

The Stupidest Fake I Have EVER Seen



by Miles Mathis

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I just became aware of this one, probably because it comes out of the UK and I never watch TV. I was browsing news at Bing, when I came across mention of the criminal Charles Bronson. At first I thought it was just another computer error, in these stories written by computers that are now everywhere. You know what I am talking about: news reports that make no sense and are basically unreadable, due to form, grammar, and a general lack of progression and cohesion. They also have no concern for accuracy and will paste together anything they have found anywhere on the internet. Computers using other computers as references. So I thought the computer meant Charles Manson, not Charles Bronson. But I looked it up, and sure enough there is an extended fake story about some dangerous prisoner in England who changed his name to Charles Bronson. They even made a movie about him in 2008 with Tom Hardy. Just more proof it is fake.

That picture above is all the proof you should need, which is why I lead with it. He was born Michael Gordon Peterson, and at Wiki they admit he is from a wealthy and conservative family from Luton, mayors of the town in the 1960-70s. His father later ran the Conservative club in Aberystwyth, Wales. His mother is a Gordon, and I assume this links him to the peerage Gordons, dukes of Gordon. His aunt married a Parry. They admit that as a young man he was a dandy, so the story is already falling apart. As you see, he was still a dandy in 2017, when he married 36-year-old Coronation Street actress Paula Williamson. They tell us that picture, taken outside 19 Downing Street, is with a Bronson lookalike, but I have news for you: that is really him. That is why he is wearing sunglasses on a cloudy day. That is him at age 65: still a dandy and still **an actor, just like his fake young TV wife.** Bronson was allegedly serving a “discretionary” life sentence at the time, whatever that is. And what did he receive that life sentence for? For allegedly taking a prison worker hostage for not liking one of his drawings. No, really. [Go read about it on Wikipedia.](#) But why was he in prison to start with? He was given an eight-year sentence in 1993 for “intent to rob”, for a robbery that never took place. Problem was, while awaiting trial,

He took a civilian librarian hostage, and demanded an **inflatable doll**, a helicopter, and a cup of tea from police negotiators.^[78] He released the hostage after being disgusted when the man **farted** in front of him.

Yep, that's the story they decided to go with. Eight years for demanding an inflatable doll.

He has allegedly attacked a half dozen prison governors over the years, though I will tell you a little secret: prison governors don't interact face-to-face with prisoners like this, ever. For obvious reasons. There are a few violent prisoners of this sort, but it isn't like some scene from the *Shawshank Redemption*, where the governor walks into the prisoner's cell and starts threatening him. Violent prisoners only interact with the largest, most well armed guards. If the governor has something to say to him, he sends him a note or meets him behind bars or glass. So a physical beating of a governor or other suit would be impossible.

Paula Williamson was allegedly found dead two years after this fake marriage, and some have theorized he got to her somehow, by hiring someone to murder her. But that isn't the right answer. The right answer is she got tired of the role and they had to retire her from the part. Fake her death. She is still alive under another name, probably still acting.

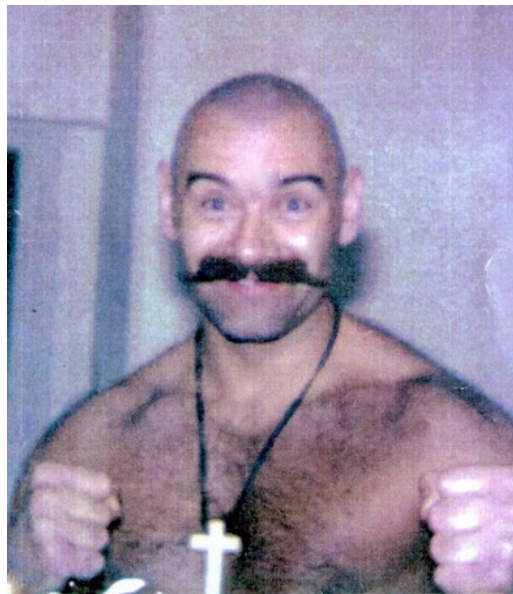


That is what to look for, though it will be hard to spot her since she looks like about a million other middle-aged women in the UK. Dark, blobby, and vaguely Jewish. Only the eye color stands out.

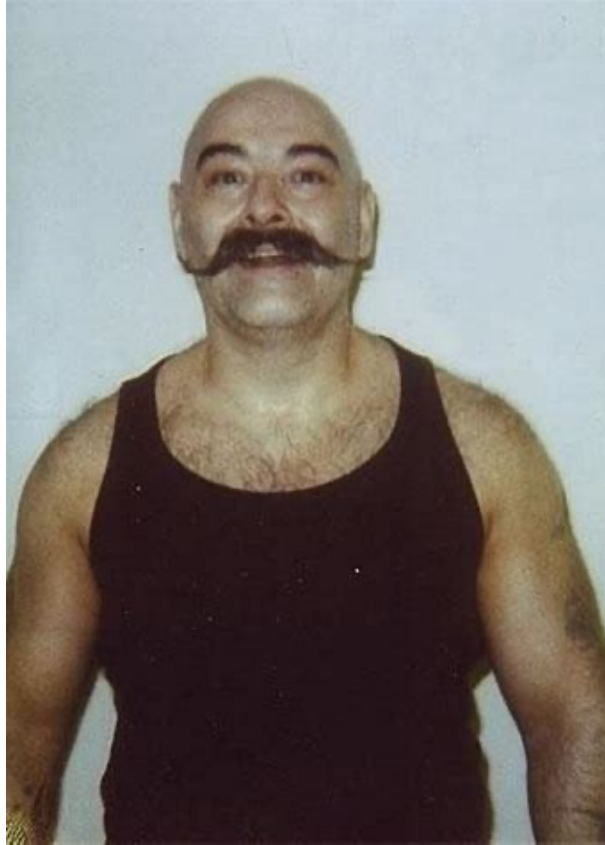
At age 70, Bronson, now Salvador, is still being sold as a dangerous criminal:



That's supposed to be him about twenty years ago. You have to laugh, since they don't allow violent prisoners to wear beards like that or to wear sunglasses. Do you think he needs sunglasses in dark cells? But the photo is a paste-up anyway, since there is something wrong with his arms and they forgot to trim someone's fingers off his near shoulder. This is also fake:



Necklaces like that aren't allowed, since they could be used as a weapon.



There he is more recently, again not in prison attire but looking very short and hairy. Also extremely short and unscary looking here, though at least he is in fake prison garb.



And here's his ["new look"](#), meaning they have replaced him with a new actor. Maybe the other one died. [But as we know from the Steven Hawking saga](#), they don't let that stop them.



There is no resemblance, but what the hey. They think you are blind. Check out his ears. Did he have his ears totally remodeled in prison? Does your forehead magically get higher as you age?

But let's look at some of the other claims on his page before quitting. This is too rich to pass up. He allegedly befriended the Kray Twins while in one of a dozen prisons in the 1970s. Proving they are also fake.



If you don't know, they are supposed to be the kingpins of London organized crime in the 1950-60s. They were West End nightclub owners who palled around with Frank Sinatra, Diana Dors (Richard Dawson), and Judy Garland. Meaning? They were crypto-Jewish actors from the families, peerage cousins of all the other famous actors of the time. Their mother was a Lee. My guess is they were actually Kraysenbrinks, which means they were . . . Princes von Croy. Linking us to the Furstenbergs, Salm-Salms, Gonzagas, Bourbons, Stuarts, in short, *everyone* at the very top of European peerage.

Ronnie Kray, an admitted homosexual, later married Katharine Howard, I would assume of THE Howards. Reggie was also gay, and his marriages were unconsummated. This again confirms they were actors, not gangsters.

The Krays' history starts with the usual ridiculous story of how they avoided the army in 1952, despite being called up:

Although the pair reported to the depot of the Royal Fusiliers at the Tower of London, they attempted to leave after only a few minutes. When the corporal in charge tried to stop them, he was seriously injured by Ronnie when he punched him on the jaw. The Krays walked back to their East End home. They were arrested the next morning by the police and turned over to the army.[16]

In September, while absent without leave (AWOL) again, the twins assaulted a police constable who tried to arrest them. They became among the last prisoners to be held at the Tower of London before being transferred to Shepton Mallet military prison in Somerset for a month to await court-martial. After they were convicted, both were sent to the Buffs' Home Counties Brigade Depot jail in Canterbury, Kent. However, when it became clear they were both to be dishonourably discharged from the army, the Krays' behaviour became worse. They dominated the exercise areas outside their one-man cells, threw tantrums, emptied a latrine bucket over a sergeant, dumped a canteen full of hot tea on another guard, handcuffed a guard to their prison bars with a pair of stolen cuffs and set their bedding on fire.[17][18] Eventually they were moved to a communal cell where they assaulted their guard with a vase and escaped. After being quickly recaptured, they spent their last night in military custody in Canterbury drinking cider, eating crisps and smoking cigarillos courtesy of the young national servicemen acting as their guards. The next day the Krays were transferred to a civilian prison to serve sentences for the crimes they committed while AWOL. Raban wrote that prison psychiatrists who examined Ronnie found him to be: "educationally subnormal, psychopathic, schizophrenic and insane".[19] Despite a less than stellar military career, the Krays adopted an extremely militaristic style as Ronnie took to calling himself "the Colonel" while their home at 178 Vallance Road was dubbed "Fort Vallance".

As I often say, it is hard to believe they put such garbage down on paper. They have had years to clean up this story, but haven't bothered. They just continue to tell it, insulting our intelligence. My assumption is that the brothers weren't in fact discharged, but were military from the beginning, *never* discharged. They likely went into Intelligence, and I would guess Ronnie probably *was* a colonel, or Lt. colonel. This is their way of telling you.

After allegedly being busted out of the army, the Krays went to work for Jay Murray of Liverpool, supposedly a gangster but as usual we have that purple flag name. The Murrays being same as Stanleys, especially in Liverpool. John Lennon is a Stanley from Liverpool, remember? Wikipedia even admits the Krays were set up in business by a banker named Alan Cooper. Probably another cousin.

The Krays were born in 1933, of course, and despite supposedly being semi-retarded they were famous by their late 20s. They ran Esmeralda's Barn, where they were photographed by David Bailey with

lords, socialites, and members of Parliament, such as **Peter Sellers, Joan Collins, George Raft, Sammy Davis Jr., Shirley Bassey, Liza Minnelli, Cliff Richard, Dusty Springfield, Jayne Mansfield, Richard Harris, Danny La Rue and Barbara Windsor**.

So you may want to ask yourself why these people would be showing up at the bar run by these lowlife criminals. Makes no sense, does it? It only makes sense if this whole thing was another Hollywood production, with the Krays being rich peerage Croys related to the Stuarts, just pretending to be gangsters. The same thing had been going on in the US for decades, as I have shown, with all the gangsters manufactured by J. Edgar Hoover with the help of Hollywood, in order to increase his budget and scare the public into compliance and subordination. Same as now.

Esmeralda's Barn was not some gangster dive, it was owned and designed by Esme **Noel Smith** in 1955 as a members theater club. It had murals by Pietro Annigoni, who also painted portraits of the Queen. That is because these people were cousins of the Queen, as you are about to see. The name Noel indicates she was peerage, related to the Bryons and Gordons. This guess is soon proved, since she descends from the banker Smiths of Nottingham. See Abel Smith, who we have hit in many papers, most famously in [my paper on the Titanic fake](#). Captain Smith is related to these people. Abel Smith's son John Smith married Emma Leigh, daughter of **Egerton Leigh**, linking us to the Leighs and Egertons of the peerage. The Egertons are the Earls of Bridgwater, linking us immediately to the **Cavendishes, Dukes of Newcastle-upon-Tyne**. Remember that, since we are about to see it again. The Leighs are Jewish, linking us back to the Booths and forward to the Barons of Stoneleigh—who were also Piers (think Piers Morgan). They also link us to the Grosvenors, Marquesses of Westminster, and the Leveson-Gowers, Dukes of Sutherland. Since we already saw the Lees above, we can assume that has been fudged from Leigh. The Krays' mother should be Violet Leigh, not Lee. That is confirmed by a quick check at the peerage, where we don't find a Violet Lee, but we do find a Violet Leigh of the right age to be our mother. In fact, we find two, and may assume one of them has been scrubbed to hide the link to our Krays here.

But let us return to the Smiths to finish off that link. John Smith's son was Martin Tucker Smith, who married the daughter of the 3rd Baronet Ridley. Their son Francis Smith married a Winthrop, and their daughter was **Esme** Winthrop Smith of Sloane Court, London, d. 1952. So it appears she is not the same as our Esme **Noel** Smith, d. 1955, but I would assume she is closely related, maybe a cousin or aunt.

For more proof of that, we find that Francis Smith later married Catherine Lowe, daughter of William Drury-Lowe and Esther Curzon, daughter of Nathaniel Curzon, 1st Baron Scarsdale. The Baron's first wife was Susanna **Noel**, daughter of the Viscount Wentworth. So that is where that name comes from. All these families were closely related, including the Smiths, Noels, Curzons, Egertons, and Leighs. We also link immediately to the Ritchies, Boones, and **Jacksons**, which will be important in a moment.

This is also important: Abel Smith's other son Robert became the 1st Baron Carrington, and his son Robert changed his surname to Carrington, becoming the 2nd Baron. His second wife was Charlotte **Drummond-Willoughby**, granddaughter of the Baron Drummond. The Drummonds are also the Earls of Ancaster, closely related to the **Manners**, Dukes of Rutland. Why do we care here? Because if you will remember, Charles Bronson's aunt and uncle had both been mayors of Luton. I looked up the mayors of Luton trying to find them. I found no Petersons or Gordons, but I did find a Hugh **MacKenzie Drummond**, mayor of Luton 1962-3. So as usual this is all coming together beautifully.

We can also tie [the Sgt. Report](#) to all this fakery, since he was still selling this crap just over a month

ago. That site is run by Sean Turnbull, a former film producer with no bio posted. That story links to [UnlimitedHangout](#), which, you guessed it, is an unlimited hangout. These guys are continuing to sell these stories as real to cover what was really going on—and is still going on. A complicated and long-running fiction to sell you organized crime as real, so that you will agree to ever more police and military.

All these stories are “true-crime” stories, meaning, fake crime stories. I have shown you thousands of instances of it, unwinding it all like I am unwinding it here. These people aren't gangsters any more [than Al Capone was](#). They are all peerage actors. Sean Turnbull sells this as having links to Intelligence, which is true, but he and these others are hiding the deeper dive: these are just staged events made up by Intelligence, using their own family assets: the peerage cousins like Bronson and the Krays and Esme Smith and all the rest.

Turnbull tells us the story of Barbara Knox-Marsh, born Winifred Barbara Littler, with Knox-Marsh her stage name. So she was an [actress](#). Her mother was Margaret [Jackson](#). We get links, but they are to the British Newspaper Archives, which require membership. So we can't check anything. We can, however, look up this Margaret W. Jackson of London at the peerage. And we find a Margaret Wallace Jackson of the right time and place, linking us immediately to Eustace Roskill, 1st Baron Roskill. He links us to the Baronets Dilke, and they link us to. . . Margaret [Smith](#). That is where the name Eustace comes from. These Smiths were not from Nottingham, but from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Northumberland. But how good is your memory? We already saw that as well, didn't we? See above, where Abel Smith, banker of Nottingham, had a son named John who married Leigh, daughter of an Egerton, of the Dukes of [Newcastle-upon-Tyne](#). So these ARE the same Smiths. Proving I was right about Esme Noel Smith.

So what does that mean? It means that the agents at UnlimitedHangout accidentally gave me too much information, as usual. They figured no one would look up this [Margaret W. Jackson at thepeerage.com](#), since why would they? And even if they did, they couldn't be smart enough to link her to these Smiths, and through them to all these other fake-nasty cousins of hers in this big Hollywood production. Notice they try to be clever, changing the name of old Esme Noel Smith to Esmeralda Gullan. But it is the same person, and they admit that. We are supposed to believe that all these rich actress ladies were murdered around 1955 so that organized crime in London could take over their nightclubs, but that is beyond ridiculous. You can be sure it never happened. All these people were cousins, so there was no reason for them to be offing one another. The deaths were obviously staged and fake-reported for the same reason we still see these absurd stories of the Krays and Charles Bronson: as part of Operation Chaos. Destabilization and fear for the Gentiles, 24/7.

Also notice that they saw me coming, but still couldn't stop me. Darryl Lundy at the peerage obviously got a call, and he tried to break links out of Margaret Smith's listing. She links out to her father, but he links out to no Smiths. You can only get to this information I found by going to her father and then clicking on her half-sister Elisabeth Wallace Jackson. And by then collating a large group of names in the peerage, like I have here. They think no one is capable of that.

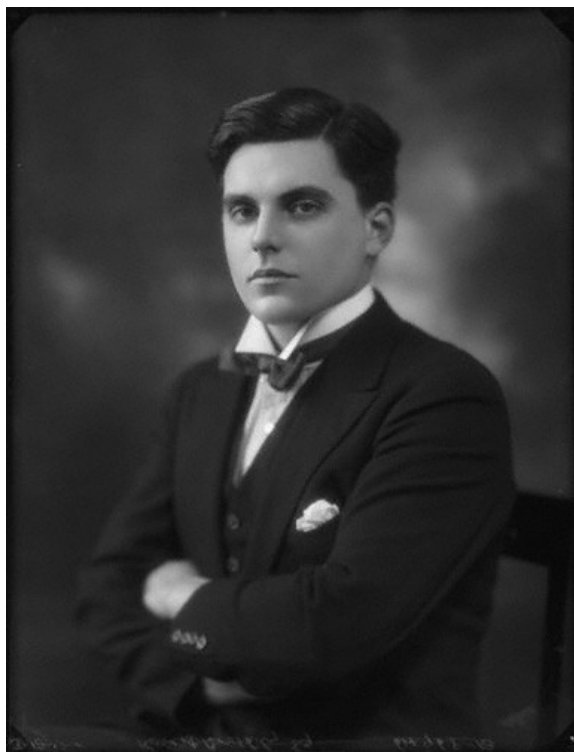
Also of interest in that these Roskills we just looked at also link us immediately to the Hamiltons, Ritchies, and Russells, that being the Barons Hamilton of Dalzell; the Ritchies, Barons of Dundee; and the Russells, Barons of Killowen. We already saw the Ritchies above, so this is a second hit. We also link immediately to the Bowes-Lyons, who take us to the Queen mother.

Before moving on, I should tell you these families also link us to the [Astors](#) through the Drummond-

Willoughbys and Bowes-Lyons, [see David Langhorne Astor](#), son of the 2nd Viscount. Also note that middle name, since he links us to Mark Twain, real name Samuel Langhorne Clemens. Yes, he was yet another cousin.

But let's head back to the main lines. By the early 1960s the Krays owned four nightclubs where gambling was allowed. Wikipedia gives us no real information about this period, notice, just a long section called "Celebrity Status", trying to sell them as Robin Hood characters, looked up to for being anti-authoritarian and from low beginnings. All the usual Phoenician hogwash.

The next section is telling, though, because they admit Ronnie Kray's biggest boyfriend at the time was Lord Boothby, who apparently like to be dominated.



Boothby's mother was a Lancaster and he married a **Cavendish**, linking us to the families above. His wife was of the Dukes of Devonshire. He was also a Graham, that being his middle name. If you are keeping track, that means Boothby and Kray were cousins through marriage, if not more closely.

By that time Boothby was in his 60s and a disgusting old bag of flabby flesh.



Ronnie Kray was only 30, so you can imagine what sort of person he was—enjoying flogging that old guy for sexual pleasure.



So that's who we are dealing with. Not gangsters, just upperclass perverts. That last adjective is not my own: in 2009 Channel 4 ran a documentary on these guys called *The Gangster and the Pervert Peer*. Neither was a gangster, as I have just proved. So the documentary is up for a name change: *A Pair of Pervert Peers*. Or better: *A Neverending Line of Pervert Peers Lying About Everything*.

The Krays then allegedly began working with the New York mafia, including head of the Jewish mafia Meyer Lansky. That tends to support one of my theses, since I am showing you all these people are Jewish/Phoenician. But they aren't strictly mafia, as we saw with Lansky in previous papers. They were actor/fronts for CIA or MI6, who were using these stories for multiple purposes. They were indeed drug running and money laundering, as well as promoting Operation Chaos, but it wasn't as part

of any mafia or mob. Or not a private, lowbrow mob of the sort we are sold. This was and is a highbrow, peerage syndicate fully tied to the government.

Next, we get the story of a shoot-out in 1966, tied to Mr. Smith's nightclub in Catford. I guess you caught the name! Yet another cousin, linking us for the millionth time to the Smith bankers of Nottingham. Ronnie Kray allegedly shot George Cornell of the Richardson Gang, who conveniently died at 3:30am. The murder was in full public view, but we are told the witnesses were too scared to testify. Kray was never even arrested. Given that, it is difficult to understand how we know it happened. Actually, we don't. We just have Kray's story, which is worthless.

Finally, in 1968 Scotland yard arrested the Krays and took them to trial on various charges, including murder. It was like the Manson trials a couple of years later: long, in the papers daily, and completely unbelievable. It was the longest trial in British history up to that time. There was no body and no murder weapon, but they were convicted and sentenced to life anyway for conspiracy—much like Manson. Although there was a non-parole period of 30 years, Ronnie was out in less than ten, supposed committed to Broadmoor Hospital for insanity. We can be sure he was never there.

We have another clue at Wiki, when they pointedly tell us the brothers were allowed to attend the funeral of their mother on August 11, 1982. Hmm, isn't that aces and eights again? Just a wild coincidence, I'm sure.

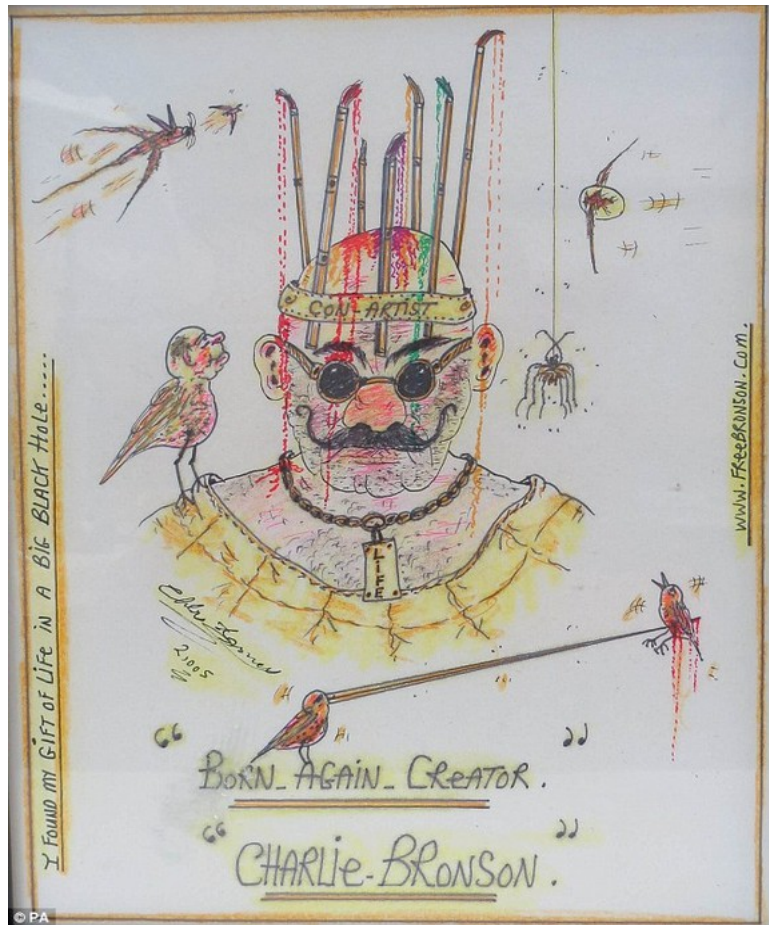
They all but admit this whole thing was fake, when they tell us it was known the brothers were running a big business called Krayleigh Securities at least by 1985. How could they do that from jail or the hospital? We are told

Documents released under Freedom of Information laws revealed that although officials were concerned about this operation, they believed that there was no legal basis to shut it down.

Yeah, right. Because in the UK, those sentenced to thirty years without parole for multiple murders are allowed to run million-pound enterprises from prison. This company supplied security for Hollywood stars like Frank Sinatra, who, we are told, rented 18 bodyguards from the Krays in 1985 while attending Wimbledon.

So let's return to Charles Bronson and finish off this catastrophe. I remind you that Bronson is supposedly serving a life sentence, despite never being convicted or murdering or raping anyone, and not having been convicted of treason. Other than allegedly knocking some people around in jail, he never did anything worse on the outside than minor robberies. When he was given that “discretionary” life sentence back in 1999, it was with a minimum term of three years. Here we are now 24 years later, so what happened? Well, he allegedly attacked another prison governor, which I remind you is impossible. So this is all the usual farce.

Just to add insult to injury, and to target artists like me, Bronson has been sold over the past two decades [as an artist and poet, receiving awards, being given shows, and publishing books](#). This guy has been the beneficiary of more promotion than me. Which isn't saying much, but still. See there, where he is given major promotion by the *DailyMail*. 200 of his works went up for auction by JP Humbert auctioneers in 2014.



Note what it says on his headband: Con Artist. Yeah. And who is that bird sitting on his shoulder, whispering in his ear? Probably his handler, right? Another bald guy. If we could identify him from his portrait there, we might be able to unwind this yet another turn. Could that be a Drummond? I looked up some living people, who might tie in here. It isn't Lord Carrington, since he isn't bald. It isn't the Viscount Astor, ditto. Isn't the Duke of Devonshire, ditto. Doesn't look like the Baron Strange. What about the Baronet Peter Smith-Marriott? Couldn't find a picture or bio of him, which is pretty strange. Might be Sir John McLeod Scarlett, head of MI6 at the time.



And I guess you remember who else is a McLeod? Trump is a McLeod through his mother.