

Rupert Brooke



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I originally tacked this onto my paper yesterday about Gerard Manley Hopkins, but decided I didn't want it polluting that one.

I realized the something this paper is about even earlier in that paper, when looking at Digby Dolben, who was like the Rupert Brooke of his time, without the war. And I realized it even earlier when studying the wreck of the *Deutschland*. [Since I have proved](#) many big ship sinkings were faked or staged, of course the thought occurred to me that this wreck of the *Deutschland* may have been faked. Hopkins wouldn't have been aware of that, so I have no hint he might have been writing propaganda to cover it, but the idea of a fake was in my head nonetheless. It always is now, to be honest. Then I came to the death of Digby Dolben, which again set off warning lights in my head. Not because there were any real clues, but just because Intelligence loves to recruit these pretty boys. Digby was running in exactly the right circles for that and had exactly the right looks. He would have been very useful to the Phoenician Navy in mainland Europe, where he wasn't known. We can be sure he was recruited, though there is the off-chance he declined and actually died by accident as we are told.



Remember, we saw a similar thing [in my paper on Chomsky](#), where we looked at Denny Fouts, above, the world's most expensive male prostitute in the 1940s, who mysteriously died in 1948 at age 33/4 of a heart attack in a pensione in Rome. The clue, as usual, is that they didn't ship his body back home to be buried with his family, though he was rich and famous. They just dumped him in some cemetery in Rome, of course in the 11th row. Not sure why we needed to know that on his short page at Wikipedia, but there it is. That told me he had probably faked his death and gone deeper into Intelligence.

Same for Brooke, who has the same clue around his neck as well as many others. He supposedly died of a **mosquito bite** while on a ship heading to Gallipoli. No, seriously, that is what they decided to go with. The navy ship stopped at the tiny island Skyros in the Aegean Sea and buried him, and do you want to guess at what time? 11pm. In an **olive grove**. His remains are allegedly still there. Ridiculous, since it would have been easy to ship his body back to England for burial in his family plot.

Just so you know, the Phoenician Theseus died on Skyros. Achilles was also connected to Skyros and his son lived there. But the biggest problem is that it would have made no sense for the Navy to be dumping dead soldiers on Skyros regardless. The port of Athens is only about 50 miles away, and there would be facilities for war dead there.

But there are many more red flags on Brooke, so many you could call it an avalanche. He was an **Apostle** at King's College, Cambridge, which is sort of like Skull and Bones, but worse. Also president of the **Fabian Society** there, a major spook group. Like Digby Dolben, Brooke was famously gay, already having many known lovers while at Rugby (his ritzy highschool). They later try to manufacture some female lovers for him, but I find that highly doubtful. They admit he had a hard time getting it up for women, though we are not sure why he was trying. On assignment, I guess.

Two of Brooke's brothers also allegedly died young, one at 26 and one at 24, the second one having the same red flag on him: he was buried at Mazingbarbe in France, literally right across the channel from London. They could have floated his body home on a cardboard box. So my assumption is they all went into Intel.

We are told he enlisted in August 1914 and was commissioned as a temporary sub-lieutenant in the Volunteer Reserve. That makes no sense, because if he had a degree from Cambridge, and was an Apostle and Fabian, he should have been commissioned as a second lieutenant, and not in the Reserve. As an Apostle we would have expected him to make 1st lieutenant almost immediately and captain soon thereafter. Instead he was assigned to an infantry unit of the Navy (what?) and parked in Antwerp for

five months over Christmas, where he did nothing but eat crullers and write bad poetry. That makes some sense, since we would expect him to be protected.

But then we have that photo of him in uniform under title, which as usual looks like a paste. Nothing about it makes any sense, from the light to the shoulder decs, which aren't those of a lieutenant. Meaning the whole thing was a project, including the garbage war-propaganda poems and the faked death to salt them in with a gullible and tasteless public.

Yes, my fellow Americans may not know that Brooke is famous for his **pro-war** poems. One of his most famous, *Peace*, starts like this:

**Now, God be thanked who has matched us with his hour,
And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping!**

Are you sick yet? Yes, he is thanking God for wars, to save us from boredom. Another is called *Death*, and I have to print the whole thing, otherwise you won't believe it. I hate to sully the page, but it can't be helped.

**These hearts were woven of human joys and cares,
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,
And sunset, and the colours of the earth.
These had seen movement, and heard music; known
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.**

**There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the night.**

If you aren't too good with poetry, I will translate that for you. He is talking about young soldiers, now dead, but all he can do is create a [Whitman-like list of banalities](#): they had seen movement, known slumber and waking. No really. He actually says that in a poem. They “had seen movement”. Wow.

But it gets worse. After telling us calmly “all this is ended”, in the next stanza he starts talking about winds of laughter and unbroken glory and a shining peace. Really, that his reaction to millions of dead boys in fields of blood? To tell us about laughter in the wind and a gathered radiance? And this poem made him famous? This is in all lists of his greatest poems, and he is still sold today as one of the greatest war poets.

Not only is it not a great poem, it one of the most wretched things ever sold to a wretched public, by a pretty boy propped up by the scum of the Earth and allowed to skip the war himself with a faked death. But that is what these people do. That is their history in a nutshell.