benson of the huge Benson merchants in the North. In other words, these people had no interest in freeing the slaves for their own benefit, but only for the harm it would do to their competitors in the South. I say that not as a Southerner or Confederate sympathizer, but only as a Truther. That is what I have discovered so it is what I report. You can take it or leave it.

The editor of *The Nation* in 1924 was Oswald Villard, son of the billionaire owner, though we aren't told what qualifications he had for editing anything. He and his mother Fanny Garrison also founded the NAACP, which you may have thought was founded by black people. Nope, it was founded by billionaire white people, which explains a lot. Tellingly, these Villards are left off the founders' list of the NAACP by Wikipedia, leading instead with W.E.B. Dubois, though they do include Emil Hirsch and Henry Moscowitz, founder of the Broadway League. Also Mary White Ovington, another Unitarian and Socialist Party member. Also President of the American Bar Association Moorfield Storey.

Tate was married to Caroline Gordon, from Kentucky but still one of the peerage Gordons, Dukes of Gordon, which is why she was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1932, as usual for nothing, or really because she and Tate were comrades of Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Faulkner, Eliot, and all the other spooks. Tate, an "enforced atheist", was of the wealthy Tates of Fairfax County, VA, now appropriately home of the CIA, Wiki admitting his mother Eleanor Custis Varnell was a descendant of George Washington through his wife Martha Dandridge Custis. But surprisingly they don't admit the obvious: through the name Custis she was even more closely related to Robert E. Lee, whose wife was a Custis. Also related forward to Sharon Tate, of course. Despite that we are supposed to believe Tate worked as a janitor in the 1920s, the usual sob story with these people. Working with Matt Damon's great-grandfather, I guess.

Also interesting is that Hart Crane (think Cornelius Crane Chase, or Chevy Chase) was living with the Tates from 1924, and Crane was famously gay, indicating Allen Tate was as well, with Gordon only some sort of beard or companion. [Same thing we saw with Steve Jobs](#), remember. Tate later allegedly had a lot of affairs with young women, but those now look to be some sort of Kennedy-esque or Clinton-esque feint to hide his true orientation. Tate didn't publish his first book of poetry until age 28, a bit late but he had been very busy hobnobbing with the upperclasses and learning the ropes as an agent, when he wasn't janitoring anyway. In 1928 he spent some of his savings from mopping floors to

go to London and Paris to meet T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, and the other janitors of Europe.

That was a bit of a diversion, but it was necessary to remind you how strange it is to see Chesterton being published by the *American Review*. It really doesn't do much for our opinion of Distributism, does it?

One of Chesterton's other most beloved books is *The Everlasting Man*, which I just tried to read again but hadn't the patience for. The first thousand pages is about some cave man and I kept waiting for Chesterton to get to a point in all this self-indulgence. He never did, so I left feeling I had just read the *Everlasting Wind*. In fact I can't think of anything more self-indulgent, except maybe Salman Rushdie. But I note that C. S. Lewis thought very highly of it, which tends to prove I'm not missing anything. [I have proven](#) Lewis was another agent and pretend Christian, writing ridiculous things on purpose to damage it. See that paper, which I called blarnia.pdf. As with these other people we have seen, Chesterton's links to Lewis do him no good.

But let's move on. In *The Man who was Thursday*, written when Chesterton was 33, we find this in the first chapter:

“Oh,” said Syme with a beaming smile, “we are all Catholics now.”

No one has yet paused on that, but they should have. As I have been trying to tell you. It is very clear what Syme/Chesterton means by that, and it isn't positive: he means none of us believe in anything but we universally pretend we do. That is proved 13 lines later, when Syme swears as a Christian that he will not report anything to the police. But he is lying, since he is working for them. So if you think Chesterton can't imagine doing something like that, well you would be wrong. He had been imagining it for a long time.

I remind you Chesterton wasn't a Catholic or even a Christian at that point, just being another Modern writer trying to be clever. This book is a series of pretty annoying twists spooled out with equally annoyingly twisty sentences, so no Catholic could be fooled into thinking Chesterton was selling the Catholic Church here. Do you really believe someone who had come to that conclusion about Christianity and religion by 33 would flip 180 degrees a few years later, becoming what everyone else was to be more like his mousy amanuensis wife? Is that the usual mid-career arc of a successful writer? No, just the opposite. Plus, I remind you what this story is about: it is about government spies infiltrating an anarchist organization, but discovering everyone in the organization is already a government agent. It is six spies spying on one another. And what kind of author normally writes about spies? Hmm, let's see, Ian Fleming, John le Carre, Roald Dahl, Frederick Forsyth, Joe Weisberg, Joe Finder, Charles McCarry, Karen Cleveland, [William S. Burroughs](#), and on and on. Spies write about spies, since it is what they know. We could say the same about mystery novels like Father Brown, which also tend to be written by spooks, though they may not be technically CIA or MI6. We now know that [Conan Doyle](#) was a Freemason and pretend spiritualist, and I have shown there he was probably a spook. Likewise for Poe, [Christie](#), and all the others.

I just reread the whole book, and it was the most tiresome thing imaginable, even worse than I remember it from the first time years ago. It makes no sense as a spy novel or anything else and was not meant to, as we can tell from the subtitle: *a Nightmare*. It is certainly that for any reader expecting his mind not to be stirred or his time wasted. So it can only have been written for the residue it is hoped that will be left in the reader's head, which is what? That at least is easy to glean, since it isn't subtle: Chesterton has a very low opinion of philosophers, artists, poets, and reformers, with or without

bombs—and this despite publishing poems himself. Conversely, he is very pro-government, so much so that we can understand his being published by the fascist *American Review*.

You will say he was a reformer himself of a sort, but this early book reminds us how nebulous most of that was. It was like Chomsky recommending Anarcho-Syndicalism: so airy and lifeless and with so little impact it now seems like a joke. I think both Syndicalism and Distributism *were* in fact jokes, and the same joke by the same people—though Chomsky was sold as a far leftist and Chesterton was sold as a right-centrist. Both read as sort of Socialism-lite, proposed to be installed at the local level specifically so that the Feds could ignore them. Both assume the central governments of the world will kindly commit suicide, leaving us a void we can fill with pretty unions and cooperatives, but everyone knows that isn't going to happen. These fake reformers know that if they propose something different in every way from what we have, no one will take it seriously, since that is what they want. The last thing they want is us concentrating on specific and incremental changes to the current structure, like bringing back Glass-Steagall, outlawing conflicts of interest and insider trading, nationalizing central banks, and so on. You will say that is exactly what Distributism is about: spreading out ownership and production to share wealth. Yes, that is all great and is a noble goal, but the trick the governors are aware of is that it can't be achieved without a State. Who is going to *distribute* and *enforce fair distribution*? A State, of course. A government. So when these reformers start adding some form of Anarchism to their Distributism or their Unions or their Cooperatives, the whole thing immediately falls apart, as it was meant to. You can't reform by destroying the State or the government, because it is the State or the government that will enforce the reform. You have to reform the State, not destroy it. You reform not by destroying all seats of power or people with power, since you need power to enforce reform. You reform the State by somehow getting bad people out of it and good people into it, and you do that with laws and education, not with anarchy. Anarchy benefits the corrupt governors the most, which why the world has gotten more and more chaotic. In chaos they can best hide. That is why we should have known Chomsky was an agent the moment the word “anarcho” popped out of his mouth.

You will say this is about Chesterton, not Chomsky, and that my defense of the State is sounding pretty conservative, after my just blaming Chesterton for being too conservative. So let me go back to quoting specific passages in the work at hand, to better show you what I mean.

We say that the dangerous criminal is the educated criminal. We say that the most dangerous criminal now is the entirely lawless modern philosopher. Compared to him, burglars and bigamists are essentially moral men; my heart goes out to them. They accept the essential ideal of man; they merely seek it wrongly. Thieves respect property. They merely wish the property to become their property that they may more perfectly respect it. But philosophers dislike property as property; they wish to destroy the very idea of personal possession. Bigamists respect marriage, or they would not go through the highly ceremonial and even ritualistic formality of bigamy. But philosophers despise marriage as marriage. Murderers respect human life; they merely wish to attain a greater fulness of human life in themselves by the sacrifice of what seems to them to be lesser lives. But philosophers hate life itself, their own as much as other people's.

That is the Scotland Yard special policeman talking to Syme, as he recruits him to infiltrate the anarchists. A pretty strange view of philosophy, isn't it? You will say that is the policeman speaking, not Chesterton, but the story does nothing to counter that idea. In fact, the whole thing seems to have been manufactured just so that Chesterton could say things like that. That is the residue left by this twisting and convoluted nightmare. Poets and philosophers are generally blackwashed as dirty bomb-

throwing anarchists, while the police and the government are the good guys. Chesterton couches it all as an insane joke, so that he can have plausible deniability if anyone catches him at it, but I still say that is the residue being planted here. If you still don't believe me, study this, from the "real anarchist Gregory":

You are the police—the great fat, smiling men in blue and buttons! You are the Law, and you have never been broken. But is there a free soul alive that does not long to break you, only because you have never been broken? We in revolt talk all kind of nonsense doubtless about this crime or that crime of the Government. It is all folly! The only crime of the Government is that it governs. The unpardonable sin of the supreme power is that it is supreme. I do not curse you for being cruel. I do not curse you (though I might) for being kind. I curse you for being safe!

And notice that Chesterton is not defending the *idea* of a possible fair government, as I was, he is defending the existing government of his time, the British government of 1908. Monarchist, Capitalist, Imperialist, Phoenician, almost as corrupt as at present. Do you see the difference now? If not, try this:

"The work of the philosophical policeman," replied the man in blue, "is at once bolder and more subtle than that of the ordinary detective. The ordinary detective goes to pot-houses to arrest thieves; we go to artistic tea-parties to detect pessimists. The ordinary detective discovers from a ledger or a diary that a crime has been committed. We discover from a book of sonnets that a crime will be committed. We have to trace the origin of those dreadful thoughts that drive men on at last to intellectual fanaticism and intellectual crime. We were only just in time to prevent the assassination at Hartlepool, and that was entirely due to the fact that our Mr. Wilks (a smart young fellow) thoroughly understood a triolet."

A triolet is kind of like an 8-line sonnet with trimeters. A pot-house is a pub. But again, the sentiment is startling here, at least to me. Though couched in jokes, this is very dark, and I hadn't realized this about Chesterton. Again we see the antipathy to poets and philosophers, and not only that but a kind of pre-crime long before *Minority Report*. You may think Chesterton is satirizing the sort of criminalizing of dissent we are now seeing both in Europe and the US, but I really don't think he is. I just read the whole thing and that wasn't the feeling I got at all. He is joking about it, but not satirizing it. You don't come away from the reading thinking Chesterton is really defending poets and philosophers, but that he really does believe they are dirty anarchists in the making, of the Shelley sort. [After reading some of his poems](#), I can see why he might feel that way: [they aren't good](#). The language is sometimes clever, as you would expect, but they are very shallow, with almost no content. No emotion, no sparkle, no mystery, no sadness or other emotion. Which of course also supports my thesis about Chesterton.

But it gets worse in *The Man who was Thursday*, since after many more hundreds of pages of tiresome action and manufactured dialogue, literally stinking of a 33-year-old who thinks he knows everything, we find the whole thing was an allegory, with all these insane characters meant to be angels or something, and Sunday meant to be Christ. Not only is none of this amusing, it is now blasphemy. This giant, fat character Sunday (like Chesterton, of course), says "Can you drink the cup that I drink of?"

Oh . . . my . . . God.

As the great reveal of this loathsome novel, that should strike any sane reader, Christian or not, as simply putrid. And a Catholic should find it literally blasphemous.

You should also ask why Chesterton would conceal Christ as his main character here, then subtitle the novel “a Nightmare”? As if coming to know Christ is a nightmare. As if coming to understand life is a nightmare.

Did Chesterton later repudiate this early novel, or burn the wretched manuscript? No, just the opposite. He continued to promote it all his life, and it has been heavily promoted since then, especially by those such as Kingsley Amis, who claimed to reread it every year as something magnificent. I can't imagine that, except as a form of torture, and again I don't identify as Christian. Though it does allow us to pull Amis into this with the rest.** Hitchens, Gopnik, and many other critics have compared it to Kafka, which I think is apt, but I remind you Kafka was a very troubled Jew. The only critique I came across that was anything like mine was from John Gray, who saw what I saw despite being an atheist. I remind you I am not an atheist or agnostic either. I otherwise have no use for John Gray. Although he didn't find the book blasphemous—how could he—he did find it full of “wearisome polemics and mechanical paradoxes” and wildly anti-Christian. But the atheist Gray assumes this was a sign of Chesterton struggling to find meaning where he didn't really see it, whereas I am showing you it was far darker than that. My reading is that Chesterton, like all his other pals in the peerage, had been assigned the continuing destruction of Christianity on purpose, many of them infiltrating it for just that purpose. While those such as Gray do it by direct assault, his cousins like Chesterton did it by long intrigue. If Amis really did read this every year, it was only to look for pointers in confounding the Christians and Gentiles.

If you have a penchant for old-fashioned English humor, I recommend you skip Chesterton and try P. G. Wodehouse instead. His golf stories are very funny and have none of this twisty, spidery propaganda veining through them.

*Google translator tells me it means “he sent to Israel”. So maybe Belloc sent off to Israel for this manuscript.

**[Amis is listed in the peerage](#), though it is not clear why. He was knighted, but knights are not peers and none of his listed relatives are peers. His grandfather was a very rich glass merchant in Surrey, wife a Spinks. Amis' mother was a Lucas from Camberwell, so best guess she is the tell here. Thepeerage scrubs her, but Wikitree tells us her mother was a Sweetland and her father was also a Drewett. Geni scrubs her. So does Dracos at Geneanet, who scrubs Kingsley entirely. So does Ethnicelebs. Sweetland may be a fudge, but Drewett allows us to link to the Chaytor baronets, who are also Marleys and Tempests. We also link to the van Straubenzees, Dutch nobles, who link us to the Barons Wrottesley and the [Bennets, Earls of Tankerville](#), who link us to the Queen. So there you go. There may be other lines, but that is one line in which Amis is a recent Phoenician.