

SYLVIA PLATH



by Miles Mathis

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I promised to hit Plath recently, so here goes. You may think that this button-nosed blonde must be a Gentile, spoiling my contention all famous people are Jewish. Well, keep reading. That photo above is our first clue, since it has been tampered with. They have blown it out to make it look like she was a natural blonde, but she never was. See how the white dress has gone super-white, to the point it is glowing? Well, that sort of tampering with a black and white photo will make brown hair appear blonde.



See, not blonde. No, she doesn't look Jewish at a glance, but that doesn't mean anything. To find the truth, we have to look at her ancestry, which is definitely Jewish on both sides, and not ten generations back in one or two lines. Recently and in most lines. Her mother was Aurelia Schober, and her grandmother was Aurelia Romana Grunwald (Greenwood). Both Jewish names, and Aurelia is an old patrician Roman/Phoenician name, of the Aurelian dynasty. The first emperors were gens Aurelia. They even admit that a second time with her middle name.

Which color do you think they went with in the 2003 film with Gwyneth Paltrow? Blonde, of course, cuing us into the fact that film would be continuing the propaganda from the first scene.

At Ethnicelebs we also find the names Heimer, Kroberger, and Witt. These Plaths had been in Wisconsin for generations before her father came over, and they link us there to the surnames Lau, Bader, Thym, Luedtke, Missall, Schwandt, Lambrecht, Sell, and Catt. I think Lambrecht may be a fudge of Lamberg, and you are about to see why.

On her father's side, we find at Geneastar her great-grandmother was a Katzsezmadek. That's just a Polish version of the Jewish name Katz. Geneastar scrubs Sylvia's grandmother, but Wikipedia lists her as a Kottke. Again Jewish. Kottke is an abbreviation of Kottulinsky, and they are still grafs (earls) in Germany, related to the von Ottenfels, the von Merans, the von Lambergs, and the von Osterreichs. Do you recognize that last one? Those are the Holy Roman Emperors, related to the Bourbons, the Habsburgs, the Liechtensteins, the Furstenbergs, the Eichmanns, and everyone else. So we are beginning to understand the promotion of Sylvia Plath.

The Kottulinskys come from Graz, in Styria. Do you remember who else came from there? Schwarzenegger. More cousins.

We are supposed to believe Sylvia's father Otto had been a blacksmith in Grabow, coming to the US in 1900 at age 15 in order to find blacksmithing work. We are told blacksmithing was going out in Germany due to industrialization. But the US was just as industrialized in 1900 as Germany, so that story makes no sense. Once Otto got to the US he decided NOT to continue on as a blacksmith, instead staying in New York City and "taking classes". As 15-year-old blacksmiths who don't speak English so often do. He clerked at his uncle's store in Manhattan and soon enrolled in college at Northwestern. Wow, that was a quick turnaround from blacksmith to college student! We wonder how he qualified to get into Northwestern, since he skipped highschool. I guess they had a special scholarship for German blacksmiths. After getting a degree there he went on to seminary. At nearly 30 he dropped out of seminary, deciding he didn't want to be a Lutheran minister either. I guess not, since he was a Jew, although that normally doesn't stop them. He then began studying biology. Losing interest in that as well, he went back to graduate school and got a Masters of Arts, we aren't told in what subject. Couldn't be biology, since that would be a Master of Sciences.

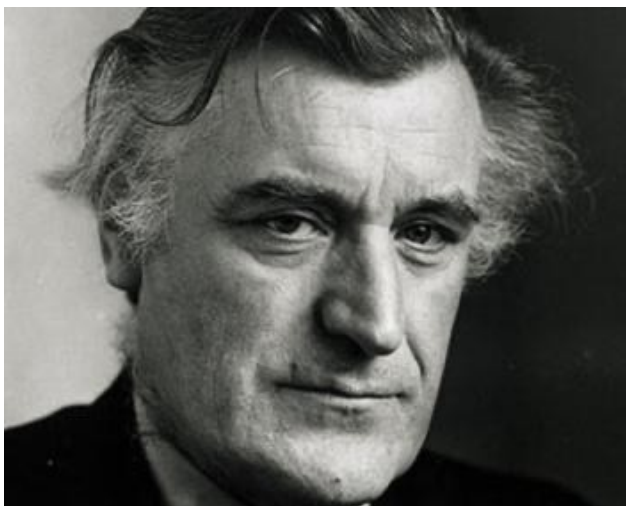
At age 32 Otto was investigated by the FBI, supposedly for disloyalty for refusing to buy war bonds. What a joke! I take this as a tacit admission he became an agent at that time, and this is their clever way of telling us.

Otto the ex-blacksmith stayed in school until age 43, getting a second Masters in biology and a PhD in biology from Harvard. At age 37 he finally got a part-time job teaching at Boston University, but we aren't old how he paid for all these other degrees. I guess the FBI paid for them, or faked his transcripts, one or the other. His doctoral dissertation was on bumblebees, which sounds like a cover if ever I have heard it. Remember, we have already established that bees are a sure pointer to the

Phoenicians, almost as good as Phoenixes or aces and eights.

At age 47 Otto married Sylvia's mother, and by age 55 he was dead of diabetes. Sylvia had a younger brother Warren.

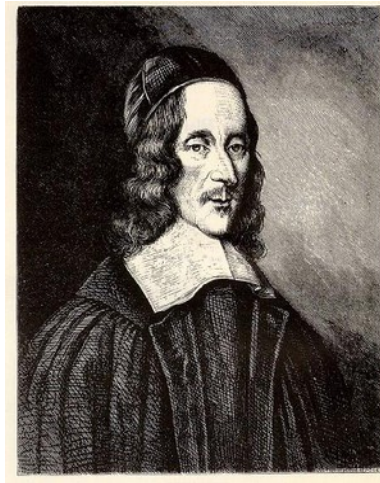
What about Ted Hughes, Sylvia's famous husband? He must be a Gentile, right?



Wrong. His ancestry is amazingly well scrubbed, but his mother was a Farrar. They are formerly Ferrar, related to the Earls of Barrymore; the Boyles, Earls of Cork; the Forbes; and the Chichesters. The Hughes and Ferrars of the peerage have been marrying for centuries, see for example Rosetta Ferrar and Edward Hughes in the 19th century. Their daughter married a Stirling, whose daughter married the Baron Lyell. Also see Nicholas Ferrar, d. 1637, born City of London:



Note the red hair and long nose. He was an MP and Deacon, involved in the Virginia Company and East India Company. He published George Herbert's *The Temple*:



That's Herbert. Pretty obvious, ain't it? Where is the cross around his neck? Oh, he just forgot that.

From Wikipedia:

Puritans criticised the life of the Ferrar household, denouncing them as [Arminians](#), and saying they lived as in a "Protestant nunnery". However, the Ferrars never lived a formal [religious](#) life: there was no Rule, [vows were not taken](#), and there was no enclosure. In this sense there was no "community" at Little Gidding, but rather a family living a Christian life in accordance with the [Book of Common Prayer](#), according to [High Church](#) principles.

A deacon who never lived a religious life. Sort of proves my point, doesn't it? Anyway, at Wikipedia they admit Ted Hughes was related to these Ferrars, since they admit his link to this Little Gidding community.

But we aren't finished. The Ferrars were previously Ferrers, also linking us to Ferrari and Ferrara. We will focus on the Ferrers, who came over with William the Conqueror. They were the Earls of Derby before the Stanleys took over the title. They are close cousins of the Plantagenets through the Angoulemes. They lost their title in Derby to their cousin Edmund Crouchback, a Plantagenet and son of Henry III.

They try to break all connections of Hughes to the Hughes of the peerage, but the misdirection is so clunky it just confirms they are hiding. They admit Hughes is a Smith, and the Hughes baronets are, too. See the 9th baronet Hughes who married a Smith in 1851. These Hughes come from the Griffiths of Wales, the first baronet being raised and knighted in 1773 due to his position as Commissioner of the Portsmouth Dockyard. That is, Phoenician Navy. His son became Admiral of the Red.

Wikipedia says this about Ted Hughes:

Most of the more recent generations of his family had worked in the [clothing and milling](#) industries in the area.

Proving my point once again. The house where we are told Ted Hughes grew up was part of the original Ewood Hall Manor. On May 28th 1471, one week after the demise of Henry VI, Edmund

Pilkington is recorded selling the Hall to Henry Farrer. A Bishop John Farrar is said to have been born there. After surrendering Nostel Priory at the dissolution he became Bishop of St. David's in Wales. He retired 6 years later to live in Revey Hall that he'd commissioned and was allegedly burnt at the stake by Mary Tudor. Other names at Ewood are Spencer, big clothing manufactures there along with the Farrers.

Sir John Pilkington also owned Elphabourgh Hall about half a mile away that was located in the Earl de Warrene's deer park at Erringen. I'm guessing the **EI** is the clue here that takes us back 800 years to the Post Roman kingdom of Elmet. At it's height it stretched from North Wales through Lancashire and Yorkshire to Kingston upon Hull. A major east coast port. Ted Hughes was the poet credited with penning 'Remains of Elmet'. All the Kings of Elmet were Welsh, ending with Caractacus. If you didn't catch the clue, EI is same as Ba'al, the high god of the Phoenicians.

The Calder valley where Hughes grew up is an east-west trade route over the Pennine Hills and the entire story of the valley is textiles and wool. Except for the last 50 years when the Hippies and Beat generations moved in to squat houses that no one wanted post textile industry and that are now highly desirable, especially to the pink pound, this being the lesbian/gay capital of the north [thanks to a reader for some of that local info].

Not many people know Ted came out of the Royal Air Force. He was supposedly a ground wireless mechanic, but that doesn't sound very believable. More believable would be some kind of Intelligence. Not many RAF mechanics then go immediately to Cambridge on an academic scholarship. At Cambridge Hughes didn't major in literature, he majored in Anthropology/Archaeology, again indicating he was being set up for some kind of Intelligence work.

In the film, we see Hughes and Plath living together in a tiny dirty flat in Cambridge. This is again to make us think they came up from poverty. But they were both rich kids who wouldn't have stored their golfclubs in a flat like that. They kind of admit that in the film because when we first see her she is riding a very expensive new bicycle. College kids then, even at Cambridge, didn't ride bikes like that. Only rich American girls did. Anyway, they meet when Plath happens upon Hughes' poem *Fallgrief's Girlfriend*. It is wretched for the same reason: he says that he is poor muck of a man who would be lucky to have any girl. Right. Doesn't sound like the Ted Hughes we all came to know. Are we really supposed to believe he didn't key on Plath from the start because of her pretty face? I don't hold it against him: what I hold against him is pretending otherwise in faux-earnest poems like this. In the dance scene, Plath describes his poetry as a great wind blowing over steel girders. Hughes is always praised as huge and brash and bold. But as we see, it was all bluster. A lot of noise signifying nothing.

We could say the same about the opening of the film *Sylvia*, where the first ten scenes are all fast-paced noise and frenetic posing, to make it look like something interesting is going on when it isn't. The Hollywood usual. Or the Modern poetry usual, Ted Hughes style. But I will admit the film is far worse: they meet when she approaches him, they talk insensibly for about 15 seconds, they begin dancing like professionals, and in another 15 seconds they are kissing. That has never happened in the history of the world, and the film audience doesn't want to see that anyway. This isn't a contest for greatest whirlwind romance. How about slow things down a bit? Can't do that, because then you have to have script, which would mean you would need a screenwriter who wasn't a literary ignoramus. Later we have a swimming scene with Sylvia in a bikini, her legs wrapped around Ted's waist. Not very 50s, is it? Girls like Plath weren't wearing bikinis in the mid-50s. The movie is cringe in so many ways.

Hughes and Plath married in 1956 four months after they met, and they chose to be married on Bloomsday in honor of James Joyce. Not a good sign in any way, since we have seen that Joyce was a major spook. You may assume they didn't know that, but I assume they did. I remind you that Bloomsday is named for Joyce's hero in *Ulysses*, Leopold Bloom. Bloom is a Jewish name, short for Bloomfield. Amazingly that is also admitted at Wikipedia, where it says that Joyce's biographer Richard Ellman (Jewish) admitted Bloom was based on Alfred H. Hunter, a Jew living in Dublin at the time.



That is Joyce's own drawing of Bloom. So ask yourself again why Hughes and Plath would want to get married on Bloomsday. "Let's celebrate our wedding by bowing to a Jew!" "Ooh, great idea Ted, sounds yummy!" My guess is Joyce was another cousin.

Plath's mother was the only wedding guest and she accompanied them on their honeymoon to Benidorm on the Spanish coast.

Say what? The more we know the more awful it sounds. I am surprised she didn't commit suicide right then and there.

Here's your next clue:

Plath typed up Hughes's manuscript for his collection *Hawk in the Rain* which went on to win a poetry competition run by the Poetry centre of the [Young Men's and Young Women's Hebrew Association of New York](#).

Do they make this easy, or what? He won first prize, of course, was immediately published by Harper's at age 26, and also won the Somerset Maugham Award for the same collection. Was Maugham also Jewish? Of course. He was an Ormond and a Snell. Maugham's brother was Lord Chancellor and the 1st Viscount Maugham.

In the film, Sylvia introduces Ted to friends of her mother as the winner of this prize, but leaves off the Hebrew part. She says he won the New York Poetry Center Prize.

Strange Hughes' first big break came in New York, isn't it? In the film *Sylvia*, Ted says he didn't even

know he had entered. Implying Plath was pulling strings for him. Strings were being pulled for both of them, but it wasn't due to each other. It was coming from way higher up than that. Remember, Sylvia got published first in London. It shouldn't have worked that way, in either direction, since poetry is normally very location specific. American English and British English are actually very different and read differently. American editors are partial to American and British editors are partial to British, and that is because their readers prefer their own language. It isn't hard to figure out, once you consider it. This was especially true in the 1950s, when poetry was becoming more regional, not less. In the 18th and 19th century, American readers had to learn to follow British poetry, since that is what was available. But by the 1950s that was no longer true. Modernism had destroyed all the old rules and Americans could jumble words together as easily as the British could.

Here is another clue in the same direction as all the others. Quick, who did Hughes run off with when he left Plath and his children? We are told it was Assia Wevill. But that is a dodge, since she was really Assia Esther Gutmann. Jewish from Tel Aviv.



She was three years older than Ted and had been married three times by age 33. She also stuck her head in the oven over Hughes' infidelities, and somehow took her daughter with her. Not sure how that works.

But let's return to Plath. Her rise was even more meteoric, having her first poem published by the *Christian Science Monitor* before she went to college. Why? Nobody knows, but we are supposed to believe she was just that good at age 17. We will see if she really was.

This is also weird: in their first year of marriage, Hughes and Plath became very interested in astrology and the supernatural, using Ouija boards and dabbling in other nonsense. This despite the fact that both were supposed to be super-intelligent. We are told Plath had an IQ of 160, though we aren't told what that was based on. They probably just made it up, as usual.

After studying at Cambridge, Plath returned to Smith College where she had graduated two years earlier and they gave her a teaching position at age 24. It doesn't usually work like that, as you may know. She quit (or was fired?) after just one year, moving to Boston to take a seminar with Robert Lowell. She allegedly worked as a receptionist in the psychiatric ward of Massachusetts General Hospital—which sounds like an awful idea for someone who had already been in an institution, given

shock treatment, and tried to commit suicide. It should never have been allowed by the hospital, her doctor, her mother, or her husband, and I find it beyond belief.

The next weirdness comes when Plath and Hughes decided to stay at Yaddo, an “artist's community” in Saratoga Springs. It was actually a spook community, full of the usual creeps, but we are supposed to believe Hughes and Plath didn't know that. I assume they DID know it. Yaddo was created to rhyme with “shadow”, which is your first clue. They don't tell you this, but it is also based on Hebrew, being a nudge of the letter *yodh*, where we get the character Yoda and the god Woden, among other things. Yaddo was funded by the Peabodys, another bad sign. They admit that Yaddo housed spies, see Agnes Smedley as the most famous example. In the Smedley event it was discovered that the assistant to the director of Yaddo was an FBI informant. That was Mary **Townsend**. A list of writers and artists who came out of Yaddo is a who's who of Jewish names, including Bernstein, Arendt, Edelson, two Roths, Nozick, Heinlein, Heller, Belcourt, Kronenberger, Kay, Kunitz, and Meyer. All the others are also Jewish, though it isn't as obvious with some of them.

At age 27 Plath finally published her first collection of poetry. That was 1960. Seems kind of late, considering she had been published since age 17. What had she been doing for ten years, and what were all her previous prizes and positions based on if she hadn't published anything? I can tell you that poems don't take that long to write and poetry books are very thin, so this phenom should have been cranking out a collection about once a year, like her cousin Edna St. Vincent Millay had done before her. Also strange is that this book, *The Colossus*, was published first in England by Heinemann. It wasn't published until two years later in the US, and then was mostly ignored or trashed. It was dismissed as derivative (which it was). But it was worse than derivative, since what it was derivative of was bad. It was stridently Modern, being derivative of things like late Joyce, and so was mostly incomprehensible on purpose. Her more famous collection *Ariel* is even worse.

None of what I have told you would matter if Plath had been a great poet. I would leave her alone in that case. But she wasn't. Unlike Millay, she had no facility with language. Millay never had anything to say (in my opinion), but she certainly knew how to put words together, which is the first—technical—definition of poetry. Millay created a few interesting things when very young, before she turned into the usual Jewish witch. Like Plath, she had been chosen because she was from the families and beautiful and for no other reason, but by some quirk of history she also had talent. Few then or now could see the difference, but it was there. But Plath never had any talent, which is probably why she was suicidal right out of highschool. She could see she was being promoted for no reason, which is hard to take. It is probably harder to take than what I have experienced: NOT being promoted for a reason. At least I am surrounded by my creations, taking ultimate solace in my ability. But these promoted Phoebies don't have that. Yes, they too are surrounded by their creations, but that just means they have created their own little hells.

Don't believe me? Let's look at the famous poems. Here is a central line of *The Colossus* itself:

**A blue sky out of the Oresteia
Arches above us. O father, all by yourself
You are pithy and historical as the Roman Forum.**

Many have pretended to find some depth there, but it is all faked. Why the Oresteia, other than to name-drop? Is Sylvia implying that her mother killed her father? Fed him too much sugar as a poison and then told him not to go to the doctor when his feet began swelling? I doubt it. In fact, we know Sylvia is just reaching, since the next sentence is the same sort of reach. Her father was as pithy and

historical as the Roman Forum? What does that even mean? I can't find any possible meaning in it. Again, it is just obvious name-dropping, to appear erudite and deep. The adjectives there are either imprecise or inapplicable: yes, the Forum is historical, but that is just a truism. It doesn't tell us anything, either about the Forum or the father. And how is the Forum pithy? I would say that if anything the Forum is the opposite of pithy, being surpassingly complex and misty. In any case, we need some way that father is like the Forum, and we haven't been given anything. The sentence might have been suggestive if Plath had gone on to clarify that, but she doesn't. It is just a stand-alone idea, one that goes absolutely nowhere and has no reflections in the rest of the poem. The rest of the poem is the same, not telling us anything, but only pretending to. The poem is completely empty of meter, rhyme, cadence, interesting word usage, and most of all emotion. The emotion is all a pretense, a simulacrum. At a first reading, some of it looks vaguely expressive, but it ends up expressing nothing. Here's another example:

The sun rises under the pillar of your tongue.

She is just trying to be clever and failing. On a second reading you realize that doesn't express anything. Sylvia has had the idea to compare her dead father to a great fallen statue, but hasn't been up to the task. Unlike Shelley and *Ozymandias*, this goes nowhere. That is why this was called derivative: it comes right out of *Ozymandias*. She stole the idea. But because she has no facility with language or emotion, it leaves us utterly flat. We have very little idea what she thinks of her father, which should have been the whole point. The poem is just a pile of disconnected thoughts, none of them deep or even clever. Which is the definition of bad prose, not poetry.

Did she do better in *Ariel*, with the poem *Daddy*, possibly her most famous?

**You do not do, you do not do
Any more, black shoe
In which I have lived like a foot
For thirty years, poor and white,
Barely daring to breathe or Achoo.**

No, still awful, since Sylvia leads us in with the usual Phoenician lie: that she is or was poor. She was always a little rich girl, showered with prizes and jobs and publications she didn't deserve. And we are supposed to believe she hasn't dared to breathe for 30 years because of her overbearing father? One problem: he died when she was eight, so she has been free of him for 22 years. If she has been holding her breath in those 22 years, I don't really think we can blame him. But he is a man, so it doesn't matter. You can see why the most abusive feminists ate this up like cake.

And here's another problem: she implies that she is white where her father is black, ie that she is good where he was bad. But as we have already seen and will see more, she was pretty black herself inside.

**Daddy, I have had to kill you.
You died before I had time——
Marble-heavy, a bag full of God,
Ghastly statue with one gray toe
Big as a Frisco seal**

**And a head in the freakish Atlantic
Where it pours bean green over blue
In the waters off beautiful Nauset.**

**I used to pray to recover you.
Ach, du.**

As you see, it just gets worse. To deserve this sort of hatred, Daddy must have been a real monster, molesting his little girl. Did he? Again, it is doubtful, since Sylvia is not a trusted source, especially regarding her relationships with men. [In the literature](#), we are now told she was raped by “Irwin” in 1954 while at Smith. Her best friend Nancy Hunter [Steiner](#) claims that Sylvia said “he raped me”. Others confirm that. However, they admit she agreed to have sex with him, just suffering a vaginal tear during the act. That isn't rape. That is poor technique or an unlubricated condom or something.. We know it wasn't rape because when the girls needed a ride to the hospital the next morning, they called Irwin and he took them. Do you call your rapist for a ride to the hospital? Do you go on a picnic with him the next day to the beach? Do you continue to date him and send him letters and poems?

Plath falsified (lied about) this event in *The Bell Jar*, changing the facts to suit herself. There she omits that Irwin drove her to the hospital, that she went to the beach with him next day, and that she continued to date and write to him. She or her mother removed those weeks from her journals. So there is a lot of feminine skullduggery going on here.

We have three more clues there as well. One, Steiner is a Jewish name, so Sylvia's best friend was Jewish. Two, at that last link they admit Sylvia lost her virginity the previous year to Richard [Sassoon](#). Ah, so she lost her virginity to a Jew from a billionaire family*: sort of confirms everything I have told



you, doesn't it? Three, the final words *Ach, du*. German or Yiddish, but in context it sounds Yiddish. Once you start to look for it, all of Plath's poetry reads very Jewish.

**In the German tongue, in the Polish town
Scraped flat by the roller
Of wars, wars, wars.
But the name of the town is common.
My Polack friend**

Says there are a dozen or two.

**So I never could tell where you
Put your foot, your root,
I never could talk to you.
The tongue stuck in my jaw.**

She can't quit lying: the whole poem is just bald propaganda. She pauses this poem supposed to be about her father after three stanzas for some war propaganda. She also uses the poem to misdirect about her own ancestry, telling us her father came out of some city in Poland (that she won't give us). But according to the bios, Otto was born in Grabow, which is in Germany and not on the Polish border. Sylvia implies the family didn't know where they came from since Daddy wouldn't tell them. Little Sylvia asked Daddy which of the two dozen cities named X in Poland they came from, but Daddy refused to say. Does that sound believable? No, Sylvia is just using this poem to blow smoke, which couldn't be more icky.

**An engine, an engine
Chuffing me off like a Jew.
A Jew to Dachau, Auschwitz, Belsen.
I began to talk like a Jew.
I think I may well be a Jew.**

**The snows of the Tyrol, the clear beer of Vienna
Are not very pure or true.
With my gipsy ancestress and my weird luck
And my Taroc pack and my Taroc pack
I may be a bit of a Jew.**

**I have always been scared of *you*,
With your Luftwaffe, your gobbledygoo.
And your neat mustache
And your Aryan eye, bright blue.
Panzer-man, panzer-man, O You——**

Are you with me yet? She just admitted she is Jewish.

**my right foot
a paperweight,
my face a featureless, fine
Jew linen.**

That's from *Lady Lazarus*, also in *Ariel*. Again, she just admits it.

But back to *Daddy*. What does any of this have to do with Daddy, who wasn't supposed to be a Jew? Why is Sylvia diverting us off into this? Now you know. War propaganda as well as a bald admission. I am not the only one who thinks she sounds Jewish. Sylvia thinks she sounds Jewish.

But then she catches herself: she is Jewish only due to one “gipsy” ancestress. Right. And her father is an Aryan and a Nazi. She is relying on her readers not knowing what my readers know: [the Nazis were Jewish themselves](#). See the connection above to the Eichmanns.

And now that we see her rhyming, we wish she would have stuck with free verse. Rhyming “you” with “you” and “gobbledygoo”. The word is gobbledygook, last time I checked. In that previous stanza she

rhymed Jew to itself three times. Brilliant.

In this poem of war propaganda posing as father-hatred, she can't even get the dates right. She says she buried her father at ten. She was eight and the word "eight" works just as well in the sentence, so why change it? I guess to make us think he was more likely to rape her at that age, I don't know. Most people aren't pedophiles, so fathers generally don't rape seven year olds.

Was Otto Plath a Nazi? Not according to the mainstream bios. He left Germany in 1900, long before either war, so he was never a soldier of any kind. Was he a Nazi sympathizer? We don't know, but he died in 1940 before the US even entered the war. Since he was in academia at the time, he certainly wouldn't have been wearing swastikas or anything like that. He would have had to have been a closet Nazi. Sylvia's mother Aurelia never accused her husband of being a Nazi, a fascist, or a child molester, and didn't even take Sylvia's side later, calling her portrayals false and cruel. This despite generally supporting Sylvia's later fame for these portrayals by donating memorabilia to Smith College and Indiana University. That fact isn't final, since wives often support husbands over pretty daughters, but it is worth mentioning.



Can we learn anything from that photo? Nothing definitive, but I don't get a bad feeling from Otto there. A very uptight Nazi dad wouldn't pose like that for a picture. The only thing that jumps out at me is the homeliness of mom. That could be a problem, since although they admit Sylvia hated her, the feminists have given Aurelia a pass. But we know that mothers can be very jealous of prettier daughters. If there were family problems, they didn't all come from dad, especially since he was gone by age 8. With a loving mother you would have expected Sylvia to have stabilized by age 30. In that line, I remind you that Sylvia's first shock treatment came before she was 21, so her mother had to approve it. Why would a loving mother EVER approve shock treatment on a fairly normal college student? Sylvia was angry that she had missed a meeting with Dylan Thomas and had been turned down for a class with Frank O'Connor. Who thought that hooking her up to electrodes was going to solve that? For the same price as that "treatment", they could have flown to the UK to meet Thomas. He wasn't dead. Or they could have bought private tutoring with O'Connor or someone of equal stature. So none of this makes any sense.

For the sake of argument, let us say Otto Plath **was** a closet Nazi and a child molester. Does that make *Daddy* a good poem? Nope. While the other poems in *Ariel* tend to be oblique to the point of incomprehensibility, *Daddy* is clunky and direct in the extreme. It is hard to believe the same person wrote it in the same year, and I am not convinced she did. Sylvia was on the edge of the institution at that time, and the rest of *Ariel* reads like the disjointed ravings of a mental patient. It is almost impossible to tell what she is talking about in poems like *The Couriers* or *The Night Dances*. But on page 49, the fog clears and we suddenly get this angry highschool girl thing again, written like a scream

with absolutely no subtlety and no dodge into Modernism. Has anyone else noticed that it doesn't fit? Are we supposed to believe the drugs wore off for a moment, or what? Neither Sylvia, Ted, her editors, or any of her friends seemed to realize that was her best poem? Why bury it near the end of this slender volume, just before a couple of poems about **bees**?

It reminds me of this:



Yes, Raphael's *Sistine Madonna*. Why? Because although that painting is one of Raphael's most famous and most quoted, [I have shown it is a fake](#). Same for Vermeer's *Girl with a Pearl Earring*, which is also a fake. In the same way, *Daddy* is Plath's most quoted poem, but it doesn't even read like her. It stands out in this volume like a sore thumb, telling me it may have been inserted later by someone else.

You know what else supports that possibility? The fact that she tells us she was ten when her father died. Do you really think she forgot that? Would you forget that? No, this again indicates the poem was written by someone else and inserted into the book later.

This is also strange. In the film, when they are in the boat Sylvia tells Hughes that she was always happy until she was nine years old. "I was always in one piece. Then my father died." So either the script writers hadn't read her bio, or they are giving us another clue.

As usual, the deeper we dive, the closer we look, the worse it gets. But isn't that always the way with propaganda.

To see what I mean in greater detail, let's study the first lines of Robert Lowell's foreword to *Ariel*:

In these poems, written in the last months of her life and often rushed out at the rate of two or three a day, Sylvia Plath becomes herself, becomes something imaginary, newly, wildly and subtly created—hardly a person at all, or a woman, certainly not another "poetess", but one of those super-real, hypnotic, great classical heroines.

Ach, du, how weird is that? Lowell seems to be tacitly confirming my theory, admitting Plath is

“imaginary”, “created”, “hardly a person at all”. She is “super-real”, meaning, I suppose, not real at all. Created by some committee of creeps in Langley, like everything else. Most of these poems are illegible, so I don't know where he gets “great classical heroines”. Is there something heroic about being incomprehensible? According to the Moderns, there is, but it still wouldn't make her classical. If there is anything *Ariel* is not, it is classical.

I find it really painful to go on, since it requires me to continue reading lines by Plath and Lowell, but for the sake of the Muses, I will. They want all this stuff pulled down and fed into the flames. Here's more from Lowell's foreword:

Dangerous, more powerful than man, machinelike from hard training, she herself is a little like a racehorse, galloping relentlessly with risked, outstretched neck, death hurdle after death hurdle topped. She cries out for that rapid life of starting pistols, snapping tapes, and new world records broken.

Does anyone else feel nauseous? That is so bad it is laughable. It couldn't be a worse fit for the volume of “poems” he is forewording, in which none of that valor is apparent. If anything, these poems read like the death-rattle of a very confused and barely conscious mental patient, one who can scarcely string two thoughts together. See *The Applicant* or *Poppies in October* or dozens of others.

And yet Sylvia's Plath's poems are not the celebration of some savage and debauched existence, that of the “damned” poet, glad to burn out his body for a few year's of continuous intensity. This poetry and life are not a career; they tell that life, even when disciplined, is simply not worth it.

That's Lowell again, admitting the goal of the project: selling the rest of us the Phoenician wasteland. You see now why the Muses sent me here.

But ask yourself what exactly was “disciplined” about Plath's life. When have the Phoenicians ever understood anything about discipline, or about life? Are these the people you want to go for advice? Are these the heroes you are seeking? Heroes whose final words are that life is not worth living? Plath and Lowell and all the rest of these people aren't just really bad poets technically, they are awful, despicable people, beckoning you down this path of destruction.

Now that we understand a bit more about that, let's return to *The Bell Jar*. We know that Plath wasn't above making things up, so what should we think about the whole event with the Peruvian man, who [we now know was Jose la Vias](#). Did he rape her while she was in New York with *Mademoiselle*? We will never know, but I am not willing to take her word for anything, and you see why. Regardless, I have to say it is amazing how adept she was at getting herself in these compromising situations. In the book she admits that the event with Irwin was her idea, not his. She had “wanted to seduce him”. We may assume the same thing with Jose, since they admit she accepted a diamond tie pin from him in the first hours of their acquaintance at a party at Forest Hills Country Club, in exchange for “some service”. So she was either a slut or a VERY stupid girl. Actually, according to her own literature, she was both. She already had a serious boyfriend (Gordon Lameyer, Jewish of course) and was “unofficially engaged”, so what was she doing accepting diamonds from some guy she just met at a party in New York? None of this makes any sense, as usual.

As another example, in *The Bell Jar*, she tells us she knew la Vias was a misogynist at the party, saying

Women-haters were like gods: invulnerable and chock-full of power

So she knew this guy was a misogynist from the beginning, but accepted a diamond from him in the first hours and then went back to his room alone? I call BS on this whole story. The language itself is a tip-off the event is fictional, dreamed up by some cabal of nasty feminists to make men look bad. No one talks like that except committees. *The Bell Jar* now looks to me like a committee project.

A lot of what we “know” about Plath's mental state during this time around her first suicide attempt come from *Tongues of Stone*, an “autobiographical” story she wrote for a fiction contest at *Mademoiselle*. So was it autobiographical, or fiction?

If it wasn't fiction, her mother and doctors should have been brought up on charges for that. Remember, Plath got shock treatment *before* attempting to commit suicide. So when Plath then tried to kill herself, the doctors and mother could have been charged as accessories to attempted murder. If I had been the DA, that is what I would have done. Sylvia could have filed the charges herself as soon as she turned 21, which was just a few months later. Or any of her teachers or friends could have brought this to the attention of the police and other authorities. Of course at that time (like now), the police and DA were too busy faking events with the FBI and CIA to file real charges in real cases. Supposing this was one.

Who were these doctors, for the record? The main one was Dr. Kenneth Tillotson, who started out prescribing sleeping pills and volunteer work to take her mind off her own troubles. But for some reason this volunteer work ended up taking place at Newton-Wellesley Hospital, with Plath working as a nurse. Sylvia described this work in a letter to Lameyer, claiming she was working with Downs Syndrome patients, the hopelessly senile, and those so old they couldn't feed themselves. Who thought that was going to make her feel better? Another guaranteed-to-fail plan, so either another sign this is fiction, or a sign her mother and doctors were trying to kill her. In *The Bell Jar*, Plath tells us it was her mother's idea.

That only made her worse, of course, so Tillotson prescribed shock treatment. According to friend Peter Aldrich, “sometimes Aurelia had to force her into the car”, because she didn't want to go. Amazing that no one else has keyed on this.

My only glimpse of her after a treatment was one day when she was coming out of my mother's car and she seemed uncharacteristically lifeless. I thought, 'That's not Sylvia. What have they done to her?' It was almost as if the life had been sucked out of her.

And Peter was the only one who noticed that? Plath soon tried to kill herself, but **they continued the shock treatment after the suicide attempt.** Absolutely incredible. If true, it is so malevolent it passes all belief. A second “doctor” became involved then, since by then Sylvia was at McLean. This was psychiatrist and priest Ruth Beuscher, nee Barnhouse, whose father was also a **Grey**. She was another nutcase who had abandoned her children to her first husband. She, too, had to sign off on these continued shock treatments, so she should have been prosecuted along with Aurelia and Tillotson for outrageous cruelty and attempted murder.

But we have more strange connections here. This treatment of Plath was paid for by her “benefactress” Olive Higgins **Prouty**. I guess you recognize that last name? L. Fletcher Prouty, Chief of Special Operations for the Joint Chiefs under Kennedy. A major spook. Were they related? Yep, though marriage. All the famous Proutys are from Massachusetts. Fletcher was still in his thirties at the time,

so he probably wasn't involved in the Plath events, but Olive was spooky enough on her own. What sort of benefactress would stand by and watch as her pretty young protege was tortured with electrodes? Add her to the list of those who should have been prosecuted.

However, there is another possibility. Finally making this connection to Prouty, I realized that the Sylvia Plath story has many similarities to Olive Prouty's most famous book, which was made into a movie: *Now, Voyager*. It was a 1942 release with Bette Davis and Claude Rains. It is as if some spook committee used that novel and movie as the starting point for their treatment of the Sylvia Plath story, flipping a few characters and changing the ending to make it a tragedy. Remember, that movie was just a decade before Plath's suicide attempt, so although the link is now buried, back then the parallels should have been more obvious.

What parallels, you may ask? Well, in the film, the lead character's mother is very old and mean, having had Charlotte in her 40s. With Sylvia they flipped that, with the father old and mean, 47 at the time of her birth. At the beginning of the film Bette Davis as Charlotte is a mousy girl resembling Plath on the edge of a nervous breakdown due to mistreatment from her family. Claude Rains plays the psychiatrist, and the novel and film sell psychiatry as something new and wondrous (guffaw). Despite turning the Plath story into a tragedy, the psychiatrists nonetheless dodge any blame, somehow getting promotion there as well. I am not aware that the Plath story has ever caused anyone to eschew drugs or psychology. Just the reverse, since if anything it has romanticized the crazy girl/artist/poet pose, leading to a glut of variations, getting worse every decade since then. A Phoenician daughter is hardly worth her salt who hasn't spend some time in a sanitarium. Being sane is now just so. . . BORING. What do you have to talk about at parties if you are sane?

Anyway, in the second scene in the film in a flashback, we see Bette Davis looking very much like Plath, fresh and fair, and she is kissing a handsome young man in public, being exceedingly "friendly". The voiceover by Davis calls it "responsive". She was very responsive around men. As an aside, the man is a navy officer named Trotter. Do you remember who is a Trotter? Brad Pitt.

In many scenes they aren't only selling psychiatry for young women, they are selling cigarettes. Her doctor and lover are constantly pushing them on her as a sign of her independence and burgeoning sexuality. In multiple scenes Paul Henreid (Victor Laszlo from *Casablanca*) lights two cigarettes in his mouth and gives one to Davis. Yes, just what unstable girls needed in the 1940s, cigarettes. Premature aging, a raspy voice, and lung cancer: that's the future for feminism! Ayn Rand sold smoking, too, using large parts of her famous novels to promote it as sexy.



Sexy! If you want to look like Bette Davis or Ayn Rand, smoke up!



And I guess you remember that? We can see why the tobacco industry would promote that, but why would Hollywood, the media, publishers, the government, doctors, and society as a whole? It is because everything is run by the Phoenicians and they want you sick or dead. We saw it again clearly

with the Covid genocide. They don't even protect their own kids, because, hey, you can make a profit there, too. That's what children are for: another round of blooming adults to corrupt, squeeze dry, and toss aside.

So what does that mean for the end of the project? I have previously said I thought Plath may have faked her death. Did I find any proof of that? Proof, no. Indication, yes. I have found some clues this was all an early Men-are-Pigs project, created to blackwash Otto Plath and through him all men, and to thereby split the sexes. Plath now looks largely manufactured. But was that after-the-fact, with Plath being a truly suicidal young woman they used for the project? Or was she just another Phoenician actress, one who finally got tired of the project and retired to be with her family? The real answer is hiding there and I can no doubt dig it out, but I already feel slimed by these people and can't currently go on. I may have to come back to it. It would require rereading a lot more of her poems, as well as those of Hughes, Lowell, and others. It would require a very close reading of *The Bell Jar*, which I am not up to right now.

However, I will say this: either way the whole thing is bad for the Phoenicians and Modernism. If her life and death are another fraud, it just proves my point one more time on that. If her life and death are genuine, it proves again these people are a bunch of miserable bastards, and there is not much to learn from that except to avoid the whole lot of them as vexations to the spirit. Either as a matter of art or life, they have nothing to teach us. They are neither interesting, provocative, compelling, nor artistic. Least of all are they heroic.

* [“He came from a rich family of Iraqi Jews,](#) and when I say rich I mean Rothschild league rich. He was educated in France and spoke fluent French.”