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MR. TURNER



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“Finally, another paper about art!” you say. Well, kind of. A couple of years late I got around to watching Mike Leigh's 2014 film about the painter J. M. W. Turner, and I am sorry to report it is another piece of glittering propaganda. That is to say, while the film is very artfully made, with good direction, a good script, very good acting, and fantastic cinematography, it is still a terrible film, one I cannot recommend.

“How can that be?” you may ask. How can a film score high in all those categories and still be terrible? It can do that by being false on almost every account. Its depiction of all its characters is false, its depiction of the art process is false, and its depiction of history is false. You will tell me that doesn't matter: like Turner, Leigh is an artist, and artists are allowed to make stuff up for an artistic effect. Within reason, yes. I allow for much artistic license in such cases, and don't expect a boring documentary. However, in the case of a biopic of a famous real person, I also don't expect a complete fabrication.

Timothy's Spall's characterization of Turner is highly amusing and entertaining, and I don't deny it. But I don't believe for a moment that Turner was anything like that. I don't believe he looked like that, talked like that, or acted like that. Not even close. We have always been sold the story from historians that Turner was the working-class son of a barber, but it was never believable. Just consult his bio and ask yourself if it makes any sense that the son of a barber could have afforded to do the things he did as a young man—such as enter the Royal Academy of Art at age 14. Or work for several architects at the same age? With no training or schooling?

The Royal Academy is for sons of the families. They try to deny it, giving us these examples like Turner, but it isn't believable.

We see another big problem with the claim he was born at 21 Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. His father's wig shop was alleged to be there, [but if we search on that](#) we find that address was assigned to the Free Society of Artists, and later the Incorporated Society of Artists of Great Britain. We are told this house was divided in 1773 when William Turner moved in, and that he was only there a couple of

years. Curious, since it would be difficult to establish a wig shop or any other shop in that period of time. Also curious is that the address later belonged to the **Maiden Lane Synagogue**. You will see why that is so curious in a moment.

The Society of Artists of Great Britain was Sir Joshua Reynolds' society, a precursor by a couple of years to the Royal Academy. So it is strange to find Turner's father alleged to be living on property they were also renting. It is doubly strange seeing that Turner is now buried right next to Reynolds in St. Paul's. That is just one of many "coincidences" you will have to fit in your head if you want to come out the far end of his paper still believing in Turner.

Red flags also pop up on Reynolds, since we find he was a protégé of Zachariah Mudge. Mudge married Mary **Fox**. Mudge was a nonconformist minister who got his start working for the 1st Baron **King**. King was later Lord Chancellor, so Mudge looks like another project. In Turner's later years, a descendant of this King married the daughter of Lord Byron. We will see Byron again below. Reynolds was a **Potter** and his sister married a **Palmer**. Other than that, his genealogy is very slight. We will have to do him another time.



That first image is alleged to be a self-portrait by Turner (although he never painted in that style in any other known work). Do you see any resemblance? Spall would be a great Micawber or Mr. Peggotty, but as Turner he is a joke.

We start with his full name, Joseph Mallord William Turner. That isn't the name of the son of a barber. Mallord is probably a variant of Milord, which is a variant of My Lord. Indicating, of course, that Turner's family is from the peerage. A genealogy check confirms that, since we find a scrubbing heavy on the ladies in his line. That indicates not only a faked bio, but Jewish lines probably being hidden. We find Turner was a Marshall and a Mallord on his mother's side. On his father's side we get even less, with no grandmother listed. It is beyond belief that Turner didn't know who his grandmother was. His father lived with him until the old man died, as we see in the film: do you think the old man didn't know who his own mother was, and never told Turner? We also have a clue with one of Turner's "partners". She was Sophia Booth, and she appears in the film as an Margate room-letter. I assume she was no such thing. Although her genealogy is scrubbed, I assume she was related to the New York Booths, including John Wilkes Booth. I uncover evidence for that below.

Those just getting here will ask why I would assume such things, against all written history, even *before* I do any research. Because my previous voluminous research of the past five years has shown me that most written history of the past few centuries is a bold fabrication, one manufactured by the

ruling families for their own purposes. In every prior case my research has shown all famous people coming from these families, so logically I must assume Turner, a famous person, came from the same families. Without strong evidence to the contrary, that is my default assumption, and in the case of Turner we have no strong evidence to the contrary. As usual, we just have unsupported claims, lost documents, scrubbed genealogies, and stories that don't make any sense. Given that, I try to create a sensible history from the facts I compile. To do that, I fact-check everything, and then cross-check all stories for contradictions. In that way I can normally flip the lies back over.

But let's return to the images of Turner. Here are a few more:



We seem to have five different people there, and none of them match the first one above. This indicates either very bad portrait artists or large levels of misdirection in the Turner project. My guess is the latter. But, at the least, we see he looked nothing like Spall. The worst of these fellows is still much more attractive than Spall. I think we can throw out the third one as misidentified. It is doubtful he was blond, although that is probably a wig. As a portrait painter, I can tell you that the least flattering image is likely to be the most accurate, which would be image number 4 here. That was drawn by Charles Turner, who I assume was a relative. Although it is physically impossible that his eye was so low, I would guess the portrait is otherwise fairly accurate. If that is the real Turner, then

image 5 may also be him. Both have Jewish noses, heavy eyebrows, and full lips.

I encourage you to study image 4 for a bit, since it is a big clue here. It tells us why they felt they needed to misassign the other images to him. Clearly, that is not him in image 1, image 2, and image 3. So why are they telling us it is? Because they want to keep us off image 4, especially that nose. He doesn't look English at all, does he? But remember, [many sources are now calling Turner](#) the greatest English artist. Why would they do that, when he isn't even close? In the 19th century, they wouldn't have listed him in the top 300. He was mocked as a fake in his own time, and they allude to that in the film. Even now, very few real people would list him highly. But he seems to be heavily promoted by the usual spooks. We should try to find out why.

One thing that helps us here is the Wikipedia page on the surname Turner. The first interesting thing we turn up is John **Sargent** Turner, member of the upper house of the Australian Parliament at the time of our story. This Turner married a **Ball**, suggesting [a link to George Washington's family](#) in those years. The name John Sargent of course links him to painter John Singer Sargent, who flourished in the decades just after Turner. Although Sargent is sold as American, he lived and worked in London, like Turner. In fact, both lived in Chelsea, within 1000ft. of one another. Sargent lived on Tite Street and Turner on Cheyne Walk. Cheyne Walk turns out to be a clue here as well, and you may like to see a list of others who lived or live on Cheyne Walk: Mick Jagger, Ronnie Wood, Keith Richards, Michael Bloomberg, David Lloyd George, George Weidenfeld, Bertrand Russell, Dante Rossetti, James Whistler, Bram Stoker, James Clerk Maxwell, Ken Follett, Roman Abramovich, T. S. Eliot, Ian Fleming, Somerset Maugham, and Laurence Olivier. So this was like the Laurel Canyon of London. I would now say just being on this list is a red flag.

Other Turners to be aware of include Dawson Turner, head of the Gurney and Turner Bank, Yarmouth. He was a contemporary of the painter Turner, with almost the same dates. Also Hugh **Thackeray** Turner, noted architect in the period after the painter Turner. This of course links the Turners to the Thackerays. Hugh worked with Sir George Gilbert **Scott**. Also Maj. Gen. Sir Alfred Turner, who got his start as aide de camp to Earl **Spencer**. We will see the Spencers below. This Turner was also director of the North Borneo Chartered Company, the Manchester North Borneo Rubber Company, and the Alliance Franco-Britannique. This means he basically ran Borneo. He also wrote a history of Napoleon, which ties into what we will discover below. Also Admiral Stansfield Turner, director of the CIA under Jimmy Carter. His grandmother was a Rubens from Vienna and his great uncle was a Mosser. His father's side is completely scrubbed, but we do know Stansfield married an Eli Tjelta. Also Sir William Turner, Lord Mayor of London, 1668-9. He was a wealthy woolen draper and Master of the Merchant Taylors Company, indicating he was Jewish.

Before we go any further with the name Turner, let's take a quick look at the name Marshall. Turner's mother is scrubbed, and we are diverted away from her early on, when we are told she went insane. We find in Turner's time a Catherine **Spencer** Vassall of the peerage marrying a Marshall. She was the daughter of Lt. Col. Spencer Vassall. Since we will find more Spencers below, I take that as a hit. In the same years, we find a Sir Chapman Marshall marrying an Anne **Stansfield**. We just saw a Stansfield in the previous paragraph, head of the CIA. Anne's mother was a **Clarke**. In the same years, we find a James Garner Marshall marrying Harriet **Chase**. We find several other marriages to Chases as well. The Marshalls are also linked to the Stewarts, with a Reginald Marshall marrying a Mary **Stewart** in 1864. She was the daughter of Admiral Keith Stewart and the granddaughter of Admiral George Stewart, 8th Earl of Galloway. In the period just after Turner, we find a Baron Marshall of Chipstead. He was head of Horace Marshall and Son, *newspaper distributors*, which is probably a big clue here. His daughter married the Baron Rank. In the 20th century, we find several

more Barons Marshall, including Baron Marshall of Goring, who married a **Sheppard**. That name ties us to previous papers. We also find a Baron Marshall of Knightsbridge, who headed Hertz, Avis, and British Airways. We also find a Baron Marshall of Leeds, who married a Barr, and whose daughter married a Spencer. We also find a Mary Brooke **Russell** Marshall marrying the son of Lt. Col. John Jacob **Astor** IV in 1953.

This brings us back to the 1,160 [Turners in the peerage](#), including, of course, many Baronets. We have the Baronet Kirkleatham, Yorkshire, d. 1783; the Baronet Ambrosden, Oxford, d. 1735, director of the East India Company, and 11 other Baronets of that line, including the current one; and the Baronet Warham, Norfolk, d. 1738. The last married a Walpole. We also find two current Barons and a Baroness, although they are not linked in the records. Baroness Turner of Camden was created in 1985, and she is the wife of a Turner, but he is scrubbed. Strangely, she is also scrubbed at Wikipedia. She has a page there, but her husband is again not given. Although she is Deputy Speaker of the House of Lords, her bio is scrubbed all over the internet. Very *very* weird. Also Dennis Turner, Baron Bilston, MP for Wolverhampton. Then we find a Baron Turner of Ecchinswell was created in 2005, and although he, too, is high-ranking in the British Government, having been the Chairman of the Financial Services Authority, his bio is also completely scrubbed. Wikipedia has a page on him, but no parents are listed. Geni also lists no parents. This is who is running your world: ghosts.

The Baronets of Ambrosden are the most interesting here, for this reason: the second Baronet, Sir Edward Turner, married Cassandra **Leigh**. Did you catch the name? The director of *Mr. Turner* is Mike Leigh. Cassandra's mother was Mary **Lord**. Hmm. MaryLord. . . Mallord.

Cassandra's brother James Leigh married Lady Caroline Brydges, daughter of the 2nd Duke of Chandos. Wow. This Duke's wife was Lady Mary Bruce, daughter of the 4th Earl of Elgin and Lady Anne Saville (and, yes, there is a link to Jimmy Savile, though I can't follow it here). Lady Anne was the daughter of the 2nd Marquess of Halifax. The Earl of Elgin's mother was Lady Elizabeth Seymour, whose grandfather was the 2nd Duke of Somerset. This Duke of Somerset married Lady Devereux, daughter of the Earl of Essex, which links us to Sir Francis Walsingham and Sir Philip Sydney. It also links us to Dudley, 1st Duke of Northumberland. [Which links us to my previous papers](#). That was all so that you can see how the Leighs are connected. Three Dukes in one short paragraph. Remember, Dukes are the highest ranking peers beneath the Royal family.

Mary Lord, just mentioned, was the sister-in-law of James Leigh, and he married Frances **Booth** in about 1750. So my guess about Sophia Booth, above, is no longer looking like such a stretch, is it?

Now, if we go back to the Brydges, we find their grandson as the 2nd Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, living at the same time as the painter Turner. This Duke's daughter married a **Gore**, and her granddaughters also married Gores (Temple-Gore-Langton). This led to the current Earls of Stowe.

If we follow the Leighs, we find James Leigh's granddaughter was Augusta Leigh. Augusta's brother was 1st Baron Stoneleigh, but she is interesting because she was named for [her aunt of the same name](#). This reminds us that the Leighs were also related to the Byrons. The older Augusta Leigh was the half-sister of the poet Byron. She married her cousin Lt. Col. George Leigh, son of Gen. Charles Leigh.

Also note the Baron Stoneleigh: Stone-LEIGH. And remember, Stoneleigh is a variation of STANLEY. The Stanley Earls were originally Stoneleighs. You are about to see why that is important.

You will say all this is beside the point, since the director Mike Leigh admits he is Jewish. According to Wiki, his father changed the name from Lieberman in 1939 “for obvious reasons”, when the family emigrated to England. However, Geni contradicts that story, since we find Mike's grandfather was also a Leigh. They didn't come over from Germany during WWII, they apparently came over from Belarus before WWI. On his mother's side we find the same thing: they were already in England before 1900. His *great*-grandmother Spicker died in England in 1915. For this reason and others, he could very well be related to these crypto-Jewish lines in the peerage.

What other reasons? How about this: Mike Leigh grew up in Higher Broughton, Salford. You will say, “Big deal, a lot of Jews live there.” Yes, and what else is there? The Manor of Broughton, a former demesne of the Honour of Lancaster. And who lived there after 1578? The **Stanleys, Earls of Derby!** Remember, **STANLEY=STONELEIGH**. [I showed](#) that they were Jewish invaders through Anglesey in the time of Henry VII, and in later papers linked them tentatively [to Hitler](#), Lennon, and others. In the early 19th century this Stanley Manor passed to the Clowes family, which is still there. Why does that matter? Because the Clowes are related to the Leighs. The Clowes who took over Broughton Manor in around 1800 was Lt. Col. William **Legh** Clowes. He was also related to the **Burtons** and **Fords**. His niece Elizabeth married Reuben **Newton**, and their son became 1st Baronet Newton in 1924. He was Lord Mayor of London in the same year.

We have seen the name Booth twice above. This is because the Booths were also prominent in the peerage. Want to guess where they were from? If you guessed Liverpool, you win the prize. We find Booths as Baronets of Allerton Beeches, City of Liverpool. But before that we find Baronets Booth of **Dunham** Massey, county Chester. They go back to 1611, which makes them some of the first Baronets ever created. The 1st Baronet was also Sheriff of Lancashire and Cheshire. Did you notice the name Dunham? See my paper on [Obama's genealogy](#). His mother was a Dunham, remember? And where is Dunham Massey? Same general area: southwest of Manchester. It was originally held by the Earl of Stamford, who was a Grey. The Greys were Marquesses of Dorset, remember, sons of Queen Woodville (Edward IV). They were involved in the later Lady Jane Grey hoax, as well as even later hoaxes I reveal in my [paper on Daisy Ridley](#). This Lord Stamford's daughter married George Booth, 1st Baron Delamer. His son was Henry Booth, 1st Earl Warrington, who occupied the Manor in Dunham Massey.

We have even more links I don't wish to pass over, so be patient. Henry Booth married the daughter of James Langham, whose fourth wife was Dorothy **Pomeroy**. She was the daughter of John Pomeroy of Devon. That interests me because it takes us back [to my paper on John Reed](#), where we saw Pomeroy's involved in early banks in the US, funding Reed's grandfather Henry Green in Portland, OR. They are probably descended from these Pomeroy's of Devon, who go back to 1086 and the feudal Barony of Berry Pomeroy. Also of interest is that the Pomeroy's sold these extensive lands to Edward Seymour, 1st Duke of Somerset, in 1547. We already saw those Dukes above, didn't we? Amazing how this is all coming together.

We also find the Booths linked to the Owens. Sir George Booth of Dunham Massey had a son Sir Saint John Booth, and he married Anne **Owen** in 1661. She was the daughter of Ralph Owen and Alice Gerard. Although I found nothing on this Ralph Owen, we may assume he is from the Owens of Anglesey. Alice was the daughter of the 2nd Baron Gerard of Gerard Bromley and Anne Dutton. The Gerards were also Baronets of Liverpool and Manchester, having estates in Bryn (Manchester) and Liverpool. The Duttons, Gerards and Booths married many times, and they were also related by marriage to the Hamiltons, Dukes of Hamilton. Think Alexander **Hamilton**, whom we have studied before. The Hamiltons were descended from the Stewarts, which links us to all that as well. In 1686,

Duke Hamilton married Lady Anne **Spencer**, daughter of the 2nd Earl of Sunderland. Which pulls in the Spencer-Churchills as well. You see how closely all these families were related. These people do nothing but marry one another, hoax major events, and suck from the treasuries.

So if you are still insisting Mike Leigh's name is just a coincidence here, you now have not one but many huge coincidences to fit in that pretty head of yours. For myself, I don't believe it is a coincidence. Just ask yourself how a Jewish immigrant could come over during the war and his son gain admittance to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts and end up OBE. Even if Leigh was originally Lieberman, that doesn't mean he *wasn't* related to these Leighs in the peerage. In fact, I take it as just that sort of hint. It begs this question, doesn't it?: were all the other Leighs in these lines originally Liebermans?

You see how a genealogy study and a look at the peerage charts can give us a lay of the land here? You see why I no longer avoid these lines of research as tiresome? It can get complicated, I know, but it is worth it. You learn things you could learn no other way.

Not only did Mike Leigh study at RADA, he also studied at East 15. Why does that matter here? Because that was a spin-off of Joan Littlewood's famed Theatre Woodshop. Remember her from my [paper on Folk Music](#)? She was married to Ewan McColl, and later to Gerry Raffles and Philippe de **Rothschild**. Her bio is scrubbed, but she is listed as being in the peerage. So she has spook markers all over her, indicating the Theatre Workshop was an Intel front. East 15 was funded by Harry Corbett, OBE, indicating the same thing. Corbett has no genealogy, but the Corbetts are also in the peerage, related to all the same families.

So am I inferring that Leigh is a spook director while others are not? No. All directors are spook directors, both in the US and UK (and everywhere else). They all come from the families and they all make propaganda. Some do it more blatantly than others, and Leigh is actually more subtle than most. But Leigh seems to like to make movies about working-class problems—something he probably knows very little about, and probably cares very little about. So you do have to ask yourself what he is up to. I honestly can't tell you, since *Mr. Turner* is the first Leigh film I have really tried to unwind.

But I think we can begin to see why this film took the form it did. Spall is in every film Leigh makes, and I guess Leigh would have cast him as Paris if he were making a film about the Trojan War. It explains Turner as working-class as well, since that is also Leigh's specialty.



I guess it also explains Dorothy Atkinson's amazing portrayal of the slouching, scratching housekeeper. Very convincing, except again for the fact that Turner's housekeeper was probably nothing like that.

Why would Turner keep such a disgusting person about the house, when he knew he had to host rich clients like the Ruskins? An artist like Turner just failed to notice that her dress was old, tattered and filthy? And father the barber also didn't notice? Remind yourself of the scene where Turner calls her in to sweep bluebottles out of the ceiling curtains. Droll, but completely unbelievable. Do you really think he would have her do that *while* the Ruskins were standing there, with dead flies pouring down on their heads? Everything about this film rang false to me, and the gritty parts were the falsest of all.

So why would Leigh try so hard to make Turner into this amusing working-class fellow? I think because Leigh was assigned the task of whitewashing him, and this was thought to be the best way to do it in the Modern world. Leigh doesn't make Turner any kind of hero. No, he is very rough. But he does come off as exceedingly down-to-earth and real. In a word, he is SALTY. Leigh may have printed that word large on all the cue cards and prompts. Do you see how it ties into Turner's seascapes? In this way he is set off from the other artists and critics in the film, who are all being blackwashed.

Remember, this was the Royal Academy, composed of *upper*-class realists. As a group, they are now seen as existing on a plane just above. . . pedophiles. The propagandists of Modernism have been slandering 19th century realism since the 1920s, and I don't see this film as a reversal of that. In fact, it looks like more of the same.

You will ask me why these other rich artists “from the families” would be blackwashed while Turner is whitewashed, and I can only guess. The families of course are not one-big-happy. Like any other extended family, they have squabbles. Some older lines have apparently fallen out of favor, while other lines have flourished more recently. As we have seen, the most Jewish flourished the most and the least Jewish flourished the least. It would appear that Turner is lucky enough to have been of a line that has flourished in the present time, and they have some use for him in current propaganda. It doesn't bother them that they have to completely falsify his life and art to do that: it is enough that he is still famous. For whatever reason, he has a wing named after him at the Tate and a new prize named after him. For that reason alone he would be worth whitewashing and remaking into a working-class monster.

Remember, they did a similar thing in the States with John Reed. [I showed you](#) that Warren Beatty—probably a relative of Reed—made the film *Reds* to whitewash him. Beatty was rehabilitating a recent ancestor, as well as using him to propel current propaganda. Same thing here with Turner. The Turner Prize corroborates that reading, since why else would they name a Modern art prize after a 19th century realist? The Turner Prize is given to winning “artists” who create something like lights blinking or a bear costume. What does that have to do with Turner? Nothing, except that those now naming these things are related to Turner in hidden ways. He is one of their own, and available, so they use him.



As an example of the opposite, we see John Ruskin, falsely portrayed in this film as a tiny, lisping homosexual. It is known by everyone that cares to know that he was nothing of the sort. Although the actor does an amazing job, like all the other actors, his character has been wrongly written. Not poorly written, but wrongly written. Ruskin famously chased schoolgirls, and gays have no use for schoolgirls, it pretty much goes without saying. So how could the cinematic “realist” Leigh get it so wrong? We must assume because he didn't care to get it right. That wasn't his job or his intention. His intention was to make Ruskin look as ridiculous as possible—like Bigus Dickus in *The Life of Brian*—and so that is what we see. Leigh could have portrayed Ruskin in a bad light by showing him chasing after schoolgirls. He ended up destroying one of them—Rose la Touche—so Leigh could easily have achieved his aim without lying. But instead he made him into this mincing little fop. Why? Because only in that form could he act the complete foil and opposite of Spall's Turner. Only in that form could he blackwash Ruskin without actually looking closely at him.

Why? Again, I can only guess, but my first guess would be that Ruskin took a tack in his 19th century writings the current families don't like. They need to bury it, and him. Like Thoreau, Ruskin developed an anti-business argument in his writings that no doubt rankles the current governors [they are also blackwashing Thoreau, [as we have seen](#)]. See for example Ruskin's famous lecture *Traffic*. There, he was hired to lecture on an Exchange (business hall) by some town elders, and starts the lecture by telling them he cares nothing for their Exchange. He ends by telling them “I can only at present suggest decorating its frieze with pendant purses; and making its pillars broad at the base for the sticking of bills.” I highly recommend it. It is one of the greatest things ever written of its kind.

So you see, Ruskin is a very complex subject to analyze. On the one hand, he produced some of the greatest lectures ever written. On the other hand, he all but killed a schoolgirl with his strange and selfish love. Any interesting portrayal of Ruskin—cinematic or otherwise—would have to make us think about that. Leigh's portrayal gets nowhere near any of it, being completely false, which is just one reason I have no use for his direction or this film.

Another reason is that he gets all the art wrong as well. As a realist artist, I happen to know these things. I will just give you a couple of examples. In one scene we see the Royal Academy artists together for *vernissage*. This could have been very interesting. If Leigh had known anything about these artists or about art, this lengthy scene could have been highly entertaining and informative. Instead he makes up an unbelievable squabble between Turner and Constable, and a ridiculous blow-up by Haydon. Haydon is another target of a blackwash here, but I won't get into it. Suffice it to say that Leigh could have come up with something more poignant than a fistfight and a bunch of screaming. And with Constable and Turner, we see them painting during *vernissage*. This wasn't done. *Vernissage* was a last chance for the artists to apply **varnish**, to bring any dead spots back to life before opening night. I suppose some color might have been included in the varnish as a glaze, but that was about the extent of it. They certainly wouldn't set up a chair and apply big blobs of paint.

Also a problem was Constable's painting in that scene, which looked nothing like any Constable I have ever seen. Because it was so awful, I have to assume Constable was also being blackwashed here, for reasons beyond my ken. The facture was all broken like a bad Impressionist painting, but Constable never painted like that. He never applied little dollops of thick dry paint in that way. The colors were off as well. He never used cool reds like that, that I know of.

Back in Turner's studio, many things were wrong. In one scene we see his father making yellow paint with his hands. Again, very gritty, but it isn't done like that. You mix paint with a mortar and pestle,

and grind it with a big glass muller. I have done it. It is messy, but nothing like that. You don't want to get yellow paint up to your elbows, because your hands would be yellow for months. That color especially is very staining.

Which reminds me of all the other ridiculous scenes of Turner's father. Turner was not poor, as we see from his large studio in a posh part of town, his frequent travels, his giving the innkeeper five pounds, his loaning Haydon 50 pounds and then forgiving the debt, and so on. And help was cheap back then. He could have hired a young man to build his canvases and so on. Paint was still ground locally in the early 19th century (not mass-produced and tubed), but it was normally done professionally, in the store, not in the studio. When it was done in the studio, it was done by assistants, not by the artist's aged father. We are told the father had nearly died the previous winter, but we are supposed to believe Turner would have him chopping wood, building canvases, grinding paint, and so on? There is not a chance in hell any of that happened. Those scenes were written only to include the old barber, confirming Turner as working-class.

The very first scene sets the whole stage, since in it both Turner and his father have a working-class cockney accent so thick it can scarce be understood. But I would bet dimes to donuts Turner didn't sound anything like that. Since I have normally found the given stories are a *reversal* of the truth, I will guess Turner had an Oxford or Cambridge accent. Or it may be even worse than that. Let's give Turner the accent Ruskin had in the film and see how that fits. Since Leigh tries so hard to make Turner look like a salty old sailor, somehow drawing the ladies despite being ugly as a mud fence, I will assume the opposite. I will assume he was gay.** That actually fits his known bio better than Leigh's portrayal. Why? One, he was a successful artist, with both money and fame, so if straight he should have had many relationships. You will say he was repulsive, but that isn't borne out by his self-portrait above. He appears to have been very attractive. So why would he have been linked to only two women his entire life? The first (Danby) was an "older widow", the second this frumpy innkeeper Booth. Does that sound like any straight artist you have ever known? The older widow was probably either a beard or a housekeeper, while Booth looks like an aunt or cousin, also acting as a beard. We saw the same thing with [C. S. Lewis](#), living with a woman who we are told was either his best friend's mother or his lover, but who I showed you was closely related to him. It looks to me like Booth was probably related to Turner, and I have shown you the evidence above.

Then we have the fact that, according to the given history, Turner was "believed to have been the father" of Danby's two daughters. What? This wasn't in the 12th century on a desert island. This was 19th century London, where births were required to be registered. If Turner had been the father of these two girls, we would have documentation. Instead, we don't even have documentation of Turner's *own* birth, indicating much misdirection.

Equally mysterious is what we are told of Turner living with Booth for 18 years in *her* house in Chelsea as Mr. Booth. *Her* house? So she owned a house on Cheyne Walk, Chelsea? This working-class lady from Margate with a couple of rooms to let bought a house on Cheyne Walk? And they passed themselves off as a married couple for eighteen years without getting married? On Cheyne Walk, Chelsea? The things they expect you to believe!

Another clue is found at Turner's death, where we find him buried in St. Paul's Cathedral next to Sir Joshua Reynolds. We are told this was done "at Turner's request". So let me see if I have this straight: all the son-of-a-barber has to do is request he be buried in St. Paul's next to Joshua Reynolds, and that request is granted? Ah, I didn't realize it worked like that. Good to know.

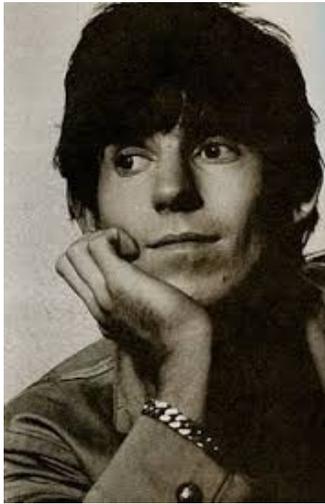
But let's return to the cockney accent for a moment. I have shown you that it was very unlikely Turner spoke like that. Which begs the question: what about those other fellows who lived on Cheyne Walk? Have they been faking a working-class accent all along? I am talking about Jagger, Woods, Watts and Richards, of course. The Rolling Stones. Do they get together and play bridge, sipping port and speaking like Roger Moore when we aren't looking? Does Johnny Rotten join them for tea and crumpets, speaking like Rupert Graves? Did George Weidenfeld join them? I wouldn't be at all surprised.

If you say, “no way”, I send you to [this 2012 GQ article](#), “Charlie Watts' Guide to Dressing like a Gentleman”.



Remember, Mick comes out of the London School of Economics and Keith is distantly related to the **Webbs**.* The LSE was founded by Sidney Webb. The Queen is a Webb. Cliff Richard is really Harry Webb. [The Webbs are related to the Spencers](#). They are also related to the Townshends. Think Pete Townshend of The Who. Know something else? According to Geneanet, Keith is related to the Waughs (think Evelyn Waugh) and the Deans. He has a great grandfather named **James Dean**. He is also a **Milton**. Know what else? [Keith's grandmother is... drum roll please... Emily Anne Turner](#).

So if you were wondering what living people Turner is related to, you may have a clue there. My guest writer Kevin reminds me he found Turners in most of his Hollywood research, in the lines of Frances Ford Seymour, Jane Fonda, Jean Arthur, Clara Bow, Shirlee Mae Adams, Lon Chaney's wife Frances Creighton, Miriam Hopkins, Roscoe Arbuckle, Tom Brokaw, Jodie Foster, and Walter Cronkite. Also Kathleen Turner, Lana Turner, Florence Turner, Ted Turner, Ernest Sackville Turner, Frederick Jackson Turner, Helen Newton Turner, and others too numerous to mention. Of course there are tens of thousands of Turners and I am not suggesting all of them are spooks. But many of these famous ones do have markers on them, and can be linked to the top families.



Keith has admitted he is part Jewish, saying, “Maybe it was the Jew in me”. Charlie Watts identifies Jewish in interviews [Booth, p. 67]. And for another link back to the subject of this paper, see the book *The True Adventures of the Rolling Stones* (2000). Who is the author? Another drum roll, or maybe a rimshot: **Stanley Booth**. Wow. Both names together? Double-wow. Not hiding much, are they? I guess it was that or Lee Oswald Churchill.

For more on this question, [you may read](#) “The Secret Jewish History of the Rolling Stones” at *Forward*, a Jewish newspaper.

For even more, you may remember [that even Newsweek has admitted](#) that John Lennon said “Baby you're a rich fag Jew” in the tail-out of Baby You're a Rich Man. We are told that was aimed at Brian Epstein, but I find that doubtful. Since the mainstream is now telling us Lennon slept with Epstein, the stories don't really add up. If Epstein was a fag, so was Lennon. Given what we have discovered, the line more likely applies to all these famous people in general. After all, the song starts out “How does it feel to be one of the beautiful people?” Epstein was one of those, but so were all the Beatles, the Stones, etc. While [checking the lyrics to that song](#), you may also want to notice that Sony gives four writers: John Lennon/John Winston Lennon/Paul Mccartney/Paul James Mccartney. What? Are we being told those are four *different* people? Why else would four people be credited? And why small c's with Paul?

Given what I have discovered here, there may be a good deal more to be said about Turner. I suspect it is all far deeper than I have been able to get in twelve pages. Turner is now some sort of project, as we have seen, and he may have been a project from the beginning. But I have to admit I am losing interest. I never did like Turner much, and couldn't understand what Ruskin saw in him. So I don't have a huge interest in exposing him. This paper was meant to be a short critique of the film, not an exposé of Turner. But I may come back to it later.

All that said, I can understand why one of my readers recommended the film to me. Even with all its falsifications, omissions and absurdities, it does create a certain nostalgia for ones such as us. The opening scene in Holland at sunrise is gorgeous, and many others scenes are equally gorgeous. And any evocation of that period—so much more paintable than the current period—must be welcome to the eye and soul of any real artist. The film may be worth watching just for its cottages, or its milk jugs, or its saucepans and kettles, or its old easels, all of them more artistic than 50 other current films

put together. The film may be worth watching for its white cat alone, or its line of heath ponies. The current plastic wasteland must make us hunger for a more human time, even if we have to watch relatively disgusting humans like Spall's Turner. Through this film we can taste somewhat of the ferment of this time, and chew on its fragrance, and delight in its patina. If only we could get that delight without all the propaganda stirred in.

[*https://webcache.googleusercontent.com/search?q=cache:L33Iu5JEOZwJ:https://www.myheritage.com/person-1500122_304262271_304262271/mary-ann-richards+&cd=7&hl=en&ct=clnk&gl=us&client=safari](https://webcache.googleusercontent.com/search?q=cache:L33Iu5JEOZwJ:https://www.myheritage.com/person-1500122_304262271_304262271/mary-ann-richards+&cd=7&hl=en&ct=clnk&gl=us&client=safari)

**In answer, I will be sent to the BBC's 2012 *Fake or Fortune* episode on Turner, where Bendor Grosvenor shows us some of Turner's bawdy sketchbooks—which are of women, not men. But this entire episode reads to me as part of the fake, since it sells many of the mainstream talking points of Turner's bio, which I have shown you make no sense. The bawdy sketchbooks also don't read right, and Grosvenor even gives you the clue: he admits that Ruskin took charge of Turner's written effects after his death and destroyed most things like this (although we aren't told exactly what they were). Well, if Ruskin destroyed them, then how do we have books full of them available to Grosvenor? These bawdy sketches we see in the show aren't signed and could be by anyone. Yes, they look old, but that doesn't make them by Turner. The sketch they assign to Booth also doesn't read right, since it looks nothing like the descriptions of her. Remember, Turner's complete oeuvre of thousands of works contains not one nude. You would think a guy who had dozens of sketchbooks filled with nudes would do at least one nude painting in his life. But no. To me, what Ruskin wrote about these sketches doesn't imply female nudes—which should have been par for the course for artists, even in the 19th century. It implies buggery, which *would* have been covered up at the time. Remember Oscar Wilde, who came somewhat later.

All the prudishness in this episode looks feigned to me, and to see what I mean I recommend you replace Turner with Gauguin, or earlier, Courbet or Manet. Would anyone have been surprised to find female nudes in their sketchbooks? No, so why all the huff about Turner? Because it is being manufactured for effect. They are manufacturing it not only to sell you their storyline about the three paintings being dismissed as fakes for that reason, they are manufacturing it to *whitewash* Turner—making you think he was a ladies' man. They know no one has a problem these days with artists of previous centuries visiting brothels, so this is actually a selling point for him. It glosses up his bio for the masses.

This isn't the first strangeness I have seen on *Fake or Fortune*, though this footnote isn't the time for a full critique. However, I draw your attention to two quick things. In the show on Homer, notice that Fiona sits down at a table where the watercolor is laid out flat, with no glazing over it or any other protection. She is carrying two cups of coffee, and she sets them down right next to the painting. This is a watercolor that has just been appraised to sell for up to a quarter of a million dollars. If anyone should tip over the cup of coffee, the painting is immediately ruined. You cannot restore a watercolor from a coffee spill. Similarly, in the episode on Rembrandt, we see Philip Mould carrying the painting on the street without even paper covering it, much less bubblewrap or cardboard. He and Fiona sit down at a sidewalk café just a few feet from the street, with cars driving by, and Mould just leans the painting against the wall, painted side out. The cars could kick up a pebble, shooting it through the canvas. A waiter could trip, putting his foot through it. Or many other things. Million-dollar paintings simply aren't transported like this, for obvious reasons.

Curious, isn't it, that although they admit on the show that the art market may be composed of up to 50% fakes, their shows aren't about exposing any of them. The shows are about returning lost works to the market—thereby increasing the total market value. Just what you would expect Mould and Grosvenor—gallery owners—to do, right?

Beyond that, notice how many times the theme of Nazis turns up in the series. Every other show they are

reselling some part of that storyline. Why? Because they are all Jews, of course. Grosvenor's nose not only gives that away, but go back to the Turner episode, where we find the Davis sisters of Wales as the main collectors. Look closely at their photos, and you will see a big clue. What is it? They both have the Habsburg jaw in spades. This reminds us that almost everyone who appears in these shows is Jewish, from the hosts and artists to the collectors and experts. This is why the Nazi theme keeps coming up: the collectors are all Jewish. Wildenstein Institute gets a plug in most shows, and of course they are superwealthy Jews. They are supposed to be the top experts on art, but it is clear even in this show that they don't know art from Garfunkel.

We know that **Grosvenor** [is from the peerage just from his name](#). His grandfather was the 4th Baron Ebury, Francis **Egerton** Grosvenor. Which means he is related to Taron Egerton. But this is really Philip Jonathan Clifford Mould's show, and of course he is from the same lines I have exposed above. Although his parents are scrubbed on his Wiki page, we do find [his father Clifford](#) in the peerage. Philip's mother is a **Garnier**, and she links us immediately to Sneyds, Dunbars, Montagues, and Blyths. A few generations back we come to the Keppels, Earls of Albemarle, linking us to the Campbells, Trotters, Gordons, Lennox and Stuarts. So you can see why Mould has paintings of famous Stuarts hanging in his gallery: they are closely related. In fact, through the Lennox line, Mould is the **8great-grandson of Charles II**. Strange that fact isn't on his Wiki page. But it does explain why Mould is Grosvenor's boss, rather than the reverse as we might have expected from the last names. Mould outranks Grosvenor.