

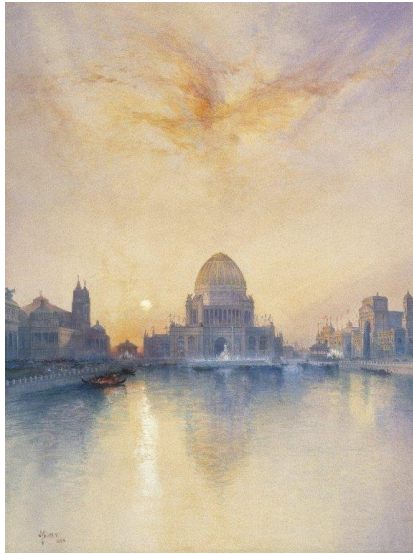


The 1893 Chicago World Fair Was a Hoax

by Noel Joshua Hadley

“Make no little plans; they have no magic to stir men’s
blood....”

Daniel Burnham



Architects of Chilaga

NEARLY two years ago I wrote an article claiming that the 1893 Chicago World Fair was an orchestrated hoax, and as part of an international effort to erase the past, in so much that the neoclassical buildings employed for the Columbian Exposition were in fact the ancient and mythological Camelot city of Chilaga, rather than recently built. At the time, I was fighting against my inclinations to investigate the Millennial Kingdom of Messiah. Such a proposition was certainly in the back of my mind. It's just that the breadcrumbs simply hadn't led me that far yet. Also, I wasn't quite ready to set all my eggs into one basket. And so, I settled upon the name attributed to old world maps. *Chilaga*.

Nowadays, I'm not as trusting of old maps as I once was. Don't get me wrong, they *do* tell a story. But even the maps which happen to disagree with the *ridiculous* narrative that our Corporate Management shovel down our throat may indeed still be drawn up as part of a psyop. We're all attempting to escape The Matrix, but every maze has dead ends. Learning

from our wrong turns is our best policy. Contrarily, the purpose of this article is not to cover up an error or anything. Indeed, I am *still* convinced there was a city of Chilaga, hundreds or even thousands of years older than modern Chicago. Dozens of maps attest to its existence. Perhaps the city of Chilaga was an intended part of the narrative at one time and Intel simply decided on a much-needed rewrite. It certainly wouldn't be the first time they've flipped the script.



That's why I am clapping away at a *second* draft. To help facilitate what has now become wholly evident in my mind. The 1893 Columbian Exposition may have been remnants of an ancient city, but it is not Chilaga which its architects were attempting to scrub. **His-Story**. That's what was being hidden. Chilaga was most likely one city among hundreds of others that were all a part of Messiah's Millennial Kingdom. The mud flood, as you well know by now, brought about an end to the *greater* Kingdom and doubled as the Great Reset, whereas the last 200 or so years was the basic

equivalent of bedding with a chronological liar. The World Fair in Chicago was nothing less than a re-education camp.



Many prominent civic, professional, and commercial leaders from around the United States participated in the financing, coordination, and management of the Fair, including Chicago shoe company owner Charles H. Schwab,^[7] Chicago railroad and manufacturing magnate [John Whitfield Bunn](#), and Connecticut banking, insurance, and iron products magnate [Milo Barnum Richardson](#), among many others.^{[8][9]}

THE STORY of its *construction* begins with the United States Government. *Surprised?* Probably not. Nearly every article that I can find greatly undermines that fact though. Best to separate the old cognition from the picture of propaganda, I suppose. The Wikipedia beats around the bush, but in doing so, offers some rather juicy fruit for the plucking. Describing the fair organizers and financiers as “many prominent civic, professional, and commercial leaders from around the United States” sounds provocative. They even throw in **railroad tycoon John Whitfield Bunn**. You would expect the railroaders to be involved in a land grab cover-up such as this. But *then* he is described to us in his very own article as a **“personal friend”** of Mr. Lincoln. *So*, there’s that.

Sometime in 1889 The Gov put out some feelers and on July 22, Chicago’s City Council began their campaign to host the fair. The Mayor of Chicago

at that time, **DeWitt Clinton Cregier**, appointed a committee of 100 citizens to carry out his campaign and raise \$5 million in stocks. And not just any citizens, mind you. Numbered among them was **Lyman Gage**, who would go on to become **Secretary of the Treasury** for Presidents **McKinley** and **Theodore Roosevelt**. Another member of Cregier's 100 Citizen Board was **Andrew McNally**. By this time, McNally had already co-founded **Rand McNally**, one of the largest and best-known **map publishers** in known history, but that's probably a coincidence. Other names include **railroad tycoon** **George Pullman**, and **J.P. Morgan assistant** **Charles Schwab**.



In Washington, petitions were considered from **Chicago**, **St. Louis**, **New York**, and Washington D.C. which tells us they were already trying to figure out how to introduce people into the Millennial Kingdom cities which finally made-up future world fairs. Competition was fierce too. In New York, **J.P. Morgan**, **Cornelius Vanderbilt**, and **William Waldorf Astor**, among others, pledged \$15

million to finance the fair if Congress awarded it to New York. What do all three have in common but that they're all philanthropists. Bill Gates, Jeff Bezos. Gotta love your local philanthropist. The Vanderbilt's specifically are no strangers to hoaxes. The Vanderbilt **child custody trial** demonstrates that fact. And who is a Vanderbilt again but our very own CNN journalist **Anderson Cooper**?

What finally persuaded Congress was Chicago banker Lyman Gage, who **raised several million additional dollars in a 24-hour period**, over and above New York's final offer.^[10]

Months of deliberation in the House then culminated with Chicago's victory on **February 24, 1890**—but only *after* Chicago banker Lyman Gage “**raised several million additional dollars in a 24-hour period**, over

and above New York's final offer.” *Umm*, okay. Apparently, the Government only thinks in these >\$\$\$\$<. But you knew that already. *Moving on.* Awarding Chicago came with a catch. Cregier’s 100 citizen band was required to raise **an additional \$5 million**. We are then told that the cost of raising the “temporary city” surmounted to a price tag of **27 million**. That’s a lot of dough. Inflation in 2021 is 30.54% higher than it was in 1890, giving us a price tag of \$824,580,000 if the same fair were attempted today. Whose pockets were affected by that funnel of cash—I wonder?

The lot then fell to **Burnham & Root**, a successful Chicago-based architectural firm whose fingerprints included many of the familiar skyscrapers which had arisen after the 1871 fire. Take a mental note of that. *The fire.* Chicago was not the only world’s fair location *chosen* by the House after succumbing to a city-wide destruction, but more on that later. The two founding members of the firm, as the title suggests, was **Daniel H. Burnham** and **John W. Root**. I *checked*. They’re both spooks. Royal spooks. And it only makes sense that they would be.



I mean, if a Millennial Kingdom city were to be handed off to any two individuals who were to receive credit for raising it from swamp water, then you might expect their pedigree to line up with the children of Qayin. Well, they most certainly do. They’re related to everyone, including each other. Burnham and Root are 6th cousins *via* somebody named William Weeks. One is far more royal than the other though.

Let’s start with **John W. Root**. [Follow along](#). He’s related to many of our favorites, including **J.P. Morgan**. *Assassins* **Mark David Chapman** and **John Hinckley, Jr.** are kissing cousins. But so are the Wilson Brothers, *aka* [the Beach Boys](#), as well as the **Wright Brothers** and **Amy Grant**.



That list goes on, but let's get to the **United States Presidents** in John W. Root's family tree. I was only able to track down several of them. **6** in all. That's the same thing as saying *not a lot*, which tells us that I've started with the *lesser* of the two. **James Garfield** is a third cousin *via* Jotham Carpenter. But then we have **Rutherford B. Hayes**. **Calvin Coolidge**. **Franklin D. Roosevelt**. **George H. W. Bush**, and **George W. Bush**. **United States Vice-Presidents** include **Levi Parsons Morton** and **Charles Dawes**. We also find **First Ladies** **Nancy (David) Reagan**, **Edith (Carow) Roosevelt**, **Alice (Lee) Roosevelt**, and **Bass**

(Wallace) Truman in his ranks.

Only **1** direct descendant of his came over on the **Mayflower**. That would be 6th great-grandfather **John Billington**. And from there his trail grows cold. The fire fizzles. Root undoubtedly had blueblood, but it was so muddied down that he was expendable. You shall see what I mean by that in a few minutes.



Continuing now with the royal roots of **Daniel H. Burnham**. If genealogies are your thing, then you shan't be disappointed. [Follow along](#).

3 **Mayflower passengers** make up Burnham's patriarchs, which is already more promising. **John Alden** and **William Bradford** were his 6th great-grandfathers, with **Thomas Rogers** following as a 7th. Passenger **Richard More** is a cousin. I found no **Magna Carta**

Sureties in Root's line, but with Burnham it's different. **John de Lacy**, **Gilbert de Clare**, **Robert Fitz Walter**, **Saher de Quincy**, and **Robert de Vere** are all 18th great-grandfathers. **Richard de Clare** is his 19th great-grandfather. **Hugh le Bigod** is a 20th great-grandfather, with **Roger le Bigod** filling in as the 21st. If you were counting, that's **8** in all. He's no Marilyn Monroe, but still impressive. Numbered among his patriarchal line are **4** other Magna Carta *sureties*, filling in the rank of cousins. **William d'Aubenev**, **William de Huntingfield**, **William de Lanvally**, and **John Fitz Robert**.

From Plymouth Rock, we can trace the *same* **line of kings**. **King Henry III** of England, 19th great-grandfather. **William the Conqueror** of England, 22nd great-grandfather. **King Robert I** of France, 27th great-grandfather. **Alfred the Great**, King of the Anglo-Saxons, 29th great-grandfather. And last but certainly not least, **Charlemagne**, King of the Franks, 32nd great-grandfather. Though only a cousin, **Charles V, Holy Roman Emperor**, is an 8th cousin 10 times removed *via* Isabella de Beauchamp, and worth mentioning.

Two close kin worth noting are **Mary (Perkins) Bradbury**, 5th great-grandaunt *via* John Perkins, and **Capt. John Alden**, 5th great-granduncle *via* John Alden. Bradbury was convicted of **Salem Witchcraft** in 1692, whereas Alden was simply accused. Being indirectly related means Burnham is no **Walt Disney or Lucille Ball**, but they're non-the-less related and it's still impressive. **Rev. George Burroughs** was executed for witchcraft at Salem and the two are cousins.

U.S. Presidents for cousins include the *following*. **George Washington**. **John Adams**. **Thomas Jefferson**. **James Madison**. **John Quincy Adams**. **Millard Fillmore**. **Rutherford B. Hayes**. **James Garfield**. **Calvin Coolidge**. **Franklin D. Roosevelt**. **George H.W. Bush** and **George W. Bush**.

There are of course Declaration of Independence and U.S. Constitution signers as well as Governors included in his family tree, but they don't need mentioning. Among his notorious list of names for relatives we find old favorites like **Allen Dulles**, **Noah Webster**, **Increase Sumner**, **Ken Burns**, **Hugh Hefner**, **Julia Child**, **Norman Rockwell**, **Charles Darwin**, **Francis Scott Key**, **General Robert E. Lee**, **Meriwether**

Lewis, Helen Keller, and the Rockefellers. They're all Qayin's and play a part in the deception.



Now that we have established the royal pedigree of Burnham & Root, we can commence with the 1893 Columbian Exposition. But even before the fairgrounds could get up and off the ground, The Wikipedia lets us in on the news of Root's sudden passing.

Both the building's primary designer, John Wellborn Root, and the Masons' primary representative, Norman Gassette, **died of natural causes during its construction.**

It *says* he died of natural causes during its construction, but that can't possibly be accurate. You shall see *why* I've come to that conclusion in a moment. He was born on January 10, 1850, and died on January 15, 1891, making him 41 years young at the time. What sort of natural cause might off a *well to do* 41-year-old? Perhaps that's the wrong question to ask, as we might better be served in asking *why*. Let's keep reading.

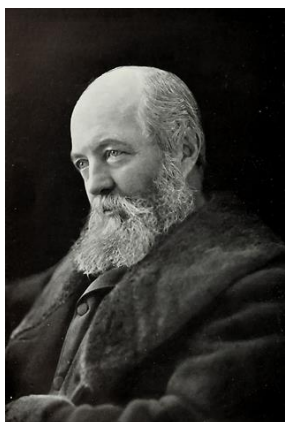
Burnham and Root had accepted responsibility to oversee the design and construction of the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago's then-desolate Jackson Park on the south lakefront. The largest world's fair to that date (1893), it celebrated the 400-year anniversary of Christopher Columbus's famous voyage. After Root's sudden and unexpected death, a team of distinguished American architects and landscape architects, including Burnham, Frederick Law Olmsted, Charles McKim, Richard M. Hunt, George B. Post, Henry Van Brunt, and Louis Sullivan radically changed Root's modern and colorful style to a Classical Revival style. To ensure the project's success, Burnham moved his personal residence into a wooden headquarters, called "the shanty" on the burgeoning fairgrounds to improve his ability to oversee construction.^[16] The construction of the fair faced huge financial and logistical hurdles, including a worldwide financial panic and an extremely tight timeframe, to open on time.

You see, it's all in the wording. Root's death created a very different scenario, which just so happened to be the intended outcome. The word used here is *radically*. Time and again we read how John Wellborn Root was the creative genius of the partnership, while Daniel H. Burnham had the organizational and personal flair to make the venture a success. And so, when it came to the Chicago World Fair, Root was aiming for a "modern and colorful style," which is nice and all, but a problem if the buildings already existed, and even more-so if they had already been built centuries earlier in the "Classical Revival style." Therefore, Root's "sudden and unexpected death" allowed his business partner and several other architects to "radically change" the agenda, but only in such a way that they were back on track again.

Dig around a little and the *emphasis* surrounding his death changes, depending upon its angle. For example, Root was overseeing the construction of **The Masonic Temple Building** at the time of his unfortunate bout with pneumonia. Looks like the Mason's primary representative died too. *Bummer*. But just so you don't suspect anything, it says right here that they both died of "natural causes."



The building, which measured 21 stories and 302 feet, featured a central court ringed by nine floors of shops with offices above and, you'll love this, meeting rooms for the Masons at the very top. Sounds like a *neat* building to live in—wouldn't you agree? Opening in 1892, The Masonic Temple was the tallest structure of its time. Its life was short-lived though. The Masonic Temple was torn down in 1939. That's a lifespan of only 42 years. Only one more than Root's short life. The Masons must have grown bored during those Penthouse meetings with all that money they've got to throw around.



There were of course several architects involved beyond Burnham and Root. **Frederick Law Olmsted** is the guy who designed **Central Park** in New York. The fact that we constantly hear how unnatural he cultivated it, in carving up the land, is just another clever way of masking the fact that New York was already a city long before the mud flood. We can include Central Park in that. They were all in on it. I'm willing to be Olmsted's specialty was *transformation*. Turning the old into something which the New World Order might appreciate.

The Exposition's offices set up shop in the upper floors of the **Rand McNally Building** on Adams Street, the world's first all-steel-framed skyscraper. Davis's team organized the exhibits with the help of G. Brown Goode of the **Smithsonian**. The Midway was inspired by the 1889 Paris Universal Exposition, which included ethnological "villages."^[13]

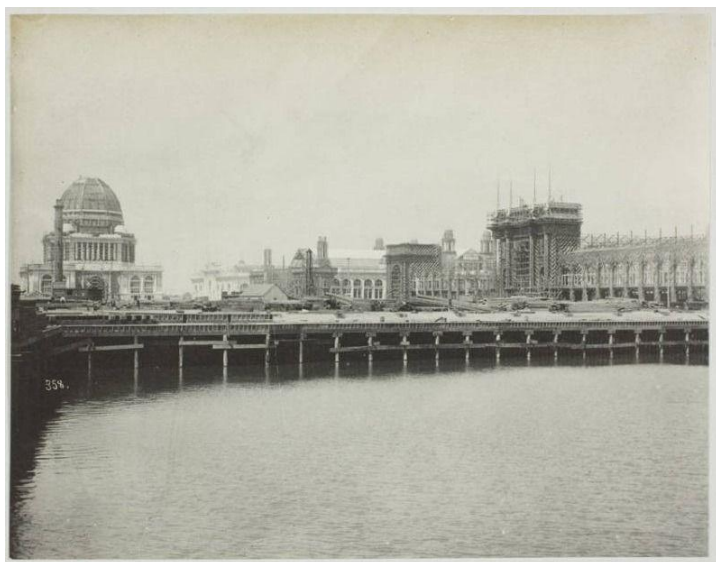
One *more* noteworthy observation. The Exposition's offices set up shop in the upper floors of the **Rand McNally Building**. The building was designed by Burnham & Root, but then notice how we're back upon the map makers again. Rand McNally co-founder **William H. Rand** arrived in California in 1849. Only makes sense that he would, seeing as how the Gold Rush was a hoax, backed by Masons and Mormons, intended to manufacture a Manifest Destiny narrative, but only to carefully control westward expansionism. Rand co-founded the state's first newspaper, the *Los Angeles Star*. So, a media man, was he? Another name drop includes **G. Brown Goode** of **the Smithsonian**. Propaganda central. When it came scrubbing His-Story from the land, Intel wasn't *cutting* any corners, were they? The Exposition was a spare no expense affair.



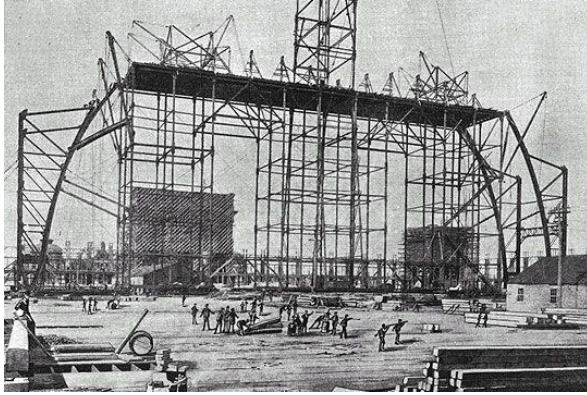
The Construction Photos

EVERY so often somebody sends me a construction photo of the 1893 Chicago Exposition, wondering if I'd seen them, and also, now that I've been set straight, won't this insanity please come to an end? You should know then that there are side effects to my steady red pill diet which includes not being allowed to stop talking about it. Not until every rock is turned and question answered. Indeed, there are construction photos. I have seen them and they're cringeworthy to say the least. Do you really think there wouldn't be? I decided to include a picture of **Margaret Hamilton**, a computer scientist from MIT, to make a point. She is posing with the guidance software which she and her team of nerds developed that supposedly sent three Apollo astronauts to the moon and back in 1969. Simply adorable. Look at that stack of books, why don't you? They're all codes and numbers. *Incredible*. I guess it's true then, all of it, and we did go to the moon. I was wrong about everything. "You're avoiding the inevitable again," you tell me. No, I'm not. I'm simply letting

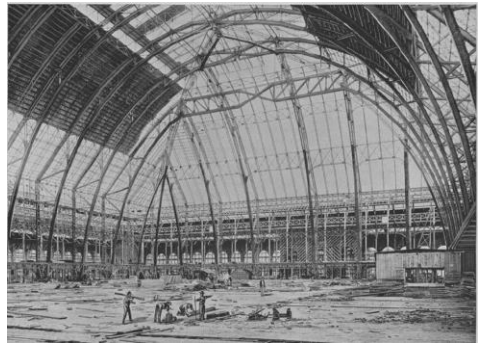
you know the great lengths our Controllers will go to so as to succeed at their lies. The space race began in 1955. That's a whopping 14 years of photo and video documentation, all hell bent on perpetrating a lie. There are "pictures" of a globular earth from satellites in space, y'all. No, not really. That was sarcasm. They're composite images and artistic renderings, every last one of them.



There you go, your construction photo. Read it and weep. Dreams *do* come true, apparently. Can't say I'm holding back either. As I see it, we are still left with only two possibilities. Either they built the Columbian Exposition of popsicle sticks and glue as this photo claims or they're lying. I have seen enough over the years to lead me towards the later view. For all I know this is a composite image. It's difficult to tell, but that very well may be a matte painting as well. The Newspaper Boys were all over its publicity and they had their very own art department. As we shall come to find, some artists were more reliable than others. Nobody is holding a gun to your head though. You are free to make up your own mind on the matter. There are others. Construction photos. Let's have a look at them, shall we?



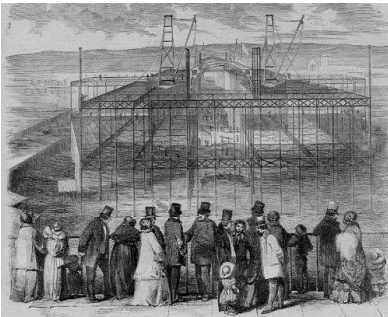
I decided to comb the Intel-net for construction photos, and this was the first to crop up. You'd think the Boys down at the Lab would have upped their game by this point and new negatives of Chilaga being built would be discovered at a garage sale in Modesto only to be sold at auction for an unprecedented amount, all pocketed by the CIA of course, but this is what we're given to work with. Perhaps that *is* a photo of one structure or another being raised from the ground floor. Difficult to tell. But it is still at best a composite. Those aren't even real construction workers. They're cartoons. Had they left out the stick figures I might have been convinced. Did the photographer arrive at lunchtime or something or did the Newspaper send down a columnist from the funny pages?



It's not just a fluke either. We are shown more photos of the *same* building but at different stages of construction, telling us that days or weeks have passed. Somebody has gone to great lengths to document the raising of the exhibition only to scribble in more stick figures.



That's so neat of the photographer, to wait around and capture the weary construction workers clocking out for the day. Probably on their way to the pub for a pint. Look at all those people! There must be a hundred of them. And is that a unicorn? Wow. Even in its earlier planning stages, Chicago was quite the expedition. I think my favorite part though is the artists emphasis on the clouds. Really, in this present age of weather modification, they simply don't make clouds like that anymore. The way they reach down from the heavens so as to shroud Chilaga in a mystical embrace.



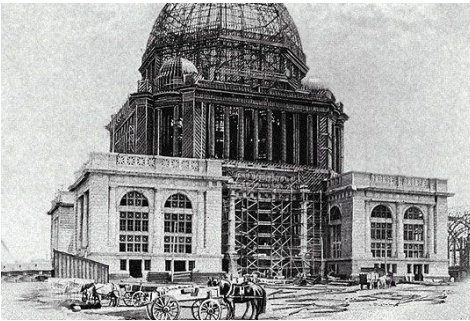
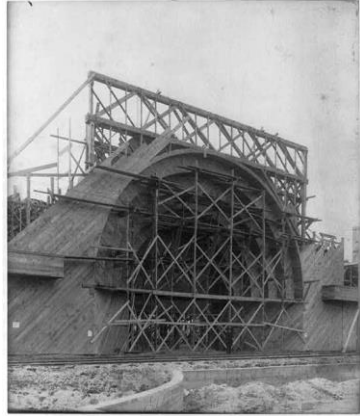
Apparently, throngs of people were invited to watch the Exposition's construction so as to ensure that skeptics such as myself wouldn't have a leg to stand upon. These photos just keep getting better and better if I do say so myself.



Finally, a real photograph of real people. What are they doing, exactly? We are told they are standing around in a field waiting for the Columbian Exposition to be built. One man even appears to be pulling a watch from his waistcoat, wondering how much time this will take. I see no buildings. Do you? I keep looking for them though.



Another composite. The Wikipedia is slinging this one as legitimate. On first glance, the foreground looks very much as a real picture should. But then the buildings in the background are clearly a matte painting. A few of the trees on the right may very well be actual living trees, but then, quite suddenly, they transform into sketches of trees. The thing is, it's not even a convincing picture, as construction goes. And yet, somebody went to great lengths to manipulate the masses.



Here are four more construction photos for your consideration, one of which is a doodle. I will leave it up to you to flex your investigative muscles and unmask it for Scooby and the gang. A year or so ago, as of this writing, I was giving a presentation on Chicago's fakery, and somebody decided to photobomb me with the two top pictures as proof of my fallacy. Did he show the other dozen fake photos to demonstrate his point? No. He simply dropped those few which are deemed to be the most believable if any of this is to be believed. As far as I am concerned, they are model miniatures. And in fact, the overbearing stench of propaganda associated with the Columbian Exposition leads me to conclude that nothing is as meets the eye.



The White City

RECOGNIZE what I'm ultimately getting at when it comes to the World Fair architects. There are few blueprints to be found, if any, and documentation is provably manipulated. You'd think the boys sitting around smoking stogies in the penthouse of the Rand McNally Building would have drawn up some plans for their big project—but no. Or that **Lyman Gage** would have asked to see the art sketches for all that money he happened to pocket in one day. Especially after they ditched Root's suggestions for a "modern and colorful style" in favor of a neoclassical city of old. I suppose the construction workers, expected to raise 200 new buildings on 600 acres of reclaimed swamp, all of which had come to fruition within 2 years of its initial planning, were experts on how to build an ancient Metropolis like that, and in so little time. That's probably it.

Meanwhile, as best as I can tell, the architects sat around blowing rings of smoke to remind themselves of the incoming zeroes.

The exposition corporation and national exposition commission settled on [Jackson Park](#) and an area around it as the fair site. [Daniel H. Burnham](#) was selected as director of works, and [George R. Davis](#) as director-general. Burnham emphasized architecture and sculpture as central to the fair and assembled the period's top talent to design the buildings and grounds including [Frederick Law Olmsted](#) for the grounds.^[2] [The temporary buildings were designed in an ornate Neoclassical style and painted white,](#) resulting in the fair site being referred to as the "White City".^[10]

The *official* story has the 1893 Columbian Exposition built *akin* to a movie set. You know, don't walk off stage or you'll trip over a bucket and fall into the rafters. That's how Burnham and friends were capable of raising an entire city in as little as three years, apparently. Because some 27 million people, a number equal to half of the entire United States population, left the farm and braved the frontier to view a movie set built of glue and popsicle sticks. *Ridiculous.* The Wikipedia greatly undermines the purported materials used as well. They simply tell us the buildings were of the "Neoclassical style" but *temporary* and that they were painted white. That's not the whole story though. It is only elsewhere that we read how facades were made not of stone, but a mixture of plaster, cement, and a jute fiber called staff.

Try to understand what they're ultimately attempting to convince us of when speaking of a Neoclassical city and then calling it *temporary*. Neoclassical architecture is defined for us in the *following* way:

Neoclassical architecture is an [architectural style](#) produced by the [Neoclassical movement](#) that began in the mid-18th century in [Italy](#) and [France](#). It became one of the most prominent architectural styles in the [Western world](#).^[1] The prevailing styles of architecture in most of Europe for the previous two centuries, [Renaissance architecture](#) and [Baroque architecture](#), already represented partial revivals of the [Classical architecture](#) of [ancient Rome](#) and (much less) [ancient Greek architecture](#), but the Neoclassical movement aimed to strip away the excesses of Late Baroque and return to a purer and more authentic classical style, adapted to modern purposes.

"Neoclassical" simply refers to the number of buildings scattered across this flat, motionless plane which are purported to have been constructed in the 1800's rather than any other time-period, despite looking exactly as a classical Greek or Roman building would. That's simply the Slave

Plantation owner's way of rearranging the geological columns in His-Story and we all fell for it. If a historical building *looks* classical then I'm willing to bet it *was* classical. We are told of all the 19th-century architects who built them by horse-cart and pickax. Well then, why didn't they keep constructing more of them? Beautiful buildings, aye? Especially once the power drill came along. Probably because they'd already assigned all the classical buildings to the architects who were appointed to design them. *Wink-wink*. There were no more ancient places left to build, because they'd never raised them to begin with.



When it comes to the neoclassical buildings of Chilaga however, our historical storytellers do manage to get one thing right. The entire city *was* painted white. In this way, the entire city shimmered in the sun. It's why the Chicago World Fair is still being advertised to us today as the White City. I almost forgot to mention that part. Globes of paint were an addition which I can only assume the kingdom saints did not contribute to. The paint, you see, *was* the sleight of hand, intended to create the illusion of something temporary. Even more so, globes and globes of paint would have

helped to de-age the city. But I'm not buying the lies that come with that admission price.

There are other additions as well, beyond the paint. The trained eye will no doubt notice the big fat phallus, *center stage*, rising into the skyline, and will undoubtedly be drawn to it right away. That's a definite addition to the fairgrounds and one of the oldest rules of war. Whenever you ransack a city and claim it as your own, tear down the opposing gods but be sure to *erect* your own. An obelisk, as you well know by now, is a penis, and a Freemason's way of raising a flag while remaining in the closet.



Anyhow, *there* she is. Burnham's White City in all her glory. *Impressive*—no? 200 *newly designed* buildings, mostly of the neoclassical nature, and on 600 acres of reclaimed swamp, meant workers had to haul ass to get this city built in as little as 2 years. Look at her intricate and ornate decorations. Very little if anything is repeated. They tell us that's all-temporary building materials though. Plaster, cement, and staff. If the city was built of a cheap temporary plaster, and the *official* narrative insists as much, then it would

have deteriorated and crumbled at the first rainstorm. Nothing would have been safe.

Oh sure, you could convince millions of people that Chilaga was built of temporary material, but what fool of an architect and construction foreman would waste indoor plaster on the outside of a building? How are any of these buildings structurally sound? Check out the size of those pillars. And the massive archway in the background. Is that a dome I see? Row upon row of arches and pillars. Spiraling towers and cake toppers on top of those towers. They're all chalk in a rainstorm.



Meanwhile, people were climbing to the top of one building or another built of plaster and chaf. Daring certain death for a better view of the city, I suppose. Certainly, not for the faint of heart. I hope they stepped carefully on the rafter boards, or else somebody might have fallen through. Looks reinforced to me. Concrete even. But I'm not the one telling this story.

Look, we could argue all day about what the city was made of, but that's not temporary. They don't call it the windy city for nothing. Have you ever experienced the frigid air that blows off Lake Michigan on a crisp spring morning? The thing about movie sets is that they blow over. A lot of people don't know this, but the origins of Chicago's nickname may not originate with the wind. There is another popular theory which holds that it was coined in reference to Chicago's ranting politicians, who were deemed to be "full of hot air." Now that is an origins story which I can agree to. So much hot air being blown our way.



Getting back to that dome. I *checked*. At no other time in Burnham's career did he design a dome. And why not? Usually, when an architect like Michelangelo or Brunelleschi designs a dome, they do so for the amazement of gawkers for generations to come. But not so with Burnham. Burnham is not like the others. He designed buildings intended to be supported by temporary materials and which resembled no other structures raised during his illustrious career. *Amazing*. Never again did the city of Chicago request another dome. Burnham really knew how to pull one out of the hat.

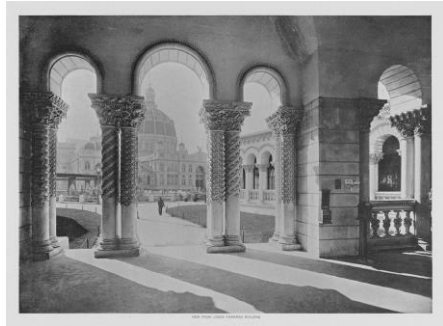


PALACE OF FINE ARTS.—SECTION OF SOUTH FRONT.

The Palace of Fine Arts was designed but also assigned by Burnham as the Exhibitions *only* permanent structure. It still stands today and serves as Chicago's Museum of Science and Industry. *If only buildings could talk.* Tell me again how The Palace looks any *more* temporary or *less* permanent than any other neoclassical structure at the Columbian Exposition. A decision was apparently made over stogeys in the penthouse of Rand McNally to reinforce The Palace of Fine Arts with concrete whereas the neoclassical marvels molded from plaster would have to brave the elements. Did I get that right? Their sense of foresight is impeccable, as it just so happened to survive the fire, whereas no other building di, but that's probably just a coincidence.



INTERIOR OF PALACE OF FINE ARTS.

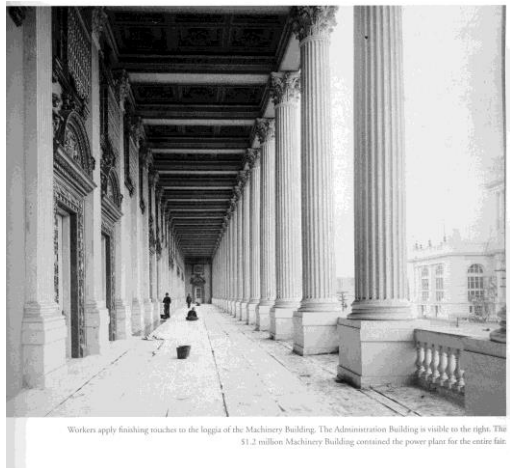


If only I could wander those hallways, lost in the artistry. Call me a broken record, but nothing about the inside of these buildings speaks *temporary*. Just look at the size of those pillars. They're giants among men. Contracting construction workers for framework and dray wall is one thing, but then hounding down the craftsmen necessary for the arches and finer embroideries—give me a break. The drawing boards needed to conceptualize the hundreds of unique possibilities, all before the committee could decide on each one and flesh them out, doesn't come close to matching up with the provided names and required manhours. The only architect present who remotely comes across like a Disney Imagineer is Frederick Law Olmsted, and he was a landscape artist. Is it just me or is that guy standing under the shadow of the pillar texting

someone on his phone? Seems a little out of place, don't you think? Wouldn't surprise me though. Seriously, it would be difficult to surprise me of anything anymore. He looks preoccupied. Bored even. Perhaps the photo is purposeful, and he is simply posing as a model of humanity. For all I know, somebody has just explained to him that he's standing under the shadow of the Millennial Kingdom, but he'd rather show off the plate of pasta he had for lunch on social media.



Here we are even shown a worker applying finishing touches on the Machinery Building. *Unbelievable*. That's a work of art. Who is the artist, and can I have his autograph? Shame that nobody knows about him. It's a complex designed for the industrialization of machinery, mind you, as if that doesn't scream *repurposed* building. Those doorways should have been moved to the Louvre in Paris. And if they wouldn't have it, I'm in the market for Millennial doorways. I'd totally walk in and out through one of those.





And *then* we find structures like this. It's certainly very elegant from a frontier perspective, but American all the same. *Obviously* built. Not the creation of Burnham though. The Idaho Building was designed by **Kirkland Cutter**, and where have we heard that name before? The royal house of Hastings has been the topic of one of my past papers, and Kirkland Cutter is one of them. The Hastings family has long attributed their name to psyops and hoaxes, one of which includes **Lansford Hastings**. Not surprising, since their line goes all the way back to the first Earl of Huntington. Lansford Hastings, if you recall, made a name for himself giving crappy roadside directions to the **Donner Party**. **Dorothea Dix** and the **Lindbergh's** derive from the house of Hastings, among countless others, but so does **Reed Hastings**: co-founder and CEO of **Netflix**.

I could go on and on about the Hastings, but I won't. I simply wanted to point out that I found two architects in the Hastings family and wasn't disappointed. **Thomas Hastings** designed the *Tower of Jewels* and *Fountain of Energy* for the 1915 **Panama-Pacific International Exposition** in San Francisco. Far more impressive than Kirkland Cutter's work, but more on that some other time.



The Columbian Exposition *did* involve one female architect. **Sophia Hayden** was only **21** years of age when she designed that thing. It was her first project too: an 80,000 square-foot, two-story structure called the **Women's Building**. *Noice*. As a recent graduate from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Hayden apparently didn't mind that her grand design would be molded by wood and plaster and then destroyed two years later. The mere fact that Congress specifically funneled money into an all-woman's building run by women and aimed at *pushing* woman's rights onto the public consciousness reminds us once again that the suffragettes were not an organic movement *of the people*. They were of the Government. World Fair presenters included **Susan B. Anthony**, **Florence Kelley**, and **Julia Ward Howe**, and guess

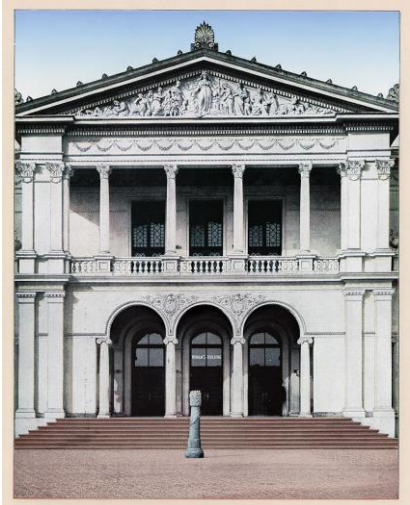
what? They're all *spooks*. There has never been a time in post mud flood society when Intel did not hack away and toy with the image of Yahuah

as represented by men and women. Being proud of their work should be obvious to my serial reader by now, but you never really know, as some people hold onto things.



This is what the inside of the Women's Building looked like. Its ceiling is glass. So many intricate and ornate designs for something so temporary. More like a repurposed building—if you ask me. But again, I'm not the one telling this story. The Freemasons are.

And here we see a colored reprint of the entrance to the Women's Building. The trim and molding *alone* is awe inspiring. Looks like a Renaissance graffitist showed up with his chisel again. *Unbelievable.*



Correction: Perhaps Florence Kelley was legitimate after all. Difficult to tell though. It happens all the time—even *now*. Good girls or boys ends up in the wrong crowd, surrounded by spooks, thinking their friends are legitimate. We'll give her a free pass. Sophia Hayden though—seems like a bit of a loose goose if I say so myself. The Woman's Building would be her *only* project. Hayden simply appeared and then disappeared from the world stage. *Gone*. Ended up marrying a starving artist or something. The Wikipedia describes her removal from the world stage as follows:

During construction, Hayden's design principles were compromised by incessant changes demanded by the construction committee, spearheaded by socialite **Bertha Palmer**, who eventually fired Hayden from the project.^{[2][12]} Hayden appeared at the Inaugural Celebration and had published accounts of support by her fellow architects.^[13]

Sophia Hayden was fired for meddling too much into her own building project. Well, I'll be. Never saw that coming. The woman who disposed of her was **Bertha Palmer**. She had married into money some two decades earlier to **Potter Palmer**, a Chicagoan **real estate tycoon**, and is therefore described to us as “an American businesswoman, socialite, and philanthropist.” Consider what's really happening here. Secret Societies are involved in *secretive* matters, as you well know. Bertha Palmer, the philanthropist dearest of Chicago, was one of them whereas Sophia Hayden was invited into the inner circle. I'm willing to bet she didn't make the cut. Either Sophia Hayden wasn't yet initiated, or she hadn't been initiated for long.

Elsewhere, The Wiki does add *this* little tidbit.

However, when Hayden wouldn't take Palmer's advice **to accept rich women's donations of architectural odds and ends to decorate the exterior**, fearing a horrible visual impact as a result, Palmer fired Hayden and hired the much more malleable Candace Wheeler to supervise the interior decoration.

Wasn't much for gifts from the wealthy, *hmmm?* Or perhaps the building itself had gotten to Hayden's head, seeing as how she was assigned the task of being its “designer” and all. At least she didn't come down with pneumonia.

Encyclopedia.com portrays Sophia Hayden's downfall in a slightly different light, and reads:

For the next two years, Hayden traveled back and forth to Chicago, preparing working drawings for the building. The demands of the project, which often included placating the demanding Board of Lady Managers, took their physical and mental toll on Hayden. Following the informal dedication of the Woman's Building in October 1892, she suffered a [nervous breakdown](#) and was unable to attend the fair which opened in May 1893.

Hayden never practiced architecture as she had planned. In 1894, she designed a Memorial Building for the Women's Clubs of America, but it was never constructed. She later married artist William Bennett, and her name slipped into obscurity. When she died in 1953, her obituary did not even note her accomplishment.

Sophia Hayden had a nervous breakdown. *Oh*, sure she did. I'm willing to bet the women's club spread that rumor. She was "unable to attend the fair" at its opening in 1893. You know, because of her... *firing*. Meanwhile, she was *still* capable of designing a Memorial Building for the Women's Clubs of America in 1894. That's just like the very ambitious Sophia Hayden that I know. Still charging ahead, hoping to get buildings erected for other women. It wasn't constructed though, and I think I know why. She had already been given the opportunity to play the game and make a name for herself, but *alas*, Sophia Hayden wasn't exactly the jump through the hoops type. That's not secret society material, if you ask me.



Better yet, ask Bertha flaunting. She can be seen flaunting her affluence and money and her latest princess dress in an 1893 painting, 'Mrs. Potter Palmer.'



The Wizard of ~~Menlo Park~~ Oz and the White Emerald City

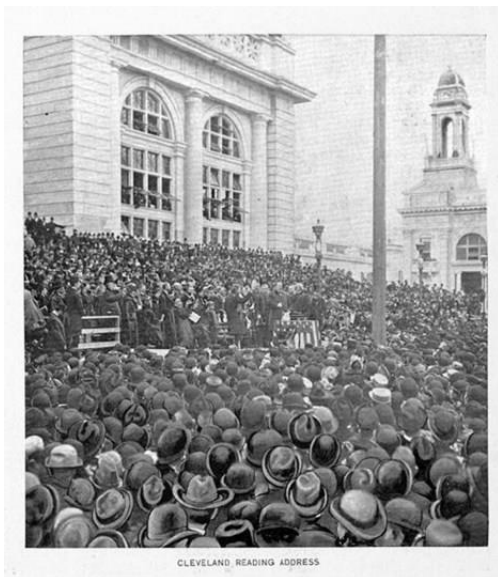
ON MAY 1, 1893, President **Grover Cleveland** gave the opening speech to an audience numbering nearly three quarters of a million people, and then, as a choir burst into the **Hallelujah chorus**, he pressed the button which lit the fair. *Ridiculous*. Using Handel to introduce electricity in a Millennial Kingdom city is about as Orwellian a tactic as they come. In one stunning moment, something like 100,000 incandescent lamps illuminated the future of humanity—and further enslaved them. That's doublespeak. Apparently, the button performed many other useful deeds, depending on what website you read. By some accounts, the 2,000-horsepower steam engine roared to life in Machinery Hall, while others insist flags were unfurled.



Standing in the crowd was theosophist and children's author **L. Frank Baum**, but we'll get to him in a moment, because there's the table, draped with a flag, and the button that started it all. Kind of looks like a ziggurat—don't it? You may not see how that connects with the city of lights, but I do. Perhaps we'll make those connections in a little while. Even more stunning than the primitive mashing button is the intricate design of the White City beyond the crowd. Even the skeptic should be given pause at such a sight, as not even Disney was capable of building something so grand. If only buildings could talk.

It may have occurred to you that Columbus sailed the ocean blue in 1492, according to our writers of history, and that his 400th anniversary indoctrination affair arrived one year too late. I was curious about the reasons why too. Common sense might dictate that they were incapable of building an entire city and stocking its shelves in time. It's the excuse I *assumed* they were making at first, but after closer inspection, that's not what we're told. Dedication ceremonies were in fact held on October 21, 1892, which means the city had already been built. The public however would not be allowed in until the following summer. Say what...? If these buildings were in fact thrown together with temporary material (staff is

it?), decay would have been imminent. Particularly on the outer edges. You'd think time would be of the essence. Get the people in there and sell tickets. Make a buck or two. *Move! Move!* Why was the fair delayed for seven entire months then? We are told because of the **1892 presidential election**. That's why. *Sure*, let's go with that. Because everybody's vote matters, as you know. I'm sure even the weather respected that decision.



Managing a closer look at the buildings directly behind President Cleveland, I'm still trying to figure out how exactly any of those buildings are temporary. I'm seeing solid brick and a ledge, and those windows don't come cheap. That may be a stage but it's most definitely *not* a movie set. I don't want to push our conversation into racist territory, but knowing how slow white people dig ditches, and seeing as how no Mexicans were present, I'm going with the timeline which suggests it took Irish immigrants the bulk of those two years simply attempting to figure out how to hotwire the city and make Cleveland's neat little mashing button work. Of course, if that didn't work, having an employee flip a switch in each individual building, and on cue, would most certainly do the trick.



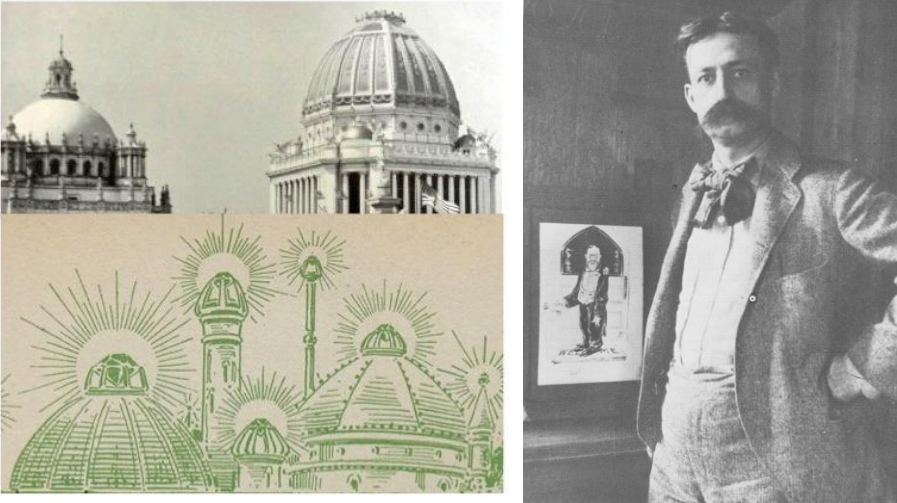
Don't ask me why, but L. Frank Baum had a thing for his hand on the chin. So many poses to choose from. Perhaps a hand tucked into his sleeve would have been a little too obvious, and he was going out of his way to promote no funny business. Kind of like that regurgitated story about how he kept shopping the *Oz* book around and nobody in the publishing world would print it. Though I do admit to having purchased my very own copy, I don't buy the narrative they're selling. Especially since your ordinary everyday genealogical search will show that Baum was a royal and related to all the others. There were spooks in Cleveland's crowd, and Baum was one of them.

Rumor has it that L. Frank Baum was so inspired by the Chicago World Fair that he based his emerald city upon it. Kind of makes you wonder. Better yet, let's dispense with the rumors, because the boys down at PBS have already connected the dots and told us that's exactly what happened. Here's a quote from 'American Experience.'

While Baum was **still on the *Evening Post* staff**, however, the paper ran a tantalizing story about a wizard: **Thomas Edison, the "Wizard of Menlo Park,"** known for the astounding creations emerging from his research lab, which was originally located in Menlo Park, New Jersey.

There you have it. Baum was a Newspaper man. Plant a red flag on that one. Just so we're clear, *The Evening Post* was a native publication of Chicago. Baum had secured a job with the paper in January of that year, 1891. He had moved his family there from the Dakota territories, and

some have claimed it was in anticipation of the Exposition. The boys down at PBS would have us think the paper simply fell upon his desk and that the article inspired him. That's *neat* and all, but the Media was pushing out a script. A media which Baum was a part of, and in turn, the children's author would play his part in advancing the narrative.



The person who would collaborate with Baum in a few short years just so happened to be another newspaper man. **W.W. Denslow** left his post in San Francisco to document the Chicago World Fair for local newspapers, visiting it frequently. By the way, the W.W. in his name is for William Wallace, the prize fighter from the Highlands. **William Wallace Denslow**. Gee, I wonder if they're related. Fun fact. The royalties received from the print and stage versions of *Oz* abled Denslow to purchase an island in Bermuda, where he promptly crowned himself King Denslow I. *Good times.*

Tell me though that the Emerald City doesn't resemble the White City of Chicago. You can't. Because they're nearly identical. You will tell me that they're not the same because the World Fair was only painted white, whereas the Emerald City was made of emeralds or whatever. *Ab-ba* then! That is where you are wrong. The *Emerald* title was just as much of a deception as the *White* in the City near Chicago. Baum was *in the know* on a great many things, as was Denslow. And as the keeper of secrets, we are dispensed with a titillating truth in chapter 15 of their book.

Follow along.

“Just to amuse myself, and keep the good people busy, I ordered them to build this City, and my Palace; and they did it all willingly and well. Then I thought, as the country was so green and beautiful, I would call it the Emerald City; and to make the name fit better I put green spectacles on all the people, so that everything they saw was green.”



“But isn’t everything here green?” asked Dorothy.

“No more than in any other city,” replied Oz; “but when you wear green spectacles, why of course everything you see looks green to you. The Emerald City was built a great many years ago, for I was a young man when the balloon brought me here, and I am a very old man now. But my people have worn green glasses on their eyes so long that most of them think it really is an Emerald City, and it certainly is a beautiful place, abounding in jewels and precious metals, and every good thing that is needed to make one happy. I have been good to the people, and they like me; but ever since this Palace was built, I have shut myself up and would not see any of them.”

The Wonderful Wizard of Oz (Chapter 15: The Discovery of Oz, the Terrible)

Well, that settles it then. Straight from the gravitating Big Head’s mouth. The Emerald City was never actually green to begin with. The Wizard simply convinced everyone to wear green spectacles, you see. It was all an illusion. Men and Munchkin alike were happy to be fooled, as usual. Best to not pull back too many curtains, and while we’re at it, keep wearing those spectacles, or else the entire operation might be foiled.

If you're slow at metaphors, then I'll try my best to spell this out for you. The emerald glasses were instruments of deception and are comparable to the globs of paint which hid the White City from its true self. Notice what else the Wizard says. "The Emerald City was built a great many years ago." Indeed, it was. *A great many*. Someone will say I am reading whatever I want into the text, as it is the Wizard who had the city built in his youth, soon after arriving. *Perhaps so*. Hard to imagine that a lad in a balloon would have the affluence and resources necessary to incite the construction of an entire city. I'm more inclined to conclude, knowing what we do, that the Wizard discovered a very old, abandoned city and decided to rule from it. Kind of like King Denslow I. But either way, it is the parlor trick which scrubbed the cities His-story, and in *true* Orwellian fashion. The Wizard lied to everyone.

Continuing.

"I think you are a very bad man," said Dorothy.

"Oh, no, my dear; I'm really a very good man, but I'm a very bad Wizard, I must admit."

Cough. **Edison.** *Cough.* Sorry, I had something in my throat. Only a Freemason would think like that. Only a Freemason would admittedly play the part of a Wizard who pulls the wool over the eyes of everyone but then attempts to sell you on his moral compass.

Reading on.

"Can't you give me brains?" asked the Scarecrow.

"You don't need them. You are learning something every day. A baby has brains, but it doesn't know much. Experience is the only thing that brings knowledge, and the longer you are on earth the more experience you are sure to get."

Pause. Perhaps there is a lesson to be learned in all of this. And believe it or not, the Wizard is the one who is telling the truth. Indeed, we all have brains, and as such, we are learning something every day. I have learned

much since the time I was lied to as a baby, and so, I have been on the earth long enough to realize their entire narrative is a sham. We are being lied to about everything. Everybody has a brain. Unfortunately, not everybody *chooses* to use them.

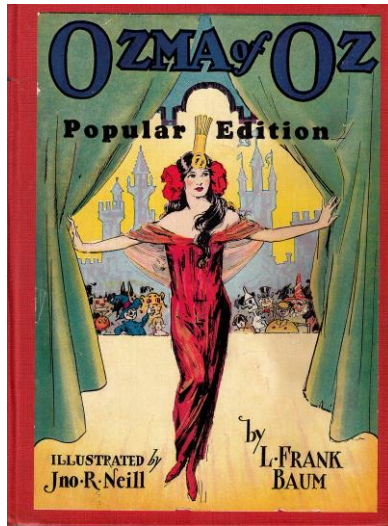
Continuing.

“That may all be true,” said the Scarecrow, “but I shall be very unhappy unless you give me brains.”

The false Wizard looked at him carefully.

I wish I could tell you the scarecrow learned his lesson, but he refused to admit he'd been lied to—even in the face of it. Just goes to show that, given the preference, people choose to be fooled. *Bummer.* The Emerald City wasn't going to be exposed any time soon. All the rest of us can do is let everyone think we're crazy and due to die of blindness at any given minute for refusing to live in fear or wear the corrective lenses they're handing out.





The King of Oz and the Emerald City

THE BAUM books are silly, childlike slices of Americana frosting. Sugar isn't poison, per se, but it is the appetite of trash can bears and too much of it can kill you. Don't let that analysis dissuade you though when searching for clues. Clearly, Baum pleased the gods. And so, I'm willing to bet they're a treasure trove of information. I decided to dip my feet back into Oz again and wasn't disappointed. Upon further reading, I came to learn that **the Wizard did not build the Emerald City**. Somebody *else* did.

In *The Marvelous Land of Oz* (1904) [edit]

In *The Marvelous Land of Oz* (1904), the characters are required to wear the glasses at first, but, contrast to the preceding *Wonderful Wizard of Oz* (1900), halfway through the book, no more eyeglasses appear and no more mention is made of the brilliance, but the city is still described as green.^[R] This is continued throughout the series.

Although at one point the character Tip describes the city as being built by the Wizard, the Scarecrow later explains that the Wizard had usurped the crown of Pastoria, the former king of the city, and from the Wizard the crown had passed to him. The book quickly concerns itself with finding the rightful heir to the crown of the city.^[R] Princess Ozma remained the king's heir, though both she and the original king were transformed to the ruler of all Oz.^[R]

The reveal comes to us by way of 'The Marvelous Land of Oz', the *first* sequel in the series. In it, a boy named Tip describes the city as being built by the Wizard. The Scarecrow later corrects his error when explaining

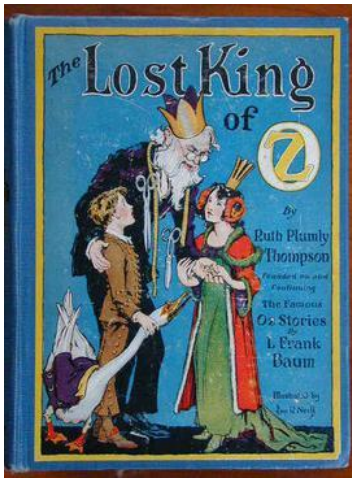
how the city and its crown were in actuality usurped by the Wizard. It's true ruler was a king named **Pastoria**. Well, isn't that interesting?

<https://www.definitions.net/definition/Pastoria> ;

What does Pastoria mean? - Definitions.net

a white Southerner who supported Reconstruction policies after the American Civil War (usually for self-interest). A. substrate. B. exponent.

My reconaissance mission on the Intel-net was somewhat of a tease. Apparently, the term Pastoria refers to a white Southerner who supported Reconstruction policies after the American Civil War. This is a reference to the destruction of Southern cities during Sherman's Total War, and it's all too easy. As you should be made well aware by this point, it was Millennial Kingdom cities being burned to the ground. Upon further digging, nothing else could be found on the connection. It's almost like the Intel-net wanted me to find it.



And anyways, pastor is a latin word which means **shepherd**. I shouldn't need to connect those dots for you. It was the Wizard who not only lied to everyone about his right to the throne, but *also* their need for emerald glasses. Halfway through the *second* book, everyone drops the glasses and recognizes that they'd been fooled on a number of fronts. Their shepherd had been replaced with a conman.

King Pastoria is a fictional character mentioned in the Oz books by American author L. Frank Baum.^[1] He was the rightful ruler and King of the undiscovered Land of Oz, but was mysteriously removed from his position when the Wizard of Oz unexpectedly came to the country and took the throne, proclaiming himself as the new dominant ruler of Oz. Shortly after, Pastoria's only child and heir, Princess Ozma, suddenly vanished, leaving not a single clue of her whereabouts.

Returning to Wikipedia's breadcrumb trail, we come to learn that the rightful ruler and King of Oz was mysteriously removed from his position when the Wizard unexpectedly arrived and snatched the crown, proclaiming himself as the new dominant ruler. What's more, the King had a daughter and an heir to the throne. **Princess Ozma**. The question

on everybody's mind was what had happened to her. Baum doesn't leave us hanging either. *Continuing.*

Eventually in the second Oz book *The Marvelous Land of Oz* (1904) (where Pastoria's past is first mentioned in detail), Glinda the Good finally finds Ozma, who was transformed by the evil witch Mombi into a boy, preventing anyone from recognizing her and thus allowing Mombi to ascend to the throne. Glinda forces Mombi to undo this curse and Ozma was established back in her place as the official child Queen of Oz.

It is Glinda the Good who finally discovers her whereabouts. Turns out, Ozma was living in Oz all along, and right under their very noses. If they failed to recognize her, it's because she did not even know her own identity. Ozma had been living under the spell of a witch. The magic was such that **her sex had been inverted to that of a boy** and Ozma really believed she was *androgynous* Tip. Again, I shouldn't need to connect these dots for you. The picture which is forming seems to paint Ozma as a mirrored image of the American people, brainwashed *via* the magic of psychodrama, and at the MK-Ultra level. A transgender doesn't even know what sex he or she truly is, which is all by design. Those who visited the Chicago World Fair hadn't the slightest clue that they were paying homage to the very kingdom which their descendants had once been an integral part of.

The name of the witch who altered Ozma's sexuality was **Mombi**. I *checked*. Her name is of German origin. 'Mombrecht' is composed of two elements, *Muniz* is defined as: mind, memory, feeling, emotion, love, and desire; whereas *Berbtaz* means: light, bright, clear, shining one. *Sure*, Mombi harkens to Grimm's fairytales in her physical description, but don't let that fool you. Her very name directs our attention to **Lucifer**, and the androgynous transformation of humanity just so happens be the Luciferian agenda.

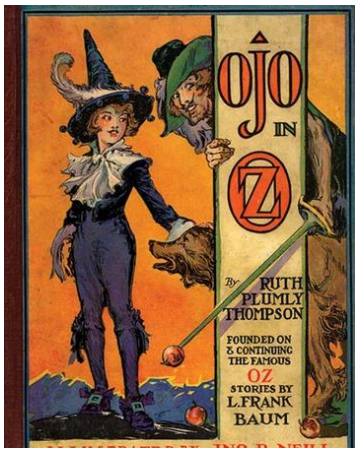


The Emerald City of Oz (1910), the sixth book in the Oz series, describes the city as having exactly 9654 buildings and 57,318 citizens.^[9]

Some other random tidbits concerning the Emerald City concern its number of buildings and citizens. 9,654 buildings and a precise population of 57,318. Not sure if that means anything, but it's worth putting out there. And then we read *this*.

•Prison – This is the only prison in the Land of Oz, and it is run by Tollydiggle. The prison is rarely occupied due to lack of crime. Accordingly, [Ojo is the only notable prisoner here.](#)

The Emerald City has a prison. Apparently the prison is rarely occupied though, due to a lack of crime in Oz. That's only a little awkward, considering how witches rule the land from all four cardinal directions and an elogetimate Wizard had usurped the city. You'd think ruling a



people by way of lies and magic would be a crime in most countries, but no. Transforming a little girl into a boy is just another glitch in the Matrix, I'm sure.

The only recorded prisoner in the city was somebody named **Ojo**. Originally, he went by the name Ojo the Unlucky due to several factors, such as his Friday the 13th birthdate and being lefthanded. It was the Tinman who changed his name to Ojo the Lucky. I *checked*. That's a Spanish word meaning 'Eye'. And as I keep saying, I shouldn't

have to be the one to connect those dots for you.



Chicago: The *First* Amusement Park

IN AS little as six months, the Columbian Exposition introduced Americans to moving sidewalks, phosphorescent lamps, Cracker Jack, Juicy Fruit gum, Quaker Oats, Cream of Wheat, shredded Wheat, the hamburger, a suggestive belly-dance known as the *hootchy-kootchy*, and the Ferris wheel. I'm still kicking myself for having been born a century too late and therefore missing out on this one, but visitors were finally able to meet Aunt Jemima in person.

There is so much ground to cover, and I am pained coming to terms with the fact that I shan't be capable of gleaning the entire harvest. Not in the second incarnation of this article—at least. **Frederick Douglas'** part in Chilaga was on my stack of talking points, but *alas*, I've run out of time. In short though, racial division has long been a favorite tactic of Intel, and Douglas was their man. **Helen Keller** and **Buffalo Bill Cody** are two others in that stack. What happened is, I started taking notes on each of them and began to find that they deserved spin-off articles of their own. Lastly, and this really stabs my heart, we shan't be discussing **Thomas Edison** or **Nikola Tesla** in any capacity. That will shock most of you,

seeing as how free energy was a Millennial Kingdom pastime, and the Chicago World Fair initiated everyone into an inverted reality. This all comes down to how I budgeted my time. You shall have to wait for the *third* incarnation of this article. In short though, they were both spooks.

The World's Columbian Exposition was the first world's fair with an [area for amusements](#) that was strictly separated from the exhibition halls. This area, developed by a young music promoter, [Sol Bloom](#), concentrated on [Midway Plaisance](#) and introduced the term "midway" to American English to describe the area of a carnival or fair where [sideshows](#) are located.^[23]

It included carnival rides, among them the original [Ferris Wheel](#), built by [George Washington Gale Ferris Jr.](#)^[2] This wheel was 264 feet (80 m) high and had 36 cars, each of which could accommodate 40 people.^{[2][24]} The importance of the Columbian Exposition is highlighted by the use of *rueda de Chicago* ("Chicago wheel") in many Latin American countries such as Costa Rica and Chile in reference to the [Ferris wheel](#).^[25] One attendee, [George C. Tilyou](#), later credited the sights he saw on the Chicago midway for inspiring him to create America's first major amusement park, [Steepchase Park](#) in [Coney Island](#), New York.

The fair included life-size reproductions of Christopher Columbus' three ships, the *Niña* (real name *Santa Clara*), the *Pinta*, and the *Santa María*. These were intended to celebrate the 400th anniversary of Columbus' discovery of the Americas. The ships, a joint project of the governments of Spain and the United States, were constructed in Spain and then sailed to America for the exposition. The ships were a very popular exhibit.^{[26][27]}



Among Chicago's many *firsts* was a land solely devoted to rides and other attractions. We are told the "amusement area" was developed by somebody named [Sol Bloom](#) and that he was a young music promoter. Sounds legit. The Wikipedia was kind enough to leave us a link—just in case anybody wanted to discover more about the smalltime promoter with the opportunity of a lifetime. I took the bait, and *this* is what I learned.

[Sol Bloom](#) (March 9, 1870 – March 7, 1949) was a song-writer [and American politician](#) from [New York](#) who began his career as an entertainment impresario and [sheet music](#) publisher in Chicago. He served fourteen terms in the [United States House of Representatives](#) from the West Side of Manhattan, from 1923 until his death in 1949.



His Wiki bio evolves from songwriter to [American politician](#) in a single sentence. As if that's not suspicious. We then learn, *same* sentence, that he started his career in Chicago before moving onto New York. Moving on up, I guess. The *second* sentence is a doozy. He served [14 terms in the United States House of Representatives](#) from the West Side of Manhattan, from 1923 until his death in 1949. If you thought that was bad, wait until they lead us into the *third* sentence.

Bloom was the chairman of the [House Foreign Affairs Committee](#) from 1939 to 1947 and again in 1949, during a critical period of American foreign policy. In the run-up to World War II, he took charge of high-priority foreign-policy legislation for the [Roosevelt Administration](#), including authorization for [Lend Lease](#) in 1940. He oversaw Congressional approval of the United Nations and of the [United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration \(UNRRA\)](#) which worked to assist millions of displaced people in Europe. [He was a member of the American delegation at the creation of the United Nations in San Francisco in 1945](#) and at the Rio Conference of 1947.

In the *final* years leading up to The War, Bloom entered the foreign-policy game, becoming [the chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee](#) for the Roosevelt Administration between 1939 and 1947. This all culminated in becoming a member of [the American delegation of the creation of the United Nations](#) in San Francisco in 1945. Man, this guys' a hot mess. It says he also oversaw Congressional approval of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA), [helping to assist millions of displaced people in Europe](#). Wait, displaced people in Europe? Are they talking about the Joos again? I'm pretty sure this is a Zionist thing. Perhaps we need to keep on reading, just to be certain. *Next* paragraph.

Bloom was especially concerned with the fate of European Jews but was unable to overcome very strong resistance to admitting Jews or any refugees before the war. He argued vigorously after the war that the United States needed to take in larger numbers of refugees. [He adopted the Zionist position that mandated Palestine should become the refuge for Jewish victims of the Holocaust](#). He urgently lobbied President Harry Truman in 1948 to immediately recognize the Jewish state of Israel, which Truman did. When the [Republicans](#) took control of the Foreign Affairs Committee after the 1946 election, Bloom worked closely with the new chairman, [Charles Eaton](#). They secured approval for the [Truman Doctrine](#) and the [Marshall Plan](#).^[2]

I knew it. Bloom was a [Zionist and perpetrator of the Holocaust hoax](#). I didn't want to speak too soon, but *there* it is. If anybody knew about the indoctrinating power of propaganda, it was the World's Fairs' "amusements" organizer. Never mind that though. We're all supposed to celebrate his organic origins as a young music promoter. It's so exciting, knowing his humble origins and all. I'm happy for him. He went from converting a recently abandoned Millennial Kingdom city (we'll call it Chilaga) into something which the sons of Qayin could be happy with, to

transforming the United Nations sponsored land of Israel, specifically the holocaust victims who were granted the keys of their newfound kingdom, into our public consciousness. I'm sensing a progression, but that's probably none of my business.

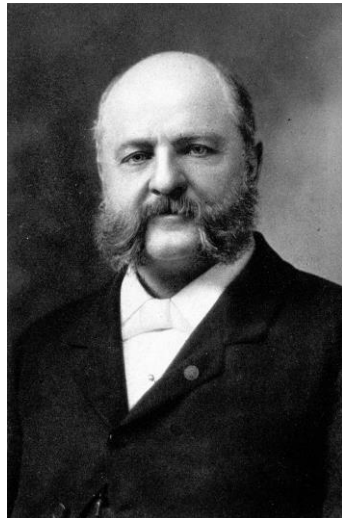
Little Egypt was the stage name for at least three popular belly dancers from the late 1800s through the early 1900s. They had so many imitators, the name became synonymous with belly dancers generally.

Fahreda Mazar Spyropoulos, (c. 1871 – April 5, 1937),^[1] also performing under the stage name **Fatima**, got her start at the **Bird Cage Theatre in Tombstone, Arizona**. In 1893 she appeared at the "Street in Cairo" exhibition on the Midway at the World's Columbian Exposition, held in Chicago. Legend has it that Mark Twain had a near fatal heart attack watching her go through her paces, but this story is unreliable.^[2]



You don't have to go far to find out Bloom's musical promotion skills either. America was first introduced to a belly dancer known as **Little Egypt** at the Chicago World Fair. *Well*, technically, **Fahreda Mazar Spyropoulos**, who also performed under the stage name **Fatima** (a name which means "abstain", meaning "chaste" or "motherly"—are you not entertained?), got her start at the **Bird Cage Theatre in Tombstone, Arizona**. Say it ain't so. Tombstone, Arizona. But not *just* Tombstone. The Bird Cage Theatre. Hangout of Freemason spooks and a literal propaganda center for the American west hoax. Bloom was her ~~handler~~ promoter, and that's *adorable*.

Anthony Comstock, the self-stylized "weeder in God's Garden" and Joseph McCarthy of his day, arrived at the World Fair in hopes of shutting her act down. But just like everything else in his career, **The United States Postal Inspector** only managed to make her more popular.



During his career, Comstock made numerous and diverse enemies, such as **Emma Goldman** and **Margaret Sanger**. In her autobiography, Goldman referred to Comstock as the leader of America's "moral eunuchs." In later years his health was affected by a severe blow to the head from an anonymous attacker. He lectured to college audiences and wrote newspaper articles to sustain his causes. Before his death, Comstock attracted the interest of a young law student, **J. Edgar Hoover**, who showed interest in his causes and methods.^[7]



Emma Goldman



Margaret Sanger

To give you a better understanding of the U.S. Postal Inspector's role at the Chicago World Fair, the self-stylized "weeder in God's Garden" and Joseph McCarthy of his day made public enemies with **Emma Goldman** and **Margaret Sanger**. I checked. The Wikipedia has Emma Goldman playing "a pivotal role in the development of anarchist political philosophy in North America and Europe in the first half of the 20th century." But also, she was a **Russian born Joo**.

Meanwhile, you all probably know about Margaret Sanger. Sanger not only popularized the term "birth control" (if you recall, an age old Qayin invention) but established the very organization that we know today as **Planned Parenthood**. Sanger was famously prosecuted for her book 'Family Limitation' under the **Comstock Act** in 1914, which brings us right back to Anthony Comstock again. That was Comstock's role. To give The Government a moral facelift. But only the illusion of choice. We've seen this time and again. His efforts may have given the impression that certain forces within The Government were fighting against an onslaught of corruptors, but only in such a way that Intel could mask their own operations. Anthony Comstock was one of them.



Farida Mazar Spyropoulos, a belly dancer who went by the stage name of *Fatima* got her start at the Bird Cage Theatre in Tombstone, Arizona in 1881. In the reopened saloon's lobby hangs a larger-than-life sized painting she donated entitled "Fatima". It bears six patched bullet holes; one can be seen above the belly-button and a knife gash in the canvas below the knee.

But getting back to Little Egypt again. It would behoove me to overlook the fact the year in which she is listed as having played the Bird Cage Theater, which was **1881**. Only then she was known by Spyropoulos or simply as Fatima. Why is that year important? Well, we are making connections, and **the gunfight at the O.K. Corral** happened in 1881. October 26, 1881, specifically. That means, whatever week or month Fatima bore her naval for rowdy company, boots were on the ground. Also, Spyropoulos was born in **1871**. No, the dates are not wrong. I was pressed to a doubletake on that too. 1871 means she would have only been **10 years old** when performing for the Earp's and the Clanton's, making her 22 or 23 in Chicago. Makes you wonder if she was granted one of those one-way tickets on the Orphan Train.

They spin it like Fatima graced The Birdcage with her presence and furthermore gifted them with a bare-breasted painting of her when in fact The Birdcage is more than likely letting us in on one of their pet projects by framing it on their wall. By 1892 she was married to somebody who is described to us as "a Chicago restaurateur and businessman who was a native of Greece," but knowing how Representative Bloom

managed to get his paws upon her, Fatima was in fact surrounded by pimps and handlers her entire life. Also, the painting “bears six patched bullet holes. One can be seen above the belly-button,” and for an added touch, “a knife gash in the canvas below the knee.” Sounds like fun times.

It is at the World Fair where Fatima is accredited as having premiered belly dancing for American audiences. Only *then* it was known as the “Hoochee-Coochee,” whereas the melody that accompanied her dance would long be referred to as the Snake Charmer song. This—coming from a 10-year-old performer at The Birdcage Theater. The Wiki makes a specific point of noting how everybody’s favorite agent **Mark Twain** had a near fatal heart attacking while personally witnessing the *hoochee* in her *coochee*. Oh, is *that* what they used to call it? Of course, Wiki quickly adds how the story is unreliable. But that’s only after inviting another spook into the fold just to make her narrative more credible when in fact it’s all so contrived. The *official* narrative picks and chooses its connections. It’s all done so that westward expansionism might be passed off as completely organic when in fact all I see of the American experience are “community organizers” and a well-choreographed dance of lies.

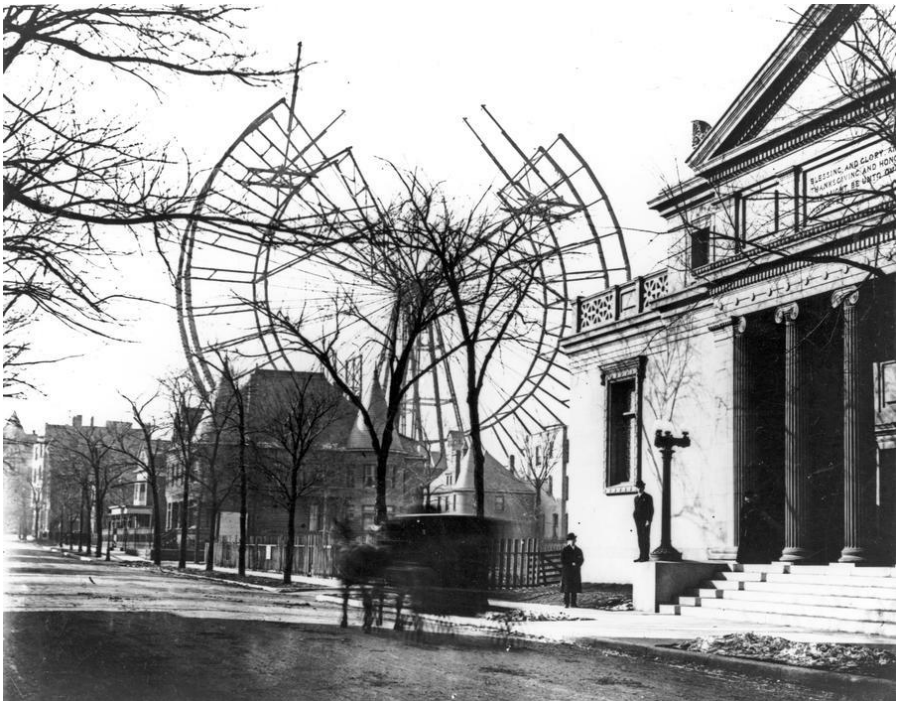


SPEAKING of amusements, Bloom’s wing of the park ended up reinventing the wheel. Only this time we’d come to know it as the Ferris Wheel. The main article has very little to say on **George Washington Gale Ferris Jr.** and his invention of the wheel, but they did leave a convenient link, by which I was able to ascertain the *following* information:



News of the World's Columbian Exposition to be held in 1893, in Chicago, Illinois, drew Ferris to the city. In 1891, the directors of the World's Columbian Exposition issued a challenge to American engineers to conceive of a monument for the fair that would surpass the Eiffel Tower, the great structure of the Paris International Exposition of 1889.^[9] The planners wanted something "original, daring and unique." Ferris responded with a proposed wheel from which visitors would be able to view the entire exhibition, a wheel that would "Out-Effel Eiffel."^[10] The planners feared his design for a rotating wheel towering over the grounds could not possibly be safe.^[citation needed]

In 1891, the directors of the World's Columbian Expo issued a challenge to American engineers to conceive a monument for the fair which might surpass the Eifel Tower, the structure which came about with the 1889 Paris International Exposition. That connection alone should advise us that these world fairs were organized internationally, and with intention. *Sure*, there was arm wrestling involved—from a capitalist perspective. Probably no more flamboyantly than what might go down at any apron or noose wearing Masonic festival. Anyhow, Ferris put his design forward and the planners rejected it, fearing that a rotating wheel towering over the grounds could not possibly be safe. *Continuing.*



Ferris persisted. He returned in a few weeks with several respectable endorsements from established engineers, and the committee agreed to allow construction to begin. Most convincingly, he had recruited several local investors to cover the \$400,000 cost of construction. The planning commission of the Exposition hoped that admissions from the Ferris Wheel would pull the fair out of debt and eventually make it profitable.^[citation needed]

It says Ferris *persisted*. The reason being is, Ferris had recruited several investors to cover the \$400,000 price tag of construction, and money talks. The joke here is that planning commission hoped that admissions from the Ferris Wheel would pull the fair out of debt and eventually make it profitable because, *you know*, they had an entire city of wonder to build, and in as little as two years. Sounds expensive, for sure.

The Ferris Wheel had 36 cars, each fitted with 40 revolving chairs and able to accommodate up to 60 people, giving a total capacity of 2,160.^[11] When the fair opened, it carried some 38,000 passengers daily, taking 20 minutes to complete two revolutions, the first involving six stops to allow passengers to exit and enter and the second a nine-minute non-stop rotation, for which the ticket holder paid 50 cents. It carried 2.5 million passengers before it was finally demolished in 1906.^[12]

The original 1893 Chicago Ferris Wheel

Wow, what a Ferris Wheel! 36 cars, each fitted with 40 revolving chairs and capable of accommodating up to 60 people. Indoor seating too. That's a total capacity of 2,160 people at a time. Have you ever ridden one so grand? *I haven't*. They've got one in London now that up the ante. Not bad though for a first go at it, wouldn't you say? *Continuing*.

After the fair closed, Ferris claimed that the exhibition management had robbed him and his investors of their portion of the nearly \$750,000 profit that his wheel brought in. He spent the next two years in litigation.^[13]

After the fair's closure, the management robbed Ferris and his investors of \$750,000? That's what Ferris claimed, at any rate. We have already read how Ferris' wheel carried some 38,000 passengers per day, each ride completing two revolutions and lasting 20 minutes. How much money would something like that pull in? We're told it cost 50 cents per ride. That's **\$19,000** per day. Not too shabby, even for today's prices. The Ferris wheel would have brought in millions of dollars. Regardless, Ferris spent the following two years in litigation, demanding his fair share, but I'm willing to be that's all a part of the script. The entire narrative would have been passed off in the Media as corporate greed when in fact everybody had to play their part in the psychodrama.



and Chile in reference to the [Ferris wheel](#).^[25] One attendee, [George C. Tilyou](#), later credited the sights he saw on the Chicago midway for inspiring him to create America's first major amusement park, [Steeplechase Park](#) in [Coney Island](#), New York.

WHO *else* was inspired by the sites and wonders of *ancient* Chilaga but **George C. Tilyou**? We read right *here* that Tilyou was so inspired by the sites he saw on the midway that he dreamt up America's first major amusement park, Steeplechase Park in Coney Island. Once again, I was given very little to work with. Just one solitary sentence. But that's not to say The Wiki didn't hand me off to another link or two, should I be willing—which I most certainly was.

Tilyou married Mary O'Donnell in 1893. and they went to visit the [World's Columbian Exposition](#) in [Chicago](#) for their [honeymoon](#).^[4] Tilyou wanted to buy the fair's 250-foot-diameter (76 m) [Ferris wheel](#), which contained 36 cars that could each fit 60 passengers. However, [that attraction had already been sold](#), so he built a half-size version on Coney Island at Surf Avenue.^{[6][9][11][3]:69}

Tilyou's Ferris wheel, erroneously dubbed the "World's Largest Ferris Wheel", contained 12 cars each with a capacity of 18 passengers.^{[6][11]} The attraction became one of the most popular on Coney Island, and Tilyou began adding other rides and attractions, which at first operated separately.^{[9][12]}

Chilaga was Tilyou's honeymoon destination. In and of itself, that's not the strange part. Of the 27 million people who visited the fair, you figure one or two of those couples would arrive on their honeymoon. Wanting to buy a Ferris Wheel on one however is only a *little* strange. I mean, rather than a second or third roundtrip ticket, what better way to express your love for your bride than buying her the entire thing? It would make the perfect addition for the backyard.

What really nabbed my attention though, having learned that Ferris and his investors spent the following two years arguing for their fair cut of admission, is the fact that his offer to purchase the wheel only fell flat because it had already been sold. A scrounging mission in *The Matrix* did not reveal who purchased it. I did however recover the *following* information.



The Ferris Wheel at the 1904 St. Louis World Fair

The Wheel was disassembled and moved to North Clark Street, where it operated from 1895 to 1903. The Wheel was then sold a second time. Again it was dismantled and then rebuilt in St. Louis, Missouri, just in time for the **1904 World's Fair**. Afterwards, the Wheel was demolished using 200 pounds of dynamite. Its remanants were sold for scrap metal. *Why?* Seems to me like dismantling the Wheel rather than blowing it to *kingdom come* would be far more profitable. Furthermore, the company who purchased it at auction, and for a price tag of \$8,150, was the **Chicago Wrecking Company**. Just so

we're clear, the company which *purchased* the Wheel which Ferris built and then had it demolished was the exact same company which was founded for the demolition of the Chicago World Fair.





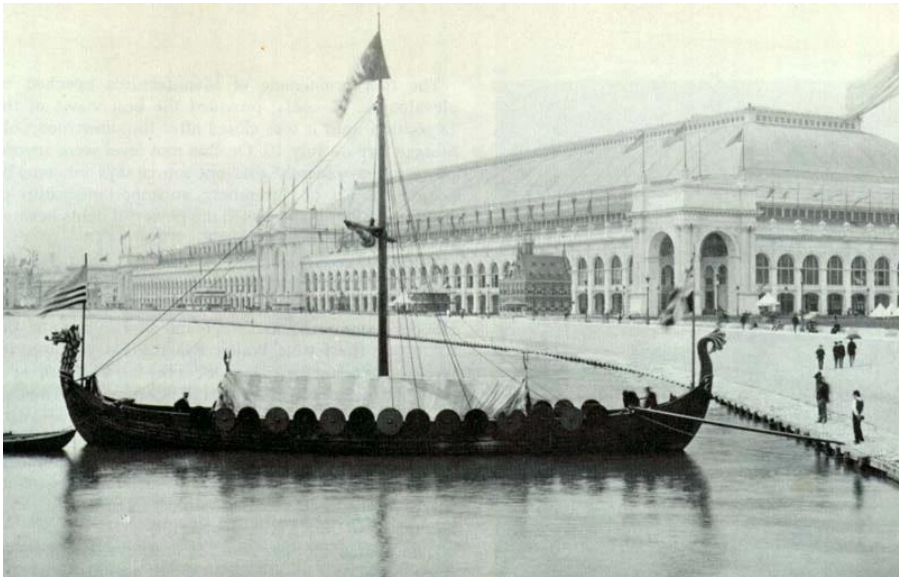
The Nina, Pinta, *and* Santa Maria

The fair included life-size reproductions of Christopher Columbus' three ships, the *Niña* (real name *Santa Clara*), the *Pinta*, and the *Santa María*. These were intended to celebrate the 400th anniversary of Columbus' discovery of the Americas. The ships, a joint project of the governments of Spain and the United States, were constructed in Spain and then sailed to America for the exposition. The ships were a very popular exhibit.^{[26][27]}

LEST WE forget, the *stated* purpose of the Chicago Fair was to celebrate 400 years since the discovery of America. What better way to drill that nonsense into people's heads than by personally sending out invites to the Nina, Pinta, and Santa Maria? So glad they set aside their busy schedule and showed. Indoctrination is *neat*—don't you think? It says the Nina, Pinta, and Santa Maria were "very popular attractions." The boys down at the *local Intel department* Carnival Committee are very proud of that point. The entire operation was a wild success.

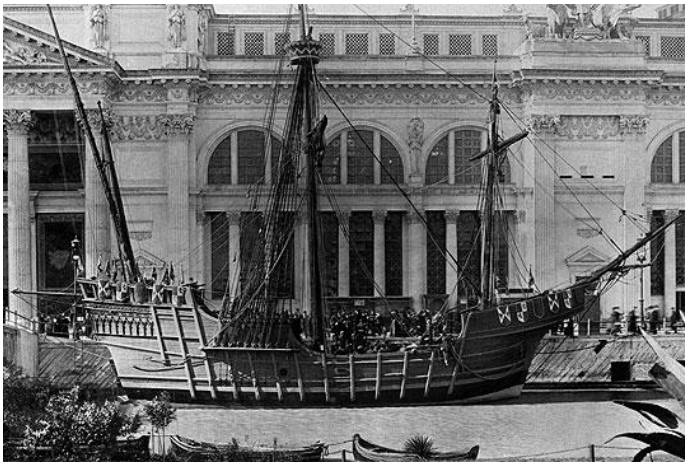
I was able to track down a picture of the Nina and the Pinta sitting at port. Somebody must have been sailing around the lake with the Santa Maria when the photographer brought his camera out. Appropriate though, since even the *official* narrative has the Santa Maria sinking on Christmas

Eve. The contrast between the pint-size of those ships and the reportedly *faked* buildings are indeed stunning, are they not? We are told the three original ships which Columbus sailed upon measured in at the whereabouts of 56 ft. each and housed 86 to 89 men. *Ridiculous*. I guess it's a slightly better story than that aluminum bucket they shot up to the moon. Still more believable than the September 11 narrative though. Was the popularity of the attraction based upon men's uncanny ability to gawk in perplexity at their own cognitive dissonance? *Seems so*.



I continued searching for photos of the Santa Maria and only managed to find evidence of a Viking ship complete with two United States flags. Probably not the Santa Maria, but you can never be too certain. Perhaps Intel wasn't ready to commit to the **Leif Erikson** narrative quite yet. Really though, if I had to choose a ship to discover America with, I'd probably go with this one. Call me old fashioned, but a Viking ship is definitely *more* my speed. After the boredom of the wind on a sail sets in, nothing says *exercise* quite like a good row across the Atlantic. And really, what could be a better combination of relaxation *meets* adrenaline junkie when we picture ourselves taking in a little sun on our chests while splashing on dabs of war paint rather than sunblock? I'm game if you are.

Perhaps by some freak accident, like in lore of old, we'll leave globe earth behind us and discover the undying lands. You never really know.



Another web search claims this one is the Santa Maria. Hard to tell though. There's really no way of knowing.




Never mind. There they are. All three of them. The Nina, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria, making the voyage across four centuries to the "newly constructed" World's Fair. Call me a

skeptic, but I'm pretty sure they're all three in on it. Mums the word though. Gotta keep the psyop afloat. And nobody would know better than these ladies. Loose lips sink ships.




H.H. Holmes: The Genealogy of America's First Serial Killing *Hoax*

IN RECENT years there's been a series of strange headlines detailing **Meghan Markle's** distant relations to **H.H. Holmes**, America's first serial killer. They're cousins—*sure*. But *why* make a deal over Meghan Markle? I mean, if we're going to talk about distant cousins, then the Media is being rather selective, don't you think? Meghan Markle *is* related Holmes, but she's also related to everybody, as spooks go. Then again, so is H.H. Holmes. They're *both* royals with hundreds of kissing cousins to prove it. We'll get to a few specifics of his pedigree in a moment, but *first* we need to deal with the elephant in the room. H.H. Holmes was not America's *first* serial killer. No, I am not saying there was a serial killer who existed before him. Rather, he wasn't even a serial killer. He was only tried and convicted of one confirmed kill, and that was his business partner, **Benjamin Pitezel**.


HH HOLMES
AN ARCH-FIEND'S RECORD

H.H. HOLMES IS KNOWN AS AMERICA'S FIRST SERIAL KILLER, BUT WHAT MADE HIM TICK? **GREED!** THE MURDERS HE COMMITTED WERE NOT CRIMES OF PASSION, NAY, THEY WERE CRIMES OF FINANCIAL GAIN, AS MANY WERE PART OF LIFE INSURANCE SCHEMES AND THE SELLING OF BODY PARTS!

HISTORY & STATS:

<p>NAME: HERMAN WEBSTER MUGGET</p> <p>BORN: MAY 16, 1861</p> <p>DIED: MAY 7, 1896</p>	 <p>In his 34 years, he confessed to 27 murders, 9 confirmed, but many think he could have killed up to 250 people.</p> <p>As a child, after discovering his fear of the local doctor, schoolmates forced him to view and touch a human skeleton. The bullies initially brought him there to terrify him, but instead he became fascinated, thus starting his obsession with death.</p>
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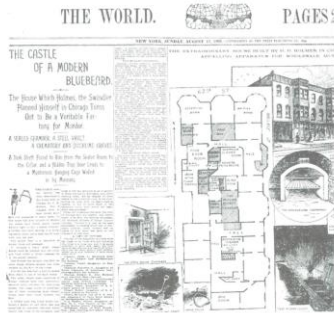
Mind you, *one* confirmed kill isn't exactly how the Media framed it in 1896. Be sure to plant your very first Buzz Aldrin moon flag into the May 7 headline of *The Chicago Evening Star*, because ~~the boys down at the Lab~~ newspaper reporters had already dubbed Holmes, "**America's first serial killer.**" Apparently, serial killing was expected to become a thing, as if that's not suspicious.

The Evening Star goes so far as to claim that **Holmes confessed to 27 murders**, with **9** of those **confirmed**, but that **250** corpses were likely **involved**. *Sure*, let's go with that. If my understanding of the prosecution process is even remotely correct, then *9 confirmed* murders, of the 27 which he confessed to, would strictly imply in every sense of the word that those 9 murders were in fact confirmed and not speculated. He would have therefore been tried for them and possibly convicted, but he wasn't. He was only tried and hanged for the murder of one man—his business partner. There weren't 250 bodies. There weren't even 9 bodies to the 27 which he confessed to. There were in fact no other bodies. The serial killer part is a painfully obvious hoax. This leads us to our *next* likely conclusion, which is that even the murder of his business partner was faked in order to sell newspapers.

Holmes arrived in Chicago in August 1886, which is when he began using the name *H. H. Holmes*.^[20] He came across Elizabeth S. Holton's drugstore at the northwest corner of South Wallace Avenue and West 63rd Street in Englewood.^[21] Holton gave Holmes a job, and he proved to be a hardworking employee, eventually buying the store. Although several books portray Holton's husband as an old man who quickly vanished along with his wife, Dr. Holton was a fellow Michigan alumnus, only a few years older than Holmes, and both Holtons remained in Englewood throughout Holmes' life and survived well into the 20th century; it is a myth that they were killed by Holmes.^[4] Likewise, Holmes did not kill alleged "Castle" victim Miss Kate Durkee, **who turned out to be very much alive.**^[22]

Even modern investigators into the Holmes serial killings are pressed to admit that people who were reported murdered were in fact later found to be alive and well and living in the same neighborhood well into the 20th century. Either Dr. Holton and his wife were newspaper illiterates or they never thought it worth their time to report to the Media and the police and most importantly of all the American consciousness that they were in fact counted among the living. There is of course a *third* option. Dr. Holton and his wife were in on it. We know this happens today all the time. As with the case of Miss Kate Durkee, victims of psychodramatic episodes go about their daily lives, hiding in plain site, and very few if anyone cares to recognize them.





You're probably already confused as to *who* H.H. Holmes is and how a bigger budgeted spin-off from the Jack the Ripper psyop plays a part in the 1893 Chicago Columbian Exposition. Well then, just imagine being one of the 27 million people who visited the World Fair and who then opened up their local newspaper afterwards to learn of a hotel room just 3 miles away away, and where something like 250 tourists were

coaxed in and brutalized. Depending upon which newspaper you read, you might find detailed sketches of Holmes surrounded by his murder victims, women and children of course, *or* the trunk which he used to murder the Pitezel sisters with. Perhaps another contains blueprints to his "Murder Castle," as it was known, where police claimed to find secret passageways and airtight rooms that were connected to pipelines filled with gas, which Holmes reportedly used as gas chambers. *Oh dear*. Intel was already taking the gas chamber story for a spin.

I'm willing to bet there were people reading this dribble in just about every small town in America who "knew somebody" who stayed there. Or in the very least knew someone who *knew* someone, so how dare you question it? Anyone of us could have been his next victim. That's how these psyops work. It's all psychodrama.

Victims were killed in a mixed-use building which he owned in Chicago, located about three miles (5 kilometers) west of the 1893 World's Fair: Columbian Exposition, supposedly called the World's Fair Hotel (informally called "The Murder Castle"), though evidence suggests the hotel portion was never truly open for business.^[4]

Besides being a serial killer, Holmes was also a *con artist* and a *trigamist*, the subject of more than 50 lawsuits in Chicago alone. Holmes was executed on May 7, 1896, nine days before his 35th birthday.^[5]

As always, the Wikipedia does its part to keep the psychodrama alive and well in our consciousness. They tell us it was "*supposedly* called the World's Fair Hotel," which is just another way of saying there never was such a place to begin with. Sometimes Intel thinks these things up later on in the creative process, just like any Hollywood movie needing recuts. Our

writers of history then mock us by calling him a **con artist**, because that is exactly what he was. Holmes conned everybody.

On May 7, 1896, Holmes was hanged at Moyamensing Prison, also known as the Philadelphia County Prison, for the murder of Pitezel.^{[2][43]} Until the moment of his death, Holmes remained calm and amiable, showing very few signs of fear, anxiety, or depression.^[44] Despite this, he asked for his coffin to be contained in cement and buried 10 feet deep, because he was concerned grave robbers would steal his body and use it for dissection.^{[2][9]} Holmes' neck did not break; he instead strangled to death slowly, twitching for over 15 minutes before being pronounced dead 20 minutes after the trap had been sprung.^{[43][45]}

Upon his execution, Holmes's body was interred in an unmarked grave at Holy Cross Cemetery, a Catholic cemetery in the Philadelphia Western suburb of Yeadon, Pennsylvania.

You see? Con artist. Holmes requested for his coffin to be buried 10 feet down in cement “because he was concerned grave robbers would steal his body and use it for dissection.” How awful of them. That somebody would want to steal his body and dissect it. Just to see if it were really him. And once again not suspicious at all. Whether or not his ~~empty coffin~~ body was buried 10 feet under in cement ~~with a fake skeleton in it~~ isn't important. Our writers of history simply want you to know that he suggested it, thereby insinuating that his real body will never be found.

In fact, one line down it says exactly that. “Holmes was interred in an unmarked grave at the Holy Cross Cemetery.” Therefore, even if you did exhume a body in an unmarked grave and it wasn't him, then that just goes to show that he was buried in another unmarked grave which you'll never find. Keep reading a little further and we stumble upon yet *another* lovely gem.

The castle itself was mysteriously gutted by fire in August 1895. According to a newspaper clipping from *The New York Times*, two men were seen entering the back of the building between 8 and 9 p.m. About half an hour later, they were seen exiting the building and rapidly running away. Following several explosions, the castle went up in flames. Afterwards, investigators found a half-empty gas can underneath the back steps of the building. The building survived the fire and remained in use until it was torn down in 1938. The site is occupied by the Englewood branch of the [United States Postal Service](#).^[48]

Why am I not surprised to learn that the ~~movie set~~ Murder Hotel burned down to the ground before anybody who wasn't a Freemason, Jesuit, actor, spook, or newspaper man was afforded his own private tour? Also, I'm shocked to learn that no witnesses in the arsonry were ever found. *Shocked*—I tell you. And not just one explosion but several of them. Must have been all those gas chambers. In other accounts, we are told about an “aspiring entrepreneur” who purchased the building after Holmes was hanged for murder, intending to make it into a bludgouning tourist attraction. Some dreams never come true. *Bummer*.



AND NOW, for the moment you've all be waiting for. Megen Markle. Often these things take time. Holmes and Markle are 4th cousins 4 times removed *via* John Mudgett. That's what newspaper writers keep making a big deal about, but why stop there? Holmes is a cousin with the **Pillsbury** family and the **Folger** family. **J.P. Morgan** and the **Milton Bradley's** as well as the **Rockefeller's**, somebody named **Bill Gates** and another named **Disney**. He's got signers of the U.S. Constitution and the Declaration of Independence in his family, as well as dozens of State Governors. **Princess Diana of Wales** is a 10th cousin 3 times removed *via* Thomas Thorne. They're all related.

I was able to track down **22 United States Presidents** in his family tree, and that's no small feat of inbreeding. First and foremost, he's related to **George Washington**. The Big Kahuna of Presidents. They're 15th cousin 5 times removed *via* Sir Robert de Ros. Other presidential cousins include but are certainly not limited to the *following* names. **John Adams. Thomas Jefferson. John Quincy Adams. William Henry Harrison. Zachary Taylor. James Madison. Chester Arthur. Rutherford B. Hayes. Benjamin Harrison. Franklin Pierce. Herbert Hoover. William Howard Taft. Theodore Roosevelt. Calvin Coolidge. Grover Cleveland. Franklin D. Roosevelt. Richard M. Nixon. Gerald Ford. Jimmy Carter. George H.W. Bush and George W. Bush.**

Holmes *true* claim to fame however can be directly linked through his 8th great-grandfather, **John Winthrop**. Recognize the name? He was Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. To top that off, he is directly descended from 6 **Magna Carta** sureties. **Robert Fitz Walter** is his 20th great-grandfather. **William d'Aubenev**, **Robert de Ros**, **Saher de Quincy**, and **Roger le Bigod** make up his 21st-great grandfathers. **Richard de Clare** comes in at a 24th.

Next comes the noted monarchs of history. **William the Conqueror**, King of England, 24th great-grandfather. **King Robert I**, King of France, 29th great-grandfather. **Alfred the Great**, King of the Anglo-Saxons, 31st great-grandfather. Charlemagne, King of the Franks, 34th great-grandfather, thereby grounding Holmes in the anti-Messiah bloodline.

I've seen far more royal spooks than Holmes. I mean, there's a reason why he ended up with the assignment that he did. He could have had 12 or more Magna Carta sureties for patriarchs and ended up becoming a New York Times bestseller or America's darling as an actor. Maybe even U.S. President—but *no*. He only descended from 6, which makes him royal and still spook material, but probably far too muddled as **blue blood** goes.



Here's a fun fact though. Because today I'm full of them. Hopefully, you haven't forgotten about **Daniel Burnham**. You know, the World's Columbian Expo Architect. They're 16th cousins 2 times removed *via* Sir John Howard.



The *Art* of Psychodrama

H.H. HOLMES wasn't the only murder *boax* of the 1893 season. Even the mayor of Chicago was assassinated. Never waste a good psyop, I guess. And lest we forget, the 1893 Columbian Exposition was burned to the ground. That's taking the grand finale at the fireworks show a bit too far—don't you think? Unfortunately, the writers of history don't let me do the thinking for them. I wish they would, but you know how it is. All I or any of us can do is point out how ridiculous their narrative is. It's not like they don't know what they're doing. There are very few accidents. I mean, they could have burned down the city without ever putting a fair

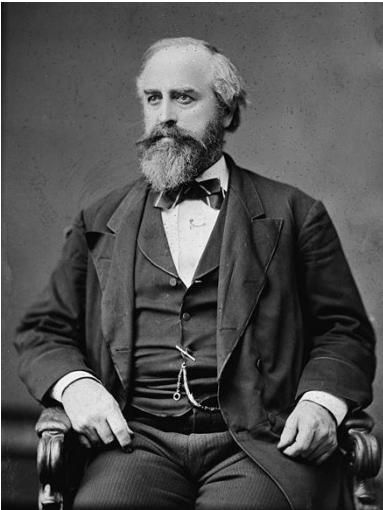
on, but where is the fun in that when you can draw 27 million people out from their homes to gaze in wonder at a Millennial Kingdom city and then lie to them?

I've chosen to call this chapter *psychodrama* for a reason. That's how they mold us and shape us into the image of the beast system, by thrusting us into the ring of a staged ceremony and then telling us to survive it. I've explained psychodrama far better in past writings. Let's just say the performance is faked but the magic is real, and indoctrination is a gripe. While it arouses our emotion, the performance *must* be faked. That much is intentional. What they're after is our consent to be fooled. Who are they—you ask? The actors, of course.

And *here's* one of them.

Assassination of mayor and end of fair [edit]

The fair ended with the city in shock, as popular mayor **Carter Harrison, Sr.** was assassinated by **Patrick Eugene Prendergast** two days before the fair's closing.^[21] Closing ceremonies were canceled in favor of a public memorial service.



The assassination of Chicago mayor **Carter Harrison, Sr.** only two days before the close of the fair resulted in the cancelation of closing ceremonies. If you insist this was a coincidence, then wait until we arrive at the 1901 Pan-American Exposition, because *ob boy*, they knew how to drive the stakes up in the sequel. Assassinations have long been a favorite Intel psyop and a perfect way to draw mass consciousness into the intended spell. Imagine the 27 million visitors who would have read about Carter Harrison in the News and then mourned for his passing. That's a good way of giving a

titty-twist to their cognition, so that the onslaught of indoctrination they were spoon-fed in the trough of the New World Order might better do its work.

On October 28, 1893, a few months into his fifth term and just two days before the close of the World's Columbian Exposition, Harrison was **murdered in his home** by Patrick Eugene Prendergast, a disgruntled office-seeker who had supported Harrison's re-election under the delusion that Harrison would reward him with an appointment to a post within his mayoral

You have to visit Carter Harrison's Wiki page to find out the murder happened in his home. I'm taking this to mean there were no witnesses, making a nice and clean getaway, and the undertaker was probably a Lodge Brother. I will be accused of making this crap up. Or in the very least, flinging enough of it against the wall to see what if any of it sticks. Well, all I can say to that is, I've seen enough of these assassination psyops to recognize a hoax when they come along. Lincoln. *Hoax*. McKinley. *Hoax*. Both Kennedy brothers. *Hoaxes*. Ford. *Hoax*. Lennon. *Hoax*. Reagan. *Hoax*. This one has all the same familiar markings. And wouldn't you know it, they're going with the disgruntled employee. *Ob joy*. No doubt a parody of all the people who were taken advantage of for capitalism and the future of humanity or took one for the team in the name of westward expansionism.

Harrison is interred in Graceland Cemetery. His tomb has an obelisk sticking straight up towards the glassy firmament. Kind of like a middle finger pointed heavenward. Biggest, fattest and most erect in the entire cemetery, likely. Can't miss it. It's almost like they're trying to tell us something. But as always, that's probably none of my business.



Prendergast was ultimately found guilty and sentenced to death for the assassination. He was executed by hanging on July 13, 1894, **the only client of famed attorney Clarence Darrow to ever receive the death penalty.**^{[2][3]}

Clarence Darrow? That's what the sign reads. The attorney for Patrick Eugene Prendergast was none other than Clarence Darrow. Not the first



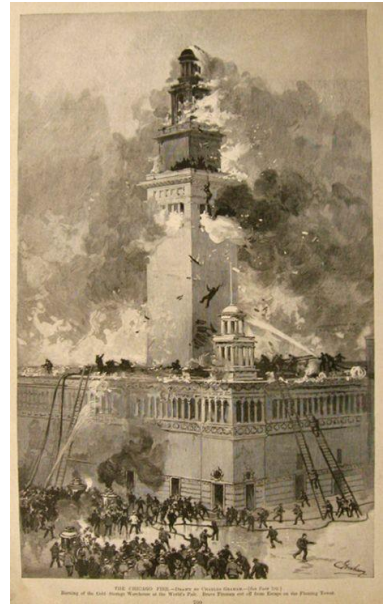
staged performance I've seen this guy a part of. It was his first loss in the script though. Had to play his part before making it to the big time. In case you're left unaware as to *who* Clarence Darrow is, he's the ~~ringleader~~ attorney in the Scopes Monkey Trial. Enough said. It was all a serial drama. If you're wondering what side he was on though, Darrow was pitted against **William Jennings Bryan**. There were several other "big profile" cases in his career, but before his retirement, Darrow took on the Massie Case in Hawaii. Only this time he was coming to their defense as a

"friend of the family". The Massie Trial, of course, brings us right around full circle again to the House of Hastings. It was another staged performance. Appropriate, since his career started with one.



AND NOW we get to it. The destruction of the 1893 Chicago World Fair. The Cold Storage Building was known as the "Greatest Refrigerator on Earth," and it was the first to go down. The lower level provided cold storage for the thousands of pounds of food served everyday at the Exposition, whereas the upper story featured an ice-skating rink.

I read somewhere that plans were drawn to refinish the exteriors in marble after the fair was completed and the exhibitors had gone home on the Reading Railroad. Makes sense. Good labor is hard to come by in two years-time, you know. Best to build a city by the crafty hands of cake caterers and ice sculpturers and then do the job right afterwards. Don't ask me to find that source again. I simply read it somewhere and believe it to be so. Because really, a lame story like that does sound like one of their many chronic excuses, and yet again another clever diversion from the obvious. The buildings were centuries old, and the fire was always intended to be so.



The Media seems incapable of doing anything on a nation or worldwide level unless a hoax is involved. I mean, can we really expect a chronological liar to tell the truth even when they're handed the winning argument? Why raise the bar for the Media then? Newspapers sell a spellbinding story in the same way that I can smell a psyop, and the July 22, 1893 Cold Storage Building fire was no exception.

Those are some detailed sketches. Particularly the destruction of the Cold Storage Building. Lots of people with cameras at a fair. Was nobody around to photograph it? There *were*. Why not just use real pictures then? And yet, the drawing is so... lifelike. Are we expected to believe the fire department brought along a courtroom sketch artist? Notice how they pencil in the *same* falling man that we would later experience on 9/11. It's a Tarot card thing.



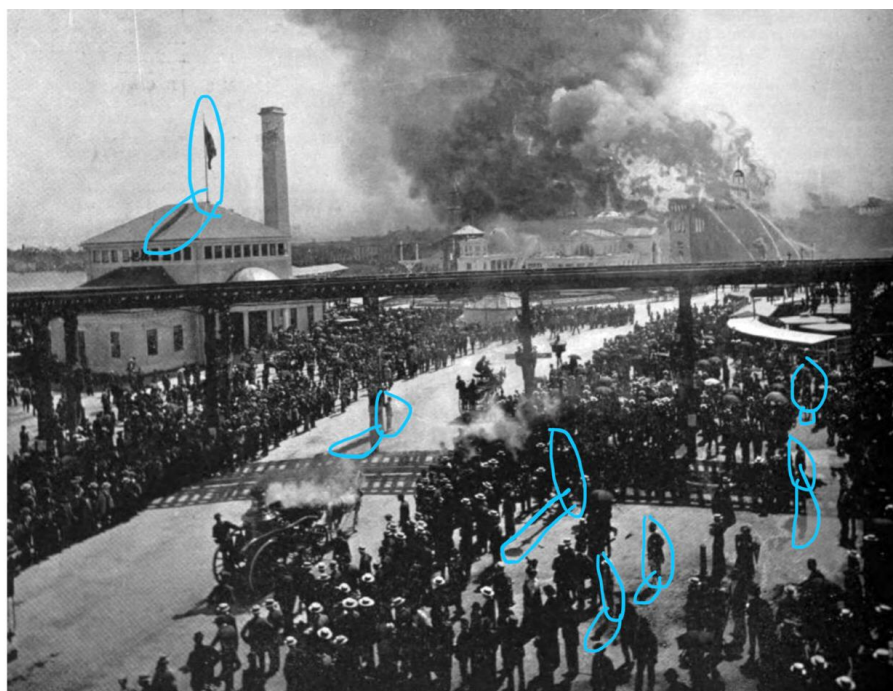
Well, what do you know? Somebody was present to snap a picture. Is it just me though or does this picture look...*fake*? I've seen plenty of pictures of movie sets and, looking at this, it would be difficult to tell a difference between them. Ironic, since the World's Fair *is* sold to us as a movie set. An extra is walking along reading a newspaper while the chaos ensues. But far more glaringly, are we expected to believe the Cold Storage Building is dead and has become a ghost already? Look at how it fades away into eternity after its untimely passing. *So sad*. You can see right through it as leans over and collapses. Even temporary buildings have souls, and that's what one of them looked like. Lived such a short life too.



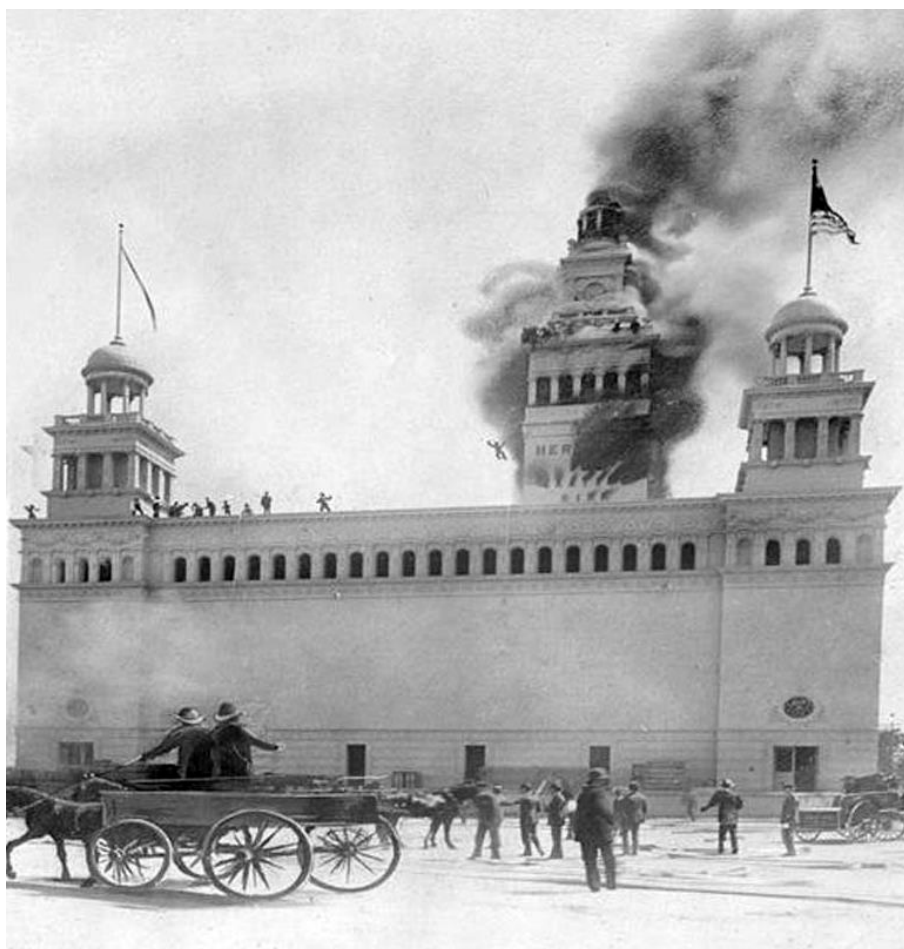
You didn't believe me when I said it was a movie set, did you? Explain to me then the drawing of a fire in the background. The people are real in the foreground but they're all staring at a cartoon. I'm not seeing a director, but that's no biggie. You figure somebody yelled "*Action!*" which then prompted the fire carts to gallop down the street, bells clanging, while everybody stared off into the distance.

I've been staring back and forth at both pictures for a few minutes now and I'm somewhat certain the cartoon fire takes chronological precedence *before* ghost tower. The building is far more destroyed in that one, but I'll let you decide. If so, then it tells us that different special effects artists were taking a crack shot at the post-production work, as someone neglected to add the ghost tower.





POST EDIT (12.17.21): I wish I could say I wrote this stuff in order—cover to cover—but that’s not always how these investigations go. After presenting the second draft to a live audience, we started noticing some additional details. The anomalies in this photograph are many. Certainly not far and few between. The shadows don’t line up quite right. Support for the elevated streetcar turns a little too far to our left, whereas the pedestrians on stage right have shadows pulling too far in the opposite direction. But that’s not the whole of it. Some shadows are far too long, and others too short. We’re looking at a composite image.



Oh *look*. It's the falling man again. Positioned *exactly* in the same way as the Newspaper drawing. Are we supposed to believe that's a real person? I'll ask but I'm afraid to. Does that look like a real person to you?

We're still on a movie set and that's Claymation. Not simply the falling man though. Everyone on the wall is Claymation. On closer inspection, even the smoke is a cartoon as well as the distorted windows. But then again, so are the two men on the cartoon horse and buggy. No wonder why the Newspapers decided to go with sketches. The special effects simply weren't up to par quite yet. The only actors I'm inclined to suspect are real people can be found in the middle of the scene. They're either holding up a baseball bat for a good old fashioned American game of run

the Freemason bases or we're witnessing a gang of Irish immigrants about to beat the snot out of an Italian.



I *just* found what appears to be a reliable picture, with no apparent funny business or post-edit special effects, which documents the burning down of the Chicago World Fair. And as you can clearly see, the public were invited to stand around and watch. There is nothing unordinary about this fire whatsoever. As someone who grew up in southern California, where wildfires are a *thing*, the blaze looks precisely as how I would imagine any inferno as it engulfs a *permanent* residency.

That's not to say that Burnham and company didn't introduce their own flare to the architecture. A spire here. Molding there. Cheap and temporary additions intended to mask the age of the city. Undoubtedly, the put-put shacks and papier-mâché fixes were the first to go. If I need me to spell it out for you, those flames are eating away at quality material.



For a city built of popsicle sticks and staff, I'd expect to see the Columbian Exposition reduced to ashes. That's not exactly what happened though. As you can clearly see, the cameraman focused in upon the wreckage in the foreground hoping to frame a picture of annihilation when in fact not even the Statue of the Republic is rendered in ashes, as we're so often told. Fire damage *maybe*. But lost to the flames—no. *Sure*, Burnham's cake toppers are dissolved to ashes, but the Millennial structures remain. As far as this picture describes, I'm reminded of the fire at

Notre Dame in Paris. As a pedestrian, I was there to inspect the wreckage within days of the fire ceremony. Damage was done, but it wasn't totaled.

Difficult to tell from the aftermath photo, but the *original* Statue of the Republic held a globe in its right hand, and an eagle with outstretched wings was perched upon it. You should be able to see them easily enough. I say *original*, and that is because the statue's sculptor supposedly recreated a duplicate after the *first* "burnt down." The recreation still stands in Jackson Park today. The only difference between the two is that a Phrygian cap could be seen hanging upon the staff of the original, whereas the recreation exhibits a plaque that reads "liberty" and is partly obscured by an encircling laurel wreath. His name is **Daniel Chester French**, by the way, and he's better known for the Lincoln statue within the Lincoln Memorial.



I guess what I'm saying (or rather *suggesting*) is that the double-take of the two seemingly identical statues may indeed be another hoax in so much that they're both the same and we've victimized yet again by another switcheroo. Still, I'm more inclined to believe that French did indeed create the statue, as it speaks far more esoterically to the plot at hand.

Before I outright tell you what I think the statue was intended to represent, let's talk about the eagle and the cap. The eagle we have seen before. Only it came to us in the form of a phoenix rising out of the ashes. We have seen it as part of Napoleon's march to Moscow in my [1812](#) paper, as well as the revival as the two beasts, Leviathan and Behemoth, in [Return of Rome](#).



The writers of history have the Phrygian cap deriving from Roman times. The statue on the left, which can be found in the Louvre, depicts a prisoner with the Phrygian cap and is claimed to have been created sometime in the 2nd century, but you and I both know those dates are wonky. Also, girls just want to have fun and wear their Phrygian caps, I guess. Especially if they're French girls. The Wikipedia gives us the *following* information on the caps' *official* origin story:

Although Phrygian caps did not originally function as liberty caps, they came to signify freedom and the pursuit of liberty first in the **American Revolution** and then in the French Revolution. The original cap of liberty was the Roman pileus, the felt cap of emancipated slaves of ancient Rome, which was an attribute of **Libertas**, the Roman goddess of liberty.

One might argue that the caps pairing with the Roman goddess of liberty was a later post mud flood invention. Perhaps so. I can't rightly say now. Seems pagan enough though. If I had more time, and I don't, then I would commit to a study on the goddess Libertas and attempt to discover if she's in any way androgynous, like the statue of liberty. That would make her a

dude, in case you were wondering. Stop me now because I'm getting sidetracked. The key words in all of this are "American Revolution." That's when the Phrygian cap came to signify freedom and the pursuit of liberty.

I think I know what's going on here now. I still need to dig my feet into the mud and figure out if anything remotely resembling 1776 happened at all, exoterically speaking. But on an esoteric level, I'm somewhat certain *it did*. There was indeed a revolution that took place, which included institutionalizing the Illuminati, but only so much as humanity might be freed from the Kingdom and that the beast might rise out of the ashes. That's two birds with one stone. Perhaps the Phrygian cap was another artifact of stolen history—who really knows?

What I'm saying is, the Statue of the Republic stood over the ceremony, almost like a conductor, and officiated the destruction of the Old-World Order with the ushering in of the New. I can only imagine the loss of the Phrygian cap and introduction of the laurel wreath on French's *second* statue gives us the message that the leader of the New World Order is back in black. Satan is in town again and running things.



The destruction of the 1893 Columbian Exposition was a *controlled* demolition, obviously. But even afterwards the wrecking crew was in on it. You figure they'd have to be. Otherwise, the wrong person might

snoop around, dig their noses where it doesn't belong, and begin to ask questions. Our history writers got a little too lazy this time around in telling us that the **Chicago House Wrecking Company** was only formed to make Chilaga go away. That's not really the obvious part though. After cleaning up the mess in Jackson Park, the Chicago House Wrecking Company began making their services known to the other World Fairs. Cleaning up the **Trans-Mississippi Exposition of 1899, the Pan-American Exposition of 1901, as well as the St. Louis Exposition of 1904** were all a part of their creative handiwork. And it only makes sense that they would. Gotta have the right people bought and paid for.



And anyways, there she stands today. The Palace of Fine Arts. Or as she's known today, Chicago's Museum of Science and Industry. Isn't it *neat* how they can keep reclaiming buildings like that? One year it houses the artwork, and then a little later, Science! I'm sure that's the first time something like that ever happened though, seeing as how Burnham conveniently designated it as a permanent building and all. Also amazing, how there's no fire damage. With all that falling ember, not even the roof was scorched.



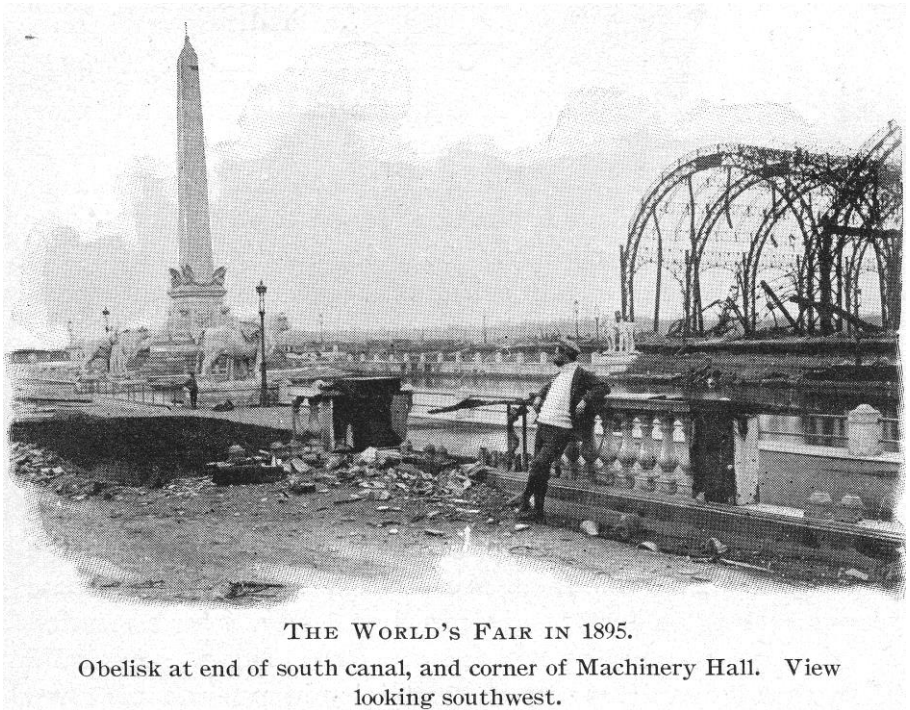
Sure, the Palace of Fine Arts survives. But what you won't often hear in the Chicago World's Fair narrative is that the Art Institute of Chicago was *also* constructed as a part of the Columbian Exposition, and it too survives. Dig around a little and you'll come to find that the Art Institute was capable of withstanding the inferno because it was the only building which wasn't built on the fairgrounds. Kind of odd, don't you think? I mean, it wasn't built of plaster—no? The Art Institute was constructed with the sole purpose of permanence rather than temporary.

Choosechicago.com gives us the *following* nugget of information:

The Art Institute of Chicago building is the second of the two remaining buildings from the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition. **It's also one of the only fair buildings not on or near the grounds of Jackson Park.** During the six months of the fair, it was used as an auxiliary building for international assemblies and conferences.

That pretty much says it all right there. I mean, if you're pressed to build an amusement park for 27-million visitors in as little as 2 years-time, which is furthermore only expected to run for 6-months, and you only have the

budget and resources for 2 permanent buildings, then why would you purposefully place one of them *away* from the action? That's a little too convenient and makes absolutely no sense whatsoever. Probably why you'll find very little talk about its origins. And anyways, they're essentially telling us what we already know. If they built it for conferences, then I think it's safe to say we're looking at another repurposed building.



THE WORLD'S FAIR IN 1895.

Obelisk at end of south canal, and corner of Machinery Hall. View looking southwest.

Two years after its destruction, the White City remained in ruins. Newspapers attempted keep the psychodramatic episode alive on the front burner of the public consciousness for years thereafter. Let the juices simmer a little longer. Photographs such as these, which was published in the *Inland Printer* in 1895, demonstrate their underhandedness. Reliving the adventure is one of the ways you can identify a psyop, you know. Because Intel isn't interested in the day-to-day events of real people. They only invest in their own fingerprints. Best to retrieve their old movies from the shelf and remind us of their handiwork every five or ten years, whenever the anniversary rolls around.

In 1895 though, Americans had no appreciation for what was probably already being cooked up in this photo. Whenever it comes down to predictive programming, the indoctrinated rarely ever do. Nothing depicted here happened by accident either. The person lounging around in the ruins of Machinery Hall is identified to us as **William Wallace Denslow**. Remember him? In a few short years, he would become the illustrator for L. Frank Baum's *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*.

Notice how Denslow has purposefully arranged the photograph so that only the obelisk remains, reminding us once again of the *obvious*. The Chicago World's Fair was a Satanic ceremony.