



From JFK To Jonestown

A History of Hoaxes and the MK-Ultra Program

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PART ONE

The Haight-Ashbury Connection

I THOUGHT it might be a good idea to give the U.S. Constitution another read, because *really*, you never know. I may have been lied to about that in school, right alongside the moon landings and the shape of the earth. I *checked*. Mr. Rupert was right, but not about NASA or the globe. It turns out that my free speech *is* protected. That's what it says on paper, at any rate. We shall continue forward then here and afterwards with that assumption and let my lawyer change the smelly diapers, should the projection critics blame my work for their soggy bottom. In further preparation for my latest PhD dissertation, I watched a documentary about Jim Jones which, as you might imagine, *given* the title, will come to some use. Just don't expect him to show up until the final act of this paper. Showing how the JFK assassination hoax and the Jonestown hoax are connected is my burden to bear.

Actually, what you are about to read over the next few paragraphs started out as the intended third part in my *The JFK Assassination Was a Hoax* paper. Because, you see, it was while researching the ridiculously fake Zapruder film footage that I drifted over to Media reels surrounding the event, and here's my review. The JFK assassination *was* 'television'. It wasn't *good* 'television'. No, in 1963, it was simply 'television'. Today it is *terrible* 'television'. But in 1963 they hardly knew the difference. If the electric hue of the television flickered to life and told Americans that the President's head exploded like a firecracker due to a Soviet immigrant, then nobody thought to question it. *Obviously*. Well, technically, many Americans *did* question the event, but only the parts which the tele told them to question, because it was set up that way from the start. The tele spoke of a second shooter and a magic bullet, but that's just another peel of the onion in the intended psyop, because as I've stated already, in this psychodrama, nobody died.

And *now* for Media footage. Here's my impression of **Lee Harvey Oswald** speaking to the press:

“Uh *dub*, I was jus' standin' in the hallway when dey come and said dat' sumbody shot duh president.”



And then there's the guy walking down the hallway, holding up a rifle for the press:



“THE GUN THAT SHOT THE PRESIDENT! THE GUN THAT SHOT THE PRESIDENT!”



Not to mention the moment Lee Harvey Oswald was shot by **Jack Ruby** right in front of the press. “LEE HARVEY OSWALD HAS BEEN SHOT!” I just saved you an entire paper. *Pure* theater. Watch it for yourself if you don’t believe me. It’s about as believable as Jerry Springer, Donahue, Eighties wrestling, or the sinking of the Titanic.

In 1963, Americans apparently did not stop to consider that their bunny-eared television set was theater. I didn’t say it was good theater. It was simply theater. If any Americans did question the reliability of the Zapruder film as well as the Media coverage, the press was not set up in such a way as to inform us. We are only ever given the illusion of choice. The thing is, when it comes to these productions, it’s not necessarily the leading names on the playbill that should nab our curiosity—but the stagehands.

For example, one of the doctors who treated **Jack Ruby** in prison was somebody named **Colonel Louis Jolyon West**. It’s just a name, mind you. Colonel Louis Jolyon West. There are probably dozens of names surrounding the JFK assassination hoax with breadcrumb trails to boot, including Military brass. But for whatever reason, I thought it might be a good idea, based upon a hunch, to take a closer look at The Colonel rather than the others, and *this* is what I found.

Jack Ruby [edit]

Following the murder of [Lee Harvey Oswald](#) in Dallas, Texas in 1963, his assassin [Jack Ruby](#) was held in an isolation cell in police custody. West was appointed as Ruby’s psychiatrist, and pronounced him psychotic and delusional, and suggested further interrogation under the influence of [sodium thiopental](#) and [hypnosis](#).^{[17][18]}

West interrogated Ruby under the influence of sodium thiopental and hypnosis, say what? Sodium thiopental is one of the ingredients of a **Truth serum**. Other ingredients include but are not exclusive to ethanol, scopolamine, 3-quinuclidinyl benzilate, midazolam, flunitrazepam, and amobarbital. But even the Truth serum is obvious misdirection for anyone who reads his Wiki article and isn't a normie. Follow along if you'd like. FYI, I am not simply taking the scissors and the glue stick out on the article for your convenience. I do it because our Controllers down at the Ministry are fans of my work. I have caught them playing the Creepy-Crawly game on the Intel-net for gaslighting purposes, swapping information directly related to my claims so as to make it look like I'm the crazy one, as though I am quoting from my own imagination. I see what you did there, ABC agencies, very funny. This is my way of upping the game, keeping my fanbase on their toes. It will take the Mandela Effect to scrub the JFK assassination hoax from our consciousness. They have already let us know they can do the deed. I wouldn't push it past them to finish it.

Project MKUltra [edit]

Further information: Project MKUltra

Cornell University, where West completed his residency in psychiatry, was an MKUltra institution and the site of the Human Ecology Fund.^{[7][8]} He later became a subcontractor for MKUltra subproject 43, a 20,800 USD grant by the CIA while he was chairman of the department of Psychiatry at the University of Oklahoma. The proposal submitted by West was titled "Psychophysiological Studies of Hypnosis and Suggestibility" with an accompanying document titled "Studies of Dissociative States".^[9]

Louis Jolyon West was infamous for overdosing Tusko the elephant with LSD, the sicko. You can read more about that for yourself. Come to learn, the death of Tusko was directly related to his work in the **MK-Ultra** program, why am I not surprised? The only shocking part is that the official narrative openly admits **Cornell University**, where West completed his residency in psychiatry, was an Mk-Ultra institution. It was also the site of the **Human Ecology Fund**.

The **Human Ecology Fund** was a CIA-funded operation through the Cornell University College of Human Ecology Society for the Investigation of Human Ecology to support covert research on **brainwashing**. It was also connected to research in the area of anthropology.^[1]

The Human Ecology Fund has its own Wiki page too, and look at what it says. First sentence. It was a CIA-funded operation intended to support covert research on brainwashing on the college campus. *Oh gee*, the CIA was planting a desk right next to the Dean's office. I can picture West now, waving at students

passing by in the hallways of higher learning, recruiting them for a harmless brain scan or two, what could go wrong? Was he packing any of that Truth juice in his pocket. I would say that is so unlike the Institutions we've come to know but then the normies would be shaking their heads in agreement and we can't have that.

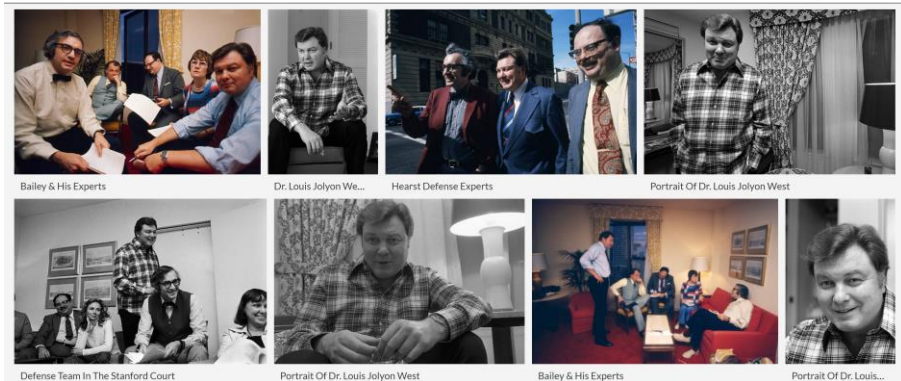
The work generated by West at Cornell resulted in a proposal titled 'Psychophysiological Studies of Hypnosis and Suggestibility,' with an accompanying document likewise titled 'Studies of Dissociative States,' telling many of us what we already know. Jack Ruby was one such dissociative mind, as was Lee Harvey Oswald. We are told hypnosis was used because The Colonel was on the case and a crime needed solved when in reality West's research was bent on mastering suggestibility and the dissociative state of the mind before the stagehand with the clapperboard yelled "Action" on the set of the JFK assassination, not afterward.



Colonel Louis Jolyn West is a spreader of breadcrumbs. When it comes to psyops, he's like the Johnny Appleseed of breadcrumbs. No wait, I have an even better example than that one. The Colonel's life was little different than the plotline to Forrest Gump. In the movie, we are led to believe that Gump's life is represented by a feather tumbling through the wind. As the feather, Gump hands himself over to a carefree existence whereas the American dream is carved out by intuition and happenstance. Forrest Gump is a movie about movement, *constant* movement. Every leading character is handicapped. Forrest can't run. Lieutenant Dan has no legs. And Jenny can't fly. Eventually, they all overcome those handicaps, *hence* Capitalism and Free Enterprise and the human spirit and blah, blah, blah, but the deeper context of the movie is that everything happening within Forrest Gump's framework is on par with evolution, which is to say it's

both strictly archaic and organic. Life has no meaning except what happiness one can personally identify, specifically how one defines in it. Nihilism just about sums it up. Keep in mind, this is coming from **Robert Zemeckis**, the same director who gave us the 'Back to the Future' trilogy, another obvious Intel script.

Do me a favor. Stop and consider everyone that Gump meets along the way. The narrative turns on its axis via seemingly random and routine visits from **Elvis**, **John F. Kennedy**, **Abbie Hoffman**, the **Black Panthers**, **Richard M. Nixon**, the happy face emoji guy, **Johnny Carson**, **John Lennon**, and hippies. They're all pimps, handlers, players, and spooks. Also, the plot involves stock in Apple, because Lieutenant Dan and Forrest Gump knew something before anybody else did. He had insider knowledge on how the world really worked. In the *real* world, Forrest Gump would be the Puppet Master, pulling the strings of every actor he met along the way.

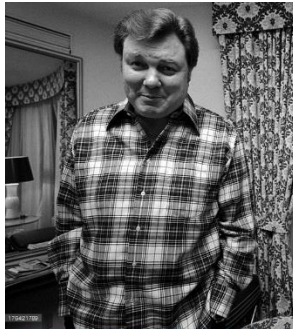


I just realized something. I haven't shown you a single picture of The Colonel. Well, there he is, the man in the plaid. What is he doing? If I had to guess, he is sitting around in the writers' room, brainstorming with the other scriptwriters as to the story arch of next seasons episodes. They're up for sale on Getty Images if Picasso isn't your thing and you've got several hundred dollars to drop. Frame it on the wall and make the memory last longer, why don't you?

In some of the photos he is having a meeting with a certain **Francis Lee Bailey Jr.** OMG, recognize the name? Bailey was directly involved in the **Sam Sheppard** psychodrama. Sheppard was the surgeon accused of murdering his wife in the 1950's. After Sheppard was found guilty, Bailey successfully argued

before the U.S. Supreme Court that Sheppard had been denied due process, thereby winning a re-trial and the not guilty verdict. I have mentioned in other places that it was scripted, just like the **television series** 'The Fugitive' which was based upon it.

Well then, you'll never guess what else Bailey was involved in. He successfully defended **Albert DeSalvo**, aka the **Boston Stranger** but then lost his prosecution against **Patty Hearst** the kidnapped turned terrorist **newspaper heiress**, two more hoaxes. He also successfully defended **Ernest Medina** in his 1971 court-martial over the **My Lai Massacre** incident during the Vietnam War. I have never heard of that one before but already I spy pretty shiny butterflies fluttering all over the crime scene. And then, get this. He went on to become member of the **'Dream Team'** for **O. J. Simpson's** greatest starring role, the murder trial of **Nicole Brown Simpson** and **Ron Goldman** You've got to be kidding me. Hoax, hoax, hoax. It looks like I've discovered another breadcrumb trail deserving a paper all its own. My critics complain that I am somewhat of a multitasker in my PhD dissertations, can you blame me though? They practically write themselves nowadays.



Playing the part of the feather in the Forrest Gump movie sounded like a fun experiment. Just blow with the breeze. See where the narrative leads. It demands focus though because already I've started off howling down the hound trail of Francis Lee Bailey and we shan't have that. Suffice to say they were spotted in the writers' room together. And just look at The Colonel, why don't you? We're gazing into the sort of face which declares you're being screwed with. That's the sort of face which claims you only know what they want you to know about West because his involvement in everything is intended to lead to a series of dead ends. The MK-Ultra program is the barrel of a loaded psyop pointed at you.

Early life [edit]

West was born in Brooklyn, New York to a Ukrainian Jewish immigrant father and a mother who taught piano.^{[3][4]} He grew up in poverty in Madison, Wisconsin.^[4] He subsequently attended the University of Wisconsin–Madison for a year^[4] and, after completing prerequisite coursework at the University of Iowa under the aegis of the Army Specialized Training Program during World War II, earned his M.D. from the University of Minnesota Medical School in 1949.^{[2][3]} Thereafter, he completed his residency at the Payne Whitney Psychiatric Clinic of Cornell University on the Upper East Side of Manhattan in 1952.^[2]

The same Wikipedia article I showed you earlier has the man who would later visit Jack Ruby in a prison cell rising up from an impoverished family in Madison, Wisconsin, and with nothing to show for it. But not before first being born in **Brooklyn**, New York to **Ukrainian Jooish** immigrants, both of whom taught piano for a living. There it is. *Wink-wink*.

And by the way, in my earlier draft of this very paper, I pointedly noted how West climbed through the ranks of the **Army Air Force** and emerged in **1946** as a full-fledged **Colonel**. The paragraph I am showing you no longer says that. It did though at one time. I am quite confident of that fact. I recall reading the information repeatedly because it wasn't adding up and then finally quoting from it. The only problem is that I didn't take the scissors out and paste it onto the page. What I was going to say is, look again at his birthdate and then do the math. He was born on **October 6, 1924**. He would have only been **17** when The War broke out, and still living in a household of impoverished piano playing Joos. This would place his achievement in the rank of Colonel at the age of **22**, and with no college degree to springboard from. It simply doesn't say that anymore. They've gaslit me again with the creepy-crawly.

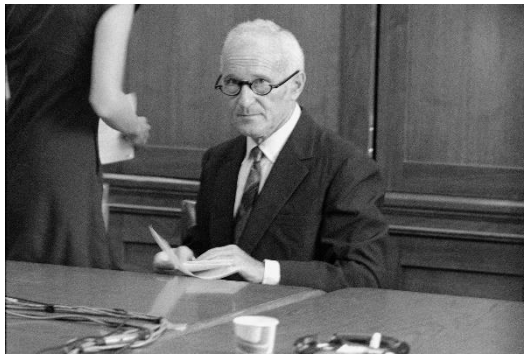
Korean War POWs and brainwashing [edit]

West was an officer in the United States Air Force Medical Service from 1948 to 1956, attaining the rank of major. While assigned to Lackland Air Force Base after his residency,^[5] he was appointed to a panel to discover why 36 of 59 airmen captured in the Korean War had confessed or cooperated in North Korean allegations of war crimes committed by the United States. Amid speculation that the airmen had been brainwashed or drugged, West came to a simpler conclusion: "What we found enabled us to rule out drugs, hypnosis or other mysterious trickery," he said. He observed that "[i]t was just one device used to confuse, bewilder and torment our men until they were ready to confess to anything. That device was prolonged, chronic loss of sleep." The airmen avoided being court-martialed for these events as a result of West's research.^[1]

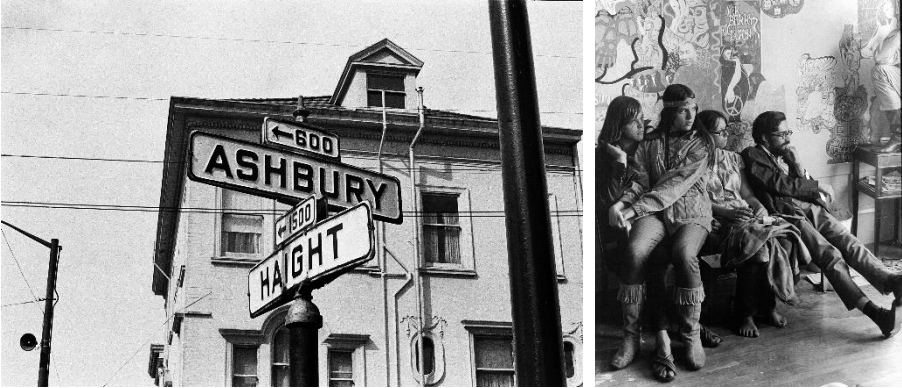
He then published a paper with the title "United States Airforce prisoners of the Chinese Communist. Methods of forceful indoctrination: Observations and Interviews."^[6]

It was during the Eisenhower administration when West, then an Air Force doctor at Lackland Air Force Base, was appointed to a panel to discover why 36 of 59 airmen captured in the Korean War had confessed or co-operated in Korean allegations of war crimes committed by the United States. Say it ain't so. Apparently, the common consensus was that the airmen had been brainwashed

or drugged because America could not possibly be involved in war crimes, LOL. West arrived at a simpler conclusion. Drugs, hypnosis, or trickery apparently had nothing to do with it. No, it was simply a lack of sleep. *Sure*, let's go with that one, but actually, on second thought let's not. It's all misdirection. The MK-Ultra Puppet Master was brought in as part of the clean up crew. One barely needs to read between the lines to perceive his goal. West was covering Korea's ass, and in doing so, he was attempting to convince everyone that the CIA's psychological operations were of no effect. I'd say it worked.



Dr. Sidney Gottlieb is the person responsible for heading up MK-Ultra and plotting assassinations for the CIA. He corresponded with West under the name **Sherman R. Grifford**. Gottlieb has said on record that his decades of mind control work for the agency was “useless.” *So*, there you go. If you believe they accomplished anything, then you've been fact checked by the CIA and *Snopes*. There is absolutely nothing to see here. No curtains needing pulled back. The MK-Ultra program was a complete failure and is discontinued. America wins. Why are you still here? Stop sticking your nose where it doesn't belong and go about your business and take your Vax like a good boy. Well, on with the show then.



Here before us we have a picture of scared and confused people. Young people. Socially designed CIA approved people under thirty. Hippies. The decade, as you well know by now, is The Sixties. The scene is declared to us by the street signs, Haight-Ashbury. It is San Francisco. 1967. The Summer of Love. What are those hippies doing? The normie will dream up The Grateful Dead, or Jefferson Airplane, or The Beatles ‘Sgt Pepper’ rotating around on the turntable, 33 RPM, and tell me they are high as a kite while listening to them. But then I am told we are peering into the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic—or HAFMC, if you’re into acronyms, and the answer is an obvious one. They are **actors**, most likely. Yes, actors. Actors—only pretending to be hippies.

1967 San Francisco "crash pad" [edit]

After completing a fellowship at the [Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences](#) in Stanford, California while on leave from Oklahoma during the 1966–1967 academic year, West "led a group of researchers to [San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury](#) district, where they rented an apartment and studied the hippie culture"^[14] during the latter half of 1967 under a contract with the Foundations Fund for Research in Psychiatry, Inc.^[15] [University of Hawai'i at Mānoa](#) psychologist Anthony J. Marsella has alleged that the Foundations Fund was employed as a CIA funding conduit during the [Vietnam War](#).^[16]

Wouldn't you know, Colonel West arrived at San Francisco in **1966**, renting an apartment with other researchers in the Haight-Ashbury district to, you know, study the local wildlife. Got another gig with the C.I.A., hmmm? To put this in slightly different terms, Haight-Ashbury would not become a household name until after Colonel West's "Haight-Ashbury Project," or H.A.P. if you're into acronyms. Once again, Wiki has scrubbed the name of the Haight-Ashbury Project among other details, mostly to screw with my head, but I'm telling you it was there at one time. *Mm-hmm*, oh sure it was, you tell me. Yeah well, go and

do your own research if you don't want to take my word for it. This is my paper, it was called the "Haight-Ashbury Project" at one time, and I'm sticking with it.

In 1966 West arrived in San Francisco to study the new hippie movement. To recruit subjects for his LSD research he started the Haight-Ashbury Project (HAP) in June 1967. Located on Frederick Street, it was, in his own words, a "laboratory disguised as a hippie crash pad", where he had six graduate students dressed up as hippies examine the behavior of actual hippies. To promote HAP, he also took an office at the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic (HAFMC) at the same time it was frequented by Charles Manson and his followers. HAP was funded by the Foundations Fund for Research in Psychiatry, Inc., which was a C.I.A., front. Before HAP, West had conducted a similar project in Oklahoma City to infiltrate teenage gangs for the purpose of changing their members' behavior. Labeled "Mass Conversion", this project was funded by [Sidney Gottlieb](#).

Never mind. Found it. Turns out, I wasn't making it up. There are others who recall the information as I do. Mind Control Wiki has preserved all the juicy details that the scriptwriters at Wiki once dangled for the public before too many of us began to catch on. As you can see, the apartment was a laboratory disguised as a hippie crash pad and the residents were actors. Sounds like fun times. And so, as I was trying to say, H.A.P. was funded by the Foundations Fund for Research in Psychiatry, Inc., another C.I.A. front. And obviously, West needed subjects for his H.A.P. research. He needed young people. Young people under 30. He needed hippies. He therefore took an office at the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic, or HAFMC if you're still into acronyms. And guess who frequented the Clinic? Charles Manson is who. Oh, shocking. Try not to lose a gallstone with that one.

In a [1965](#) article titled the "[Dangers of Hypnosis](#)," published only one year before showing up to the Haight, West predicted that "crackpots" might hypnotize their followers into committing violence. *Oh dear*. Everything he pumps out into the Media is in reverse. By [1967](#), West began warning about the rise of LSD cults, arguing that the drug would aid the youths' desire for "shared forbidden activity in a group setting to provide a sense of belonging." Oh, do tell us more, Captain Experiment.



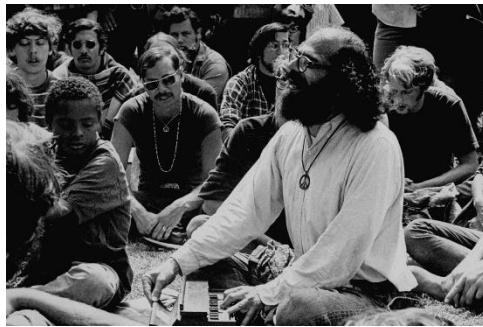
The official narrative loves to advertise Haight-Ashbury as an organic and experimental endeavor of the Baby Boomer generation—evolutionary even—whereas magic and mythology was circumstantially blended with artistic ingenuity and then furthermore confined to a signpost within the futility of time, when you and I know the feather was a lie. And then you stumble upon pictures such as these. The Scene is Golden Gate Park, January 14, 1967. Who would have guessed the Human Be-In had its very own version of the January 6 Shaman?



By the way, the precursor to HAP was another MK-Ultra-funded project titled “Mass Conversion.” Once again headed up by West and funded by Gottlieb, Mass Conversion used informants to infiltrate street gangs in Oklahoma hoping to engineer a shift in “basic moral, religious or political matters.” Um, sounds to

me like the CIA was providing drugs to the Sharks and the Jets, but I will ask, what does it sound like to you? And anyways, there was a whole lot of Mass Conversion going on during The Sixties, via sex, drugs, music, and an ample supply of pimps, handlers, and actors.

HAP bears an uncanny resemblance to another infamous MK-Ultra experiment called “Operation Midnight Climax.” I will let you utilize your own imagination on that one. Though if you need this spelled out for you, the CIA set up brothels throughout San Francisco and the Bay Area, but also New York City. What a coincidence then that the AIDS psychodrama arose from those very brothels. Oh, I’m sure that’s all just another coincidence. Technically, it was a hoax, but more on that another time.



Speaking of coincidences as well as actors, **Ken Kasey**, **Allen Ginsberg**, **Allen Cohen**, **Michael Bowen**, **Jerry Garcia**, **Grace Slick**, **Jimi Hendrix**, and other tight-wire acts all congregated together at the Haight. Nope, nope, nope, nope, *nope*, and nope is all I have to say to that. I shouldn’t even have to spell this out for you. Spooks like West didn’t arrive just in time for the Summer of Love. They created the Summer of Love. Haight-Ashbury was an Intel project from the get-go. Come to think of it, all of San Francisco is a carefully crafted human experiment. And just to make sure Langley’s little side project was deemed a success, West had graduate students dress up as hippies to roam the streets. We are told they were there simply to examine the behavior of *actual* hippies when in fact they were probably the only hippies which the press cared to photograph, because that’s precisely how the fabricated world *spins* on its *axis*.



Earlier you were warned that any number of names might be mentioned at the drop of a hat, each of which leads away from Louis down bread crumb trails of their own. And if you noticed, several honorable mentions were just dropped. I'm attempting to starve off the temptation to talk about each of them and we shall see if I am a success. **Grace Slick** though. The original baby-face with daddy issues, nobody to love, and an attitude. I decided to take a closer look at her, and the results are in.

Grace Slick (born **Grace Barnett Wing**; October 30, 1939)^[1] is an American painter and retired musician whose musical career spanned four decades. Slick was a prominent figure in [San Francisco's psychedelic](#) scene from the mid-1960s to the early 1970s. She performed with [the Great Society](#), then rose to fame with [Jefferson Airplane](#) and the subsequent spinoff bands [Jefferson Starship](#) and [Starship](#). Slick and

Darn. Wiki once again changed the wording. My original article has Slick, *aka* **Grace Barnett Wing**, being “a **key** figure in San Francisco’s burgeoning psychedelic music scene in the mid-1960s.” Now it lists her as a “prominent” figure throughout the mid-1960’s to the early 1970’s. Calling her a key to the operation was too much of a giveaway, it seems, because there is a noticeably subtle difference between key and prominent. Either way, we have seen enough of these bios to know how it should really read. Grace Slick was one of them.

The same Wiki article states that Slick’s parents, **Ivan Wilford Wing** and **Virginia Barnett**, met while attending the University of Washington, but as you shall soon see, the more than likely scenario is that they were arranged marriages.

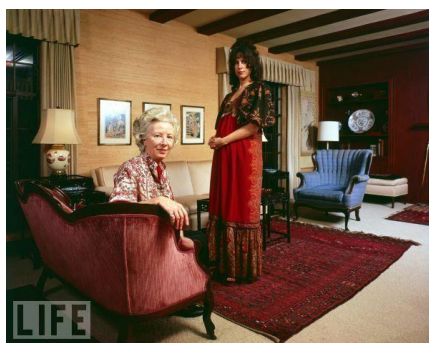
In August 1965, Slick read an article in the *San Francisco Chronicle* about the newly formed *Jefferson Airplane*. Despite being situated in the growing musical center of San Francisco, Slick only half-heartedly considered music for a profession until she watched the band live at *The Matrix*.^[10] As a result, Slick (vocals, guitar), accompanied by husband Jerry Slick (drums), Jerry's brother *Darby Slick* (lead guitar), and *David Miner* (bass guitar) formed a group called *the Great Society*. On October 15, 1965, the band made its debut performance at a venue known as the Coffee Gallery. Soon after, Slick composed the *psychedelic* piece "White Rabbit".^[8] The song, which she is purported to have written in an hour,^[11] is a reflection on the hallucinatory effects of *psychedelic drugs*; when performed live, it featured a speedier tempo and was an instant favorite among the band's followers.^[12]

You've got to be kidding me. They did it again. In the earlier article I had stated that Slick **never** considered music as a profession until she read about Jefferson Airplane in the newspaper in August of 1965. The keyword is 'never'. But then that's not what it says anymore. The Boys down at the Lab, being fans of my work, realized 'never' was too strong of a confession and swapped the language out to "only half-heartedly considered." There's another YUGE difference for you. More gaslighting.

Well anyways, she then went to see them preform at *The Matrix* in San Francisco and quickly formed a band of her own with husband **Jerry Slick** and his brother **Darby Slick**. They called it *The Great Society*, as if that's not Orwellian enough for you. Though I would have much preferred *The Greasy Slicks*. It was while in her husband's band that Slick penned the LSD anthem, "White Rabbit," which was reportedly written in as little as an hour. Quite the feat for someone who ~~never~~ half-heartedly considered music. The other ditty which she is said to have penned with *The Great Society* is "Somebody to Love," which is only slightly odd considering she arrived at *Jefferson Airplane* in **1966** with those two songs already in hand but was never able to replicate anything remotely like them again. Also, both songs are about the hallucinatory effects of Louis Jolyon West's experimental subjects via *psychedelic drugs*. You'd have to look up at the skies and tell me chemtrails don't exist not to see the connection. Alice's trip down the rabbit hole implies a young girl's dissociation from the self. How in the world was she not pulling her research from the shiny, pretty, Monarch Butterfly program?

Every so often in *Genesis* and elsewhere throughout the Bible we stumble upon a *begat* chapter. This is a lot like that. What you are about to read only came about because I was attempting yet again to prove another point, that Haight-Ashbury and the Summer of Love was a spook operation from the get-go, a mass social

programming experiment by way of mind control. It's not like you catch a fish every time you bait a hook and drop the line, but this is not every other occasion. With Gracie, I caught the BIG ONE. Even though I was alone at the time, I took notes, and can prove that I saw it with my own eyes.



I wasn't sure that I was onto anything until I happened upon these two pictures. That is Grace Slick alright, the Chrome Num in person. If I'm reading them right, 'Go Ask Alice' is pregnant in one whereas 'Somebody to Love' is holding the fruit of the womb in the other, a baby, presumably her own, but then who is the old lady and are they somehow related? Perhaps they have been caught playing Creepy-Crawly in somebody else's home and a **LIFE** photographer was there to capture the moment. Strange things have happened. These are the sort of questions that I ask myself all the time and I wanted to know. I *checked*. You will be relieved when I tell you we are visiting Virginia Wing's living room.

As one can clearly see, **LIFE** Magazine is managing to tell the truth for once. They are telling the concerned parents of the world that Grace Slick would not be the woman she is today without her mother. The fact of the matter is she arrived at Haight-Ashbury precisely on time. In 1966 America was introduced to American royalty, but nobody knew it.

Let's not beat around the Bush, *er*, I mean, bush. *No*, you heard me right the first time. **Bush**, as in President and Sons. After studying both photos for the better part of an hour I wanted to find out if Grace Slick is in any way related to the man standing outside of the Book Depository Building.

Turns out *she is*.

Follow along if you don't believe me. For the longest time we were incapable of seeing the forest for the family trees, but the genealogies have been cropping up everywhere in recent years and their roots grow deep. Grace Slick is a Bush. She and **George H.W. Bush** are related through **8th cousin twice removed William Allen**. This would make both **George W. Bush, 43rd U.S. President**, and **Jeb Bush, 43rd Governor of Florida**, **8th cousins** 3 times removed *via* the same man, William Allen. But she is also so much more than a Bush because, aside from **13** other U.S. President cousins which I have so far tracked down on the list, Slick is directly related to **2** **Mayflower** passengers. **Myles Standish** is a **9th great-grandfather**. **William White** is her **10th great-grandfather**. There's also a third Mayflower passenger in the person of **Sydney Biddle Barrows**, 10th cousin 2 times removed *via* Thomas Flagg.

From there, her family relations go on and on. **Howard Hughes**, **Bill Gates**, **Charles Darwin**, Princes **William** and **Harry**, **Meghan Markle**, **Sir Winston Churchill**, **Walt Disney**, **Nelson Rockefeller**, **J.P. Morgan**, **Gloria Vanderbilt**, and anyone who was anyone are her kissing cousins. She's even related to **Johnny Appleseed** and look at his trail of wreckage. Assuming you've read any of my other genealogical conclusions, then you know how this works. **King Robert I** of France is Slick's **33rd great-grandfather**. **Alfred the Great**, king of the Anglo-Saxons, is Slick's **34th great-grandfather**. And *there* it is. **Charlamagne**, king of the Franks, is Slick's **36th great-grandfather**. She's a **blue blood**.



PART TWO

The 1967 March to the Pentagon *Was* an Intel Psyop

THE 1967 March to the Pentagon may not have been a hands-on project for Colonel Louis Jolyon West but there were boots on the ground guiding his hippie army none-the-less, victims no doubt of Monarch Butterfly brainwashing. Remember when I told you I was attempting to starve off any and all temptation to talk about each of the actors who arrived at San Francisco as part of West's Haight-Ashbury Project? I simply can't keep it to myself anymore. **Ken Kasey**, **Allen Ginsberg**, and **Michael Bowen** were all spotted wearing flowers in their hair both in San Francisco and at the Pentagon and may have very well been West's Laboratory roommates for all I know. Everything is connected.

And of course, it was **Ginsberg**, in his November 1965 essay *How to Make a March/Spectacle*, who apparently first promoted the use of flowers as a brochure handout for policemen, the press, politicians, and the sort. Another breadcrumb

trail totally worth following involves the beginnings of the Flower Power Movement at **Berkeley**, where Agent Ginsburg was stationed for a time, but more on the College Campus and the Hearst Newspaper connection much later down the line.

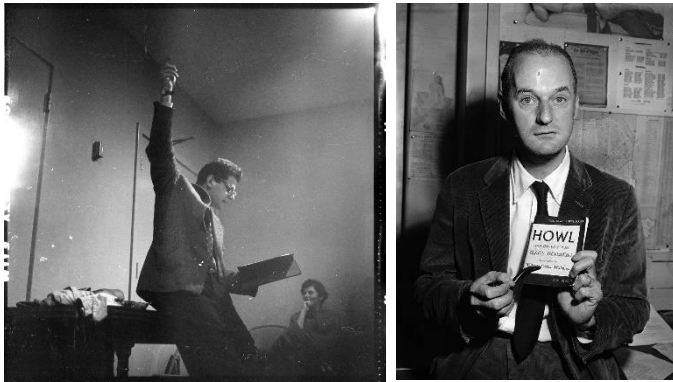


On another separate but totally related sidenote, Ginsberg helped to assemble a superpower team of poet operatives at **Columbia University** called **The Beatniks**. You may have heard of them. Fellow members included **William S. Burroughs** and **Lucien Carr**, both of whom are pictured here with Ginsberg. Yep, nothing says gay like three dudes awkwardly getting caught wrestling by the photographer. Though Carr claimed he wasn't gay even though not everyone bought it and Ginsberg, *abem*, unquestionably gay, claimed he didn't know Burroughs was one of his own. Sure thing, Ginsberg. There were others recruited at Columbia; **Edie Parker** and **Jack Kerouac**, perhaps you have heard of them. Not forgetting **John Clellon Holmes** and **Neal Cassady**.

Technically, Burroughs was more than likely the recruiting agent. Ginsberg on the other hand was one hell of an enforcer. Their superpowers consisted of Buddhism and finger snapping. Really, the narrative makes so much more sense when you finally contend with the probability that well-financed government agents sat around exhuming rotting Intel projects like **Theosophy** and then masqueraded as spoiled white brats acting the part of underprivileged back-alley delinquents, complete with Freudian hang-ups and Zen Buddhism, all the while bemoaning via tambourine and bongo drums the economic materialism and sexual repression of white middle class suburban America. I probably overlooked an important detail or two, but you get the point. Or in Ginsberg's words:

I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness,
starving hysterical naked,
dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking
for an angry fix,

Um, yeah, sure thing, Ginsberg. And that's just the opening two lines of his most celebrated poem, *Howl*. Its first 78 lines, many of which run on for the length of a paragraph, is one long tiresome sentence. The guy doesn't like periods in more ways than one. That's not to say that Ginsberg's work is real poetry because it's not. It's crap. Crap poetry at its finest. I will admit to having the Collected Pomes of Allen Ginsberg on my shelf, but it only ever gets cracked open during moments of constipation. The Gubbernment has been systematically dissembling art for decades while simultaneously funneling millions of taxpayer money into driving up auctions offering crappy art. As a further explanation, you will have to read my paper on **Jackson Pollock**. The takeaway here is that modern day poetry and art in all of its Corporate forms and hangouts is a war against humanity. I wouldn't be in the least bit surprised if *Howl* was an experiment in pulling words from a Scrabble hat after slurping too much from the punch bowl at the annual Langley Christmas party.



Why was *Howl* celebrated in the first place? The answer to that one is easy. Because the Operation: Mockingbird payroll writes praiseworthy reviews. They stock the shelves. They'll even buy every last copy if they need to, just to sell you on the organic side of the psyop. We only know about Ginsberg because he was cast into the sort of role intended to raise eyebrows—push the moral envelope. And here's how they did it. On March 25, 1957, customs officials seized 520 copies of the poem being imported from England, claiming the book obscene.

This will probably sound to you like a comedy, though I can only imagine our Scriptwriters had another genre in mind, when I tell you that **Shig Murao**, the manager at San Francisco's **City Lights Bookstore**, beatnik headquarters, was arrested for selling a copy of *Howl* to an undercover police officer. LOL. City Lights publisher **Lawrence Ferlinghetti** was subsequently arrested for publishing the book.

The question I will ask you is why The Gubbernment built an obscenity case against Ginsberg and *Howl* in the first place. It required nabbing poetry chapbook being sold by an independent publisher in a handful of bookstores to court. Nobody had heard of him before that moment. Prosecutors put Allen Ginsberg and his fellow Beats on the map. The answer is straightforward enough. To stir Americans into principled rallying cries but *also* to oppress them by normalizing Ginsberg's homo-erotic *glop* into a standard of our collective consciousness. Make it high school curriculum, that sort of thing. The case was widely publicized by **LIFE**, why am I not surprised? At the obscenity trial, nine literary experts testified on the poem's right to exist as a poem or whatever and **Judge Clayton Horn** decided in favor of it having "redeeming social importance." So, there you go. The Government is dealing the cards to both sides. They are telling you that Ginsberg is obscene homo-erotic literature and that he should also become a household name. In other news, Ginsberg was a **Joo**. *Also*, Ferlinghetti may be an Italian name, but his mother was a **Joo**. And knowing is half the battle.



A second name I threw into the pile was that of **Michael Bowen**. Who is Michael Bowen? There was a time not so long ago when I stubbed my toe upon his breadcrumb while following the trail and asked the same question. Bowen was run out of San Francisco by the police sometime after the Howl War of 5

but then returned just in time to give a hand to the Haight-Ashbury Project. He's the guy who painted the semi-iconic LOVE portrait. But he is so much more than that. Michael Bowen is the guy who turned The Sixties counterculture into **performance art**. And *no*, I do not have my wires crossed when I transplant *art* with *witchcraft*. Performance witchcraft is as old a tradition as Mystery Babylon itself. Bowen was simply chosen to bring it out into the open, initiate a few, and usher everyone else into the intended spell. Intel had already been doing the deed for decades if not centuries and Bowen's role appears to be a matter of bringing it to the public consciousness.



The event the three counterculture leaders previously envisioned became the Human Be-In, which took place on January 14, 1967. The event was primarily organized by Bowen.^{[37][38]} He created the poster promoting the event,^[39] organized the city permit,^[40] invited the Beat Generation speakers, including Allen Ginsberg, Gary Snyder, Lenore Kandel, Michael McClure, and Timothy Leary, and scheduled the San Francisco rock bands, including The Grateful Dead and Jefferson Airplane, who played for free at the event. The Hells Angels provided security, and a flatbed truck with amplification driven by a gas generator was donated to create a stage. The Human Be-In was a coming together of people for no other reason than to just "BE"; to make love, not war, to share and commune with new friends and to celebrate life.^[41] The Human Be-In, sometimes referred to as a Love-In,^[42] was specifically designed by Bowen to be imitated and to be remembered into the future.^[43] As a lifelong fine artist, Bowen considers his creation of the Human Be-In to be **performance art**.

^[citation needed] This notion was confirmed by an Italian journalist, who calls Bowen "The father of performance art" for his Human Be-In creation.^[44]

Initially, his name came up in association with **January 14**, the date of San Francisco's **Human Be-In**, the very occasion when people tuned in and dropped out and simply chose to *Be*. It was The Sixties, you had to have been there, I guess. Michael Bowen organized the entire event. And look at who showed from the Invite List. **Allen Ginsberg**, you know. But then there is **Gary Snyder**, **Lenore Kandel**, and **Michael McClure** to content with, and **Timothy Leary** should make you want to clang on the cow bells. Michael McClure, in case you didn't know, was one of the five poets who read alongside Allen Ginsberg at the Six Gallery reading in 1955, though he was also immortalized in Jack Kerouac's novels. Bringing us around full circle to Grace Slick is **Jefferson Airplane**, which was booked along with The Grateful Dead, and as if this wasn't obvious enough as an Intel operation, the Hells Angels provided security, *come on*. And anyways, as you can see, Bowen became the father of performance art, and everyone mentioned was in on it.

What struck my attention is the fact that The Wikipedia specifically mentioned four men in Michael Bowen's art studio later that night. It no longer says that. Gee, thanks for deleting all the clues I uncovered in your articles, Wiki. When stating: "Wiki is passing notes in class, *wink-wink*," now it looks like one of those breadcrumbs landed in my eye. I had also stated: "There may have been more than four men present and accounted for, but Intel is not interested in breaking

down for us the fourth wall.” Perhaps I was onto something because it’s gone. Erased from existence. Well, here were the four listed names. **Allen Ginsberg**, **Gary Snyder**, **Timothy Leary**, and **Jerry Rubin**. Recognize any of them? *Mmm*, I do too. And here’s the ending. They’re all working for upper Management.

In the evening of January 14, 1967 various countercultural figures celebrating the **Human Be-In** converged in artist **Michael Bowen**’s San Francisco painting studio. Bowen’s guests in the room included **Allen Ginsberg**, **Gary Snyder**, **Timothy Leary**, and **Jerry Rubin**. The small group would eventually conceive of a plan to make a protest march to the Pentagon, **Gary Snyder** would suggest the need for an exorcism of the Pentagon and **Michael Bowen** would suggest the purpose of the march be to actually levitate the building.^[4]

Oh, never mind, here it is. Ginsberg, Snyder, Leary, and Rubin, all sitting around in Bowen’s art studio on the evening of January 14. Wiki copied and pasted before hitting the delete button and moving it to another article just to see how good my sleuth skills were. What were they doing in Bowen’s studio on the evening of the Human Be-In? They were planning to levitate the Pentagon, apparently. Yes, I am being serious, and no, I’m not the one writing this crap. The Scriptwriters are. To be clear, it was Gary Snyder’s idea to perform an exorcism on the Pentagon, whereas Michael Bowen won the day by suggesting they levitate it. Again, this will all make sense to you if you recognize perceived reality is fed to us through performance art. The irony here, and the ultimate takeaway, is that Bowen’s crew was advertising a Washington march centered upon witchcraft, which is blatant misinformation and an intended tripping hazard, when in fact the psychodrama they were after is *real* witchcraft. Michael Bowen’s bio reads as *follows*.

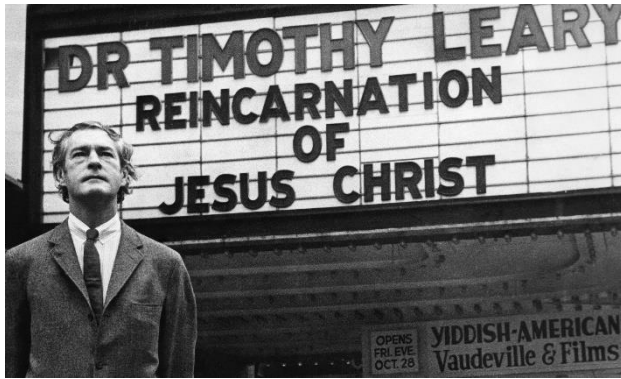
Michael Bowen was born December 8, 1937, in **Beverly Hills** to Grace and Sterling Bowen. His father was a dentist.^[9] His mother’s lover was **Benjamin (Bugsy) Siegel**, affectionately known as "Uncle Benjie", who would often take the youthful Bowen to not only the **Flamingo Hotel** on the **Las Vegas Strip** in **Paradise, Nevada** that he created, but also to the Sir Francis Drake Hotel near **Union Square** in downtown San Francisco. Bowen’s early romance with San Francisco established this city as his home base from which he would frequently travel to other places in the world.^[10]

He was born in 1937 in Beverly Hills to **Grace** and **Sterling Bowen**. His mother had a lover in **Benjamin Siegel**, aka **Bugsy** (him again?), but Bowen knew him affectionately as “Uncle Benjie.” FYI, Bugsy was a **Jewish mobster** who built a criminal empire through bootlegging, gambling, and handshakes which involved bodies in trunks before finally growing soft and setting up shop in a little desert town we know today as Las Vegas, an *obvious* Intel project, where he opened the famous Flamingo Hotel. Bugsy would often take the young Bowen to the Las Vegas Strip to, you know, conduct business, and also the Sir Francis Drake Hotel near Union Square in downtown San Francisco. Bowen is not the last child of a mafia upbringing to arrive in this paper, but so far, I have only described his mother’s side.

I am pulling this information from Wiki’s bio article so follow along. Bowen’s paternal grandmother, **Alma Porter**, was a member of **The Theosophical Society**, another *obvious* Intel front, from which Bowen “was exposed to esoteric metaphysics.” It was *here* where Bowen was likely groomed for his later role as esoteric artist. Save your applause. You can thank me for connecting those dots later on. If Wiki decides to scrub this information, then *ob well*. We live in The Matrix.

Another contributor to his life’s work was someone named **Samson De Brier**. De Brier hosted mystical gatherings at his house in Los Angeles, many of which a teenage Bowen visited. In turn, De Brier was an occultist **actor** who appeared in *Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome*, a 1954 underground film directed by **Kenneth Anger**. Remember Kenneth Anger? Perhaps not. I have gone on and on about him in other places. He’s the spook with strange connections to **Vito Paulekas** and the **Manson** family. The 1954 film also reflected Anger’s deep interest in **Thelema**, particularly **Aleister Crowley**’s concept of a ritual masquerade party, whereas attendees dress up as gods and goddesses for the purposes of magick.

We also read that, as a teenager, De Brier met French literary giants **André Gide** and **Gertrude Stein**, among others, while visiting Paris, apparently becoming a lover of Gide. Of course, he would. Because who doesn’t become the gay lover of poets and writers while visiting Paris? They literally stand around waiting for your arrival at the airport. If you’re wondering why De Brier didn’t *also* become Gide’s lover, it’s because she was a lesbian, and now how would that work? Seriously, you tell me. We shall return to Michael Bowen in a moment.



The second person in Michael Bowen's art studio on the evening of January 14 is **Timothy Leary**, who needs no introduction. I am attempting to cram a great amount of research and detail into a single paper, because I am not a typewriter-robot like **Stephen King**, and therefore will never adequately measure the weight of Leary's agent role in one or two paragraphs. He deserves a paper of his own, but let's have a go at it anyhow.

Gleaning from his Wiki article, Timothy Leary's story is dizzying in every which direction. Very early on, it involves becoming a cadet at **West Point**, and then getting court martialed and finally discharged from West Point. Afterwards, he enrolls in the **ROTC** program at the University of Alabama, because Leary hasn't had his ass handed to him at the Point. At Alabama, Leary studies girls and psychology, apparently maintaining top grades in both departments, only to be expelled for spending a night in the girls' dormitory. At the outbreak of The War, he finds himself back in the loving embrace of the **Army**, because Leary made a habit of having his ass handed to him by breakfast. It is there that Private First-Class Leary enters the psychology subsection of the Army Specialized Training Program, which includes three months of study at Georgetown University and six months at Ohio State. After The War, he leaves a corporal and re-enters the University of Alabama, eventually receiving his PhD from the University of **Berkeley** in 1950. But the question of the day is: Did Army psychologist Timothy Leary ever *really* leave?

Allen Ginsberg and Leary met sometime in **1960**, after the Beat poet heard about the **Harvard Psilocybin Project**, an experimental study of psychology and psychedelics which was conducted by Leary and **Richard Alpert**, but also co-founded by **Aldous Huxley**. Richard Alpert went so deep into the psychological-LSD bunny hole that he would later change his name to **Ram**

Dass, though many knew him as **Baba Ram Dass**. Ginsberg and Leary then began distributing psychedelics to Beat poets like Jack Kerouac and **Charles Olson** and jazz musicians **Maynard Ferguson** and **Charles Mingus**. Spooks all swim in the same circle, ayeh?

In 1963, **police brutality** and persecution drove many of the Beat Generation writers, musicians, and artists out of San Francisco. ^[citation needed] Michael Bowen, along with many of his artist friends moved to an old Abalone Factory in **Princeton by the Sea**, where they lived and painted for many months. Bowen's singer friend, Janis Joplin was a frequent guest at the Princeton Abalone studio.^[28]



Getting back to Michael Bowen again, *sort of*. After fleeing San Francisco due to the Police-Beat War of 63, we find him setting up shop in Princeton by the Sea where he befriended, *gulp*, **Janis Joplin**. Small world. How the two met is never told. Joplin's father was a petroleum engineer for Texaco. She left Texas in 1963 and began recording with future **Jefferson Airplane** guitarist **Jorma Kaukonen** about the same time as her meeting with Bowen, in **1964**. Fast forward to 1966 and she was recruited to 'Big Brother and the Holding Company', yet another Haight-Ashbury Project band. Right on schedule as well. What was she committed to for the two years in between her arrival to Bowen's studio and the Summer of Love? Consuming drugs like a good little butterfly. It is certainly no coincidence that Joplin cultivated a personality stylized after the Beat poets.

By the way, Joplin's heroine dealer was the son of a **Newspaper** man named **Jean de Breteuil**, thereby connecting us with the Jim Morrison Intel Project. Breteuil dated Jim's girl, **Pamela Courson**, and was present at the scene when Morrison slipped off the world stage. Breteuil also dated **Marianne Faithful**, who happened to be **Mick Jagger**'s girl. She too was present during Morrison's last official night in Paris. Well, Breteuil personally delivered the heroine which is said to overdose Joplin. She joined the **27 Club**. But then so did Morrison.



After his 1963 initiation into an ancient Aztec shamanic ceremony, Michael Bowen is recorded as having traveled to New York City to meet with the Beat crew, but also in hopes of establishing a studio in the Lower East Side. Most notably, Bowen frequented Hitchcock Estate, the Millbrook mansion of Timothy Leary and Ram Dass, by which Bowen had hoped to take part in their acid-consciousness experimentations.

In the summer of 1966, Bowen returned to San Francisco and established a studio *slab* ashram in the neighborhood of Haight-Ashbury. Impeccable timing. Among his first orders of business, Bowen teamed up with **Allen Cohen** to co-found the underground newspaper, *San Francisco Oracle*. As the name suggests, Cohen was a **Joo**. During the Summer of Love, Bowen's studio tripled as the office for the Oracle, where he served as the art director and Cohen the editor.

On October **6, 1966**, the California State legislator banned the use of LSD, thereby creating a literal neighborhood of outlaws in the Haight, where acid had already become a staple of the community. In doing so, the Gubbernment legitimized the CIA hippie psyop, and on a day with multiple *sixes* no less. October 6 is also by no coincidence the very date in which Bowen and Cohen organized the Love Pageant Rally. Some 3,000 hippie hopefuls ditched class at Berkeley for the event.



At the Human Be-In, the moment that is burned into our collective consciousness involves Timothy Leary standing in front of 30,000 hippies in Golden Gate Park and phrasing the famous words: “Turn on, tune in, drop out.” The Grateful Dead and Jefferson Airplane played for free from the back of a flatbed truck with amplification given by a gas generator. Janis Joplin arrived with Big Brother and the Holding Company and they too played for free. Ferlinghetti showed support for his poets. The Hells Angels provided security. People made love rather than war, and everyone was content coming together for no other reason than just to BE. Sounds like a Calvin Klein commercial but not nearly as sexy. As previously mentioned, the entire episode was designed by Bowen as performance art. Haight and Ashbury *was* the stage.



The only woman to speak was **Lenore Kandel**, who is described as a word alchemist. That very year, she published her first and only full-length book of poems, **Word Alchemy**. I'm sensing a theme, are you? By 1960, she had already been immortalized in the Jack Kerouac novel *Big Sur*, telling us that she too was one of them. I confess to never having read the book, but her part in the novel is described as the “big Rumanian monster beauty” who walked around learning everything there is to know about Zen and wearing only purple panties as she did so. Sounds like a page turner.

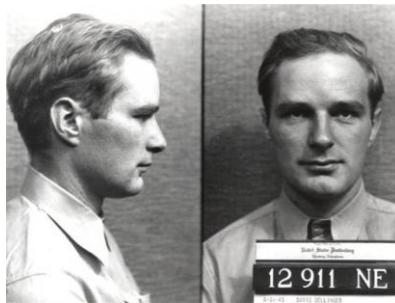
She is also accredited with a small pamphlet of poetry, *The Love Book*, which is said to briefly cast her into the spotlight in 1966, when its three-part poem, “To Fuck with Love,” provoked citywide censorship. Once again, police seized every possible copy from both City Light Books and The Psychedelic Shop. In court, Kandel defended her work as “holy erotica.” A jury of her peers declared the book obscene, lacking in any redeeming value, and as you can probably already deduce, sales increased. The court’s decision was then overturned. Of course, it was. Kandel thanked the police by giving one percent of all profits to the Police Retirement Association.



A third person in Michael Bowen’s art studio on the evening of January 14 was someone named **Jerry Rubin**. Jerry Rubin’s father, as you have likely already deduced, was a **Rubin**. His mother was a **Katz**. In both cases, that can only mean one thing. **Joos**. We are told that Rubin attended **Berkeley** and that he then dropped out of the University “to focus on social activism,” but the “drop out” plot point is an often-regurgitated Intel storytelling device, just as it was with Jim Morrison, or as we have already seen today with Leary. In little time, Rubin

became one of the founding members of the Youth International Party, or **Yippie** for short, sounding very much like a line from Star Wars: Episode I. Other Yippie members include **Abbie Hoffman** and satirist **Paul Krassner**, who was borrowed from **Ken Kesey** and the **Merry Prankster** Intel project. In a few short years, we find Rubin hanging out with **John Lennon** and **Yoko Ono**. Give me a break. He will then make his millions as an early investor in Apple Computers. *Mm-hmm*, just like Forrest Gump and Lieutenant Dan, Rubin was in the know.

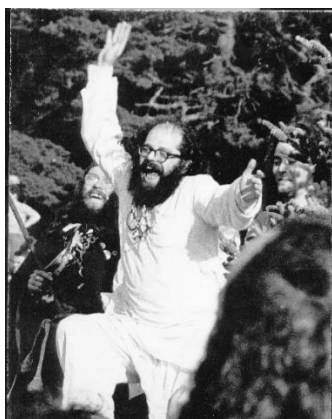
Most notably, Rubin played his part as one of the **Chicago Seven**, right alongside of Hoffman, another **Joo**. Today we are learning all about street theater, and Rubin's appearance before the House Un-American Activities Committee hearings is a picture-perfect example of the Yippie's emphasis on mixing political protests with acting. Rather than pleading the Fifth, Rubin entered the room in a rented 18th-century American Revolutionary War uniform, proudly claiming to be a descendant of **Thomas Jefferson** and **Thomas Paine**, a strange association for any Jew to make, and then telling the committee: "Nothing is more American than revolution."



There is a second member of The Chicago Seven to speak from the Lincoln Memorial at the March to the Pentagon event, and his name was **David Dellinger**. We are dangerously close to scrapping this paper and writing an entire rant on the Chicago Seven psyop, but I will have to restrain myself until another hour. Dellinger was born in Wakefield, Massachusetts to a wealthy family, and by that, I mean that his father **Raymond Pennington Dellinger** was a Yale graduate and a lawyer, but more importantly, a friend of **President Calvin Coolidge**. David Dellinger went on to study at Yale, like his father, but also Oxford. It was at Yale where he met and became friends with **Walt Rostow**, who would go on to play the part of **National Security Advisor** to **President**

Lyndon B. Johnson from 1966 to 1969, placing the Pentagon psyop smack dab in the middle. I just made another connection in all of this. You're welcome.

We are told that Dillinger had friendships with everyone from **Ho Chi Minh**, **Martin Luther King Jr.**, Abbie Hoffman, anarchists **Dorothy Day** and **A.J. Muste**, **Eleanor Roosevelt** (*wait*, what?), **Greg Calvert**, **James Bevel**, **David McReynolds**, and numerous **Black Panthers** such as **Fred Hampton**. Did Dillinger, Eleanor Roosevelt, and the Panthers all hang out together? I'd buy that for a dollar. But then who wasn't friends with Fred Hampton? Hanging out with Fred Hampton is practically what qualifies you as a spook. Fred Hampton once held Timothy Leary under slave arrest, according to Leary, so there you go. The mere fact that Walt Rostow knew Dellinger, given his associations, designates the National Security Advisor a security threat. Dillinger's narrative becomes even more ridiculous when we learn that he traveled to both South *and* North Vietnam in 1966 to learn first-hand the impact of American bombing. Forget Forrest Gump. I want to see a movie about this guy.



On October 21, 1967, the 75,000 anti-war protestors who marched from the Lincoln Memorial towards the Pentagon were met by soldiers of the 82nd Airborne Division. We are told that Abbie Hoffman was not dissuaded. *Wait for it*, the Pentagon would levitate. Or more specifically, according to his theoretical analysis, Hoffman would “use psychic energy to levitate the Pentagon until it would turn orange and begin to vibrate, at which time the war in Vietnam would end.” No, I am not making this up. I wish I were but I'm not. Allen Ginsberg then led Tibetan nerd chants to assist Hoffman, while everyone waited upon 200 lbs. of daisies to be dropped from a light aircraft onto their target building, huh? Meanwhile, the confrontation worsened. One member of the march recalled:

“Then someone in authority decided that the Pentagon steps had to be cleared. Rifle butts came down on people’s heads with dull, ugly, wet-sounding thumps. Blood splashed on to the steps. There were shouts of “Link arms! Link arms!”, mixed with screams of pain and curses. People were dragged off and arrested. The brutality was appalling and the people standing on the steps began throwing debris at the soldiers. I saw a garbage can sail over my head. I feared people might be trampled in panic as they tried to escape from the clubs and rifle butts.”

Jerry Rubin recalled a scene whereas blood and piss were sprayed upon the Pentagon, complete with the painted words, ‘Che lives.’ And then hippies danced upon their feces.

Like the levitation idea, the napalm-sized blasts of raw flower power intended for the Pentagon originated in the mind of Michael Bowen. Both failed—exoterically speaking. The flowers were purchased by someone named **Peggy Hitchcock**, aka Margaret Mellon Hitchcock, a New York friend of his, and flowers don’t come cheap. Actually, Peggy Hitchcock was the director of Leary and Alpert’s International Federation for Internal Freedom’s New York branch and heir to the **Mellon** fortune. Who are the Mellon’s but a long line of judicial, banking, and political professionals. I could list them off but why write another book? The LSD house which Leary shared with the Merry Pranksters was hers to give. Likewise, Hitchcock’s husband **Walter Bowart**, whom she met through Timothy Leary, was the publisher and co-founder of the New York City underground bi-weekly newspaper, *East Village Other*. The following year he would launch Omen Press, a publishing house for metaphysical books. In conclusion, a banking family financed the entire thing.

Well then, you’ll never guess Walter Bowart’s other contribution to the present narrative. Go ahead and give it a try. You’ll never figure it out but I’m willing to wait another moment or two if you’ll attempt several guesses. Oh fine, I’ll tell you. He later played the role of the investigative journalist who dug up Intel on the MK-Ultra program. **Operation Mind Control** was his 317-page report into government mind control through the use of LSD, behavior modification, and hypnosis. Oh gee, how do you figure Bowart figured that one out? He must have dug deep into The Sixties with that one, mustering every fiber of his sleuth skills.

And to think of all those shiny Monarch butterflies dancing around him before he finally figured it out.

The Flower Power airdrop apparently went down without a hitch. That is, until the feds seized the aircraft. Bummer. Imagine that one in the history books. *Also*, the Pentagon never levitated. Were the flowers confiscated? We are not told. Either Michael Bowen was able to retrieve them from the evidence room of the 9th and 10th Street headquarters of the FBI or Peggy Hitchcock held another untold number on reserve, because the daisies were then brought to the front lines of the tense confrontation and distributed among the demonstrators.



The picture which captures the moment in which the daisies arrived on the front lines is called *Flower Power* and was later nominated for a **Pulitzer Prize**, the award for achievement in Government propaganda and Intel integrity. The Pulitzer was first established in 1917 by provisions in the will of **Joseph Pulitzer**, a Hungarian born **Joo**. If dozens or even hundreds of hippies packed Flower Power into the rifles staring them down, we are not shown. Only one lone hippie is exhibited. I wanted to know who was photographed committing the deed, and *this* is what I learned. There are actually two separate men identified as the person shoving flowers down the throat of rifles. Nobody seems to know for certain.

The person in the photo is most commonly identified as 18-year-old **George Edgerly Harris III**. His bio lists him as an **actor** who simply went by one name.



Hibiscus. Hibiscus moved from New York to San Francisco in **1967** to—you guessed it—*act*, but not before first starring in a 1966 Off Broadway play titled *Peace Creeps*, which also featured the likes of **Al Pacino** and **James Earl Jones**. If he enlisted into Colonel Louis West's troupe of hippie actors, once pulling up to San Francisco in the Volkswagen, we are not told. You will tell me that Hibiscus was "Off Hours" while packing Flower Power at the Pentagon, and therefore not acting. Do me a favor and try to find a picture of Harris or Hibiscus or whatever we're supposed to call him that doesn't feature a painted face or Geisha drag. Harris co-founded **The Cockettes**, no thank you. The name will make a lot more sense after learning that it is described as a "flamboyant, psychedelic gay-themed drag troupe." And now take a look at the man we're told is Harris again and tell me that's not somebody who's acting.

Harris died in the early 1980's during the HIV pandemic. Fun fact: His was supposedly the very first AIDS-related death to be reported by the **New York Post**.



Paul Krassner, in a 2008 blogger's article written for the [Huffington Post](#) a week after Bernie Boston died, said the young man in the photo was Joel Tornabene, a fellow counter-culture leader of the [Youth International Party](#) (the Yippies) who lived in [Berkeley, California](#) in the 1960s.^[6] Tornabene, like Harris and Boston, died before Krassner posted this statement.^[6]

The *second* person identified as the man in the photo is someone named **Joel Tornabene**, but those closest to Tornabene simply knew him as Super-Joel, huh? I'm not seeing the resemblance. Their hair doesn't match and it's the wrong color but whatever. Tell me, does that picture even look real to you. What is stopping that old grandpa of a policeman from pulling out his Smith & Wesson billystick and giving that punk a reason to visit the dentist? His bio identifies him with "a socially prominent family" in Chicago, to put it mildly. His grandfather was **Mafia boss Sam Giancana** as if that's not suspicious. Apparently, hippie apologists everywhere claim that he was out of the family business when he distributed LSD. *Sure*.

Tornabene was then groomed in **Berkeley** for his respective role, which is to say he helped form the **Youth International Party** (yes, he cofounded the Yippies), but also to aid Abbey Hoffman in the 1968 Democratic National Convention riots in Chicago, a town in which he would have been intimately familiar with. And speaking of acting, Super-Joel gave the cops the finger through the caged door at the back of the paddy wagon after his arrest—a splendid performance indeed. The Yippie's indictment was dropped when an attorney for Grandpa Sam Giancana arrived on the stage. Apparently,

Tornabene was deemed mentally incompetent to stand trial. *Also*, his part in the Flower Power episode has been described as an “audacious bit of street theater.” Which is to say, more acting.



The person responsible for taking the *Flower Power* photo was **Bernie Boston**. Years later, Boston insisted that Hibiscus was the actor in his photo. He said: “When I saw the sea of demonstrators, I knew something had to happen. I saw the troops march down into the sea of people, and I was ready for it. **He came out of nowhere** and it took me years to find out who he was. His name was Harris.”

On a side note, if you commit to an image search of Bernie Boston, you will receive pictures of **Bernie Sanders** speaking in Boston. Don’t do that. He will probably ask you for money. The next thought that occurred to me, after evading Bernie Sanders, was whether or not Bernie Boston was one of the them-they people. Another image search revealed even more pictures of Bernie Sanders speaking in Boston. Go figure. After tracking down a picture of Bernie Boston, in turn standing next to his own portrait of *Flower Power*, Boston looks like an ethnic minority rather than anything else. Is he black? A further search combining Bernie Boston *with* black informed me that Bernie Boston photographed the **black panthers**. What ethnicity is he then? Every search simply spit back that Bernie Boston was American. For whatever reason, The Wikipedia is not interested in telling us who Bernie Boston’s parents are, except to say he was born in **Washington D.C.** and grew up in **McLean, Virginia**. Even if ethnic minorities are born in Washington D.C., the only people who inhabit houses in McLean are diplomats, military, members of Congress, high-

ranking government officials, and their children. I think I'm finally beginning to get the picture. Hopefully, you are too.

His biography continues as *follows*. Boston graduated from the Rochester Institute of Technology in 1955 as a member of Sigma Pi fraternity. He then turned to the **Air Force**, tucking another two years of Army service under his belt, before finally turning to **The Washington Star**. We then find Boston photographing Intel projects such as the **Black Panthers**, as mentioned, and **Martin Luther King Jr.** We are *also* told that Boston covered *every* president from **Harry S. Truman** to **Bill Clinton**. Who is chosen to photograph Presidents? People from McLean, apparently.

In 1987, Bernie Boston once again found himself the finalist for a **Pulitzer Prize**. The Gubberment propaganda committee had selected Boston's photograph of **Coretta Scott King** unveiling a bust of her late husband, **MLKJ**, in the U.S. Capitol building. *This*—after we are told that the FBI and the Kennedy administration were wiretapping King's phones two decades earlier. How very quickly the tables turn. But again, are you really surprised? If The Gov doesn't play both sides of their own Intel projects, then who will? And what better place for a psyop than the Pentagon or the U.S. Capitol?



PART THREE

The RFK Assassination *Was* a Hoax

YOU'RE probably *curious*. That is *why* you returned. When last we met Colonel **Louis Jolyon West**, puppet master extraordinaire, we were left with a cliffhanger. Or perhaps you're one of those individuals who eat the icing but leave the cake and have only flipped here randomly without haven't the faintest clue what I am talking about. Either way, *welcome*. Here's your recap. West was essentially the Bruce Wayne of the MK-Ultra program. He led a badass life sitting down in jail cells interrogating hardened brainwashed criminals—much as Batman would with comic book villains. Only West transformed them into pretty Monarch butterflies. Glittery and sparkling. And now you have been caught up to speed.

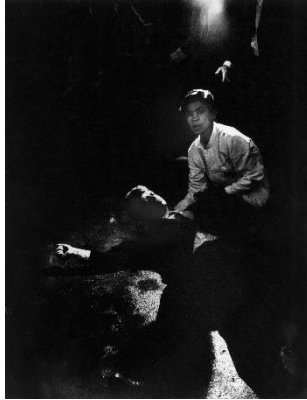
Yes, this will sort of be like a George Clooney Batman movie in that arch-nemesis' **Jack Ruby** and the flower power **Hippies** are things of the past and West is going up now against two new villains. **Sirhan Sirhan** and the **Polka Dot Dress Lady**. The surprise ending, however—and you've probably already guessed as much—is that everyone involved is an actor.

As further review, we followed West from his humble origins as a 22-year-old Colonel through his two-decade stint developing the MK-Ultra program under **Dr. Sidney Gottlieb**, at which time he essentially seared the hippie counterculture into the American consciousness, *via* San Francisco. Again, you have been caught up to speed, I think. As you know, I had stated that it didn't seem possible that anyone would be made a Colonel by the age of 22 unless they were a full-fledged Colonel of Chicken, and I was right, it was impossible. Wiki has since scrubbed that information. Was it a mistake on their part is what you're probably asking. **22** is the number of the **Master Builder**.

Louis Jolyon (Jolly) West, M.D. (1924-1999) was a well-known Los Angeles psychiatrist who served as the chair of UCLA's Department of Psychiatry and as director of the UCLA Neuropsychiatric Institute from 1969 to 1989.

And *now* for the cliffhanger. Right about when The Colonel's "Haight-Ashbury Project" was a *wrap*, **Charlie Manson** moved his bludgeoning Family from his office at the Haight-Ashbury Medical Free Clinic to Los Angeles, where he partied for a year or so with Mama Cass and the Beach Boys, waiting upon a finalized script. West moved there too. Coincidence? *Nope*. Perhaps they shared a ride. We will never know. In 1969, the very year of Sharon Tate's murder, West was appointed as head of department and director of UCLA's Neuropsychiatry Institute which, as it relates to birds, might as well be a hop and a ski around the block from the Roman Polanski house.

But again, I'm getting ahead of myself, as is often the case, because it's June 5, 1968. Only moments after his celebration of winning the California Democratic primary election in his campaign to become the next President of the Corporate United States, **Bobby Kennedy** is led through the kitchen of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles. He starts down a narrow passageway, managing to navigate between an ice machine against the right wall and a steam table to the left. He then stops to shake hands with busboy **Juan Romero** when a lone gunman appears from behind a tray stacker near the ice machine and unloads all eight rounds from his .22 Long Rifle caliber revolver. **LIFE** Magazine photographer **Bill Eppridge** is there alone to document it. *Convenient*, as always. How does LIFE Magazine always seem to manage? It's no wonder they weren't listed as the photographers on the moon waiting around to capture the Apollo 11 lunar lander.



According to the few witnesses who stood around Kennedy's limp body, Sirhan Sirhan held the smoking gun. Lest I forget, the *short* of Colonel West's involvement in the incident is *this*. West examined Sirhan Sirhan in his prison cell and proclaimed him to be another "lone nut." End of story. It's *lone nut* Lee Harvey Oswald shot by *lone nut* Jack Ruby all over again. Goodnight America. If you thought The Sixties sucked, then get ready for Colonel West's gunslinging analysis of the 1970's.

Come to think of it, the RFK assassination is essentially the JFK assassination all over again. We are presented with a patsy and then told of a second shooter. **13** shots were reportedly fired, despite Sirhan's revolver being chambered for only eight rounds. Why 13? You already know the answer to that. In Tarot, the 13th card of the Major Arcana is that of Death and has a symbolic meaning of the final end to something. More specifically, the end of one life augurs the beginning of something new. The 13 shots, which apparently targeted Bobby's front and back end, simply signaled Kennedy's next life cycle—esoterically speaking.

Meanwhile, the wounds and gunshots never matched. Two undercover CIA officers working for a dummy corporation were documented on the scene. We are described a *mysterious* blonde woman "with a very good figure" wearing a polka dot dress rather than red, whom Sirhan arrived with but left on her own, smiling. Sirhan claimed not to remember the shooting. So, hypnotic brainwashing, MK-Ultra, *hence* Colonel West. *Also*, the photos were faked and we saw no body. It was a hoax. And no, I am not going to exhume his corpse to prove my point as that would be illegal.

Perhaps you will at least agree that Bobby's assassination hinges upon brother John's. One Kennedy lay victim to a "lone nut" and naturally the following brother followed in his wake. The problem I am having is with the Zapruder film. It was composite imaging. Pull a leg out from the table and everything falls. The JFK psyop was such a success on the American psyche that spooks needed a second go at it. RFK was simply the *lesser* spin-off, shot from different angles. Kind of like what *AfterMASH* was to *M*A*S*H*. Both times, you see, Kennedy would have ended the war in Vietnam. Give Americans something to hope for and then castrate them for it.

We are told that Bobby Kennedy's last words involved asking busboy Juan Romero, "Is everybody OK?" When Romero told him that everybody was *a-ok*, Kennedy then added: "Yes, everybody's OK." From the Hallmark perspective, it is as if Kennedy were accepting the fate of the Kennedy name, when in fact, were this a *real* event, he should have quipped: "Oh *shit*, we faked my brother's death but this one is legit."



You will want to take careful notice of the fact—and I almost neglected to tell you this—that Sirhan did not assassinate Bobby Kennedy while he was giving a speech in a crowded room. This is important, and why is that? Too many witnesses. You'd think television would have a stronger appeal for the intended psychodrama, rather than LIFE Magazine. But given the sheer amount of people standing around him, it simply could not be pulled off without a hitch (and to the satisfaction of every Wizard) until Kennedy exited the stage. Contrarily, JFK's assassination was only witnessed by a dozen or so individuals. Dealey Plaza was a controlled environment and a Masonic stage. **Abraham Zapruder** was a **33-degree Freemason** with obvious CIA ties while every other person

standing around Kennedy's Lincoln convertible, including the motorcycle cops, were either Freemasons, crisis actors, or government Intel. Kennedy's parade route was jam packed for blocks, but not at Dealey Plaza, where you'd think most people would find preferable viewing conditions. And at any rate, both "the patsy" and "the second shooter" certainly cozied up to the plaza. Go figure.



Were there Freemasons in the Ambassador Hotel? *Um, yeah.* Were there actors and were there crisis actors? The blonde bombshell sure sounds like she was gunning for an Emmy. But unlike Dealey Plaza, there were far too many real people allowed to participate in the crowd, and Bobby didn't have an escape vehicle by which he might be raced off the world stage. Senator Kennedy's only security that night was former NYPD and FBI Agent **Bill Barry** and a couple of hired guards, **Rafer Johnson** and **Roosevelt Grier**, both of whom are listed as **actors**. Yes, actors. *Sure*, they were standing with him in the crowded room, and might have deflected an assassin's advances, but they were *also* at his side in the narrow hallway. The imagery which Bill Barry presents us with is that of Kennedy sandwiched between two assassins, each emptying uninhibited rounds from their chamber, and yet his own security remained completely oblivious as to the advances of a reported second shooter. Only Sirhan was apprehended. A crowded room seems like the much better option. Before the advent of television, assassinations were almost always attempted in crowded spaces.



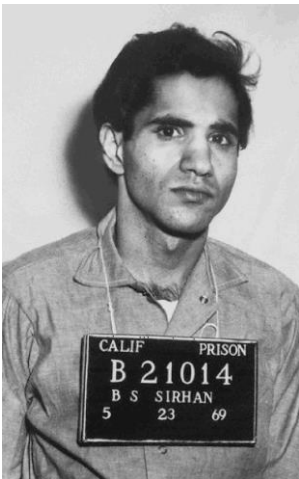
The *original* idea, we are told, was that Kennedy was to end his speech and then meet with reporters. Campaign aide **Fred Dutton**'s arrangement to forgo the press conference through the original intended route and arrive at the Colonial Room by way of the pantry was a *last-minute* decision. After telling the crowd: "My thanks to all of you; and now it's on to Chicago, and let's win there!" Kennedy started to exit the stage when William Barry stopped him and said, "No, it's been changed. We're going this way."

Karl Uecker, assistant *maitre d'* at the Ambassador, personally escorted Kennedy by the hand, why? We are not told. In the June 14, 1968, edition of *The Dispatch*, Uecker is quoted: "He was supposed to—the first plan—was that he was supposed to go downstairs, the next floor, and he was supposed to make a speech over there and their minds were changed at the last minute. When I came out I just remember that somebody told me, "Turn to your right—bring him toward the colonial Room." Uecker believed the order was given by **Uno Timanson**, manager of the hotel's food and beverage department.

The mere fact that Sirhan Sirhan decided to hang out in the hallway of the hotel kitchen of all places, and just stand there behind a tray stacker with a loaded gun and a smiling blonde, hoping that Kennedy might make a last-minute route change, comes across like lazy storytelling. In a movie it might even be played off as a plot hole.



But perhaps that is what they were going for, the senselessness of violence among peacemakers. Cruel fate. Irony. That—and they also needed a controlled room with people who were completely bought and paid for. The 26 seconds of Zapruder footage was a manufactured movie. With Bobby Kennedy, they would manufacture photographs and then simply tell America they'd been castrated again. The magical ceremony was still effective—as alchemy goes. Americans collectively awoke on the morning of the 5th with the news that another Kennedy had been shot. Collectively they prayed. They cried together and hoped. They would then wake up the following morning, on June the 6th, with the collective consciousness that RFK was dead. America wept. *Ob*, the futility of it all.



The nice tie-in *here* is that Sirhan Sirhan blamed the killing on Bobby Kennedy's support for Israel's Six-Day War. This is the media's way of telling you Bobby Kennedy was a **Zionist** with the rest of them. Zionism doesn't pay for their commercials the same way *Cheerio's* would. *Also*, Intel likes leaving behind their calling card.

There was of course another motive, and that was black people. *Right*. Two commercials are better

than one. Somebody named **Thane Eugene Cesar** is the guy who hated Kennedy's support of black people. He was found standing next to Kennedy's body, gun in his hand (loaded or unloaded?) and as a lazy plot device, we are told he had dreamed of becoming a cop but was rejected by the Los Angeles police force. He then went on to work as a plumber in a classified section of military arms and aeronautics giant Lockheed Martin's factory in Burbank. *So*, Intelligence. Cesar only won the job as the hotel's private security guard one week before Senator Kennedy's murder. *Again*, convenient. As if this were the Parker Brothers game of CLUE, and we are standing around attempting to figure out *who* used the revolver in the kitchen, Cesar is proudly quoted as saying: "I had no use for the Kennedy family... biggest bunch of crooks that ever walked the earth." *Right*. Is Uno Timanson supposed to be yet another "who done it" murder suspect? Your guess is as good as mine.

Another familiar element in the narrative is sloppy police work. We see this time and again in hoaxes and there is a reason for it. Policemen often become Freemasons. Don't ask me why but secret societies love shaking hands in the locker room. The police never followed through with the laughing polka dot dress lady, but also showed no interest in a second shooter, despite multiple claims and a corpse riddled with bullets, which should attest to the fact that both are works of fiction. Even as crisis actors go, there is no polka dot dress lady.

Bobby Kennedy's aide, **Paul Schrade**, was reportedly struck by a bullet during the assassination. By 1968, Schrade had already helped to organize **Cesar Chavez** and **Dolores Huerta** into household names, even marching with **Martin Luther King Jr.**, who was shot in Memphis only two months prior to Kennedy. Schrade, who made a special guest appearance at the 1965 Watts riots too, has repeatedly stated: "Bobby Kennedy was shot three times by a *second* gunman. Sirhan was never in a position to shoot Kennedy in the back." When questioned, Thane Eugene Cesar never could recall whether or not his gun was unholstered before or after the shooting began, *oh dear*, nor was his gun retrieved for investigative purposes. If the police weren't interested in following through with a *second* shooter, it probably has little to do with the fact that two men had already wrestled Sirhan Sirhan to the table and almost entirely because there was no *first* shooter to begin with.



One of the men who wrestled the gun from Sirhan Sirhan was **Rafer Johnson**. By 1968, Johnson was a decathlete and a two-time Olympian but *also* an **actor**, having already appeared in several movies, including the 1961 **Elvis Presley movie**, *Wild in the Country*. On the night of his assassination, Bobby Kennedy was on his way to Chicago. Ironically, Rafer Johnson went on to Chicago, serving on the organizing committee for the first Special Olympics competition, which was held on June 20, 1968, just two weeks after the incident. It was hosted by Special Olympics founder **Eunice Kennedy Shriver**, whose three brothers are Ted, and John and Bobby you already know. Her daughter **Maria** would later become a **Schwarzenegger**.



Speaking of Schwarzenegger, I've included a picture of The future Governor standing next to **Roosevelt Grier**, *via* the Sixth Annual Robert F. Kennedy Celebrity Tennis Tournament on August 27, 1977. Grier was another one of the men who wrestled the gun from Sirhan Sirhan in the Los Angeles kitchen. By

1968, Grier was a noted football athlete but also an **actor**. Maria Shriver became a Schwarzenegger (or did Schwarzenegger become a Kennedy?), and Grier followed in his footsteps by running for California Governor in 2017, losing to Nancy Pelosi's nephew, **Gary Newsom**.

Grier appeared in an episode of *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* in 1964. I *checked*. Actress **Sharon Tate** appeared in *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* that very year. Do you see what we are doing? We are making connections, and *here* is another. Roman Polanski and Sharon Tate attended Kennedy's dinner at a house in Malibu on the night of his assassination. *Oh*, but there's *more*. **Abigail Folger**, who was "murdered" in the Polanski house alongside Sharon Tate, was *also* a contributor to Bobby Kennedy's campaign.



Someone else at the Ambassador Hotel worthy of mention was singer-**actress** **Rosemary Clooney**, the aunt of actor George Clooney. You were probably looking for another Batman tie-in and *there* it is. A month later she had a nervous breakdown in Reno, Nevada, like some sort of MK-Ultra episode. *Here* we see a picture of Dean Martin. The last time we encountered "The King of Cool," he had his grubby hands all over Marilyn Monroe, and *look* what happened. Clooney remained in psychoanalytic therapy for eight years, thereby murdering a wildly successful two-decade career in show business and was never the same afterwards. We are *told* the assassination of Bobby Kennedy is the reason. Perhaps she had the sort of loose lips which sinks ships and they needed to rewire her, but that is probably none of my business. Another interesting and often overlooked fact; her first autobiography was published by **Playboy** Press. *MK much?*



THE biggest red flag in either assassination hoax is the mere fact that the actor-politician connection ultimately swings right back around to Kennedy family patriarch **Joseph P. Kennedy Sr.**, and *really*, I'm actually quite embarrassed to have missed this very important detail the first time around. We have already seen **Jack Valenti**, the **President** of the **Motion Picture Association of America**, onboard Air Force One while Johnson was being sworn in as President, and *yet* Joseph Kennedy's involvement in Hollywood has as much to do—and probably *more* to do—with John F. Kennedy's assassination hoax than Bobby's. Though again, they are clearly both connected. John and Bobby Kennedy would not become the men they were had it not been for Hollywood. The Kennedy's produced movies.

In 1926, Joseph Kennedy made the move from New York to Hollywood, promptly turning his attention to film studios. During the silent film era, studios often owned exhibition companies, which were then necessary to get their films onto local screens. Kennedy quickly acquired the Keith Albee Orpheum theaters Corporation, which had more than 700 vaudeville theaters scattered across the United States. After purchasing another production studio called Pathe Exchange, Kennedy merged his acquisitions to form Radio-Keith-Orpheum.

You may have heard of **RKO** Pictures. The studio produced two of the most famous films in motion picture history: *King Kong* and *Citizen Kane*. It is also responsible for releasing Walt Disney's pictures from 1937 until 1956. So, we're talking all the Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck shorts. This includes *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* and *Pinocchio* but also *Alice in Wonderland* and *Peter Pan*.



Sometime in 1928, Kennedy turned his attention upon the Pantages Theater chain, which held 63 profitable theaters in its inventory. After **Alexander Pantages** declined his initial offer of \$8 million, Kennedy stopped distributing his movies to Pantages. But Pantages was not *yet* detoured, as he had made moves to turn over some of his theaters to his two sons, Lloyd and Rodney. And *then* something happened which changed everything.

On the Friday afternoon of August 9, 1929, seventeen-year-old **Eunice Pringle** sought a private audience with Pantages, hoping that she might get booked as a dancer in his movie chain. The details are still murky, as they are undoubtedly intended to be, but some thirty minutes later Pringle scrambled away from "the casting couch," a room that some had described as a janitor's closet, with a ripped dress and her hair skewed. *Shrieks* that Pantages had raped her filled the hallway of his office. This set into motion an international media feeding frenzy, which resulted in his arrest and conviction. Newspaper coverage of the trial, particularly by **William Randolph Hearst**, portrayed Pringle as the innocent victim while painting Pantages in shades of malevolence. Though he was later found *not guilty* at a second trial, his reputation was irreparably tarnished. Pantages fingered Kennedy as the person responsible for setting him up and

then accepted his revised offer of \$3.5 million. Pringle confessed on her deathbed that Kennedy was the mastermind behind the plot.

Oddly enough, **Kenneth Anger** described this same incident in *Hollywood Babylon II*. And who funded Anger? Manson victim **Abigail Folger**.



Here's another fun fact—because today I'm full of them. *Snow White* and *King Kong* were Hitler's favorite movies. Also, the Kennedy's chose the *globe* deception for RKO's studio logo. *Mm-hmm*, propaganda from the start.

One final thought before taking a nap-nap (I am about to turn forty and find no shame in the practice). Just the other day I was reading about **King Ahab** and **Queen Jezebel** in *2 Kings* and it occurred to me that they ruled the Kingdom of Yashar'el by means of magic. It is a *separate* topic, but come to think about it, not really. Does this mean Queen Jezebel swirled an oar around in a boiling cauldron, peppered with pig eyeballs and the gangrenous fingernails of an old hag, perhaps a unicorn's scrotum or gorillas belly button? That's *precisely* what Joseph Kennedy and RKO would like you to think now, wouldn't they, when in fact the *art* of movie making derives from the Babylonian Mysteries.

Hollywood *is* magic. It derives from the most ancient of practices. And the Kennedy's made a lot of money pushing, shall we say, a certain *recipe* on the masses.

My hope in writing this is that you will see the face of *real* magic, which is the psychodrama. I can't help but wonder if the Babylonian and Egyptian *sovrery* which Jezebel mastered in her day—directed no doubt against the people she ruled over— would fit right in line with a politically charged Hollywood productions of today. But I *think* you already know the answer to that.



P.S. (*Post Script*):

The Further Adventures of LIFE Photographer Bill Eppridge

RATHER than committing to another *Forrest Gump* inspired article which would aim at following the life of **Bill Eppridge**, I decided to do it *here*, post script. I came *>this close<* however to committing the deed. *So*, consider everything which follows a bonus. We shall keep it short. I hereby command all the powers of the First Amendment, which has to do with my freedoms of speech, or something to that effect. Let's begin, *er*, continue. And then promptly *end* this current book.

When last we encountered Bill Eppridge, a couple of sports stars turned actors were wrestling **Sirhan Sirhan** into a headlock while **Thane Eugene Cesar** just stood there with his gun unholstered. Snapping a short series of photographs next to **Bobby Kennedy's** body was **LIFE** photographer Bill Eppridge. *Do* recall that LIFE photographers were the *first* on the scene with John F. Kennedy's assassination, just as they were the first to arrive at Bergen-Belsen in Germany. You will probably be tempted to tell me that Eppridge had already been *privately* following Bobby Kennedy around for some days and it was only *natural* that they'd be alone together when Sirhan Sirhan emerged from behind the tray stacker. At the risk of sounding like a broken record, *perceived* reality in the 20th century was a series of manufactured images pushed upon us and shoveled down our throats by the CIA-owned media, by which LIFE Magazine was on the forefront exposing the film.

Since you're apparently still *here*, actively reading, let's take a look at a *mere* snippet of Eppridge's obituary at *The New York Times*, placing red flags appropriately where need be. Are you ready? I am.

“He photographed **Latin American revolutions**, the **Woodstock** music festival, the **civil rights** movement. After three civil rights workers were killed by the **Ku Klux Klan** in Mississippi in 1964, he and a reporter **lived with the family of one of the victims**, James Chaney, for a day or two.”

There are so many red flags to deal with and so little time. Everything I highlighted in red was manufactured by *spooks*. The Latin American revolutions, for example, were masterminded by the CIA. Woodstock, by the **Joos** (more on that *next* time). The Civil Rights Movement—the **Rothschild's**, also **Joos**. *And so on and so on*. Had *The NY Times* included his involvement with **Ed Sullivan** and **The Beatles**, **Barbra Streisand**, and *gay* San Francisco, I may have had a meltdown.



Here we see a picture of the Chaney family as they depart for the burial of James Chaney in Meridian, Mississippi, on August 7, 1964. It was taken, as you have probably already guessed, by Eppridge. **James Chaney** was killed alongside two white guys, **Andrew Goodman** and **Michael Schwerner**, on June 21, reportedly by the Klu Klux Klan. Their bodies would not be discovered for another 44 days.

The narrative we are given is that Bill Eppridge, fresh off his assignment immortalizing the Beatles in America, arrived at the Chaney's front porch without an invitation and asked if he could live with them for a couple of days. No advanced phone calls. No prior arrangements made by the local office. Eppridge simply jumped on a plane and arrived on their doorstep. They said *yes*. Clearly, the groundwork is being laid for another manufactured hoax. Why—you ask? Because the CIA-owned media isn't concerned when the KKK kills a Mississippian or a black man. The media only cares to invest in their own *stories*, and this time, two white guys were *invited* into it. Yellow Journalism at its best.

Look at the *three* young women in the back of the Chaney's automobile. The two on port and starboard are barely able to hold their composure. They're incredibly self-conscious, even smiling. It's like Eppridge as their director described the somber mood and then asked that everybody look forward. *Except* for the boy. Did Eppridge ask the Chaney's to slow their car down while in route to the funeral (perhaps they hadn't even left the driveway yet), so that the boy could sear America's consciousness by breaking the fourth wall? Only the parents were capable of maintaining their posture.



Now that I think about it, I *will* write a future paper further detailing the life of Bill Eppridge, because *you*, the reader, deserve it. And I think I know exactly *how* I will tackle the subject but no promises. Meanwhile, I will let you do your own image search into the further adventures of LIFE photographer Bill Eppridge. You will see, beyond any reasonable doubt, the American experience getting *sculpted* from behind the photographer's lens. We have been over this so many times, and I know some of you, in fact *most* of you, will be tempted to take the *Forrest Gump* approach to reality and claim Eppridge was simply a carefree feather floating with the breeze, landing in the right place at the right time while Manifest

Destiny and human ingenuity and Capitalism and all that dribble rises above the sweeping current of natural evolution. But that is not how the world *actually* works. Just stop and consider how LIFE brought in their photographers and turned everything they developed in the dark room to gold, and *then* you will be on the right track.

Another important detail of West's life, which I repeatedly stumbled upon in my web searches, is a research paper funded by the MK-Ultra program and titled, "The Psychophysiological Studies of Hypnosis and Suggestibility." There is a specific line written therein where West quotes:

"It has been found to be feasible to take the memory of a definite event in the life of an individual and, through hypnotic suggestion, bring about the subsequent conscious recall to the effect that this event never actually took place, but that a different (fictional) event actually did occur."

What our old Army buddy is essentially saying here is that the replacing of *true* memories with *false* ones in human beings without their knowledge is deemed entirely possible. In a 1963 address to a psychiatric association in Oregon, and only months before the Kennedy hoax, West even went so far as to boast: "We are at the dawning of a new era, learning for the first time to produce temporary mental derangement in the laboratory." He then went on to reference the use of LSD, sleep deprivation and hypnosis to produce "temporary mental illness effects in normal people," *hence* Korea or your typical episode of *M.A.S.H.* all over again.

Perhaps this is why Wiki simply informs us that West "performed a highly controversial psychiatric evaluation of Jack Ruby" in his jail cell and then moves on. That's because The Wikipedia wants you to *thirst* for more. They want you to *think* Wiki is trying to cover their tracks. They want you to connect the dots between Tusko and Jack Ruby, resulting in a cartoonist light bulb illuminating your skull, wherein Jack Ruby is the result of LSD, sleep deprivation, and hypnosis. They want you to conclude that Jack Ruby was one of West's wind-up toys, like Lee Harvey Oswald whom he killed, whereas both were given a gun and then perfectly placed in a crowd, so that their unconscious lab-controlled efforts were perfectly executed and went off without a hitch. Only conspiracy theorists will take the bait. Nearly everyone else will accept West's conclusions, that Ruby was suffering from "major mental illness," thereby narrowing down

Ruby's possible motives. But even the bait is a dead-end, because Jack Ruby, like Lee Harvey Oswald, Abraham Zapruder, the Lady in Red, *and* the Newman family, was an actor. They all were.



PART FOUR

The Patty Hearst Kidnapping *Was* a Hoax

EVERY SO often the ABC Agencies screw up. We have just taken the polar bear plunge into one such instance. Up to *this* point, the life of **Colonel Louis West** has mostly kept to a single movie genre, and that is drama. Quick review. West was the driving force behind the MK-Ultra program, and *now* you have been caught back up to speed. If you need further assistance, might I advise you to not skip ahead. That is a surefire recipe for making confused faces. Also, there will be no beating about the bush this time around. It is the CIA-owned media's job to create drama. But with the **Patty Hearst** kidnapping, Colonel West's life will become a spoof of his earliest work.

There is a possibility that you're totally confused, which means we are already off to a bad start. Let me therefore ask you a question. (You will need to save

yours for the end.) When we think of the MK-Ultra program, what comes to mind? If you tell me, “Butterflies. Shiny, glittering Monarch butterflies,” or, “Happy magic bunny trails,” then you would be correct. The ABC people are in fact socially engineering people, both individually but also collectively as a people. It’s precisely why I woke up at 4am this morning and got straight to work polishing my Sledgehammer, because Mockingbird trees need to come down. Unconscious Slaves need woken from the corporate hamster wheel and their Starbucks mocha latte.

In your response, you may have also murmured something to the effect of, “Manchurian candidate.” That is, someone who is mind controlled by the CIA to do their dirty bidding—like assassinating a president. We often look to lone assassin **Lee Harvey Oswald** and come to such conclusions. Somebody was pulling his strings. The same thought comes to mind with **Jack Ruby** and **Sirhan Sirhan**, both of whom Colonel West interviewed in prison. Was Colonel West their handler? Perhaps. We are only teased but never told.

With Patty Hearst, we are given a Manchurian candidate prototype without the CIA’s involvement, or so we’re led to believe. Before this is over you shall see why that is an incorrect conclusion to make. The CIA *is* involved, but that is also misdirection. Why do we believe being a Manchurian candidate is even a thing? Simple. Because bestselling author **Richard Condon** and the Gubbernment *told us* to think it is so. In feeding us the breadcrumbs and informing our line of thought over the last several decades, what they have actually managed to do is throw us off their scent in such a way that we believed the unfolding television drama was a real ordeal. Patty Hearst as a manipulated tool of a home-brewed terrorist organization *via* the CIA is just a psyop *within* a psyop *within* another psyop. Peel back the onion layers and you shall see it for yourself. The mere fact that everyone involved is clearly an actor threatens to expose everything about the MK-Ultra myth. There are no lone nut assassins. Only people pretending to be.



Here's something else of interest that will come a little later on down the turnpike, so pay attention. In 1972, California Governor **Ronald Reagan** approved Colonel Louis West's "UCLA Violence Project." The idea was to implant electrodes and remote monitoring devices in the brains of violent sex offenders at **Vacaville** State Prison. There is your first red flag of the day. Vacaville may be a prison with real prisoners, but it is only a partial prison and not all of its prisoners are real. That is to say, Vacaville has a fake wing for fake prisoners which may in fact be totally segregated from the real prisoners serving their time away from the movie set. **Charlie Manson** resided there for a time, as did **Donald DeFreeze**, and neither of them were real people. Mansonite **Bobby Beausoleil** is serving a life sentence at Vacaville but then we come to learn that **Timothy Leary** spent time there as well, *sure*.

The "UCLA Violence Project" was quickly discontinued due to public outcry. See what they did there? Democracy wins. But then why was it even made public to begin with? West was on the CIA payroll metamorphosizing butterflies out of people and the American public wouldn't even begin to unravel the MK-Ultra program for another decade. And of course, that was only because, as I have already mentioned, the Intel agencies began feeding us the breadcrumbs. To put this in slightly different terms, the Deep State does not require public approval for anything. A plausible scenario is one in which the CIA leaked their plans to implant fake electrodes on fake prisoners so that the conspirators loose and the people win, and the Colonel continues unimpeded in his research.



And of course, Patty Hearst was a **Hearst**. Her grandfather was none other than newspaper tyrant **William Randolph Hearst**. If you don't know who that is, then stop everything right this very minute and watch *Citizen Kane*. This is something you should have already accomplished in college during your film snobbery phase, when Ingmar Bergman or Leni Riefenstahl, Sergio Leone, and Kurosawa Akira suddenly became all the rage, but if not then I will wait. I am assuming that several hours have passed between the last sentence and this one. You were capable of tracking down a copy on VHS, and also a VHS player, and probably have all sorts of questions now about "Rose Bud," which will not be further discussed in this paper. *Citizen Kane* has been listed as the greatest film of all time for a reason. The other contender for greatest film is Hitchcock's *Vertigo* and that one's a straight-up Intel script outlining the MK-Ultra Controller and slave relationship. *Citizen Kane* though was made by **Orson Wells**, an obvious spook, through **RKO** Pictures, the film company you will recall of **Joseph P. Kennedy Sr.**

The name Hearst once carried the weight of a publishing empire. William Randolph Hearst was the **Ted Turner** or **Rupert Murdoch** of his day, but much more of a household name. His flagship papers were the *San Francisco Examiner* and the *New York Journal*, which is to say, his naughty-paws dipped into the tidal waters of both coastlines, east and west. Hearst the Newspaper man was the architect of **Yellow Journalism**. Yellow journalism is a Media art form whereby facts takes a backseat to emotion and the reader is led into a reality bending ride of construed perception. Essentially, an entire lifetime supply of Big Pharma approved blue pills for only 5 cents per day. Hearst routinely focused upon sensationalism. He faked interviews. He ran phony pictures and distorted real events. He essentially invented stories. And he did it to sell newspapers.

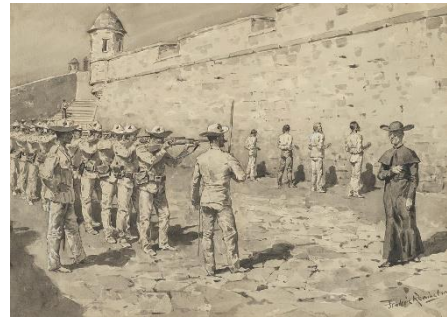
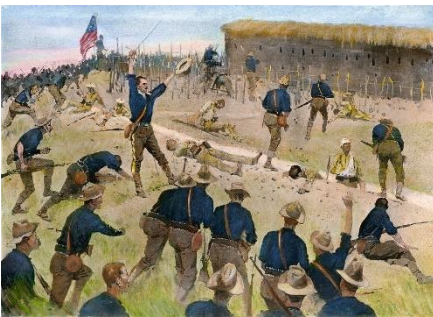


The 1898 sinking of the U.S.S. Maine in Havana Harbor was an obvious false flag event and everybody knows it. Hearst literally invented a war and then sold Americans on its legitimacy. He even coined the phrase, “Remember the Maine!” but very few people today remember it. Probably because the Spanish-American War is an embarrassing blip in the history books. *Oh*, I’m sure **Anderson Cooper** and the rest of the **Operation: Mockingbird** crew would never lie to you though.

In short, the Maine was sunk under unknown circumstances in Havana Harbor, Cuba. Its sinking was blamed on Spain in order to start a war. Afterwards, the *Morning Journal’s* daily circulation increased above the one million mark. Success. If anyone has ever visited Hearst Castle in San Simeon, California, and I have, it’s apparent that the man *sold* newspapers. Hearst was such a success at provoking American outrage against Spain that the Spanish-American War was quite literally dubbed “The Journal’s War.”



Here we find an illustration of an American woman being strip searched onboard American Steamers by dirty Spaniards, courtesy of Hearst. Clearly, the event being imagined here never happened. But try explaining that or arguing with blue pill popping newspaper guzzlers at the turn of the nineteenth century. Because why would they lie about something like that?



Frederic Remington, the famous artist who brought to life **American images of the American west**, was hired by Hearst for the sole purpose of illustrating the revolution erupting in Cuba. Hearst new propaganda when he saw it. One day in January **1897**, an entire year before the *Maine* had a *whoops* in the harbor, Remington reportedly wrote back to Hearst and said:

“Everything is quiet. There is no trouble. There will be no war. I wish to return.”

Hearst reportedly responded:

“Please remain. You furnish the pictures and I’ll furnish the war.”



When the USS Maine eventually sunk on the 25th of January 1898, Hearst’s newspapers ran a story entitled: “**The War Ship Maine was Split in Two by an Enemy’s Secret Infernal Machine**,” *hub?* This was, of course, the Weapons of Mass Destruction of its day, decades before they came up with the comic book friendly atomic bomb hoax.



Another fact that you’ll want to scribble down into your notes is that the sinking of ships is a favorite false flag tactic. I haven’t decided yet but there may be a pop quiz. Does the **RMS Lusitania** ring a bell? How about the **Gulf of Tonkin**? Declarations of war through the art of ship sinking is the equivalent of kidnapping a buxom babe in ancient times. That will be on the test. Imagine if **Kim Jung Un** held ~~Michael~~ **Michele Obama** hostage. Well, maybe I can come

up with a better example with that one. Homer's *Iliad* plays out like a textbook for people *in the know*. It was **Helen of Troy** who was kidnapped that time around, though they gave you the truth in *The Princess Bride*. We need only glance over the following century to learn that milking the tit of Cuba became a CIA obsession. Bay of Pigs. Cuban Missile Crisis. Castro was just another actor on an ABC Agency's sound stage, a hired gun. His purpose was to keep the Cold War sizzling on the frying pan until they could hype up the space race in the forefront of everyone's mind. Even the collapse of the Soviet Union was more than likely a sleight of hand moment. The mere fact that Russia didn't contest the fake **Apollo 11** moon landing, when the case win the day.



Kennedy and Hearst later worked together creating the fake news story surrounding the rape of **Eunice Pringle** by **Alexander Pantages** as well, a hoax which she later confessed to, but we've been over that one already. As an informant of perceived reality, I can't even begin to imagine how many hoaxes Hearst pumped out. What I do know though is that the murder of Elizabeth Short, aka the **Black Dahlia**, was another Media hoax deriving from Top Management and that it was pet project of his. I have written an entire paper on that one if you don't believe me. Black Dahlia. **Agness Underwood** was the Lois Lane in this tale, investigating the dark seedy underbelly of Los Angeles, driving up sales for her employer, getting things done.

Phoebe Elizabeth Apperson Hearst (December 3, 1842 – April 13, 1919) was an American [philanthropist](#), [feminist](#) and [suffragist](#).^[1] Hearst was the founder of the University of California Museum of Anthropology, now called the [Phoebe A. Hearst Museum of Anthropology](#), and the co-founder of the [National Parent-Teacher Association](#).



Lest I forget, William Randolph Hearst wouldn't have been a **Hearst** without first being related to Mommy and Daddy Hearst. Patty's great grandmother **Phoebe Hearst** once sat as **Berkley**'s first lady regent. Plop a moon flag onto that one. She served on the board from 1897 until her death in 1919, which happened to coincide with the worldwide Spanish flu outbreak, another lie the germ theory hoax. Wikipedia informs us that Phoebe was an "American **philanthropist**," and philanthropy is code word as you know for someone who spreads their money around in order to gain favor among the plebes while simultaneously parroting the writer's room story arch into the next season of our collective consciousness. You don't have to look far to see what I'm talking about, either. Wiki quickly adds, she was a "feminist and suffragist." *Of course*, she was.

Hearst was raised a member of the Christian [Cumberland Presbyterian](#) community in the 1840s.^[21] In 1898 she declared her belief in the [Bahá'í Faith](#),^[22] and helped play a key role in the spread of the religion in the United States.

But then there is also Hearst's financing of the **Baha'i Faith**, a worldwide conglomerate of co-existent religion so oblique, and with connections to **Theosophy** to boot, that its mere existence can only be attributed to the ABC Scriptwriters. Her born again moment came only one year after sitting down on the Berkley board. Phoebe's philanthropy probably has something to do with why every corner of Berkley is named after her. Hearst Mining Circle. Hearst Memorial Gymnasium. Hearst Greek Theatre. Hearst Avenue — you get the picture. Berkley received millions of dollars from Phoebe Hearst. And then look at Berkley's wonderful contributions to society, why don't you?



Hopefully, I have covered William Randolph Hearst to your satisfaction. If not, then might I suggest doing your own research, because we are back on the subject of his granddaughter again, the notorious criminal, Pattycakes. On **February 4, 1974**, American media guzzlers received word that Patty Hearst, granddaughter of *you-know-who*, was kidnapped from her **Berkley** apartment. The people responsible were a group who dubbed themselves the **Symbionese Liberation Army**. On **April 3, 1974**, only two months after her abduction, Hearst announced on audiotape that she had joined the SLA and taken the name “Tania.” There it is. Patty/Tanya, the original they-them pronoun.

And then it *really* happened. On April 15, 1974, only two weeks after announcing her name change for the Media, **Tanya Hearst** was recorded on surveillance video with her SLA posse robbing a San Francisco bank while wielding an M1 carbine. Her capture (or was it her rescue?) would not come until September, but they managed to drag the trial out until **March 20, 1976**, because think of all the commercial breaks you can pack into that psyop. Hearst was convicted “of bank robbery and using a firearm during the commission of a felony,” and given the maximum sentence possible of 35 years imprisonment.



Now that we've gotten that out of the way, you may want to hold onto something, a roll of toilet paper will do, because this is the part where I remind you that the kidnapping of Patty Hearst wasn't so much a hoax as a spoof. *Sure*, it was a production, but a terrible one at that. We're talking *The Brady Bunch* of family sitcoms and the *Gilligan's Island* in the castaway genre, both of which were put out by the same producer. This is basically like watching a Mel Brooks movie, *Space Balls* or *Robin Hood: Men In Tights*, and concluding that the comedy *is* the real thing rather than the original product they were based upon. Actually, now that I think about it, that was the plot line to *The Three Amigos*, *A Bug's Life*, and the Star Trek spoof movie, *Galaxy Quest*. The later plot centers upon aliens who obsessively watch actors Tim Allen, Sigourney Weaver, and Alan Rickman religiously on their televisions, never putting it together that it's actually a movie set.

With the Hearst serial drama, it's almost like the boys down at Langley were taking bets on how far they could push a Hollywood production and pass it off as reality without letting their viewers in on the fact that they've been duped. And it hasn't aged well, either, as News stories go. Perhaps that is why they no longer talk about it. When was the last time anyone saw anything about the Patty Hearst kidnapping?

According to Hearst's testimony at her trial, she was held for a week in a closet, blindfolded and with her hands tied. During this time, SLA founder Cinque (Donald DeFreeze) repeatedly threatened her with death.^[10] She was allowed to leave the closet for meals, still blindfolded, and began to participate in the group's political discussions. She was given a flashlight for reading and SLA political tracts to memorize. Hearst was confined in the closet for weeks. She said, "DeFreeze told me that the war council had decided or was thinking about killing me or me staying with them, and that I better start thinking about that as a possibility. ... I accommodated my thoughts to coincide with theirs."^[10] In an April 1974 account, Hearst claimed that she had been offered the choice of being released or joining the SLA.^[11]

Patty's transition to Tanya included being locked in a closet for weeks on end, blindfolded during meals, beaten, threatened on pain of death, and then repeatedly raped by Batman villains **Willie Wolfe** and **DeFreeze**. Her ultimate decision to join the crew came after DeFreeze said the "War Council" was thinking about killing her, thereby leaving her to the decision of accommodating her thoughts with theirs in political discourse or die. Though later, in an April 1974 account, Hearst claimed that she had been offered the choice of being released of joining the SLA.



Well then, does this look like the sort of woman who has just been robbing banks and hiding in squalor, becoming illuminated to the people's revolution by way of rape and blindfold? The name "Tanya" is the *nom de guerre* of **Haydée Tamara Bunke Bider**, who fought with Latin American revolutionary **Che Guevara**. She thought that up while facing her execution in a closet? *Right*.

At the time of her arrest, Hearst's weight had dropped to 87 pounds (40 kg), and she was described by psychologist [Margaret Singer](#) in October 1975 as "a low-IQ, low-affect zombie".^[43] Shortly after her arrest, doctors recorded signs of trauma: her IQ was measured as 112, whereas it had previously been 130; there were huge gaps in her memory regarding her pre-Tania life; she was smoking heavily and had nightmares.^[44] Without a mental illness or defect, a person is considered to be fully responsible for any criminal action not done under duress, which is defined as a clear and present threat of death or serious injury.^{[45][46]} For Hearst to secure an acquittal on the grounds of having been [brainwashed](#) would have been completely unprecedented.^{[47][48]}

Not until Tanya Hearst gets booked downtown do we come to learn of her occupation, whereby she lists herself as an "Urban Guerilla." How adorable. Also, Hearst's weight had dropped to **87 pounds**. What's more, her IQ had plummeted nearly twenty points according to hands on psychologist [Margaret Singer](#), from **130** to **112**. Can't say she wasn't dedicated to her role. I *checked*, a western gorilla weighs 350 lbs., though a female lands in the 130-180 range. How an 87-pound anorexic with a lowered IQ was capable let alone favored for a hot war with the San Franciscan banks defies belief. Were the party members of the Symbionese Liberation Army complete morons?



I will ask you to perform a search on what mugshots look like. Real mugshots. Mugshots of women drugged up, sexed up, hungry, and sleep deprived, having just been nabbed from the wringer. Looking at Tanya's mugshot and we are pressed to consider if she were running a makeup test for her latest starring role, sharing the spotlight with silent screen actor **Rudolph Valentino** rather than surfacing from a crawl space, huddling a manifesto and money bags. Rich

Hollywood millionaires who climb behind the wheel while sloshed and on a Joo rant look worse than what we're given. Nick Nolte and Mel Gibson ring a bell? And what is she standing in front of? Is that **Clark Gable's** bedpost or the grand organ of **Lee Erwin**? It's incredibly difficult to tell.

Former Madison resident to examine Patty Hearst

Among a team of psychiatrists and psychologists interviewing Patricia Hearst is a former Madison resident, Dr. Louis J. West, now head of the University of California Los Angeles Psychiatry Dept.

West also taught the late Jack Ruby, the convicted slayer of convicted presidential assassin Lee Harvey Oswald.

West is part of a team asked to test the mental competency of Miss Hearst, who has refused to plead guilty for the past 10 months.

The team is scheduled to give a preliminary report today to Federal Judge Oliver C. Carter in San Francisco.

In West is a 1961 graduate of East High School. He attended the University of Wisconsin and graduated from the



DR. LOUIS WEST
1961 GRAD

at the University of Oklahoma in 1954. He first examined former school board President Eugene Callahan, said West last visited Madison for the school's 10th anniversary in 1971.

Callahan said Westley might be recalled but that she has remained in a "good" in 1433 apartments while at Oklahoma in which she has remained an overstay and died.

Callahan said West was called into the Ruby case while he was at Oklahoma.

Briton seen

By RICHARD N. KARGER
OF THE STATE JOURNAL STAFF

MILWAUKEE — A member of the British

Patty Behaved Like a Freed PW, Expert Says

By SHELD WILSON
Continued from page 1

San Francisco, Feb. 25.—After she was captured, Patricia Hearst was like "the survivors of a concentration camp" and a "repatriated prisoner of war," two phrases used today by one of the first psychiatrists who examined her in the San Mateo Jail last year.

Every time she was questioned about such things as the guilt of her kidnapping, she would "blurt out" the answers, the psychiatrist, Louis 2030 West, testified in the courtroom.

Dr. West said he had the impression that she was not only aware of her actions but also of the consequences. He said she was "able to understand the nature of the charges against her and the consequences of her actions."

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West said "Hearst" asked him, but he complained, and showed up her cell, taking notes in pencil on some unnumbered sheets and one or two books, but as soon as he began to ask her for information about the events, she would stop him. He said she was "very nervous" and "very uncooperative."

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Dr. Louis West was the lead psychiatrist.

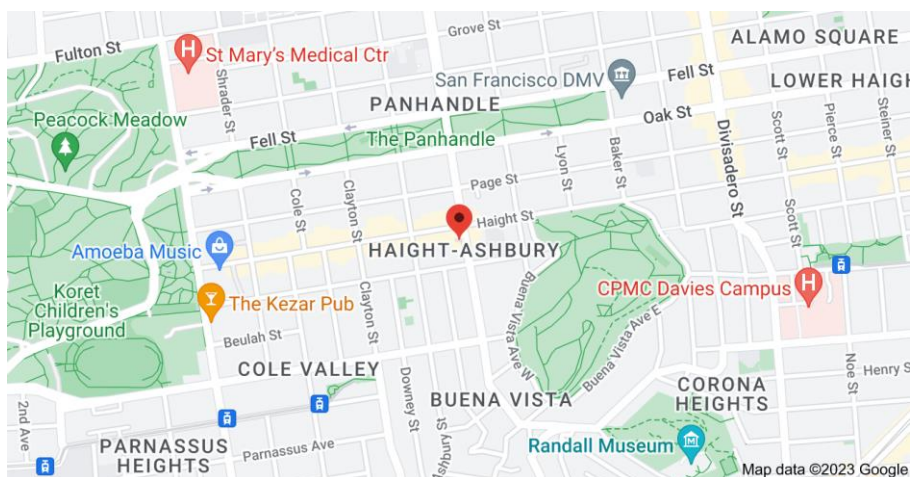
Surprise-surprise, the person brought in to examine her is none other than our old Army buddy, **Colonel Louis West**. His picture in the paper is borrowed from some **1961** yearbook. Do the math on that. It was taken 13 years earlier. Perhaps using the photos of West dressed up as a hippie in the Haight would have been too unprofessional. All the Newspapers seemed to offer afterwards was a courtroom artist's cartoon. How ominous is this guy?



Yet another courtroom cartoon depicts all the doctors sitting in a row. I'm guessing that's **Dr. Robert Lifton**, **Dr. Margaret Singer**, and Dr. Lewis Jolyon West. Captions furthermore state that's the Hearst family sitting behind them, letting us in on the likelihood that everyone in the courtroom was in on it. At least Singer managed one press photo. Margaret of course was the one who claimed Tanya's IQ had taken a plunge off the high dive. What I failed to mention in the earlier report is that Hearst was smoking heavily and plagued with

nightmares, according to the Doctor, but also, there were YUGE gaps in her memory regarding her pre-Tania life. It wasn't simply a personality swap. Tanya was a new conscious Entity. Telling us that such a feat was accomplished by Donald DeFreeze and his Media circus act is all misdirection away from the obvious genre culprits, the Deep State.

And then what do you know, Louis the “brainwashing expert” concludes that Hearst displayed “all the *classic signs* of coercion, brainwashing, and the Stockholm effect.” You see what he did there? He recycled one of his own one-liners, just as he had with Jack Ruby and Sirhan Sirhan, which was ultimately intended to turn the barrel of the gun upon the Media guzzler. The only brainwashing was of the American people. *Classic West* maneuver.



After being kidnapped from her 2603 Benvenue Ave, Berkley apartment by the Symbionese Liberation Army, Haight-Ashbury is one of the locations where Patty Hearst was kept during her captivity. Small world. Two other residences she was holed up in was 1827 Golden Gate Ave., just blocks away from the Painted Ladies at Alamo Square and the Panhandle, and 288 Precita Ave. The residence at Haight-Ashbury however was **1235 Masonic Street**, do they think we're stupid? That's like calling it 123 Fake Street. And what are the chances that Louis' “hippie crash pad” was the same address?



From what I can gather, Patty/Taya's tryout for the part was taken at 1235 Masonic Avenue. Yep, there she is at 1235 Masonic Avenue, getting in the mood for dinner table conversation with her captors in a beret cap. What is she aiming at? We are not told. That's one way to ride the house of cockroaches, I suppose. I *checked*. A house like that would sell for something north of **2 million** nowadays. The Symbionese Liberation Army would have to pull a lot more weight than bank robberies to pay the rent on that place, as the average bank heist lands a measly \$10,000 in the pocket.

Fun with numbers. **1+2+3+5 equals 11**. I think that is the number in this. 11 reminds us of **Apollo 11** as well as **9/11**. The **Planned-demic** of course was declared on **3/11/2020**, but then it ended on **5/11/2023**. The Vatican was founded **2/11/1929** and the Japan tsunami arrived on **3/11/2011**. Yep, I'm thinking it's all about the number 11 though I'm sure the **Masonic** nod is all a coincidence.



Donald David DeFreeze (November 16, 1943 – May 17, 1974), also known as **Cinque Mtume** and using the *nom de guerre* "General Field Marshal Cinque", was known as the "spokesman" of the **Symbionese Liberation Army** (SLA), a small, American *far-left* group that formed in Oakland, California in 1973. Some analysts suggested he was a figurehead; others said he was the leader. Born and raised in

Up until this point, I've been trying to hold back on my **Donald DeFreeze** comments but LOL, I can't do it anymore. D-d-d-Donald DeFreeze? That's a faker name than 123 Fake Street. Do me a favor and hunt down a phone book. Find the "De" page and then report back to me when you can identify anybody with the name DeFreeze. I'll wait. You can't tell me that's his nickname either. We are already given his nickname and its **Cinque Mtume**, with his *nom de guerre* being "General Field Marshal Cinque." He's another Batman villain, plain and simple. Dr. Freeze had the phrase: "Everybody chill." Well, DeFreeze is another word for *defrost*. What do you suppose his one-liner was when he busted into the bank? "Everybody FREEZE! Or else I'm gonna defrost some mother F-ers and nuke this joint!" You get the idea. DeFreeze first shows up in the narrative when escaping from a fake prison. He then finds the girl he's looking for on 1-2-3 **Masonic** Street. We're dealing with a Batman villain.



A web search will produce the three images seen above. Notice anything strange about them? Take as long as you need. As a child, sitting near the fish tank in the dentist's office, I used to pour over *Highlights* Magazines. They had those page sized illustrations where you were supposed to find silly things wrong with the picture. This is like that. There are several to be found here.

In **picture #1**, we see DeFreeze poised as a bad ass with his leather overcoat and pimpin' floppy hat. I'm guessing it's the moment when he screamed something to the effect of: "Get ready to thaw out, *bitches!*"

In **picture #2**, what is *'that'* in his right hand, a pistol? It is a pistol, a limp pistol in a limp hand. And therein lies the problem. Why would DeFreeze pull out a pistol from his leather overcoat if he were already holding a machine gun, out of bullets already, hmmm? So now the situation has arisen wherein he is holding a machine gun with one hand that cannot adequately be fired because he's packing a limp pistol in the other. Also, his face has been artificially smudged. His nose is missing. All sorts of silly things are going on.

With **picture #3**, silliness abounds. Patty Hearst can be seen on the far right. **Patricia Soltysik** is also featured. And now you know why the name-change. Because there couldn't possibly be two Patty's in the revolution. But then take a look at DeFreeze again. The pistol has disappeared again. If you argue that pictures **1 and 2** are in a reverse order, it's really irrelevant when we consider and compare the machine gun with the others. In the first two images, there is no shoulder strap. But then a shoulder strap appears out of nowhere in picture #3, near the muzzle of the gun of all places. We never see it trailing over his hand or strapped to his leather jacket in the first picture but then how did it not show up in the light of the second image? Even if DeFreeze took the time to buckle up after the first and second picture, why is there no strap hanging from the barrel?



I wish I could tell you this was an actual photo from the bank heist but alas it is a still from the **1988 movie** *Patty Hearst*, starring **Ving Rhames** as DeFreeze. And of course, like the actual bank robbery, DeFreeze's girls are all dolled up for the occasion. Looks like Patty decided to rosy up the cheeks after taking off the blindfold.

FYI, I would not rob a bank, because that is against the law, but if I did, I would be sure to wear a ski mask or leave behind no witnesses. Which is why it only makes sense that they wouldn't wear a mask. Before they even set out for the performance, DeFreeze probably waited around an extra twenty minutes while the girls powdered their noses. Am I detecting eye shadow? That is because, on both occasions, we're witnessing a movie, and when it comes to the spotlight, pretty girls never like to cover their faces. If the actors playing the part of terrorists had not been openly identified, and Hearst not recognized, then the point of this exercise would have been lost.

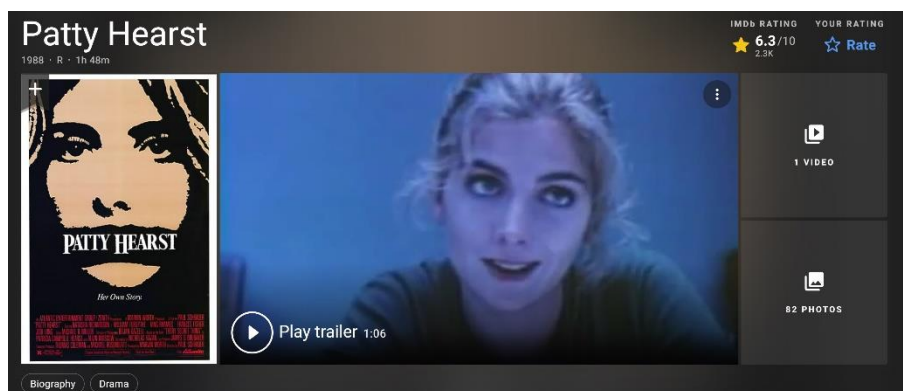
The *other* founding members of the SLA have no humanity to lose. They're just walk on cast-members intended to elevate the performance of their leading lady. When Donald DeFreeze and five other founding members of his guerrilla army were killed on **May 17, 1974**, in a shootout with the LAPD that **was broadcast live on television**, *wink*, they rarely if ever bother to tell their names. Except for DeFreeze. We all know about him.



[UPDATE 9/12/23: Oh, well now, will you look at that? We have another Patty Hearst sighting, and she is standing next to someone, a woman. I haphazardly stumbled upon the duo while on another reconnaissance mission in the Intel-net and curiosity got the better of me. What is going on here with the mirrored image? An MK-Ultra split personality, I shouldn't wonder. And also, who is the other person? Her name is **Natasha Richardson** if you want to know. She played **Patty Hearst** in the **1988 movie** of the same name. And here I thought there

was some sort of duality going on, or that Patty was taking her act on the road, I was way off. My bad.

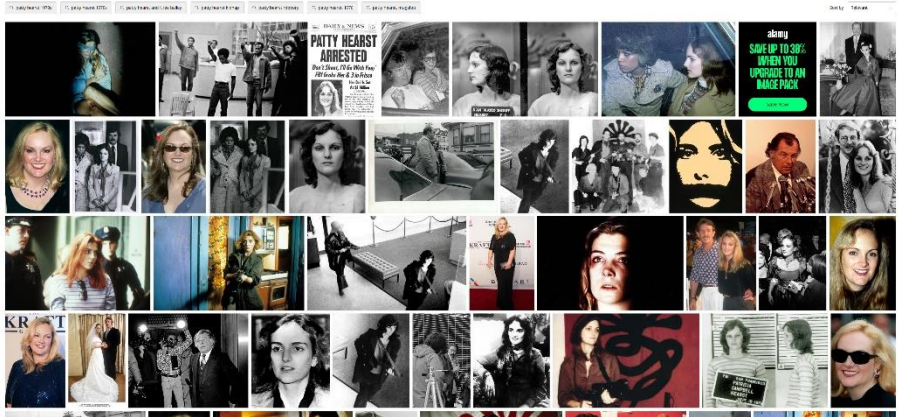
Natasha Richardson by the way is a member of the **Redgrave family**, a **British acting dynasty** spanning **five generations**. Her father was the director/producer **Tony Richardson**, her mother was **Vanessa Redgrave**, her grandparents were **Michael Redgrave** and **Rachel Kempson**, and she was married in the Nineties to **Liam Neeson**. My advice to Patty is that she shouldn't stand too close to other actresses, especially multi-generational families who act for a profession, or else others will begin to think that she is one of them.



The Patty Hearst movie has an [IMDb page](#) and it's listed as a biography and a drama. But then it only has a measly 6.3 stars, telling us that a great many others aren't buying it, either. And you'll never guess who wrote the movie script. Go ahead, take a crack shot at it. I'll wait. Come on guys, who wrote the movie? No cheating. Okay, here it is. The **scriptwriter** was **Patty Hearst**. No, I'm not making this up. She is accredited with writing the movie script to her very own psyop. They shouldn't be calling it a biography then. Anything other than **auto-biography** is dishonest.

Well, looky-looky, Patty has her very own [IMDb page](#) and it lists her as a script **writer** but also as an **actor**. Her acting roels include 'Cry-baby,' 'Serial Mom,' 'A Dirty Shame,' and 'Pecker,' and she plays Doyle's Mother in 'Bio-Dome.' Not a good look for you, Patty. The most curious of the

bunch appears to be ‘Cecil B. Demented,’ a plotline which is [described](#) as focusing upon a **film director** and his **renegade group of teenage filmmakers** who kidnap an A-list Hollywood **actress** and **force her to star in their movie**. Nothing to see there I’m sure.



Her [alamy stock](#) page seems more confused than just about everyone. Type in ‘Patty Hearsts actress’ and they can’t seem to tell the difference between reality and fiction. Why they thought to include scenes from the Natasha Richardson movie is anybody’s guess but then even more awkward is their mixing Patty Hearst’s accredited roles, like her part in ‘Dirt Shame’, with the the actual SLA psyop.]

Willie Wolfe

🗨️ 1 language

Article Talk

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From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

William Lawton Wolfe (February 17, 1951 – May 17, 1974) was one of the founding members in 1972 of the Symbionse Liberation Army (SLA), an American radical group based near Oakland, California. While in the group, he adopted the name "Kahjoh", though the media misspelled this as "Cujoh".

Born and raised in an upper middle-class family in Connecticut, Wolfe had come west and enrolled at University of California, Berkeley, studying anthropology. He got involved with a prisoner outreach project, through which he was recruited by inmate Donald DeFreeze to the group that formed the SLA. He and six other members died in Los Angeles during a law enforcement shootout and fire in the house where they were staying. His father had commissioned an investigation of the SLA. Discussed at a press conference shortly before the fire and Wolfe's death, it suggested from strong evidence that DeFreeze was a police informant and agent provocateur.



DeFreeze is a fake name but then what about **Willie Wolfe**? Talk about another made up name though he too was a participant. Check out his Wiki page. There is no picture. Nobody knows what he looked like. The only picture that I can find which may remotely resemble him is the one provided. Otherwise, he’s literally just a name. A made-up Character with a college admission at **Berkeley**

for his backstory. The Media mistakenly misspelled his adopted name as “Cujo” when it was really “Kahjoh,” nice touch.



As part of the unfolding psychodrama, all of which was broadcast on television, the SLA demanded that Patty’s daddy, **Randolph Hearst**, distribute \$400 million of food to hungry Californians. We are often reminded that Randolph Hearst was pressed to take out a \$2 million loan, as if he wasn’t swimming in it already. So, now we have a desperate father who must pinch his pockets and take out a loan in order to feed the hungry. And the hungry are ungrateful for it. And even more-so, it is the hungry and the entitled who botch the entire operation.

The Hearst Corporation created a food distribution program called “People In Need,” immediately ordering some \$2 million worth of food. As you can probably imagine, not everyone was thrilled with the idea. Government officials told the television that they were shunning the handouts, claiming it was giving in to terrorism. California Governor **Ronald Reagan** remarked, “It’s just too bad we can’t have an epidemic of botulism.” And then the first handouts began.

In San Francisco, *naturally*, swarming crowds arrived, far too many for the disorganized distributors to cope with, as if we didn’t see this coming. Food was thrown from the backs of lorries and from windows. Fighting soon broke out among the recipients, the organizers, and the police. One police officer was stabbed. So much for charity. Look everybody... at the television... we are watching a drama *unfolding*.



The SLA logo, have you seen that one? Ridiculous. I bet you didn't even realize they had a logo. Then you weren't paying attention when I started out with a picture of 'they-them', posing like a bad ass in front of the drapery. It depicts a seven-headed cobra. Don't sweat it though. If you failed to pay attention to those important details, it's *okay*. That's why I'm here. It's *so* fake, as occult symbols go, that **Helen Blavatsky**, if she lived, would probably go about destroying every copy with the sarcastic pendulum swing of her eyeballs. The symbol is apparently based upon the seven principles of Kwanzaa or whatever, with each head representing a principle. Don't worry. That *won't* be on the test.

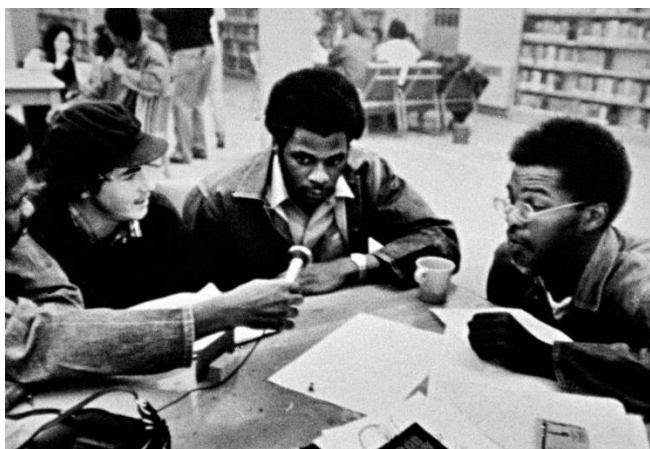
In his manifesto, DeFreeze wrote:

“Symbionese Liberation Army Declaration of Revolutionary War & the Symbionese Program. The name ‘symbionese’ is taken from the word *symbiosis* and we define its meaning as a body of dissimilar bodies and organisms living in deep and loving harmony and partnership in the best interest of all within the body.”

Had enough? Me too. Any more of that and you too may be in danger of becoming a plural pronoun. And then there is the issue of the book itself. I have often stated that books written by spooks become bestsellers because spooks stock the bookstore shelves. The *official* narrative is so desperate to convince us that the Symbionese Liberation Army was actually a thing, let alone real, that Wikipedia kindly included a photo of the SLA manifesto for sale

in **Stockholm** as late as August 2008. As in Stockholm Syndrome, get it? It was so funny that I forgot to laugh. Are we gazing at the book from behind rimmed glasses? Notice how all the magazine covers are partly tucked away except for the Manifesto. Hidden in plain sight, is it? Perhaps a sleuth had stashed himself in the opposite magazine rack, waiting for nobody to be around so that he could take this photo, but it is difficult to tell.

Even the formation of the SLA is ridiculous. We are expected to believe that prisoners sat around reading educational pamphlets mailed out by South American-style urban guerrilla movements and the Tupamaros movement in Uruguay, not forgetting the works of Regis Debray, when the reality is that only *nerds* standing around at the Pentagon water cooler would ever concoct something like that. Have you ever encountered the average college-aged political activist? They're not bright. I asked one when the Civil War was fought, and she told me **1955**. Today ask anyone on the UC Berkley campus to identify the number of sexes and not one will likely tell you *two*. Ten. Fifty. Perhaps a hundred potential sexes to fill two locker rooms, but never anything as simple as two. That is because UC Berkley is a breeding ground for government indoctrination. Students are trained in "independent thinking," which is to say Berkley is the supplier of boxes and the *ideas* to fill them with.



Remember how the Hearst name can be found practically everywhere on the UC Berkeley campus? I told you to bookmark that did I not? The SLA started at **Berkeley**. The following quote derives from *PBS: American Experience*, and an article titled: *The Rise and Fall of the Symbionese Liberation Army*, wherein we read:

The revolutionary Symbionese Liberation Army formed in Berkeley, California, **just months before the kidnapping**. Berkeley had long been America's center of radical militarism. By the early Seventies, after years of protest and resistance, some fringes of the Left were developing a sense of urgency. In the ever-present debate between non-violent and violent actions, the idea of terrorism was gaining ground.

I went ahead and planted a red flag for you. The SLA was formed “just months before the kidnapping.” Of course, they were. PBS *continues*.

The S.L.A. grew out of a black inmate organization, the Black Cultural Association, active in California's **Vacaville** prison in the late Sixties and early Seventies. Coordinated by a **University of California-Berkeley professor**, the group brought white students, including **Russell Little** and **William Wolfe**, to the prison to tutor prisoners in political science, black sociology, and African heritage. Begun as an inmate self-help group, over time the B.C.A. became more political, largely focused on black nationalism. One black **Vacaville** prisoner, Donald DeFreeze, who was serving a sentence for armed robbery, **formed a splinter group**, Unisight, that became the basis for the S.L.A. Future S.L.A. members Angela Atwood and Nancy Ling Perry also visited Vacaville to meet with radical prison groups. In the eyes of the young radicals, the black prisoners, no matter what their crime, took on heroic proportions as political prisoners, oppressed by a racist and corrupt American society.

Well now, notice how the SLA was started by a Berkeley professor and yet the name of the professor is nowhere mentioned. I decided to search the mystery man or woman out, *via* internet dumpster diving, and eventually discovered a certain University of California-Berkeley linguistic professor, **Colston Westbrook**, who was, according to Wiki, “*recruited* to organize an educational tutoring system for the group.” Emphasis is my own. To my great satisfaction, Wiki has a bio page on Westbrook. Are you ready for this? I *hope* so. Because The Wikipedia delivered. Here it *goes*.

In an unusual path, Westbrook served in the Army, followed by the Air Force. After an assignment in South Korea, he was assigned in 1960 to Travis Air Force Base in California.^[3] Upon completion of military service in 1967, he taught English at the International Christian University in Tokyo. During that period he became friends with Steven Mbandi and later visited him in his home country of Cameroon.^[2]

While in Tokyo he was recruited for a civilian position in South Vietnam with Pacific Architects and Engineers, a US government contractor for the Central Intelligence Agency's Phoenix Program. He worked with PAE for five years there, as the United States became increasingly embroiled in warfare, in an effort to prevent South Vietnam from being overtaken by communists.

When a journalist asked Westbrook in 1974 why he had gone to Vietnam, he answered, "Money, why else? I was told by the American Embassy in Tokyo I could make \$10,000 working in Vietnam. They said it pays to be black in Nam".^[4] PAE's services as a contractor included civilian cover for CIA operatives and constructing 44 Province Detention Centers. Westbrook later denied working for the CIA.^{[4][5]}

It says Colston's career path was unusual. It used to say, 'somewhat unusual', which was *somewhat* more telling, but my fanbase didn't like how I emphasized that fact. He served in the **Army** and then the **Air Force**, taking assignments in South Korea and then, strangely enough, as a "Christian English" teacher in Tokyo, obviously a cover. The curtain is pulled back during his five-year stint in South Vietnam working as a government contractor. PAE was a contractor for the **CIA's Phoenix Program**, providing services including **civilian cover for CIA operatives** and constructing **44 Province Detention Centers**. BUSTED. BUSTED. BUSTED. They're not even trying to hide this crap anymore. The dude who started the BCA worked for the CIA, providing cover for field operatives, and blending that work with detention centers.

And what's going on with the Phoenix program? The program officially lasted from 1967 to 1972 and was designed, according to Wiki, to identify and destroy the Viet Cong via infiltration, assassination, torture, capture, counterterrorism, and interrogation.



Here is your man. Colston Westbrook. Providing cover for CIA operatives, constructing Intel-based detention centers, infiltration, assassination, torture, capture, counterterrorism, and interrogation to Vietnam and beyond. Yep, Colston Westbrook, mastermind of the Patty Hearst psyop And what is he wearing, did his grandmother knit that or is it a Seventies street cred and I had to be there?

The **Black Cultural Association (BCA)** was an [African-American](#) inmate group founded in 1968 at the [California Medical Facility at Vacaville](#), a [California state prison](#), and formally recognized by prison officials in 1969.^[1] The primary purpose of the BCA was to provide educational tutoring to inmates, which it did in conjunction with graduate college students from the nearby [San Francisco Bay Area](#).^[2] Outsiders were allowed to attend meetings of the BCA, and tutors provided remedial and advanced courses in [mathematics](#), [reading](#), [writing](#), [art](#), [history](#), [political science](#), and [sociology](#).^[2] In time, radical political organizations such as [Venceremos](#) infiltrated the BCA, giving rise to BCA factions such as Unisight, which eventually gave birth to the [Symbionese Liberation Army](#).^[2]

If you happen upon Wiki's "Black Cultural Association" page then you will learn that the BCA, which gave rise to the SLA, was intended to teach the inmates at Vacaville "mathematics, reading, writing, art, history, political science, and sociology," *blah, blah, blah*, while quickly adding, "In time, radical political organizations such as **Venceremos** infiltrated the BCA." Come on, now. It's like they don't expect us to recognize a CIA front from a grassroots movement when we happen upon one. Americans *love* grassroots movements, by the way. And UC Berkeley apparently has no shortage of them.



The kidnapping was faked, the robbery was faked, the capture was faked, the backstory was faked, and even the trial was faked. Does Patty Hearst in prison even look real to you? Last I checked, plaid is not the standard prison uniform. But even if she is being released, what is that face she is making? I have seen the crazy face before and that is no crazy face. Her eyes are off. Even 'excitement' doesn't properly describe what she's attempting. It's a faked face whatever it is.

Patty should have taken notes from Meg Ryan, who knows how to fake it long and right.

And I know what follows. But what about your friend who met Patty Hearst at a Christmas party this one time and she seemed totally sincere? Your friend was lied to. On my end, I'm expecting that *one guy* who is *personally* related to such and such person, or in this case, it will be somebody from the Symbionese Liberation Army. Seriously, I can't write one of these papers without somebody on my social media's friends list claiming Uncle Ernie was there at Dealy Plaza, and even though Uncle Ernie was a high-ranking Freemason, Uncle Ernie would never lie to us about the truth.



One final thought. In practically any article that I can pull up, we have D-d-d-Donald DeFreeze representing our most well-rounded character. The rest of the crew are just “the five *other* people killed.” Why am I surprised to learn that DeFreeze’s corpse was so badly burned it could not be identified. How do you actually go about burning somebody’s corpse so badly in a police shootout that it cannot be identified—not even by a CSI unit? Did they burn his teeth to ash too? Were there no dental records to be found at Vacaville? They don’t expect you to worry about the little details.

DeFreeze and five others made their way into a crawlspace beneath the house, where they continued to fire at police. A canister exploded and the house caught fire. As it burned, Nancy Ling Perry and Camilla Hall left the house, brandishing pistols according to police, and were fatally shot. DeFreeze was found to have committed suicide by shooting himself in the right side of his head with a pistol before succumbing to the fire. Angela Atwood and Patricia Soltysik, still in the crawlspace, may have died of smoke inhalation before the flames reached them.

Oh snap. As it turns out, DeFreeze was identified. DeFreeze committed suicide by shooting himself in the right side of his head with a pistol before succumbing

to the fire. It didn't use to say that. What it used to say is DeFreeze was never identified. That's what I went on and on about in my original article after reading Wiki in real time. I'm calling it, we've got another Mandela Effect to work with. That, or BCA and the SLA and the CIA and the CBS, NBC, FOX, CNN, and all the other Media-Intel acronyms are screwing with my head. It still says the "five others" though. One of these days they will get their names and backstories formalized.

The important plot point in all of this is that Patty Hearst escaped the firefight (as if there was ever a chance that she wouldn't), eventually landing in the hands of the Military-industrial complex and psychologists, thereby regaining her humanity back. That is the moral of the story. Remember *who* it is that made Patty Hearst an outstanding member of society again. The people programming us.



PART FOUR

Nobody Drank the Kool-Aid at Jonestown

CAN you believe it? Writer's block. It happens to all of us. I woke up at five this morning and set up shop at the keyboard but struggled for hours to move beyond the title, *Nobody Drank the Kool-Aid*. Mostly, I just sat here thinking about the temperature in Guyana this time of year, and I learned something. It's apparently never sweater weather in that sector of the motionless plane. If the title confuses you, then know that I mean precisely what I say. The world is a stage. The official narrative is a script. And **Jim Jones** takes the icing on the cake. To further clarify, people drunk the Kool-Aid, in fact a whole host of Media guzzlers were sipping from the sippy cup, but not in Jonestown. The media is designed in such a way as to keep us emotionally invested in actors, all of whom are simply playing their respective role in a televised production.

His official narrative hits every obvious stride, painfully so, just as we would expect from someone whose very existence was written as a psyop. Before this

is over, you will see how Jim Jones and the Curious Case of the Kool-Aid would simply not work had it not been for his symbiotic relationship with the Media. Eventually you watch enough movies to recognize a Woody Allen, Wes Anderson, Quentin Tarantino, Christopher Nolan, John Ford, Alfred Hitchcock, Steven Spielberg, or M. Night Shyamalan production when you stumble upon one. It's like that with Intel. You begin to familiarize yourself with one staged hoax, and then another, and then another, until soon enough you pull back and realize to your astonishment that we're living in a Baskin-Robbins ice cream parlor, and everything we're fed, all 31 variety of flavors, is a staged production in one way or another.

In other news, this will be the last of four papers detailing the life of **Colonel Louis Jocelyn West**. The whole thing started in the prison cell of Lee Harvey Oswald's killer, Jack Ruby. Mostly, we have been observing the popsicle sticks and glue of the MK-Ultra program, via the life of West, to see how everything holds together. Not so well. *Sure*, Jim Jones circles the drain of the MK-Ultra program, but he's still an actor. Time and again this point has been established, and it tells us something. Mind control is not necessarily directed upon a few select individuals, but the American people. Cyanide was passed around in paper cups alright, but only as predictive programming. The actual people who ingested the poison were the gullible masses, believing the media would never lie to them about something like that. Jonestown is therefore analogous for the human condition.

The mere fact that Jones established a perfect partnership with politicians on the local and national level, and seemingly out of thin air, tells us who he truly was.

Although they had sympathy for Jones because of his poor circumstances, his neighbors reported that he was an unusual child who was obsessed with religion and death.^[21] Jones regularly visited a casket manufacturer in Lynn and held mock funerals for roadkill that he collected.^[22] One neighbor of the Jones family even stated that Jones killed a cat with a knife for one of these funerals. When he could not get any children to attend his funerals, he would perform the services alone.^{[18][23]} Jones claimed to have unique abilities, such as the capacity to fly. He once leaped off a building's roof to demonstrate his abilities to others, but he fell and broke his arm. He nonetheless persisted in saying he had exceptional abilities despite the fall.^[22] At times, he would put other children into life-threatening situations and tell them he was guided by the *Angel of Death*.^[22] Jones allegedly committed countless sacrilegious pranks in the churches he attended as a boy, according to claims he made in adult life. He claimed that he had stolen the Pentecostal minister's Bible and had covered *Acts 2:38* with cow manure. He also asserted that he substituted a cup of his own urine for the holy water once at a Catholic church.^[24]

The biography writers have such fun painting Jim Jones as the demon child that his upbringing is littered with accounts from the 'he said, she said' crowd. In other places we are told that Jones grew up in a shack without plumbing though here we come to learn that his neighbor's held sympathy for him because of his

poor circumstances, despite reporting him to be an unusual child who was obsessed with religion and death. We read how Jones regularly visited a casket manufacturer and held mock funerals for roadkill, with one neighbor even stating that he killed a cat with a knife for one such funeral. He even tried to rally other children to his funerals and would go it alone if he couldn't. What does all of this remind you of? **Jonestown**. A path is being set before him, his lot has been cast and his destiny decided from the very beginning. The biography writers didn't even try to pull this crap with Hitler, but we are still far from through yet.

As a child, Jones claimed to have unique abilities, such as the capacity to fly, and even leapt off a building's roof to demonstrate his abilities to others, but he fell and broke his arm in the attempt. Who did he think he was exactly, Simon Magus? And was Simon Peter standing in the crowd to pull him down? The scene is quite literally lifted from the Acts of Peter. That's obviously what his biographers are setting him up as, Simon Magus, knowing that most western Christians won't notice. The fall did not detour him from his delusion, apparently, but the Biblical cross-referencing doesn't end there. He apparently put other children into life-threatening situations only to tell them he was guided by the Angel of Death. Other claims involve him stealing the Pentecostal minister's Bible and covering Acts 2:38, the go and baptize passage, with cow manure. He furthermore substituted a cup of his own urine for the holy water at a Catholic church.

One Jones biographer suggested that he developed his unusual interests because he found it difficult to make friends.^[4] Although his strange religious practices stood out the most to his neighbors, they reported that he misbehaved in more serious ways. He frequently stole candy from merchants in the town; his mother was required to pay for his thefts.^[25] Jones regularly used offensive profanity, commonly greeting his friends and neighbors by saying, "Good morning, you son of a bitch" or, "Hello, you dirty bastard."^[26]^[24] Similar to his mother Lynetta, who frequently swore in public and found amusement in people's offence at a woman cursing.^[27] Jones' mother usually beat him with a leather belt in order to punish his misbehavior.^[25]

It is truly difficult knowing where to begin in all this mess. Jones is described as a religious Bible-thumping zealot on the one hand, whereas on the other, he obsessively steals candy from the local merchants. And then we read about his serial use of profanity, commonly greeting his friends and neighbors by saying, "Good morning, you son of a bitch," or, "Hello, you dirty bastard." Character traits which he personally received from his mother, apparently, who enjoyed watching the face of offence in others. How is it that Jones survived his childhood at all? Calling anyone the son of a bitch would have resulted in countless beat downs, and maybe worse. The severity of course would depend upon the playground and neighborhood. This was 1930's Indiana. His family

and neighbors were just as likely to remove their belt and give him something to think about.

Jones developed an intense interest in religion and social doctrines. He became a voracious reader who studied Adolf Hitler, Joseph Stalin, Karl Marx and Mahatma Gandhi.^[28] Jones would tell his wife that Mao Zedong was his hero. He spent hours in the community library, and he brought books home so he could read them in the evenings.^[26] Although he studied different political systems, Jones did not espouse any radical political views in his youth^[28] but as World War II started, Jones developed an intense interest in the Nazi Party. He was fascinated by their pomp, their cohesion, and Hitler's total power. The members of his neighbourhood found it disconcerting that he extolled Nazi Germany.^[29] Jones acted as a dictator over the other kids, ordering them to goosestep together and beating those who disobeyed.^[29] One childhood friend recalled Jones shouting "Heil Hitler!" and giving the Nazi salute to German prisoners of war who were travelling through their town on their way to a detention facility.^[21]

The boy who liked to kill animals and urinate in communal cups, aspiring above all else to be Simon Magus and the angel of death, became a voracious reader of Stalin, Marx, Mao Zedong, Mahatma Gandhi, and Hitler, and why wouldn't he? Makes total sense. If I were a pubescent twelve-year-old being groomed for the upcoming psyop of the decade while living in a hick house without plumbing and preferring vulgarity as my day-to-day conversation starters, I'd probably read from successful Intel projects as well. In between my trips to the candy store, that is.

It gets better though, because with the outbreak of War, Jones developed an intense interest in the Nazi Party. He was apparently so fascinated by their pomp, their cohesion, and Hitler's total power that he would act as a dictator over the other kids. Try not to roll your eyes when I tell you he ordered them to goosestep together, beating those who disobeyed. Yeah, *umm*, had anyone actually attempted that in 1940's midwestern America, the complete opposite would have happened. He would have had J. Edgar Hoover riding his ass, telling him to goosestep it all the way to the brassiere and corset shop. Try not to roll your eyes when I tell you then about yet another childhood friend who recalled Jones shouting "Heil Hitler!" and giving the Nazi salute to German prisoners of war who were travelling through their town on their way to a detention facility, LOL.

Pause, are any of my readers buying this crap? These so-called childhood friends of his sound like Improv actors, every last one of them, all of whom were attempting to create a backstory by flinging everything at the wall and seeing what sticks. Where in this biography is the scene where Jim Jones's mother sires a child after bedding with Satan? Oh, the higher powers sire children with mortal women, alright, but to sit here and tell you Jones is the product of one such union based upon these reports would be total misdirection as to the way the

world actually works. Did anybody actually know the real Jim Jones as a child, or did he simply grow up in a Stepford Wives community of spooks?

Jones did not enjoy participating in sports because he detested losing, so he coached teams for younger children instead. Jones was disturbed by the treatment of the African Americans who were in attendance at a baseball game he attended in Richmond, Indiana.^[34] The events at that baseball game brought discrimination against African Americans to Jones's attention and influenced his strong aversion to racism.^[7] Jones' father belonged to the Indiana branch of the Ku Klux Klan, which enjoyed considerable support in Indiana during the Great Depression. Jones described how he and his father had a disagreement about race and added that they had not spoken for "many, many years" as a result of his father forbidding one of Jones' black friends from entering his home. Ultimately, Jones' involvement in organising baseball leagues ended when he callously murdered a dog in front of players by dropping it from a window.^[7]

And then we come to learn that Jones did not enjoy participating in sports because he detested losing. Oh, that's rights, he was too busy on the sidelines holding his Nazi nerd rallies. I'm sure that went over well with the Army brats and the jocks. Did he grow a Hitler stache too? Well, somewhere in-between his studies in Marxism and Fascist Nazi salutes he managed the time to coach teams for younger children. I'm sure all the parents loved him. Whether or not Jones adored puppies and poppies, showers, and showers, we are never told. The only humanity we are given is that he disliked the discrimination of blacks at the baseball games he was coaching, more indirect foreshadowing.

They just had to throw the part about his father being **KKK** in there. Of course, he was. And then to top it off, Jones can suddenly be found with a "friend" who was "black," *sure*. His KKK father didn't let his black fiend in the house, once again securing Jones future, *mm-hmm, right*. The Ku Klux Klan is just another side project of **Freemasonry**, but then so is **baseball**. I have covered that one already and it's a Masonic ritual. Everything that Jones engaged himself in was a preparation of what was to come, as you can tell by now, and Jones organized baseball leagues. What might they be trying to tell us by slipping that little detail into his bio? Opps, never mind, he murdered a dog in front of his players by dropping it from a window, thereby ending his creds in baseball. And just when we were beginning to suspect he had an ounce of humanity in him. Perhaps we will find it in other places.

After attending Indiana University for two years, the couple relocated to Indianapolis in 1951. Jones took night classes at Butler University to continue his education, finally earning a degree in secondary education in 1961.^[49] In 1951, the 20-year-old Jones began attending gatherings of the Communist Party USA in Indianapolis.^[50] Jones and his family faced harassment from government authorities for their affiliation with the Communist Party during 1952. In one event, Jones's mother was harassed by FBI agents in front of her co-workers because she had attended a communist meeting with her son.^[51] Jones became frustrated with the persecution of communists in the U.S.^[52] Reflecting back on his participation in the Communist Party, Jones said that he asked himself, "How can I demonstrate my Marxism? The thought was, infiltrate the church."^{[50][51]}

As early as 1951, a 20-year-old Jones began attending gatherings of the **Communist Party USA** in Indianapolis. Difficult to tell where he was ultimately recruited, whether it was through his KKK father or some other untold Masonic lodge, especially seeing as how Jones' Temple may have been a cleverly hidden guise or synonym for **Masonic Temple**, hidden in plain sight. Anywho, it is entirely possible that he entered the Intel game here. We may indeed be reading Orwellian language when being told that Jones was harassed by the **FBI** and that his mother was mutually harassed due to her shared interest. Because if you're paying attention, Jones is about to give it all away. He *is* a card-carrying member of the **Intel** Department.

Jones became frustrated with the persecution of communists in the U.S. Reflecting back on his participation in the Communist Party, Jones said that he asked himself, "**How can I demonstrate my Marxism? The thought was, infiltrate the church.**"

That's quite the confession. More like a microphone drop on the part of our scriptwriters. Spooks infiltrate. It's what they do best. Jones may not have been Saint Peter, the founder of the church, but as the Simon Magus of this story he infiltrated. The normies didn't have a clue.

In early 1952, Jones announced to his wife and her family that he would become a Methodist minister, believing the church was ready to "put real socialism into practice."^[53] Jones was surprised when a **Methodist district superintendent** helped him get a start in the church, even though he knew Jones to be a communist.^{[52][54]}

In 1952, Jones began preparing for his role as a Methodist minister, by which he could put **socialism** into practice. We are never given the identity of the Methodist district superintendent who helped him achieve his goal, fully knowing that he was a communist, and isn't that convenient. Jones' surprise however is subtle misdirection aimed at making his rise to power read like a series of unfortunate and random accidents on the part of indiscreet, perhaps even blindfolded intercessors, when in fact his entire mythos was manufactured from the get-go.

In 1960, Indianapolis Mayor Charles Boswell appointed Jones director of the local human rights commission.^[83] Jones ignored Boswell's advice to keep a low profile, however, and he used the position to secure new outlets for his views on local radio and television programs.^[83] The mayor and other commissioners asked him to curtail his public actions, but he refused. Jones was wildly cheered at a meeting of the NAACP and the Urban League when he encouraged his audience to be more militant, capping his speech with, "Let my people go!".^[84]

You will have to read Jones Wiki article for yourself to see the laundry list of Pentecostals who associated with him and the sheer number of congregations whom he infiltrated. What is almost immediately evident is that Jones was embraced by civic leaders from the earliest stages of his attaining a Master Builders degree. As early as 1960, Indianapolis mayor Charles Boswell appointed Jones to be director of the Human Rights Commission, which sounds like a CIA side-project if you want my take on it. Smoke and mirrors, people. Jones used his new position to secure outlets on local radio and television programs.

Immediately thereafter we find him giving speeches with the NAACP and the Urban League, which is beyond suspect since the NAACP was conspiring with the CIA as early as the 1950's and in fact were probably created by the CIA. The same goes for the National Urban League. What do you know, cia.gov has a declassified document which you can read for yourself in which they openly admit:

Recruitment also was conducted at various conferences and conventions, including those held by the **NAACP** and **National Urban League**.

So, there you go. Jim Jones was a recruiter. He was learning the trade, acquiring the ins and outs of becoming a Master Builder, but he was also recruiting others for the upcoming opportunity of a lifetime, as psyops are concerned. At the NAACP and Urban League, we are told his declaration that black Americans need become more militant was met with cheers and I'm thinking he was fishing for the loudest in the bunch.

During his time as commission director, Jones helped to racially integrate churches, restaurants, the telephone company, the Indianapolis Police Department, a theater, and an amusement park, and the Indiana University Health Methodist Hospital.^[85] When swastikas were painted on the homes of two black families, Jones walked through the neighborhood, comforted the local black community and counseled white families not to move.^[86]

I don't have the time to explain to you who Top Management in the Civil Rights Movement was, but it is very apparent that Agent Jones was listed on the playbill. After telling us of all the wonderful integration JJ did for the local Indianapolis Government, we come to learn that swastika were sprayed upon the homes of black families in retaliation. Well, that's ironic. Probably a little too ironic considering his KKK connections. I'm speaking directly to my white audience when asking you to imagine being counseled by Jim Jones, who is walking the streets of your neighborhood and has arrived to knock at your door, advising you not to move because of the sudden emergence of Nazis. And here you were concerned that the Jehovah's Witnesses might be keeping wire taps on your home. Sounds to me like Jones has read one too many manifestos because this is looking like it's coming from the Hitler playbook. There is another phrase which you might be familiar with. *Ordo Ab Chao*. Create the problem and then deliver the solution. Perhaps it was the execution of a perfect opportunity but then how do we know that Jones' crew didn't commit the crime in the first place?



Today we're discovering all sorts of fun facts. For example, the People's Temple's first location in Indianapolis was sold to Jones by a certain **Rabbi Maurice Davis** on "remarkably generous terms." I wish I could show you that actual quote in Wiki because I went to great lengths talking about the curious transaction, but then I must have gotten too close to the truth of the situation

because the clean-up crew was called in. *Oh well.* I'm sure they will still give us plenty of clues to work with. As you can probably deduce, Maurice was a **Joo**, potentially telling us of other investors.

Maurice Davis (December 15, 1921 – December 14, 1993^[1]) was a **rabbi** and activist. He served on the **President's Commission on Equal Opportunity**, in the **Lyndon B. Johnson Administration** and was a director of the **American Family Foundation**, now known as the **International Cultic Studies Association**. Davis was the rabbi of the **Jewish Community Center of White Plains, New York** and a regular contributor to *The Jewish Post and Opinion*.



The good news is, Maurice Davis still has a Wiki page and boy oh boy are we in for a treat. As you can see, he was a **rabbi**. I wasn't making that part up. Well, here is the short of his resume. In 1952, Davis founded the **Kentucky Committee on Desegregation**. During The Sixties, he walked with **Martin Luther King Jr.** in Alabama as well as on numerous Selma to Montgomery marches and was ultimately appointed to the **Equal Employment Opportunity Commission** by **President Lyndon B. Johnson**. After members of his congregation defected from Judaism to join the Unification Church, *oh dear*, Davis was inspired to become a prominent anti-cult activist, an occasional "deprogrammer," and an associate of **Dr. Hardat Sukhdeo**. I would tell you more about him now, because Sukhdeo certainly comes into the narrative, but then I would be getting way ahead of myself.

Never mind, I found another source which says the same thing as what I was earlier stating. *The New York Times* has an article from 1978 titled, 'Cult Chief's Beginnings in Indianapolis Recalled,' wherein they straight up connect Maurice Davis with Jones. And I quote:

Jones purchased the building from a congregation headed by Rabbi Maurice Davis, now of White Plains, for \$50,000 "which he paid back over the course of several years." The rabbi, ironically, has since become prominent in organizing families to fight religious cults.

I know I keep saying this but having an anti-cult activist and occasional “deprogrammer,” who happened to be very vociferous about Jonestown as well, sell JJ his first building is ironic, a little too ironic, probably even piercing the fourth wall of ironic, and evidently, even the Operation: Mockingbird press felt the same way in 1978.

Jones arrived in December 1963 to find Peoples Temple bitterly divided. Financial issues and low attendance forced Jones to sell the Peoples Temple church building and relocate to a smaller building nearby.^[108] To raise money, Jones briefly returned to the revival circuit, traveling and holding healing campaigns with Latter Rain groups.^[108] Possibly to distract Peoples Temple members from the issues facing their group, he told his Indiana congregation that the world would be engulfed by nuclear war on July 15, 1967, leading to a new socialist Eden on Earth, and that the Temple must move to Northern California for safety.^{[109][110]}

JJ is said to have begun receiving visions of a nuclear war as early as 1961, with Indianapolis being the bullseye in the attack, though it is a little too convenient that he would not get around to filling his Indiana congregation in on the fear porn until a month after the JFK assassination. And of course, the upside is that the aftermath was expected to lead to a new socialist Eden on Earth. The date for the nuclear holocaust was set for July 15, 1967. I checked. The only thing that seemed to happen on that day is The Beatles ‘All You Need Is Love,’ which was number one on the British charts. Come to think of it, his trip to Brazil was perfectly timed for the doomsday announcement. He was already scouting out the perfect filming location for the climax of the third act to the movie he was producing.

How San Francisco could ever prove safer than Indianapolis in a nuclear war is anybody’s best guess. But of course, evading The Bomb wasn’t the purpose for his move to the west coast.

I mean, we are expected to believe that Jones was successful in convincing his congregation to hitch the U-Haul some 2,300 miles to Redwood Valley because of paranoia. Had any other pastor attempted that the people holding the offering place would be like, “Sayonara, send us a postcard.” Obviously, he needed a theater to perform from. I can think of no better stage than San Francisco. For the purpose of faking the suicide of 900 plus persons, it is the worst possible location. There would be too many bystanders. San Francisco was never intended for that though. Its why location scouts were already scooping out

potential land tracks in South America. Indiana may have its fair share of Freemasons, but it was far too backwater for the second act and way too populated for the third. For the second, there is hardly a better psyop city than the one on the bay. He needed entire cable car trolley loads of spooks who could audition for the various parts.

Jones grew the Temple by purposefully targeting other churches. In 1970, Jones and 150 of his followers took a trip to San Francisco's Missionary Baptist Church. Jones held a faith healing revival meeting wherein he impressed the crowd by claiming to heal a man of cancer; his followers later admitted to helping him stage the "healing". At the end of the event, he began attacking and condemning Baptist teachings and encouraging the members to abandon their church and join him.^[138]

The event was successful, and Jones recruited about 200 new members for Peoples Temple.^[138] In a less successful attempt in 1971, Jones and a large number of his followers visited the tomb and shrine erected for Father Divine shortly after his death. Jones confronted Divine's wife and claimed to be the reincarnation of Father Divine.^[139] At a banquet that evening, Jones's followers seized control of the event and Jones addressed Divine's followers, again claiming that he was Father Divine's successor. Divine's wife rose up and accused Jones of being the devil in disguise and demanded he leave. Jones managed to recruit only twelve followers through the event.^[140]

While in Ukiah, Jones began purposely targeting other churches around the Bay area by way of Trojan horse. The Jesuits have long mastered this tactic in churches across America and Jones it seems learned from the best. In 1970, Jones and 150 of his followers held a faith healing revival meeting at Missionary Baptist Church in San Francisco and **healed a man of cancer**. Wiki is quick to add that his followers only helped him stage the healing and that they later admitted to that fact. Well, *dub*. The only suspension of belief in this story is where he managed **150** followers who knowingly devoted their entire lives and fortunes to a lie. Admitting that they were in on it is just another way of saying they were actors and actors pretending not to be actors as you well know by now are spooks. Yes, that is what I am saying. JJ arrived with 150 spooks in two and very soon that number would climb to north of 900.

What happens next is particularly profound. At the end of the fake cancer healing event, Jones began attacking and condemning Baptist teachings, encouraging the members to abandon their church and join his. Because together they could rule the galaxy and so on. Something like 200 new members were dupped into joining his church. Though the most accurate picture is that the wolf divided the sheep and the sheep scattered.

There was another noted attempt in **1971**, whereas Jim and an untold number of his disciples visited the tomb of **Father Divine**. Also known as "The Messenger," nobody really knows anything about Father Divine, when he was

born and to whom or what his real name was, but why get caught up with the technical? He had died a few years earlier in 1965 and, *wait for it*, claimed to be God. Some people want to be the bride at every wedding and the corpse at every funeral and in Jim Jones case he reportedly confronted Divine's wife claiming to be Father Divine's reincarnation, LOL. As if the situation were not humorous enough already, Jones and his followers crashed the banquet in Divine's honor and seized control of the event, with Jonsey claiming to be the successor. Divine's wife then accused Jones of being the devil in disguise. Regardless, Jones somehow managed to recruit twelve new followers. Oh, I get it, **12** new disciples. Actors, every last one of them. And anyways, imagine that. You're at a banquet to worship God and then somebody else enters claiming to be God and you walk right out with him. Looks to me like Father Divine was a sideshow or he had already been infiltrated and Jones stepped up to the microphone on cue.

By the end of 1969, Peoples Temple was growing rapidly. Jones's message of economic socialism and racial equality, along with the integrated nature of Peoples Temple, proved attractive, especially to students and racial minorities.^[137] By 1970, the Temple opened branches in several cities including [San Fernando](#), [San Francisco](#), and [Los Angeles](#) as Jones began shifting his focus to major cities across California because of limited expansion opportunities in Ukiah. He eventually moved the Temple's headquarters to San Francisco, which was a major center for radical protest movements. By 1973, Peoples Temple reached 2,570 members,^[115] with 36,000 subscribers to its fundraising newsletter.^[127]

Within a few short years of his California move, **1969** to be exact, the Temple experienced a period of exponential growth, apparently opening up new branches in San Francisco, San Fernando, and Los Angeles. We have already witnessed some of his tactics. His decision to move the Temple's headquarters from Ukiah to San Francisco is also explained to us in that the city was a major center for radical protest movements. *Wink-wink*. With 2,570 members and 36,000 subscribers to its fundraising newsletters in **1973** (if any of this is actually to be believed), it sure does look like things were beginning to pay off and pan out. How many of those were hippie actors or blank panther actors being recast into a new contemporary role?



Jones became active in San Francisco politics and was able to gain contact with prominent local and state politicians. Thanks to their growing numbers, Jones and Peoples Temple played an instrumental role in George Moscone's election as mayor in 1975. Moscone subsequently appointed Jones as the chairman of the San Francisco Housing Authority Commission.^{[21][141][142]}

The life of Jim Jones was only as natural as a three-legged race. I hope you're ready for a good laugh because his political handshakes culminated with the Temple's instrumental role in George Moscone's mayoral victory in 1975. *Yeab right.* Who was Moscone's Supervisor but Harvey Milk. You may know precisely where I'm going with this, but if not, you'll have to wait a little longer. Get ready for another laugh track because Moscone subsequently appointed Jones as the chairman of the San Francisco Housing Authority Commission, because why wouldn't he?

Temple members revealed to *The New York Times* that Jones arranged for busloads of members to be brought in from Redwood Valley to San Francisco to vote in the mayoral election, despite not being registered, while another former member claimed in the simplest of terms, "Jones swayed elections." *Sure*, he did. Let's keep blame shifting away from the Gubberment, why don't we? FYI, the ABC People love dropping exclusives into the lap of *The NY Times*, often for the purposes of promoting their latest psyop, but sometimes simply to "leak Intel." Who are all these Jonestown confessors and where can I find them outside of the Mockingbird Press? The whole thing reeks of shellfish and pork and whatever else they're cooking down on the wharf.

“We loaded up all 13 of our buses with maybe 70 people on each bus, and we had those buses rolling nonstop up and down the coast into San Francisco the day before the election,” recalled Jim Jones Jr. “We had people going from precinct to precinct to vote. So could we have been the force that tipped the election to Moscone? Absolutely! Slam dunk. He only won by 4,000 votes. I’m sorry, but I’ve got to give my father credit for that. I think he did the right thing. George Moscone was a good person; he wanted what was best for San Francisco.”

According to **Jim Jones Jr.** and an article in Salon, **13** buses were loaded up with an average of **70** people in each of them. Do the math on that. We’re looking at a grand total of **910** people. At Jonestown, there were **907** who died of cyanide poisoning with **918** deaths in total, what the hell? The 910 number is an average and not the final tally. And so, it appears as though the same number of people who swayed the election for Geroge Moscone took one for the team in Guyana.

fangs in deeper. The pastor was a wickedly smart reader of a politician’s character, and he knew that the way to enchant Moscone was with young women, not money. When it came to bribing politicians, the temple leader had ample supplies of both. Jones bragged of supplying Moscone with black female members of his congregation. Jim Jones Jr. remembered the mayor as “a party guy. He’d always be there at temple parties with a cocktail in his hand and doing some ass grabbing.”

Most of Jones’ followers were female or African American and we have a pretty good idea what he was doing with them. Jimmy J wasn’t simply a recruiter. No, he was also a pimp and a handler, supplying the Moscone Administration with the black female members whom he was reportedly liberating in his Civil Rights congregation. Much of the supply chain could be found at Temple parties, by which Moscone and his crew frequented. Jim Jones Jr. particularly remembers the mayor with a cocktail in one hand and an ass in the other. Wow, I’ve been to a lot of church gatherings in my day but his one takes your father’s Bible study to a whole new level. When Jones was reading all those books about Hitler and Stalin, Marx, and Mao Zedong, they forgot to mention Playboy Magazine, because handing off MK-Ultra bunnies as insurance money derives directly from the **Hugh Hefner** playbook.



Jones of course had already disclosed by the late Sixties that his gospel, what he called the “Social Gospel,” was in fact communist in nature. It would later be referred to as “Apostolic Socialism.” In true alchemical fashion, Intel was milking the tit of a great many themes in their Jonestown script, pushing the moral boundaries of the Haight-Ashbury crossroads to its furthest possible limit being just one of them. Though I think it is safe to say, on the flip of the coin, it was Jones role to show Protestant America the folly of parting with Rome and some of its other pet projects such as Zionism.

But then there are quotes from sermons such as this one, wherein Jones taught that “those who remained drugged with the opiate of religion had to be brought to enlightenment—socialism.” One can’t help but wonder if the earliest drafts of the Jonestown script was written in the McCarthy era as a morality lesson in the endgame of communism.

Here’s another quote, apparently a Jones original:

“If you’re born in capitalist America, racist America, fascist America, then you’re born in sin. But if you’re born in socialism, you’re not born in sin.”

Wow, that's deep. Can I hear an 'amen' from the audience and maybe a 'preach'? Cue *Stars and Stripes Forever* while you're at it. Lessons in sin from the guy proclaiming himself to be the reincarnation of **Vladimir Lenin**, **Gandhi**, **Jesus**, **the Buddha**, and we shan't forget **Father Divine**, all the while telling the press that he was an agnostic or an atheist. I'm sure his sermons are full of all sorts of gems. Let's see what else we can dig up. In one instance, he famously slammed the Bible on the table, yelling: "I've got to destroy this paper idol!" And then on another occasion, he said:

"You're gonna help yourself, or you'll get no help! There's only one hope of glory; that's within you! Nobody's gonna come out of the sky! There's no heaven up there! We'll have to make heaven down here!"

Why do I get the feeling that he just plagiarized **John Lennon**? Oh, what was the name of that song again. I can't recall and it doesn't matter. Imagine saying there's no heaven, above us only sky, in real churches among real church goers in the world we inhabit today and not one which is being propped up financially by actors in the Seventies. My thoughts exactly. Well, here is another Jim Jones original.

"What you need to believe in is what you can see. If you see me as your friend, I'll be your friend. As you see me as your father, I'll be your father, for those of you that don't have a father. If you see me as your savior, I'll be your savior. If you see me as your God, I'll be your God."

He forgot to mention the part where he will be your gay lover in chaps for those who don't have one, and a teddy bear for the ladies, because that's how much of a fruitcake this script is turning out to be. No wonder Hollywood directors aren't lining up to make this into a movie. The critics would be out there saying the second act was only slightly more believable than its tragic ending.

As if Jones sermons couldn't get any more wack-a-doodle, walk-on cast member **Joyce Houston** had this to say:

"Jim said that all of us were homosexuals. Everyone except [him]. He was the only heterosexual on the planet, and that the

women were all lesbians; the guys were all gay. And so, anyone who showed an interest in sex was just compensating.”

Oh, dear Freud. I suppose there is no better reason to kick the smoking habit than having to light a stogey up with Jonesy in the room. Because of all those repressed homosexual urges, you know.

To add to that, walk-on cast member **Tim Carter** told *The New York Times* in the month after Jonestown that Jones had open ranging rights with every married women. “He told their husbands that he only did it to help the woman,” adding, “but he also did it to emasculate the men of Jonestown.” Well, I guess it’s back onto the ciggies again.

Walk-on cast member **Jerry Parks**, the sad sap who apparently “turned over his home and everything he owned in California to the People’s Temple,” said in the same article that Jim Jones was the only heterosexual among them. Correct me if I’m wrong, but I take that to mean he could have sex with other men without being tagged a bisexual. Try not to roll your eyes when I tell you those wives would reportedly then go around publicly bragging that Jones was the best sex they’d ever had. *Right.*



Jones had been performing faith healing “miracles” since his joint campaigns with William Branham.^[152] “On several occasions his healings were revealed as nothing but a hoax.”^[153] In one incident, Jones drugged Temple member Irene Mason, and while she was unconscious, a cast was put on her arm. When she regained consciousness, she was told she had fallen and broken her arm and taken to the hospital. In a subsequent healing service, Jones removed her cast off in front of the congregation and told them she was healed.^[154] In other instances, Jones had someone from his inner circle enter the prayer line for healing of cancer. After being “healed” the person would pretend to cough up their tumor, which was actually a chicken gizzard.^[155]

Did you hear the one regarding faux suicides? His Temple members regularly practiced them, apparently, taking the concept of Sunday rest to a whole new level. But then there are the faith healing services, by which Jimmy was given an extra hand. We are supposed to believe that Jones drugged **Irene Mason** and

then put a sling on her arm while unconscious. After regaining her consciousness, she was told that she had fallen and broken her arm and taken to the hospital and returned to safety again. In a subsequent healing service, Jones removed her cast in front of the congregation, and bada-bing, she was healed. *Whoopie!*

The story is intended as foreshadowing for the upcoming death and resurrection event via cyanide, but that is not believable, and neither is this one. It doesn't take a rocket scientist or a gravity theorist to ask the question, Wouldn't the hospital keep her for observation until she had regained consciousness again rather than turning her out into the street? The part where Irene Mason accepts the unconscious story, by which she fell and was carted off to another location and back without her knowing it, *is* the suspension of belief when more than likely the entire tale is intended misdirection, and she was in on it. Jim Jones was a spoof on religion and slap-stupid gullibility is what they were after. This probably won't be the last time that I tell you the cyanide was passed around to the Media viewer.

Jones and Co. didn't make the slightest effort to disguise how bogus the healings were because they were never intended to be disguised as legitimate. Now you are catching on. Like the regurgitated chicken livers doubling as a tumor shed from a cancer patient. The so-called cancer patient provided the chicken liver. He was in on it. Chicken Liver Boy was a spook. It doesn't say so here but Jones' ladies would dress up as old women in an attempt to trick their own congregation, *sure*. Though I think my favorite story is the one where the same woman rose from her wheelchair on different nights of the week. Hallelujah! The weekly take from offerings and healing services was **\$15,000** to **\$25,000** in Los Angeles and **\$8,000** to **\$12,000** in San Francisco. Who was funneling money into plates? Perhaps only now you are catching on.

Jones hosted local political figures at his San Francisco apartment for discussions.^[143] In September 1976, Assemblyman Willie Brown served as master of ceremonies at a large testimonial dinner for Jones attended by Governor Jerry Brown and Lieutenant Governor Mervyn Dymally.^[144] At that dinner, Willie Brown touted Jones as "what you should see every day when you look in the mirror" and said he was a combination of Martin Luther King Jr., Angela Davis, Albert Einstein, and Mao.^[145] Harvey Milk spoke to audiences during political rallies held at the Temple,^[146] and he wrote to Jones after one such visit:

Rev Jim, It may take me many a day to come back down from the high that I reach today. I found something dear today. I found a sense of being that makes up for all the hours and energy placed in a fight. I found what you wanted me to find. I shall be back. For I can never leave.^[143]

In September **1976**, **California assemblyman Willie Brown** served as master of ceremonies at a large testimonial dinner for Jones attended by **Governor Jerry Brown** and **Lieutenant Governor Mervyn Dymally**. At that dinner, Brown

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touted Jones as “what you should see every day when you look in the mirror,” and said he was a combination of **Martin Luther King Jr.**, **Angela Davis**, **Albert Einstein**, and **Mao Tse-tung**.” Laying it on kind of thick, are we? Talk about giving the guys ego a *rub*. Willie Brown, in case you haven’t noticed, was black. He straight up threw MLKJ under the bus in comparing Jones to him, but of course, King was another Intel operation. Brown went on to become the first black **mayor** of San Francisco from 1996 to 2004. How many of his own people was he pimping out to the white plantation owner?

The gears were certainly turning in 1976. We are only two years away from the Kool-Aid party, and the American consciousness needs to be made aware of who the brother from another mother is. Intel did the same thing with Manson in the months leading up to the Sharon Tate murders, *via* notable mentions from the rock musicians of Laurel Canyon, but Jones is a hundred times magnified, and it all serves a purpose. Castration.



Through his connections with California politicians, Jones was able to establish contacts with key national political figures. Jones and Moscone met privately with vice presidential candidate **Walter Mondale** on his campaign plane days before the 1976 election, leading Mondale to publicly praise the Temple.^{[141][142]} **First Lady Rosalynn Carter** met with Jones on multiple occasions, corresponded with him about Cuba, and spoke with him at the grand opening of the San Francisco headquarters—where he received louder applause than she did.^{[141][147][148]} Jones forged alliances with key columnists and others at the *San Francisco Chronicle* and other press outlets that gave Jones favorable press during his early years in California.^[149]

San Francisco **mayor** George Moscone arranged a private meeting between Jones and **vice-presidential candidate** **Walter Mondale** on his campaign plane, and only days before the **1976 election**. Moscone then went on to publicly praise the Temple. Nothing to see here, I’m sure. As if the Script hasn’t already outed itself, Wiki immediately informs us that **First Lady** **Rosalynn Carter** met with Jones on multiple occasions, corresponded with him about Cuba, *wait, what...?* She

then spoke with him at the grand opening of the San Francisco headquarters where he received louder applause than she did. If you're trying to figure out why Mrs. Carter was feeding Intel to a communist about communist Cuba, or why Jones received the louder applause during the transaction, then you are attempting to make sense of a story which is never intended to be rational, but only to feed your cognitive dissonance.

You'd think a guy who publicly denounced the Bible, accused everyone of living in sin who did not repent of capitalism, and claimed to be the reincarnation of any number of dead names would be bad for business, and it was. It would have only taken five minutes of research, fifteen at the most, to realize the Carters would be taking a dump on Evangelicalism in associating with him. Were they morons? Maybe. That's just a sidebar discussion to the fact that they were actors.



statement during the "Six Day Siege", she expressed support for the People's Temple anti-racism efforts and told members there was a conspiracy against them. She said, "When you are attacked, it is because of your progressive stand, and we feel that it is directly an attack against us as well."^[69] On February 28, 1978, Davis wrote to President Jimmy Carter, asking him not to assist in efforts to retrieve a child from Jonestown. Her letter called Jones "a humanitarian in the broadest sense of the word".^{[70][71]}

The other black person whom the brother from another mother was identified with, according to Willie Brown, was **Angela Davis**. Interesting since Angela Davis held a private audience in JJ's apartment. How ever did she manage the time between her meetings with **Soviet Cosmonauts**, **Black Panthers**, and **Fidel Castro**? Angela Davis was packing so much heat in the Intel community as to give a smoking gun tucked underneath a woman's brassiere the chill of a meat locker. In 2020, **Time** not only listed Davis as the **1971** "**Woman of the**

Year,” she was also included on their **100 most influential people in the world** roster, telling us all we need to know about her being manufactured.

A large part of the Jonestown myth revolves around the San Franciscan black population who reportedly loved Jim Jones. A whopping **75 percent** of those who drank the Kool-Aid in Jonestown were black, mostly women. During the ‘Six Day Siege’ of the People’s Temple at Jonestown, Davis straight up pimped out her own people, rallying the greater black community when saying the Media propaganda and the Gubberment involvement was a direct attack against them as well. She then wrote Jimmy Carter a letter. And in that letter, she asked that he refrain from retrieving a child from Jonestown, insisting that Jones was “a humanitarian in the broadest sense of the word.” Oh, I’m sure that letter aged well. I’ll even go out on a limb and give an expiration date of two days, a week at best, on that one.



Even the homosexual psyop is brought into the Jones narrative, because our commercial sponsors were pulling out all the stops, sparing no expense. **Harvey Milk**. *Mm-hmm*, **gay activist** and San Franciscan mayor George Moscone’s right hand man, Harvey *got* Milk. As in, Milk this psyop for everything it’s got, and Milk, it does a psyop good. If Jones was going around calling everyone a repressed homo except for him, what in the world was Harvey Milk doing holding political rallies at the Temple? A true progressive gay activist wouldn’t have wanted to push Jones’ rotting corpse into a crypt with a 10-foot pole. Nothing threatens to disqualify the legitimacy of a movement quite like that. Well, after one such visit, Milk wrote to Jones:

Rev Jim, It may take me many a day to come back down from the high that I reach today. I found something dear today. I found a sense of being that makes up for all the hours and energy placed in a fight. I found what you wanted me to find. I shall be back. For I can never leave.

Barf. What kind of sausage snagging was going on during that Sunday worship service? Never mind, I don't even want to know. Ego stroking messages such as these just go to show how fake and phony The Milkman truly was. He was a fake gay activist intended to pimp out his buttermilk fan group, whipping them into tip-top shape them for the upcoming AIDS psyop. But then it wouldn't even surprise me in the least to learn he was faking the Milk Mustache. He may have been half-and-half or maybe even condensed milk. With all these actors it is truly difficult keeping track of who is homogenized.



On **November 27, 1978**, only **9** days after the November 18 Jonestown fiasco, it was future San Franciscan **mayor** and **California Senator Dianne Feinstein** who heard the gunshots and called police. It was she who found Milk face down on the floor, "shot five times, including twice in the head." Mayor Moscone was found dead in the other room. Sounds like we have another hoax on our hands. I mean, I could be wrong about this one, but what are the chances? George Moscone was only playing the part of the mayor while Harvey Milk was only playing the part of the gay activist. One event exposes the other. And so, I'm guessing they were only playing the part of target practice. Our Slave Masters have long utilized the gay agenda, using the media, politics, and the arts as

psychological operations to push it forward into the forefront of our thinking. Induce behavioral modification. Destabilize humanity. Create dependence upon the Beast System. Deconstruct society before building it up again, order out of chaos, the ouroboros, that sort of thing. Destroy everything if need be.



FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Jones empathized with inner city frustrations that nourished Bay Area guerrilla vanguards such as the Black Panthers, the Black Liberation Army (BLA) and the Venceremos, which spawned the Symbionese Liberation Army (SLA).^[55] Jones expressed admiration for the SLA after its members kidnapped Patricia Hearst, and the Temple distributed the SLA's manifesto among its members.^[56] However, Jones attempted to convince law enforcement officials and the press that he opposed the SLA's violent actions by having members hand deliver a \$2,000 check to the Hearst family mansion.^[56]

The police were not persuaded by Jones' efforts. Investigators interviewed a Temple member who admitted that, one year before the Hearst kidnapping, Jones stated that Randolph Hearst would be a target of guerilla action as he represented "capitalist society."^[57] A police report contained an analysis of press photos and determined that SLA leader Donald DeFreeze and SLA member Nancy Ling Perry attended various Temple meetings along with Hearst's boyfriend Stephen Weed.^[57]

Well now, what have we here? It is a link between Jim Jones hoax and the **Patty Hearst** hoax, both of which are categorized on the Blockbuster Video shelf as Psychodramas. Wiki straight up admits that Jones was associated with the SLA. Saying he 'empathized' rather than 'infiltrated' is

a noted change on the part of our storytellers but don't let its subtlety fool you. Jones straight up expressed admiration for SLA, going so far as to distribute their manifesto among his members. The police and the Media were all over Jones like a Baptist on bacon for that one. The Patty Hearst kidnapping may have been analogous to the American voter, but the outcry was for real, y'all. How in the world was Jones still packing the pews after that comment?

Look, if Jones deserves any credit, it's knowing how to keep his congregants on their toes and his Sunday worship services original. Pass around the terrorist manifesto and then maybe afterwards the communion cup. Please, oh please, Hollywood, include this scene in your next Jonestown movie release. I *checked*. The Church of Jones at 1859 Geary Boulevard was just a hop and a skip away from Patty's holdup at 1235 **Masonic** Avenue. Yup, nothing says a brisk walk in San Francisco quite like a stroll from the People's Temple to the Patty-Wagon.

And then what do you know, after Jones' glorious appraisal of DeFreeze and his merry men, police Investigators began sniffing around the belfry and baptistery. One Temple member told police that Jones had singled out **Randolph Hearst** one year earlier, claiming he would be the target of guerilla action. Oh, do go on. We're listening, Mr. Jones. Taking fieldtrips to the writers' room, *hmmm?* Reading ahead to next seasons story arch, *hmmm?*

Oh, but we're not through with the police investigation. It gets better. Jonsey brought in the Press to take photos of him and in those photos the police were able to analyze and determine that SLA members D-d-d-**Donald DeFreeze** and **Nancy Ling Perry** attended various Temple meetings. Say it ain't so. Why do I get the feeling that they was raising their hands, shouting Lordy-Lord to get the few normies in attendance abuzz? We have seen stranger things. Kind of like how Patty Hearst's boyfriend **Stephen Weed** was also in attendance, *oops*. There's another fake name for you. Stephen Weed, sounding only slightly less fake than Donald DeFreeze. Call it a hunch, but what are the chances that Weed, DeFreeze, Perry, and if they were feeling especially frisky, Patty, all made an appearance a few years down the line at Jonestown?

Wiki writes their articles much as a trapeze artist might swing around under the high top. It's all a clown show, but it also takes a dedicated effort keeping the bloating lie afloat. Isn't it fun, watching the *official* narrative melt like a chocolate bar on the dashboard of your car during the heat of a sweltering summer day? After a while, you will no longer acknowledge the beautiful rhythmic symphony, and like me, all you'll hear is a barking seal thumbing its nose against the rubber of a few measly bugle horns. Here at The Unexpected Cosmology, we're all about the analogies. I have just given you much to think about.



In 1977, Jones was given the **Martin Luther King Humanitarian Award**, all of which was an obvious setup for what was about to go down. Look at how unenthused the people are in the back. Could they be any less excited? Because nothing says excellency in black achievement quite like a white man pimping out the girls from the barracoon. The person who gave him the award was somebody by the name of **Cecil Williams**, a black reverend in the United Methodist Church. I decided to look into William's [Wiki page](#). Despite being rather short, it plays out precisely as I would expect of a character actor, hitting all of the right strides.

He received a Bachelor of Arts degree in Sociology from Huston–Tillotson University in 1952.^[3] He was one of the first five African American graduates of the Perkins School of Theology at Southern Methodist University in 1955.^[4] He became the pastor of Glide Memorial Church in San Francisco, California in 1963, and founded the Council on Religion and the Homosexual the following year.^[2] He welcomed everyone to participate in services and hosted political rallies in which Angela Davis and the Black Panthers spoke and lectures by personalities as diverse as Bill Cosby and Billy Graham.^[2] When Patty Hearst was kidnapped by the Symbionese Liberation Army, Williams attempted to negotiate a deal for her release.^[2]

He became the pastor of Glide Memorial Church in San Francisco in 1963, founding the Council on Religion and the Homosexual the following year. His aim was to blend the Civil Rights Movement with LGBTQ, as if that's not at all suspicious. I know it doesn't say that anymore. It used to though. I figure all the normies were sending in complaints to their local representatives' office and something had to be done about it. Continuing, he hosted political rallies involving Angela Davis and the Black Panthers, but also Big Daddy Pimp Bill Cosby, and my favorite in all of this, Billy Graham. We then read that Cecil Williams attempted to negotiate with the Symbionese Liberation Army hoping for Patty Hearst's release, hoping to get into the act. Can't blame a guy for trying.


In 1976, despite the Temple's newly acquired political might and upgraded image, high visibility had heightened Jones' fears of government crackdowns and media scrutiny.^[99] In April of that year, through harassment of newspaper personnel by way of numerous phone calls and letters, Jones was able to prevent *Chronicle* reporter Julie Smith from publishing an unfavorable story on the Temple.^[99] Fellow *Chronicle* reporter Marshall Kilduff wished to do a story on the Temple, but became reluctant after witnessing the Temple's treatment of Smith.^[100] Kilduff wondered how Jones had somehow learned the exact contents of Smith's article before it had come out.^[100]

When touring the Temple, Kilduff noticed, much to his surprise, that *Chronicle* city editor Steve Gavin and reporter Katy Butler were in attendance.^[101] The Temple's *Peoples Forum* newspaper chided Kilduff for not having a venue for his story and stated that he was "trying to convince different periodicals that a 'smear' of a liberal church that champions minorities and the poor would make 'good copy.'"^[102] Rather than dropping his story, Kilduff took it to *New West* magazine.^[101]

Inside Peoples Temple

By Marshall Kilduff and Phil Tracy

"... Jim Jones is one of the state's most politically potent leaders. But who is he? And what's going on behind his church's locked doors?..."

A New West Article Headline about the People's Temple. 

Assuming there were any Newspaper writers who weren't bought and paid for by the Mockingbird Media, it's not like Jones didn't make himself an easy target. Papers such as these writes themselves. Everything he signed his name to was akin to a piñata in a batting cage, and the Industrial-War Complex held the rope. In fact, it is somewhat shocking that the campaign against Jones didn't begin at an earlier hour except to say that it all went down without a hitch, precisely as

scheduled. We have already covered the part where Jones “forged alliances with key columnists at the *San Francisco Chronicle* and other press outlets,” telling us that he worked in partnership with Mockingbird. Well, in April of 1976, Jones was able to prevent *Chronicle* reporter Julie Smith from publishing an unfavorable story on the Temple. His ability to do so, we are told, came by way of harassment, numerous phone calls, and letters.

For once, something of this story is beginning to sound legitimate. I think Julie Smith was harassed because that is precisely what paid trolls would do. Have you ever received calls from a debt collector? You can practically hear the fire crackling amongst the groans of torment in the background. Decades ago, when my wife and I were deep in debt, I was receiving dozens of calls a day from the collectors and finally began answering the phone: “Yes, Satan?” The only suspension of disbelief is that little old ladies in wheelchairs were the ones putting the life of a *Chronicle* reporter in jeopardy. Must be from the hood. The cancer patients were too busy coughing up a chicken liver to dial a number. It is quite possible that Julie Smith was not a member of the club, and she overstepped her bounds.

Marshall Kilduff (born February 14, 1949) is a retired journalist having written for the *San Francisco Chronicle* since 1971. On January 17, 2021, he announced his retirement in his regular column.^[1]

He is noted for being the coauthor of the investigatory report criticizing the leader of Peoples Temple, Jim Jones.^[2] In 1978, after the publication of the article in *New West Magazine*, Jones and the Peoples Temple congregation fled to Jonestown, Guyana. Kilduff has been with the *Chronicle* ever since, becoming an editor and later an editorial writer. He began a weekly quiz^[3] in the *Chronicle*'s *Insight* section testing readers' knowledge of the news of the week.



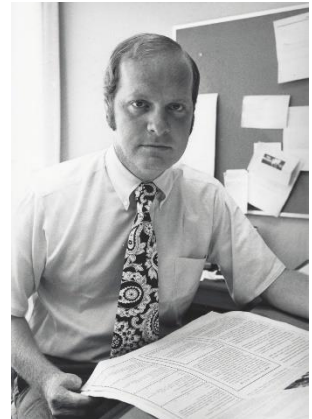
Stephanie Maze / The Chronicle

The next Newspaper man to throw his typewriter into the ring was *Chronicle* reporter Marshall Kilduff. The expose he intended to write on Jones included allegations by Temple members concerning their physical, emotional, and sexual abuse by the Big Guy. I would call the witnesses ‘walk-ons’, and in fact they may be, but then you and I know what our sick sociopathic Controllers are capable of. There may have been actors, but their booties were real. The spell is cast when the psychodramatic staged episodes are performed for the public whereas the real semen and blood are spilled behind closed doors. Anywho, Kilduff wrote his story, and guess what happened? He encountered so much resistance from his contemporaries at the *Chronicle* that he had to drop his story in the lap of *New West Magazine*. And

that is why I am thinking that Marshall Kilduff was another lone wolf bringing a knife to a gunfight.

Check out Marshall Kilduff's [Wiki page](#), why don't you? He is literally known for nothing except the Jim Jones article even though he spent a lifetime working for the *Chronicle*. And he was still a rookie at the time. He is not dead though he didn't get around to retiring until 2021 and there is nothing else in his catalogue to show for it. I even took a picture of the page so that you cannot deny it should the boys down at the Lab attempt to gaslight my efforts. I'm thinking he may be genuine. Or at least he was in 1976. The fact that he received so much resistance from his contemporaries at the *Chronicle* just goes to show that the show was being run by Mockingbird. Then again, *New West Magazine* was owned by **Rupert Murdoch**, and nobody is more of one of them than he. Where does happenstance meet production is a question worth asking. I leave it up to you to decide.

Murdoch's Magazine apparently received fifty calls and seventy letters a day before the article was published, reminding us once again that it was actors not grannies filling the pews, though the callers may have derived from Travis Air Force Base or even Vacaville Prison for all I know. Among Kilduff's allegations were fraud, assault, and kidnapping, leaving us no surprises. And so, it was the summer of 1977. By this time, Jones had already started building Jonestown (formally known as the Peoples Temple Agricultural Project) several years earlier as a means to create a "socialist paradise" and a "**sanctuary from the media scrutiny in San Francisco.**" That last part is honesty for once. They never could have pulled off the Jonestown hoax in San Francisco. It couldn't and wouldn't have happened, not in 1978 anyhow. Marxist Disneyland had already been in development for over a decade. What Jones and Co. needed was an excuse to move there, and for that they needed the Media scrutiny. Or how else could they lament the toxic brew of free speech and Capitalism? But then the naughty News only consisted of one solitary article written by Kilduff, LOL, because even after the suicide the other Media actors were singing his praises. Kilduff was either in on it or he was an unknowing pawn.



The logistical problem of moving an Intel project offstage and away from the spotlight is that it was now no longer capable of being fed to the masses for alchemical purposes, which was the entire point to begin with. That is undoubtedly why, in the autumn of 1977, former Temple members formed a “Concerned Relatives” group due to the fact that they still had family members in Jonestown. This is precisely how they kept the Jones story alive in the American consciousness, but it did better. The cruel physical separation of loved ones, husbands from wives, and parents severed from their children, allowed the Concerned Relatives group to sear the narrative into a page turner and a serial drama, something to invest and hang one’s emotions upon. In this way, they built the tension to the inevitable. It’s all psychodrama.

The next day, on February 19, Milk wrote a letter to President Carter supporting Jones and made statements about the Stoens.^{[130][131][132][133]} Milk wrote that “Rev. Jones is widely known in the minority communities and elsewhere as a man of the highest character.”^[130] Regarding Timothy Stoen, Milk wrote that “[I]t is outrageous that Timothy Stoen could even think of flaunting this situation in front of Congressman with apparent bold-faced lies.”^[130] The letter ended with, “Mr. President, the actions of Mr. Stoen need to be brought to a halt. It is offensive to most in the San Francisco community and all those who know Rev. Jones to see this kind of outrage taking place.”^{[130][note 3]}

It was the *Examiner* which first brought **Tim Stoen**’s custody battle to nationwide attention. Jim Jones had shipped his Tim’s son **John Stoen** down to South America and he wanted him back. Jones’s refusal spearheaded the **Concerned Relatives** group, by which Tim Stoen led. Soon there were citizens everywhere wanting members of their family back. At a rally attended by **Harvey Milk** and **Assemblyman Art Agnos**, **Willie Brown** spoke out against anybody who stood in opposition to Jones. In doing so they legitimized the **Concerned Relatives**, by creating the necessary opposition. But it gets better. On **February 19, 1978**, Milk

wrote a letter to **President Jimmy Carter** defending Jones as “a man of the highest character,” and he claimed that escaped Temple members were trying to “damage Rev. Jones’s reputation” with “apparent bold-faced lies.”

Be careful. Your denial of what is really happening in Milk’s letter to the president may in fact result in cognitive dissonance winning the day. Don’t do that. I will ask, what does a man of the highest character mean to you? And before you answer, take the time to recall all we’ve been through over the last so many pages. The God complexes and the Panther Parties and the Stockholm Syndrome manifestos not to mention the bought and paid for Media and the politicians being just a few of them. The question is more like: did Harvey like chocolate milk and how much of that black booty was he getting at Jones’ cocktail gatherings? The Scriptwriters write character parts for the antagonists as well as the protagonists and The Milkman just so happened to be one or the other in the arrangement.

Willie Brown later stated: “If we knew *then* he was mad, clearly we wouldn’t have appeared with him.” Sure thing, boss. A show of hands, is anybody still buying that?



As a quick recap, Marxism got involved. The Civil Rights got involved. LGBTQ got involved. The Nation of Islam and the Black Panthers as well as the Patty Hearst kidnapers were all somehow involved. The

White House was involved. Had Gandhi lived, probably even he would have been involved. But then, in 1978, Jones hired **commie conspiracy theorist Mark Lane**, LOL. The ABC agencies actually managed to fit a conspiracy theorist into this already bloated plot. Some twelve years earlier in 1966, Lane had already established himself as the Father of the JFK assassination conspiracy theories, critiquing the Warren Commission in his number-one bestselling book, *Rush to Judgement*. He literally spawned an entire industry of conspiracy. Some have stated that the JFK conspiracy would have been non-existent had it not been for him. Lane covered many notable topics though he went on to represent **James Earl Ray**, MLKJ's **assassin**, before the **House Select Committee on Assassinations inquiry**, alleging that Ray was an innocent pawn in a Gubbernment plot. And of course, Langley not only coined the term conspiracy theorist, but they also planted them among our ranks. I would say Mark Lane isn't looking so good at the moment.

Jones hiring of him at any rate was "to help make the case of a 'grand conspiracy' against the Temple by **U.S. intelligence agencies**." Talk about calling the kettle black. Jones told Lane that he wanted to "pull an **Eldridge Cleaver**," referring to a fugitive member of the **Black Panthers** who was able to return to the U.S. after initially damaging his reputation. So, more paid actor references.

To be frank and honest, this is all news to me. I had absolutely no idea that conspiracy theorists were for hire. Where is my compensation? Then again, no true Truth seeker would ever call themselves a conspiracy theorist, as the term was coined by **CIA** in **1967** to disqualify anyone who questioned the official version of the **John F Kennedy** assassination.

In September 1978, Lane visited Jonestown, spoke to Jonestown residents, provided support for the theory that intelligence agencies conspired against Jonestown and drew parallels between Martin Luther King Jr. and Jim Jones. Lane then held press conferences stating that "none of the charges" against the Temple "are accurate or true" and that there was a "massive conspiracy" against the Temple by "intelligence organizations," naming the CIA, FBI, FCC and the U.S. Post Office. Though Lane represented himself as disinterested, the Temple paid Lane \$6,000 per month to help generate such theories.^{[58]:440–441} Regarding the effect of the work of Lane and Freed upon Temple members, Temple member Annie Moore wrote that "Mom and Dad have probably shown you the latest about the conspiracy information that Mark Lane, the famous attorney in the ML King case and Don Freed the other famous author in the Kennedy case have come up with regarding activities planned against us—Peoples Temple."^{[59]:282} Another Temple member, Carolyn Layton, wrote that Don Freed told them that "anything this drug out could be nothing less than conspiracy".^{[59]:272}

Lane's arrival in Jonestown happened in September of 78. The

countdown clock had been activated and there were only two months to go before the Kool-Aid incident. His conclusions were that there was a “massive conspiracy” against the Temple by “intelligence organizations,” which included “the CIA, FBI, FCC, and the U.S. Post Office.” I take that to mean everybody in Jonestown were on their best behavior. That’s a question, by the way. No pro-Marxist, anti-Capitalist propaganda films? No repressed homosexuality and wife swapping in the ranks? No loudspeakers giving marching orders? No concentration camp prisoners attempted to flee into the jungle while evading guards at gunpoint? That would be a conspiracy against the Temple by the ABC Agencies, according to Lane. The word conspiracy keeps getting used. Notice how the Mark Lane character was employed as a pawn by the Media to make the conspiracy theorist the only true conspirator and liar in the story and then try not to forget what they are capable of doing with you.

Temple members began their own letter writing campaigns to combat those being distributed by the Concerned Relatives, excitedly informing them about the real life ‘conspiracy theorist’ who was making a case on their behalf, *neato*. We then read how the Temple paid Lane a whopping \$6,000 per month to help generate such theories. 6K per month, is that what it says, seriously? The average household only had an income of \$1250 per month in 1978. Where is Jones getting all his money? The revenue flow had dried up by this point. And what are they trying to tell us, that conspiracy theorists are in it for the money, is that what they’re saying? That we’ll just make crap up, going so far as to hide human trafficking, pedophilia, and rape, all for money? Yes, that is what they appear to be saying. Looks like the Father of modern-day conspiracy theories was a fake truth seeker peddling Marxism when he was in fact a Capitalist in bed with the Media and a spook. Even actors gotta eat.

Try not to sigh heavily when I tell you that Mark Lane wrote Congressman Leo Ryan a letter, whereby he threatened to move the Peoples Temple to the Soviet Union. Bwa-ha-ha.

Late in the afternoon of November 18, two men wielding rifles approached Lane and Garry, who had earlier been sent to a small wooden house by Jones.^[65] It is not clear whether the gunmen were sent to kill Lane and Garry, but one of the gunmen recognized Garry as an attorney in a trial that the gunman had attended.^[65] After a relatively friendly exchange, the men informed Garry and Lane that they were going to "commit revolutionary suicide" to "expose this racist and fascist society".^[65] The gunmen then gave Garry and Lane directions to exit Jonestown.^[65] Garry and Lane then sneaked into the jungle, where they hid and called a temporary truce while the tragedy unfolded.^[66]

On November 18, 1978, Lane was present in Jonestown to witness every one of his theories proven wrong. Late in the afternoon of that day, 2 men wielding rifles approached Lane and attorney **Charles Garry**, who was there as a representative of the Temple. Whether they were sent to kill Lane and Garry is never told to us, though apparently, **one of the gunmen recognized Charles Garry as an attorney in a trial that the gunman had attended**, seriously? How many cross references am I expected to make in this thing? Whatever trial the walk-on actor with a gun attended, again, we are not told. But it may have been any one of the following.

In the 1950s, Lane defended the targets of McCarthyism. *Actors*. In The Sixties, he defended students who clashed with police in **San Francisco City Hall** while meetings of the **House Committee on Un-American Activities** were held. More *actors* working up the crowd, I shouldn't wonder. He represented the **Black Panther Party** on multiple occasions, specifically Black Panther leader **Bobby Seale**, one of the **Chicago Seven**, after the 1968 Democratic National Convention psyop. So, which is it, we are not told. Was he a hippie actor or a Yippie actor or a Black Panther actor or a Marxist actor? Perhaps he got cast into every role at one time or another. We will probably never know.

Anywho, both Lane and Garry were, rather conveniently, allowed to slip into the jungle. Garry survived the Seventies and the self-awareness of the synthesizer in the Eighties but then died in 1991, "still haunted by the betrayal of Jones and the violent end to what he thought was a paradise free from racism and sexism." What a joke.



Another connection to the Patty Hearst psyop, aside from the brief contributions from Cecil Williams, the Manifesto, the police investigation, DeFreeze, and Patty's fake boyfriend, is the California **Congressman**. **Leo Ryan** was still collecting signatures on a petition for Hearst's release when he was then sent on a mission to Jonestown to investigate allegations of human rights abuses. You've heard of the Marvel Multiverse. Well, this must be the Langley Multiverse.

The investigative group was initially to consist only of press and a few members of Ryan's staff, but once the media learned of the trip the entourage ballooned to include, among others, concerned relatives of Temple members. Ryan traveled to Jonestown with 17 Bay Area relatives of Peoples Temple members, several newspaper reporters and an NBC TV team.^[31] When Jones's legal counsel

His delegation included relatives of Temple members, an **NBC TV team**, and reporters for various Newspapers. How convenient that the Zionist Media showed up just in time for the fireworks. Fun ice breaker for your next cocktail party, NBC loaned their film equipment out to **Charlie Manson** too. Jones then hosted a reception for the delegation upon the evening of their arrival, and all seemed dandy among the wives of Stepford, sort of. This is after all a movie. The audience needs to see the twitch of the shadow and the crooked camera angle in order to feel as though their peripheral vision is off before the killer makes himself known on the other side of the window. It's how you build the tension. Alfred Hitchcock is said to have perfected the technique, though he was working with **MI6** so as to experiment on people.

And *then* it happens. Temple member **Vernon Gosney** passes a note to one of the TV teamsters, requesting that he and **Monica Bagby** become Jonestown's first two defectors. From that moment forward, the Jim Jones movie switches gears from a D.W. Griffith religious epic to something akin to George Romero.

This is the one where Marxists zombies run amuck through the jungle hunting down Capitalist pigs to the beat of the loudspeakers, all the while humming the John Lennon song, which you will probably never be able to get out of your head again. And of course, the movie poster comes complete with the summer blockbuster tagline: “Don’t drink the Kool-Aid.”



Temple member **Don Sly** turns on Ryan and attacks him with a knife, but not before he is first wrestled to the ground. Ryan and his delegation then manage to escort **15** Temple members who had earlier expressed a desire to leave. As they board two planes at the nearby airstrip, Jones’ **9** armed guards, called the Red Brigade, arrive on a tractor and open fire. Only **3** Temple members, **Joe Wilson**, **Thomas Kice Sr.**, and **Ronnie Dennis**, are identified among the **9**. The gunmen kill Ryan and four others, making **5** victims. Only defector Larry Layton is able to draw a weapon and return fire. All we have to verify this story derives from “**an NBC cameraman [who] was able to capture footage of the first few seconds of the shooting.**”

According to all retellings of the narrative, the **five** killed at the airstrip were Ryan; **NBC reporter Don Harris**; **NBC cameraman Bob Brown**; **Media photographer Greg Robinson**; and Temple member **Patricia Parks**. Surviving the attack were **Jackie Speier**, a Ryan **staff member**; **Richard Dwyer**, Deputy Chief of Mission from the **U.S. Embassy**; **Bob Flick**, an **NBC producer**; **Steve Sung**, an **NBC** sound engineer; **Tim Reiterman**, a *San Francisco Examiner* **Newspaperman**; **Ron Javers**, another *Chronicle* **reporter**; **Charles Krause**, a *Washington Post* **reporter**; and several defecting Temple members.



We have already seen how **Dr. Hardat Sukhdeo** was the first to arrive on the scene, a counterpart to Rabbi Maurice Davis. Sukhdeo began reading from the “mass suicide” script within hours of his plane touching down in Georgetown without ever having physically visited the scene of the crime in the jungle, despite intended “leaks” by **Dr. Leslie Mootoo**, claiming otherwise. As the **Guayana government’s leading pathologist**, Mootoo concluded that more than 700 of the 911 persons who died at the Peoples Temple in Jonestown were murdered. This of course is a set up. Misinformation. Bait intended for “conspiracy theorists” who are likely to question the narrative and prefer the illusion of choice.

Well, it is here where **Dr. Louis Jolyon West** once again enters the narrative. You were probably wondering what happened to him, but I haven’t forgotten the man, the myth, the legend. Another familiar name is **Dr. Margaret Singer**, remember her? She and West were brought in to echo Sukhdeo’s account of things, and from here the mass suicide without resistance narrative was drummed into the public consciousness. That is, unless you preferred the illusion of choice, in which a mass murder is easily believed. Choose your position—either/or. The Narrative is not set up for a third option. The fact that West and Singer had been parroted to the witness stand since the 1950’s, and in fact made a career of it (like Mark Lane, they were **paid** for their contributions), in order to push MK-Ultra mind control theories, should be a huge indicator as to the intended spell on the Media guzzler. Singer, after undertaking mind control research in Army medical facilities, was particularly responsible for popularizing the notion that new religious movements “brainwash” people. So, there you go, kids. Keep to Zionism and stay in Rome.

And by the way, the majority of Jonestown survivors were treated at the **Langley-Porter Institute**. This was done at the request of San Francisco Mayor George Moscone, who was “assassinated” only nine days after the Jonestown massacre. *Mm-hmm*, returning all his actors to San Francisco. You have to help if one of them helped in the assassination. And get this, the institute, which is said to have conducted classified experiments for the Defense Department’s Advanced Research Project Agency, *aka* **DARPA**, was hosted by none other than Margaret Singer.

I *checked*. Jim Jones had been “a patient” at the Langley-Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute at an earlier hour.



Jonestown advanced Louis West’s career in trampoline fashion. It is because of the mass suicide in Guyana, we are told, that the **Cult Awareness Network** was formed, “of which West became one of its directors, together with his long-term research colleague Margaret Singer.” We are finishing up the final paper on the life of Colonel Louis Jocelyn West from what I can tell, and by now it should be made abundantly clear that he is simply a smoke screen. *Sure*, he conducted research. Some of it is dangled for us like a juicy carrot. Here’s one of them. There is West’s proposal to develop a remote behavior modification research center on a missile base, where human experimentation would involve “psychotropic drugs, electric shock and chemical castration,” right about the time in which the Peoples Temple moved to the jungle. Like Tusko the LSD elephant, was Jonestown another research facility for West? *Sure*, why not. I’m

simply not going with the bait suggested for us. This CIA is always trying to convince us that they infiltrated this movement and that movement when in fact there is nothing organic about Jim Jones to begin with. The Colonel and his CIA cohorts did not infiltrate the Peoples Temple. No, they imagined it from the beginning. Among the many possible ways which you can Harvey Milk a psyop, Jonestown is predictive programming, plain and simple. They're passing around the Kool-Aid, but only in such a way as to reach through the television screen and hand them off to the nuclear family.

According to West, [Scientologists](#) attempted to discredit him and get him fired, using methods similar to those used in [Operation Freakout](#). This was allegedly done after his contributions to a 1980 textbook that classified Scientology as a cult.^[22]

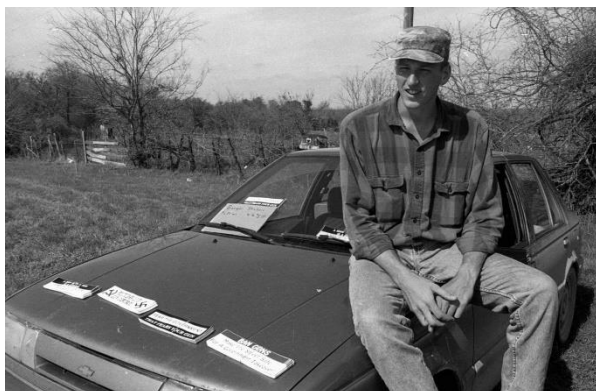
West participated in an American [Psychiatric Association](#) panel on cults. Each speaker had received a letter threatening a lawsuit if Scientology were mentioned; apparently others were intimidated. Only West, the last speaker, referred to the letter and the cult:

"I read parts of the letter to the 1,000-plus psychiatrists and then told any Scientologists in the crowd to pay attention. I said I would like to advise my colleagues that I consider Scientology a cult and L. Ron Hubbard a quack and a fake. I wasn't about to let them intimidate me."^[23]

We are next told about his conflict with [Scientologists](#), because again, that's not at all suspicious. Scientologists go around looking for trouble all the time, getting into bar fights. Scientology as you know is in association with [John Travolta](#), [Tom Cruise](#), and [Brad Pitt](#), but then its [founder L. Ron Hubbard](#) ties us in with [JPL](#) founder [Jack Parsons](#) and also with [Mr. 666](#), [Aleister Crowley](#), further signifying that they're all spooks, every last one of them. According to West, Scientologists attempted to discredit him after his contributions to a 1980 textbook that classified Scientology as a cult. While participating in an American Psychiatric Association panel on cults, each speaker was intimidated into silence after receiving a letter threatening a lawsuit if Scientology were invoked. Only West referred to the letter and the cult.

"I read parts of the letter to the 1,000-plus psychiatrists and then told any Scientologists in the crowd to pay attention. I said I would like to advise my colleagues that I consider Scientology a cult and L. Ron Hubbard a quack and a fake. I wasn't about to let them intimidate me."

Good times. More paid trolls. What else was The Colonel up to?



West headed the American Psychological Association trauma response team that rushed to **Oklahoma City** in the wake of the **1995** bombing of the Murrah Federal Building. He then visited **Timothy McVeigh** as many as 12 or more times in prison. More Mk-Ultra programming? *Nope*. McVeigh was diagnosed like the others. It's Jack Ruby, Sirhan-Sirhan, and Patty Hearst all over again. Remember that one time when Colonel West called L. Ron Hubbard a quack? It takes one to know one because McVeigh was so obviously the patsy this time around. If only he'd sat down with the Clintons. An interview with Hilary from the jail cell would sell a lot of tickets, I'm sure.



Oh, and another thing before signing out for the day. I'd nearly forgotten. West's Cult Awareness Project played a major role in the siege of the **Branch-Davidians** in Waco, Texas. Why am I not surprised? Stranger things have happened.