

George Orwell Faked his Death



by Miles Mathis

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Boy is this obvious, once you start looking. I tripped across it today while working on something else. I was looking up whether Oceania's first enemy in *1984* was Eurasia or Eastasia, when I got pulled into Orwell's bio, which I had only previously skimmed. I didn't realize he allegedly died in 1950 at age 46 of tuberculosis, just after publishing *1984*. That is suspicious enough on its own, but there is much more.

Here are the clues:

Orwell had married the beautiful and much younger Sonia Brownell, 31, just a few months earlier, though he was already supposedly on his death bed.



GEORGEORWELLS.COM

They now admit she was working secretly for the Information Research Department (Propaganda) at the British Foreign Office. Her front job was working as assistant to Cyril Connolly, editor of *Horizon* magazine—which we have [already seen in previous papers](#) was a CIA/MI6 front. Connolly was snatched up by Intelligence right out of Oxford, working for Desmond McCarthy of the *New Statesman*

and sharing a flat with Patrick Balfour. He later married into the Craigs, Viscounts Craigavon.

After Orwell's alleged death, Sonia Brownell controlled Orwell's estate, and with David Astor and Richard Rees established the George Orwell Archive at University College London. Astor was of the billionaire Astors of New York and was also the editor of the *Observer*. His mother was a Langhorne, linking us to Mark Twain and linking Twain to the Astors. Orwell was also working for the IRD and Foreign Office at that time before his death, feeding Celia Kirwan his list of writers, actors, and MPs he deemed to have Communist leanings. So Orwell was like a secret Joseph McCarthy. They never tell you that in school, do they?

Sonia Brownell allegedly married Maj. Michael Augustus Lane-Fox Pitt-Rivers eight years later in 1958, but that is suspicious because he was known to be gay. He had been formally charged with buggery just four years earlier, being sentenced to 18 months. He had been out of jail for homosexuality for only about a year when he married the former Mrs. Orwell. So the marriage just looks like a cover story, to hide the fact she was still married to Orwell. In the same line, we are told on her Wiki page that she was a lover of Lucian Freud—except that he was also gay. They admit he was in a menage with both John Minton and Adrian Ryan.

The Brownells are peerage, and not just through this fake marriage of Sonia to a Pitt-Rivers. They were previously linked to Boothbys and Burnhams, and we have seen these Burnhams of New York before. Do you remember where? I do. See [my paper on the fake Jonestown massacre](#), where the part-black Forbes Burnham was President of Guyana. Despite allegedly being born of poor blacks in British Guiana, Burnham ended up at the [London School of Economics](#). That is because the Burnhams are really Levy-Lawsons, Viscounts Burnham. They are also Cohens. The Brownells of New York are also Havemeyers. The Brownells of the East India Company are also. . . Nevilles. Of course linking us to the [Stuarts and Stanleys](#). They also link us to the Owens, ditto.

All this just reminds us that Orwell was also peerage, since his real name was Eric Blair. Yep, same as Tony Blair. Orwell's great-grandfather was a Fane, 9th Earl of Westmoreland. They admit that at Wiki. What they don't admit is that the links go even higher, since that Fane was married to Lady Gordon, daughter of the Duke of Gordon, and granddaughter of a Murray, Duke of Atholl, and a Hamilton of the Dukes of Hamilton. Three dukes with that one marriage. That Murray was the granddaughter of the 7th Earl of Derby, James Stanley. Both Wiki and Geni hide all this by falsely listing Orwell's ancestor Lady Mary Fane as the daughter of the 8th Earl instead of the 9th, which would cause you to skip all this action. [But the truth is still up at thepeerage.com](#). All this of course means Orwell married a cousin when he married Sonia.

Wiki also fails to mention Orwell's peerage links through his mother, whose grandmother was a Bird and a Wheler. The Wheelers were baronets related to the Glynne baronets and Evelyn baronets. The Birds were MPs related to the Wilberforces. The Birds were also baronets of Warwickshire, being manufacturing chemists in Birmingham. The Wheler baronets soon link us to the Beresfords and Nevilles, making them cousins again. They also link us to the [Carus-Wilsons](#). Does that look familiar? It should, since we just saw these same people in my paper on the Brontes. [The Dr. William Carus-Wilson we saw there, of Casterton Hall](#), who allegedly beat and starved the Bronte sisters, married a Neville and his daughter married the 9th Baronet Wheler, who is in George Orwell's mother's lines. Small world, eh? So this just acts as confirmation of my conclusions there.

Right after Orwell's fake death, Sonia sold all rights to *Animal Farm* to the CIA for almost nothing. It was Intel that made the 1954 animated film that that you have probably seen. It was the first feature-

length animated film made in Britain. It was due to this very heavy promotion from Intel that both *Animal Farm* and *1984* were said to be so popular: but [as we saw with *The Great Gatsby*](#), the popularity was faked, both the sales figures and the polls.

They also admit that in 1947 Orwell was actively looking for ways to avoid huge taxes on his new wealth from publishing. A faked death would accomplish that. Orwell set up the front company George Orwell Productions in that year, which began paying him a fake salary. Just before his death, Sonia and their accountant Jack Harrison were made directors of the George Orwell Company, assigning it all copyrights.

Orwell was not buried with his family in the Blair plot, instead allegedly being dumped in the “nearest possible cemetery”. The usual fake-out. That means his gravestone is fake.



Why would this famous peer be dumped alone in David Astor's parish in Sutton Courtenay? Like the fake Bronte deaths we just looked at, it makes no sense. Orwell grew up nearby in Oxfordshire at Henley-on-Thames, and the Blairs were from Dorset, so there should have been family plots somewhere. No need to bury him in an Astor plot.

Actually, with more digging, I was able to discover that Wikipedia lied about this as well. Orwell's parents were also buried in Sutton Courtenay before him, so this location was not chosen “at the arrangement of David Astor”. Unless Findagrave is lying about his parents being buried there. Either way, it is not a good sign, and is a signal of the usual hijinx.

Our next set of clues is the story of his tuberculosis, which also makes no sense. Although we are told Orwell had a tubercular hemorrhage in February 1946, we are supposed to believe he hid this and refused to talk to doctors. Instead, he decided to write *1984* on a cold windy island off the coast of Scotland in an isolated house with no heat or running water. He also thought it was a good idea to lead boating expeditions in that state, in the dangerous and cold Gulf of Corryvreckan, where he overturned the boat and nearly drowned several people including himself. Because that is what you do when you are coughing up blood, right?



We are supposed to believe he was still in Scotland that **winter**, calling in a chest specialist from Glasgow to his island house. Right. He was a rich guy. Why not write his book in southern France or Palma de Mallorca? Instead, in January 1949 they allegedly sent him to a sanatorium in Cranham: some wooden huts in the woods of the Cotswolds. That sounds logical right? Send this famous guy from the peerage, in the last stages of tuberculosis, to some wooden huts out in the forest? Why not send him to a teepee in the Outer Hebrides? Several major spooks visited him, as confirmation of this ridiculous story.

So let's back up and give Orwell's bio the once over again. We now know he was a major spook from the beginning, so let's see what we find. At Eton he took classes from Aldous Huxley and was tutored by A. S. F. Gow, two known superspooks. Brian Sewell outed Gow as the fifth man of the famous Cambridge Five in 2012. Orwell was pulled directly out of Eton by Intel, joining the Indian Imperial Police at age 19 and immediately becoming Assistant District Superintendent. Not bad, but we have to remember his grandparents owned the place, being the Limouzins who ran Burma at the time through the Burmah Oil Company.

After a few years getting his feet wet as a policing agent, he was sent back to England to spy on the poor. He dressed as a tramp and claimed to be a writer as cover. Who knows what he told the people he met. After doing that in the East End of London, he did the same thing in the poor sections of Paris. He claimed to work as a dishwasher there, though we may assume that was for less than a week. Remember, his French relatives were millionaires or billionaires, so he once again owned the place. Anything he did was just for kicks. Or to report back to the Home Office. When he returned to England he vacationed with the Fierzes, a rich Jewish couple in Southwold. They spent time bathing and painting in watercolors on the beach when they weren't hobnobbing with literary spooks in London. Mabel Fierz had a column at the *Adelphi*, and Orwell was also writing for them at that time.

In the late 30s Orwell was writing filler for many of the Intel front magazines of the time, while publishing things nobody read for various Intel front publishers. In 1936 he was sent to Manchester to spy on the workers there, who were getting rowdy—especially the miners in Wigan. There he pretended opposition to British Union of Fascists founder the Baronet Oswald Mosley, but they were actually on the same side, keeping eyes on the workers and misdirecting them from both sides.

Orwell, slippery as always, used this experience to write *The Road to Wigan Pier*, in which he spends the entire second half selling himself as middle class and promoting Phoenician-style socialism. We now know he was from huge wealth and privilege on both sides, and was an agent from the time he was in kneepants, so all these books demand a reassessment. Orwell was supposedly put under surveillance by Special Branch for this book, which is a great joke, since they bankrolled it. The usual.

The same goes for his next project, which was spying on the Republicans in Spain during the war there. Upon arrival Orwell joined POUM, but it is admitted many people on the ground didn't buy it, being suspicious of Orwell. As they should be. Why would this rich peer pretending to be a Republican fool anybody? Were any of his friends pro-worker? Were any of the magazines he wrote for pro-worker? No. Other spooks on the ground in Spain made sure Orwell was sent to locations far away from any action, but with lots of other intrigue going on. He was so protected he took along his wife, who provided him with tea, chocolate and cigars from England.

When POUM was accused of collaborating with the fascists, Orwell should have joined the International Brigades, but of course he didn't. He returned to the Aragon front, where nothing was going on. Nonetheless, they made up a story about him taking a bullet in the throat. They say he was 6'2", another bold lie, since he wasn't within four inches of that, even with shoes on. And there are tons of pictures of Orwell after that, and not one of them shows a bullet wound in the neck.

Just six months after his arrival, his cover had been blown—along with most other English members of POUM—and he and his wife were forced to flee for their lives. They were tried *in absentia* for being Trotskyites and basically convicted of being what they were: agents. Nonetheless, Orwell wrote *Homage to Catalonia*, claiming to be a democratic socialist who was only misunderstood by the crazy local communists. He claimed to have wanted to join the Anarchists, but was placed in POUM due to arriving with the Independent Labor Party. An obvious lie. If he had wanted to be an Anarchist or join the International Brigades, he could have done that. Nothing was stopping him. They admit he was recruited several times for the Brigades but always found some way to beg off. No one at home was buying it either: *Homage to Catalonia* sold almost no copies in England. Obviously they knew something I didn't the first time I read it.

Remember that Hemingway did the same thing at the same time, [and the CIA later admitted he was one of theirs](#).

I also remind you of this big contradiction in the story: Orwell was already supposed to have lung problems in the late 30s, that being what kept him out of the Second World War when it started. He was allegedly in and out of hospitals and sanatoriums by 1935. And yet he had no problem being OK'ed for action in the Spanish Civil War? How does that make sense, especially seeing that he arrived in Spain in the middle of winter and was sent into the mountains. The other contradiction is that in the late 40s we are told his tuberculosis raged unchecked because he refused to see doctors. But he had been seeing doctors and visiting sanatoriums since his early 30s, according to other parts of the story. So the bio doesn't add up, as usual. They just say whatever they want and assume you will buy it.

In 1939 Orwell's wife Eileen began working for the Ministry of Information, in the Censorship Department. Sounds Orwellian, doesn't it? Orwell went back to work for the Intel rags. By 1941 he was also working for the *Partisan Review*, another known CIA front. In England he was hired by the BBC for radio war propaganda, and they admit that. He was in charge of broadcasts to India. By 1943

he could see that no one was listening to his broadcasts, in India or anywhere else, so he resigned and began his push to get *Animal Farm* published.

Which brings us in full circle back to that. That short novel is still sold as anti-Stalinist, but do you really think that is why the CIA bought it and pushed it after the war? No. The book has been promoted so much for so long because it is. . . anti-Revolutionary. The moral of the story seems to be not to bother having a revolution, since it will just makes things worse. Or at least more of the same. The leaders of the revolution are sure to devolve into the same sort of pigs as the old rulers, so why bother? With pigs in charge after the revolution, you will wish you had the men back to run things, since at least they have the capital to get things done. If that isn't the lesson of the book, what is?

I also remind you that staging this play with animals wasn't just a fairy tale construction. Though Orwell desperately wants you to think it was. He originally subtitled the book “a fairy tale”, though it wasn't a fairy tale. Making the revolutionaries animals here *automatically* downgrades them. The revolutionaries Snowball and Napoleon are pigs both before and after the revolution, before and after Napoleon becomes Stalinist and expels Snowball. So please pause on that: the revolutionaries are pigs. Given that, did you really think this tale would spin out any other way? No. It is hamhanded in the extreme, isn't it? There is no way the pigs are going to become heroes, so this couldn't have ended any other way. Or, to say it another way: the form determines the outcome. The revolutionaries were pigs from the start.

Which reminds us of that famous Orwell aphorism: “the working classes smell.” That is from *The Road to Wigan Pier*, and it was noticed in his time. Orwell was attacked for it and survived only by threatening to sue for libel. So we now know who he was and what he was up to.

I am also reminded once again of the BBC Icons propaganda series from 2018, where Orwell didn't make the artists and writers shortlist of greatest people of the 20th century. I guess he couldn't compete with Andy Warhol and Alfred Hitchcock. Only one writer made the shortlist: Virginia Woolf. It just shows once again how bogus these shortlists—which were compiled by a “panel of experts”, unnamed of course—really were. Do you really think a British panel of experts would choose Virginia Woolf over Orwell and James Joyce and T. S. Eliot and Hemingway and Fitzgerald and Steinbeck and Faulkner and Nabokov and D. H. Lawrence and Henry James? No, but since the other three on the shortlist were men, Woolf was chosen to fill a quota. Embarrassing. I can only guess they were following the precedent of the Modern Library list, which put Woolf at number 15 (Orwell clocked in 2 places higher, in case you are interested). She was the first woman on that list and along with Carson McCullers was one of only two in the top 50. But even that was quota, since neither belonged there.

Remember, [I have already dismissed](#) the *entire* Modern Library list, men and women, as a waste of time. The whole 20th century (and 21st) is a write-off due to Modernism itself. So the “Modern” Library list gave us the clue in the title: it was a list of things for any sensible and old-fashioned person to avoid reading. Amusingly, at least regarding literature the Icons committee at the BBC almost admits that, by lumping literature and visual art in the same category and then shortlisting only one writer, the quota-girl Woolf. [In a century where a fake war codebreaker was the most important person](#), I guess we would expect literature to just be a tack-on category inhabited by a quota-ghost. After all, it was a century where more people did codebreaking (CIA work) than serious reading, and that became more true as the century wore on. By the end you could have gathered all the serious

readers in the world into one warehouse and hit it with a single bomb—which the CIA probably would have liked to do. That would have saved a lot of money.

Let me be clear: *To the Lighthouse* has a certain charm—like a sweet grandmother rattling on for 200 pages about nothing, including some young man and woman who once had a crush on her. As such, it may or may not be more interesting on a first read than *1984*. I am not here to promote Orwell, remember. I suppose it was novel enough at the time to dare to write *as a woman*, giving up hard and clear objective description as “the male way” and sticking closely to interior description or subjectivity. . . though I fail to see how that could be sold as feminist. Jane Austen had met the novel on its own terms, as a fictional whole that required manufacturing from something beyond a piecing together a few daily thoughts, and had never—to my knowledge—felt confined to a male way of thinking or writing. And she got there long before Twain or even Dickens.

To be perfectly honest, I would say *To the Lighthouse* couldn't fail more markedly as feminism, or least the sort of feminism Modern feminists are talking about. The main reason I found it charming was in its description of Mrs. Ramsay, because it made one nostalgic for a time before Modernism and feminism, a time when women cared for their families and guests, mothering displaced young men like Tansley even when they weren't especially likeable. So if Woolf meant to sell us a new world order here, she didn't do a very good job. To me it sells the old world. Even she, as the omniscient writer, was obviously in love with Mrs. Ramsay, either as her romanticized mother or as the woman she wished she could be, so for the feminists this novel does the opposite of what they seem to want it to do.

Plus, you have to remember that Woolf killed herself in her 50s, and she wasn't terminally ill. She had tried to commit suicide many times, but this time chose a successful method: stones in her pockets and wading into a lake. The feminists never ask the question begged: since feminism didn't seem to work for Woolf, could Modernism have been the problem? And it isn't just Woolf, we have seen it thousands of times, especially with these privileged people who could do whatever they liked. Could it be that atheism and feminism and Modernism aren't a great recipe for personal happiness, much less for anything larger?

Need I say it, my problem with Woolf is similar to my problem with Orwell: she was from the same spooky peerage families and so was selling us, one way or another, the Wasteland—the dissolution of all pre-20th century solidity. Her mother was a Jackson from the East India Company, being a famous model. Julia Princep Jackson was the niece of famous photographer Julia Margaret Cameron and her favorite model. She also modeled for the Pre-Raphaelites, though she wasn't what we would call a great beauty. Artistic looking enough as a teenager, but mostly dependent upon Cameron for any mystery after that.



Yes, she is free of makeup and over-processed hair, which is a big selling point with me, and Cameron was an expert of the far-away gypsy look, but Jackson was never my favorite Cameron model. Like her daughter she was large of nose and chin, though not to that extent. Jackson's mother was a **Howard**, linking us directly to the **Stuarts**. Geneastar hides that Howard line, for obvious reasons. But Geni gives us more information: these Howards were also. . . **Mitfords**, confirming that they were not some downmarket Howards. And of course the Mitfords link us forward to Hitler. Wiki tells us the Jacksons were from “humble origins”, but that is just a lie. John Jackson's father was also East India Company, back to the 18th century.

Woolf's mother married twice, her first husband dying and leaving her with three children. She then married the writer and editor Leslie Stephen, of the Stephen knights, whose father was Undersecretary of State for the Colonies and Privy Counsellor. Virginia's uncle was the 1st Baronet Stephen, who also married into the Calvert baronets. These Stephens were from Scotland, and included the contemporary Baron Stephen of Banff who built the Canadian Pacific Railway. Leslie Stephen was also married before he married Virginia's mother, having been married to a **Thackeray**. From 1871 he was editor of *Cornhill* magazine—which, as we just saw with the Brontes, came out of Smith Elder publishers and their spooky East India Company connections. *Cornhill* serialized major novels by Thomas Hardy, Anthony Trollope, Elizabeth Gaskell, George Eliot, and Henry James. From *To the Lighthouse* and Woolf's family stories, you would have thought Leslie Stephen (Mr. Ramsay) was a literary giant like Goethe, but he was just another glorified editor for the spooks. Both of Virginia's parents were vocal atheists, including it in their extensive writings.

Also worth knowing for the full addition is that Virginia's sister-in-law was Lady **Herbert**, whose father was the Earl of Carnarvon, Henry **Howard** Molyneux Herbert. Also a Howard, as you see, so another cousin. He links us directly to the 12th Duke of Norfolk. Henry Herbert, or Porchester as he was

called, was Secretary of State for the Colonies and later **Lord Lieutenant of Ireland**. Beyond that, Virginia's great-grandmother was a de l'Etang, of those French knights. But what no one tells you is that they link us directly to the Counts **Dupont** de l'Etang, including one of Napoleon's top generals. Does this link us to the billionaire Duponts of the US? Of course. They were more cousins of Virginia Woolf.

Like the rest of the Bloomsbury crowd, Virginia was gay, bearding her cousin Leonard Woolf who was a **Fabian Society** creep, and the whole lot of them were oversold simply because they were who they were: peerage brats. She never slept with any man, much less her husband, since she found them sexually repulsive. She blamed it on her (half)brothers, who may have done something to her as a girl, but it wasn't a good prelude for a healthy feminism. Virginia's husband Leonard Woolf was Jewish, and they admit that regarding him (they don't admit it regarding her).



But look at that uber-long face and Habsburg jaw! In *To the Lighthouse* she admits her family was of Italian noble extraction, by which she means the southern Phoenician line rather than the northern: the Radziwill/Sforza/Medici/Habsburg line rather than the Komnene/Rurik/Stanley line.

Leonard Woolf wrote six autobiographies, telling us a lot about him and his people. Self-obsessed, finding themselves infinitely fascinating, against all evidence. The links here to Orwell are not slight either, since Leonard is the one who founded the 1917 Club, selling Socialism beginning in that year with Huxley, Oswald Mosley*, Ramsay McDonald, Lord Ponsonby, and a huge list of other obvious spooks. Ponsonby shows us how this came down right from the top, since his father was private secretary to Queen Victoria. Neither Modernism nor Socialism were an organic eruption, artistic, political or otherwise, and the involvement of the Fabians just confirms that. They were torpedoing the middle classes even then, and they admitted it. The main thing they were torpedoing was the family.

To the Lighthouse is autobiographical, and in it Woolf gives herself (or her mother) eight children, but she had none.

Like Orwell, Woolf had no sense of *noblesse oblige*, saying “the fact is the lower classes are detestable”. That is the true charm of these people. I don't romanticize the lower classes, who in Modern America can be quite vulgar, but I know from experience that the upper class is the most detestable, by far. The lower classes have the excuse that they are kept in poverty and ignorance by the upper class, but the upper class has no such excuse for their increasing vulgarity. I have had my chances to run with the rich, but after very brief stints have returned to hang out with the poor, who have had more to teach me in all ways. They have a far keener respect for reality and truth, cherishing any nugget of it they can find. While the rich have no concern for either, caring only for their ability to come up with a story for any occasion.

What could be more detestable than rich people pretending to be Socialists, except maybe rich people pretending to be artists. Or pretending that their form of Socialism had anything to do with revolution or bettering the state of the lower classes.

Do you want to see one of the worst portraits ever?



That's Woolf by her friend the critic Roger Fry. You see why I don't think much of art critics. They are worse than useless. The disabled criticizing the abled and making rules for them.

*Note Mosley there, who we already saw. He later became a British Fascist, though he came out of this 1917 Club. Come to your own conclusions.