



# The Atomic Bomb was a Hoax

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## PART ONE:

# Marie-Curie & the Crossroads of Mercury





“Be less curious about people and **more-curious** about ideas.”

Madame Marie Curie

GREAT MEN are *selected*. Women too. That’s just the way of it. It’s how the flat, motionless world *spins* on its axis. No, I am not bitter. Mind you, we are *still* dealing with the children of Qayin, and I’m willing to bet that anyone whom **Albert Einstein** thought to personally mention or admire is a way for other spooks to identify a who’s-*who* in the world of spookery. Copernicus. Isaac Newton. Nikola Tesla. Oppenheimer. *Selected*. After **Marie Curie** was publicly derided for having an affair with a former student a few years after her husband’s death, Einstein wrote a letter to Curie suggesting she ignore the angry mob surrounding her house. Do you see what I mean? Perhaps not. Marie Curie was *selected*. Before this is over, you shall hopefully see why.

The initial context *here* is that Marie Curie was awarded her *second* Nobel Prize in 1911. Her first *win* came in 1903 for physics. This time it was chemistry. Specifically, for “the *discovery* of elements radium and polonium, by the isolation of radium and the study of the nature and compounds.” Her research into radioactivity caught national attention, but more on that in a moment. During an Elite invite-only conference in Brussels, by which Madame Curie, her physicist lover **Paul Langevin**, and some twenty other scientists were invited in the autumn of 1911, Langevin’s estranged wife delivered a bundle of love letters between Langevin and Curie to the media, and all hell broke loose. *Hence*, Einstein’s letter of support..



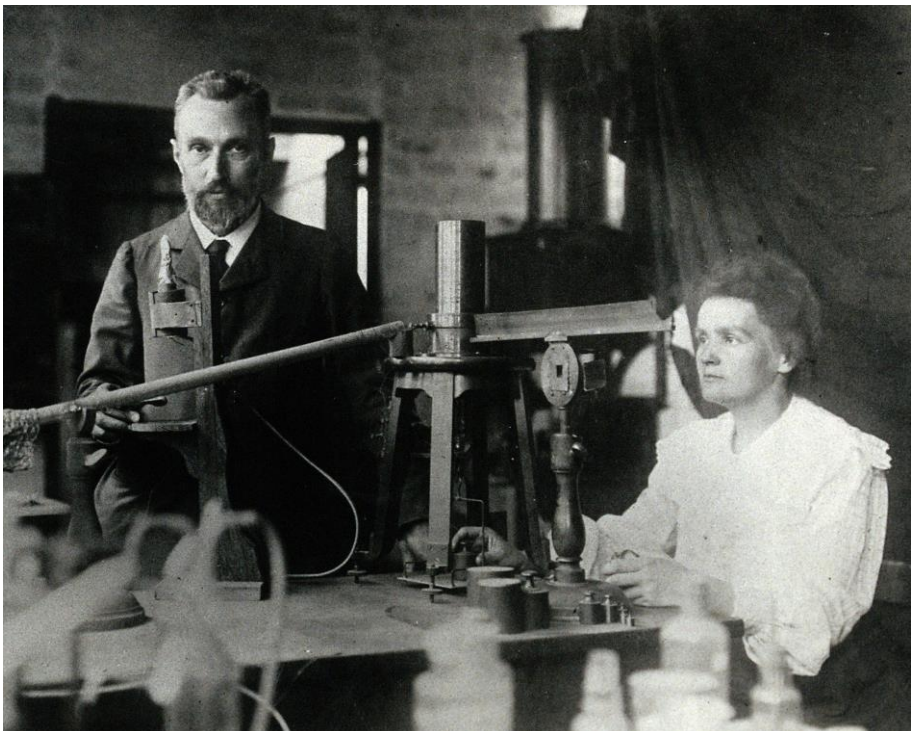
I haphazardly read *somewhere* that Marie Curie’s research papers are currently kept in a lead-lined box at Bibliothèque Nationale de Franc. This is due to the reported fact that, well over a century later, her material possessions are *still* radioactive, and it got me thinking. Today life *flourishes* in Chernobyl. And it shouldn’t. Not only have plants regrown in larger abundance, but animal life is more diverse than before “the accident.” Again, I will remind you that we here at *The Unexpected Cosmology* are forced to contend with a daily dosage of the *official* narrative, which is a movie script, and Marie Curie’s paperwork is one such plot point which must be upheld so as to keep the entire production afloat. Mind you, I have no bones to pick with the box. The point *here*—and it’s



something I thought about while taking a shower only a few moments ago—is that Chernobyl is a paradise. In the *next* part, we'll be taking a closer look at the Atomic bomb *boax* as it pertains to the Trinity test site. Therefore, consider Madame Curie a prelude.

If you ever manage to swing by Paris, which I have, then I am told that you too can take a crack at opening the lead-lined box, given the right credentials. I have no such ~~indoctrination~~ credentials, thank Yah. But to do so, you will be required to wear protective clothing, and only after signing a waiver of liability. Marie Curie died of radiation poisoning—we are told. As did her daughter, Irene. And her daughter's husband, **Frédéric Joliot**. *Proof* as they say is in the pudding. Or *rather*, the lead-lined box. Also, *ironic* since it is Marie Curie who ~~was chosen to discover~~ *discovered* radiation.

Here's something else that I only just recently learned. Her husband, **Pierre Curie**, *died* of another cause entirely.



Now, every week I turn out a *new* paper. I try to in the very least. Last week's paper focused in upon the polio *boax*. After pushing the publish button, I sit here at my desk watching the alligator parade outside the window, wondering if inspiration will ever come to me again. Which is precisely what I was doing when the *death* of Pierre Curie came to my attention. Something wasn't sitting right. I decided to do a little digging. And *this* is what I found. The death of Pierre Curie was a *boax*. Shocking, I know.

The *official* narrative has Marie Curie and her husband Pierre discovering radioactivity by accident, when all they were really after was the measurement coming out of uranium. *Sure*. The catch here is that they discovered radioactivity emitting from something which had no uranium in it. *Radioactivity* describes the phenomenon of radiation caused by atomic decay, a phrase which was in fact coined by Marie Curie. For their work developing the theory, Pierre *and* Marie Curie, along with physicist **Henri Becquerel**, were handed the **1903 Nobel Prize in Physics**. It was using techniques which Marie Curie had invented for isolating radioactive isotopes, thereby leading to the discovery of two elements, **polonium** and **radium**, that **won her the *second* Nobel in 1911**.

So far, we have only been visiting the *exoteric* explanation of history. There is however an **esoteric** to be discovered, and it goes something like *this*.

On December 21, 1898, Marie and Pierre Curie discovered the radioactive element **radium**. Radium is a chemical element with the atomic number 88. It's symbol on the periodic table is **Ra**. As in—the sun god. Ra is a member of the Egyptian Trinity, a little-known fact which I will again refer you to in the next iteration of this series, when we take a closer look at the atomic bomb *boax*. *Also*, the winter solstice in 1898 fell on **December 21**. For *three days* each year, the sun, having reached its lowest point on the horizon, decidedly rises upon the exact same latitudinal line. This is the only time in the solar year when the great luminary stops its advancement northward or southward in the sky. In occult thinking, such an action signifies *death*. Typically, with the advent of Christmas morning, the sun moves one degree northward, beginning its annual journey towards spring and summer. The sun is born again.

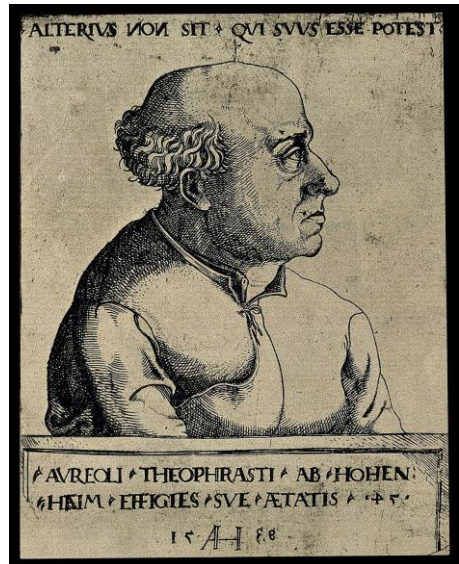
Nimrod. Osiris. The phallus. It's a Christmas tree thing. And it all boils down to sun worship *via* the Mystery religions.

Also, **12+21=33**. So, there's *that*.

The idea has always been, alchemically speaking, to seek out the philosopher's stone, or the "unknown element," by which the transmutation of base metals into gold might be achieved. The stone was first mentioned by **Zosimos of Panopolis**, a 4th-century Egyptian-born Greek alchemist and Gnostic mystic, who described it as "a stone that is not a stone" or whatever. It is otherwise known as *the beginning*, the *Prima Materia*, and the end of the *Great Work*.

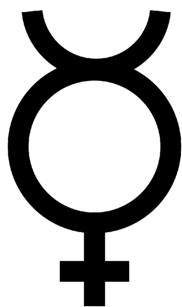
If you're curious as to what I'm ultimately getting at, Currie's contributions to the study of ~~alchemy~~ radium and radiation were instrumental to the future development of the **atomic bomb**. Remember, this is all a prelude to what is to come.

Another revelation that *just* came to me (I was frying eggs over the stove) is the alchemical power of **mercury**. It's considered one of the three primes—The TRINITY. They were named by a man with one name, **Paracelsus**, though it is early alchemists like **Jābir ibn Hayyān** who got the ball rolling on the attributes of sulfur and mercury. Paracelsus, the 16th-century Swiss philosopher, added salt to the equation and dubbed it the *Tria Prima* as part of his 1530 work, *Opus Paramirum*. He believed the *Tria Prima* contained all the poisons that caused disease, and that by studying them, alchemists could discover the cure.



I will remind you that vaccines contain *mercury*. Poison. It will do you well to read my paper on the polio *boax*. Much has already been stated on mercury and the elohim Mercury there which I care not to repeat. Also, certain social media sites would stop me if I did. *Stop taking The Vax*. And since connecting the dots is a pastime around here, very little of what I'm about to say will make any sense unless you first read my paper on the *The Meaning of Life According to Alchemy*. [Pinocchio](#). *Here* it goes. The Elite are using mercury to poison humanity and alchemically transform them into the donkeys which work the salt mines, whereas the *chosen* ascend from a base metal into gold, from death to new life via resurrection, just as Pinocchio did. Simply contrast the unschooled donkey and the Slave Master with the polio children and the doctors who administrated the vaccines. Or in the case of neophyte Pinocchio, the so-called polio cripple, Roosevelt. If this confuses you, be sure and let me know. At the end of this article, I will open the floor for questions.

Another thing that Paracelsus believed is that the *Tria Prima* defined humans. He therefore assigned each of his elements to different human attributes. Alright, homeschoolers, let's go over **the Three Primes**.

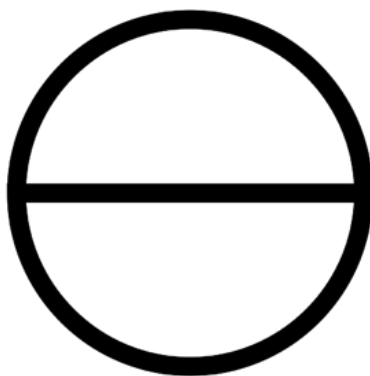


MERCURY is one of the seven planetary metals. As a member of ‘The TRINITY’, it’s equated to the *feminine*. The *moon*. You will easily recognize its symbol as the female gender signage. You’ll also hopefully recall that Mercury serves as the guide of souls to the underworld. The role of a neophyte in the Mystery religions was to learn that the esoteric significance of sun worship was to recognize the immortal soul—the divine *within*—and the alchemical resurrection of his soul. No wonder then why Mercury is the closest wandering star to the sun. But whether we are referring to the element or the planet, the alchemical symbol remains the same.

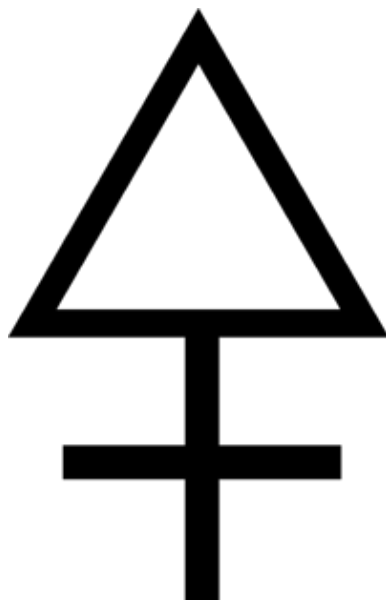
The *lie* of the serpent in the garden should beckon a second glance when he told Havah in the garden, “You shall surely not die,” because

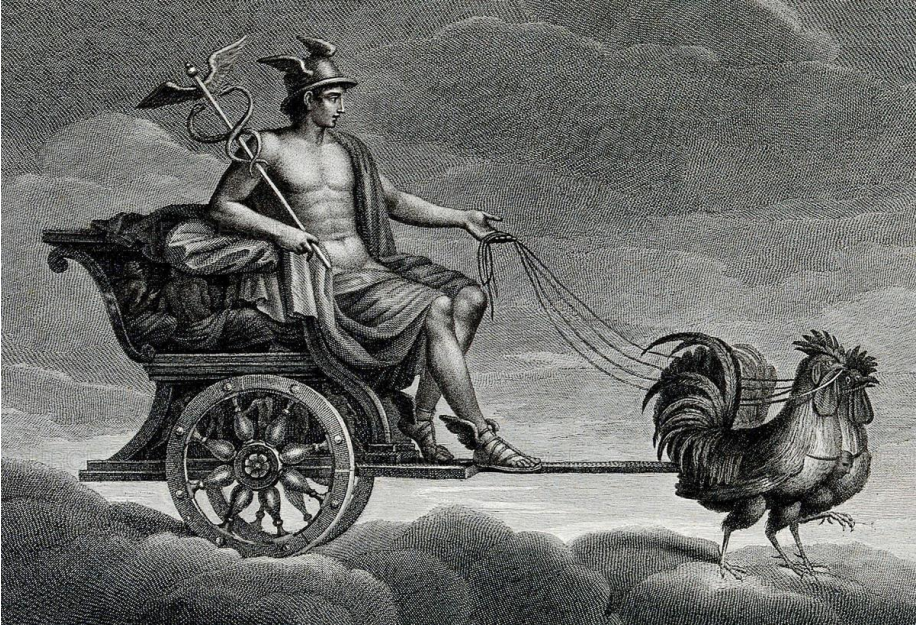
Mercury represents the mind, as well as an acquired state capable of transcending death. And FYI, Mercury is often represented as a serpent.

SALT is a mineral composed primarily of sodium chloride. As the second member of 'The TRINITY', salt represents the material body, as well as the physical world in general. The earth element. It essentially *equals* the Child. Salt is furthermore often impure when first collected but can be purified through chemical processes. You should easily see the alchemical connotations here. Its symbol is a circle bisected by a horizontal line.



SULFUR represents properties such as dryness and heat. Fire. The sun. As the *third* member of 'The TRINITY', sulfur is the active male counterpart to mercury's passive female character. It might also represent evaporation, expansion, and dissolution. In alchemical terms, we can look to the human body and see that sulfur, as the middling element connecting salt with mercury, represents the soul.





And lest I forget, Mercury is symbolized by **the rooster**. Make a mental note of that. Once again, this will come into play when we take a closer look at the atomic bomb *hoax*. But at present, we're laying the groundwork. Depictions of Mercury often show the Roman elohiyim being pulled in his chariot by a pair of roosters. Interesting, since Mercury also ruled the crossroads. This is precisely *why* we so often find a rooster on top of the weathervane. Among Mercury's divine attributes, he was the elohiyim of deviation, trickery, and thieves. Which reminds me. The reported *death* of Pierre Curie.



TRAGEDY *struck* on the **19th of April** 1906. What happened on April 19? I'm glad you asked. Pierre Curie was killed in a traffic accident. *Mmm*, **April 19**. This is the same date on which the **Oklahoma City building** was bombed in 1995. Precisely two years earlier in 1993, it's the very date by which Feds raided the Branch Davidians in **Waco, Texas**. **April 19, 1906**. The very day of the **San Francisco earthquake**. Meanwhile, in the streets of Paris, Pierre Curie bumbled headlong into a busy intersection, where his skull was crushed under the rear wheel of a heavy horse drawn cart.

News of Pierre Curie's death landed upon the front page of *Le Matin*, a French newspaper. You'll want to take note of two or three odd elements cleverly embedded within the article. There are of course the rather strange statements made by his father and lab assistant, which implied that Curie's absent-minded character flaw and unending preoccupation with his inner thoughts contributed to his death. *Le Matin* furthermore included a map of precisely where Pierre Curie was killed. When it came to an actual photo of the two work horses and cart that did him in, *Le Matin* was especially sure to place a **cross below the very wheel which fractured his skull**. *Clearly* coded. The article made

special note of the fact that Pierre Curie *died* **in the crossroads**. Why would they do that? I already know the answer. Because Wizards like to pass notes in class.

Remember, the alchemical symbol for mercury shows the *wheel* for a crown, a *head* to rest it on, and directly below that, *the crossroads*. **The death of Pierre Curie was a hoax**. But you knew that already. And in case you've forgotten, **Marie Curie was selected**. A post mud flood *discoverer*. An actor in the script. A background plot point for the atomic age myth to come. After all, Pierre's hoax death reminds us that Madame Curie *is* Mercury.

*What*, you don't believe me?

"Madame Curie most certainly *is not* mercury," you tell me.

Then *pronounce* her name. **Marie Curie**. Now say it again. **Marie Curie**. Faster this time. **Marie Curie. Marie Curie. Marie Curie**. Do you hear it? *Marie-curie. Mercury*. In Hebrew, there is no word for coincidence.

Do me a favor and read Madame Curie's most enduring quote again. I had begun this paper by rehearsing the very quote, but you weren't looking for it the first time, were you? Amazing how many esoteric secrets they stockpile right under our nose. Case in point.

"Be less curious about people and **more-curious** [mercury] about ideas."

**Marie Curie** [*mercury*]

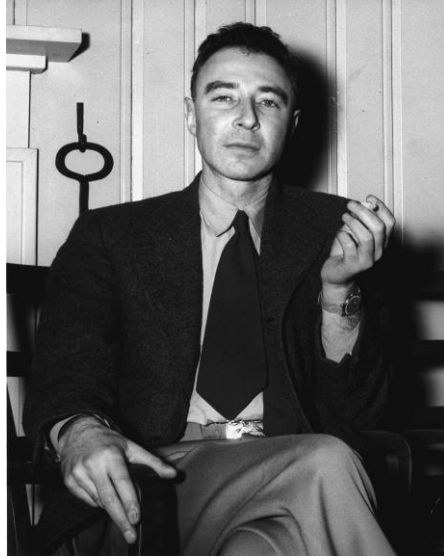
*Mm-hmm*. Wizards passing notes in class.





PART TWO:  
*Trinity Alchemists Exposed*





*“Mathematics reveals its secrets only to those who approach it with pure love, for its own beauty.”*

*Archimedes*

EVERYWHERE in the news there’s talk of The Bomb. You’d think this were 1952 all over again. Should Putin be the one to drain the swamp by way of nuclear weapon, then I’ll eat my words. Understand what I’m saying though. I’m not commenting upon what sort of weapons The Government has in their arsenal today. The only thing I feel quite certain of is that the atomic bomb narrative was a hoax, as that both the United States and the Soviet Union were in on the scam. At some point, all the countries of the world were, when you stop to think about it. I guess that’s what’s supposed to make this narrative so persuasive. But I’m not convinced. And you shouldn’t be either.

The Elders of Zion needed their Zionist State, and wouldn’t you know it, a *Second World War* had already been offered up on the menu. It’s all too convenient. But to pull it off, because why waste a good psyop on

one meal when you can milk the cow for decades, they decided to add a little alchemy in the mix. Therefore, they called upon the physicists. They called upon the chemists. They called upon high-ranking generals. But mostly, they called upon actors and *spook* occultists, and the rest is history. They called upon one man whom most if not all of us know, but only by one name. **OPPENHEIMER**. For the purposes of this paper, I decided to do a little digging into **J. Robert Oppenheimer**. The “J” is for *Julius*. Also, I checked. Oppenheimer was a **Jew**. Now you *know* and *knowing* is half the battle.

**DISCLAIMER:** I am not a physicist. I am not a chemist. I failed high school biology in the nineties, but I have an excuse for that. I met a woman in that class, who then became my lab partner, and in a few short years, my wife. We’re still married. *Lucky girl*. Actually, she went on to become valedictorian, with a full ride to college and so on. Presently, she is my mealtime research partner. But I’m *also* just some dude sitting behind a laptop, completely certain of *one* thing. They’re lying about *everything*. Today however we are only focused upon one lie in a *globular* Construct of many, and that is once again the atomic bomb. Before I am through, Yah willing, you will sleep a little more soundly at night because, despite the ending to *The Planet of the Apes*, nobody has the authority to push a red button and blow the earth up.



If you decide to research the Elders of Zion on your own, and *please do*, then you will undoubtedly be fact checked by the **Ministry of Truth**, wherein The Wikipedia will tell you: “The Protocols of the Meetings of the Learned Elders of Zion is a fabricated antisemitic text purporting to describe a Jewish plan for *global* domination.” *Oh dear*. The document highlights a series of 24 to 27 meetings held at Basel, Switzerland in 1897, whereupon **Jews** and **Freemasons** conspired to erect a *post* mud flood world state under their joint control. If we’re to assume Wiki’s logic, *The Protocols* is a fabricated document based upon the apparent fact that Russia would not publish it until 1903, a mere six years after their meeting.

What our Controllers don’t want you to do is connect the dots while you’re busy picking their cotton. For example, the Bolshevik revolution in 1917 was perpetrated by the likes of Joseph Stalin and Leon Trotsky, and they were both **Ashkenazi Jews**. Come to think of it, the Bolsheviks were overwhelmingly **Jews**. In turn, the ruling Bolsheviks quickly declared “**antisemitism**,” a crime punishable by death. Do you see what they did there? They made questioning the *official* narrative and recognizing the Jews mastermind in the rise of communisms *antisemitic*. The sheer irony here is that the Communist Jews weren’t even Semitic. Are we dealing with the same children who made up one of the twelve tribes of Israel? *No*, we are not. We are dealing with “the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan (Revelation 2:9).” The word *Ashkenazi* signifies them as German, and in no way corresponds with the son of Ya’aqov. You have just witnessed the sleight of hand. *Now* you know how the bunny is pulled out of the hat.

In 1903, a Russian publication was simply attempting to *warn* the world. *Also*, even according to the *official* narrative, the **first Zionist congress** met in Basel, Switzerland, in 1897. *Wink–wink*.

Wiki then throws **Henry Ford** under the bus by claiming that he is directly responsible for funding some 500,000 printed copies that were then distributed throughout the United States in the 1920s. They will then tell you that Nazi Germany used *The Protocols* as a school textbook for children, even though British Intel newspaper *The Times* debunked the document in 1921, essentially by saying: “*Nub-ub. Nub-ub.*” The ultimate irony here is that Henry Ford went on to become a **33 Degree Freemason**. If you’re asking why the Scottish Rite would infer such a title

upon the very individual who outed their partnership with Zionism, then just know that the automobile *spook* played his part, which is also precisely why The Wiki sought to name him. *Also*, Hitler was an actor working for all the same people. We are only ever given the illusion of choice. Illuminati written history books and the Intel-run media are set up that way.



Zionism wanted their New World Order, and therefore, they needed their Communist State and their Fascist Nazi State and *also* their Federal Republic superpower, all throwing it down in the ring at the same time. The conflict arrived precisely on schedule. No surprises that the Vatican remained suspiciously unsinged. And now here's something else to consider. The scientific *discoveries* which made such feats in science fiction possible did too.

For example, the *discovery* of **nuclear fission** was made in 1938 by a couple of German chemists, **Otto Hahn** and **Fritz Strassmann**. Nuclear fission would demand a theoretical explanation (*of course* it would), which was offered by **Lisa Meitner** and her nephew **Otto Frisch**. I *checked*. Both Lisa Meitner and Otto Frisch were **Joos**. Remember when I told you how I'm willing to bet that anyone whom **Albert Einstein** thought to personally mention or admire was a way for other spooks to identify a who's-*who* in the world of spookery? Lisa Meitner was praised by Einstein as the "German Marie Curie." *Oh dear*. You have just apprehended and read a note being passed in class. Marie Curie was a *spook*, selected for her starring role, and that is to play the part of **Madame Mercury**. What Einstein is essentially telling everyone here is that Lisa Meitner had also won the audition for the next act in the performance.

The explanation goes something like *this*. In the summer months of 1938, Hahn and Strassmann, while employed at the **The Kaiser Wilhelm Society for the Advancement of Science**, an umbrella organization with connections to the **Rockefeller's**, found that bombarding thorium with neutrons produced different isotopes. They furthermore claimed that the isotopes of barium could be formed by bombardment of uranium. It would take Meitner and Frisch in December of that year to work out the phenomenon of their described splitting process. In their report, published in the February issue of *Nature* in 1939, only two months after taking the task to hand, they gave it the name "The Fission." From this report, we are told—a magazine article, mind you—Meitner and Frisch developed the very principle which led to the development of the first atomic bomb.

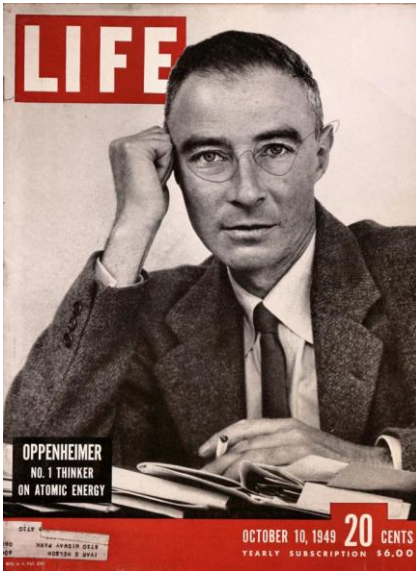
Why would they publish their findings in a magazine? Because the development of the atomic bomb was always intended for public consumption.



Another *discoverer* of Science worth noting is **Enrico Fermi**. Fermi won a **Nobel** in 1938 for physics. He has since been dubbed the “architect of the nuclear age” and the “architect of the atomic bomb.” We shall see why Fermi becomes important to the unfolding drama in a little while. The story goes that he built a reactor underneath the decrepit University of Chicago football stadium and, on December 2, 1942, achieved with his team a sustained chain reaction. *Right on schedule*. With the Chicago Pile-1, as it is known, the super doomsday weapon was no longer just theory.

*Also*, to rub the atomic bomb hoax in our faces, the *official* narrative claims that Fermi discovered physics by accident. This happened while browsing through his local Italian market, whereupon Fermi stumbled upon a 900-page **Jesuit** treatise on elementary mathematical physics. In Hollywood they call this product placement. Intel is letting us know who some of their investors are.





In the years following The War, Oppenheimer became a **national spokesman** for the sort of Science which was emblematic of a new type of technocratic power. Scientism. Guys in lab coats making international laws, telling us it is no longer our mind, our conscious, our body our choice, and so on, but Big Brother. You don't become a national spokesman for Science, religion, politics, His-Story, or *anything* unless you're either sitting at the writers table or reading from the script. His solution: we needed a United Nations, as to ensure atomic detonation would

never happen again. *There it is.*

“There *what* is?” you ask.

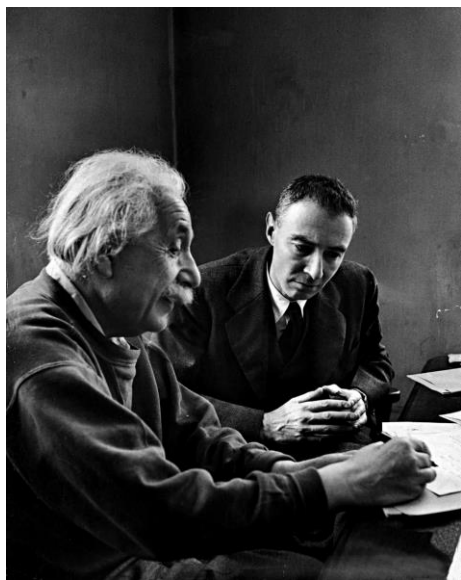
*Ordo Ab Chao.* It's a Freemason motto and means: **Order out of chaos.** Our Slave Masters *create* the **problem**, *encourage* the **reaction** (as in, “something *must* be done about this”), and then *offer* the **solution.**

Oppenheimer was simply a mannequin. An actor. The Elon Musk of his day. If Oppenheimer became a household name, and he most certainly did, it's only because spooks were whispering into the ears of children and parents alike as they sat around sticking a fork into their TV dinners—a task *easily* accomplished. For example, Oppenheimer was featured on the October 10, 1949, edition of **LIFE Magazine.** Assuming this isn't the first paper you've read on *Cosmology*, then you'll know LIFE Magazine is *spook* literature. LIFE wasn't simply how spooks passed notes in class; it was a rather *glorious* media outlet by which the masses were initiated into the psyop *via* weekly subscription.

Were the atomic age a real thing, they could have dropped the bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki and then left its origins as a profound mystery. The U.S. Government was under no obligation to explain its development to anyone. For the following several decades, religious

leaders around the earth could have compared the judgement over Japan to the sulfur that rained down from the HaShamayim upon Sodom and Gomorrah, but no.

Had they done so, that is, *not* told us of The Bomb's development, then that would have negated the entire point of the deception. Because the objective was to pull the wool over everyone's eyes. Declassifying the Manhattan Project was necessary, you see, because its autobiography *was* the psyop. It's the very reason why NASA volunteered herself as the reader during storybook time in The Sixties. To accept **Buzz Aldrin's** moon flag as something more akin to fact rather than fiction, America needed to be emotionally embroiled within the drama of NASA's decade long journey, or rather, her race against the Soviet Union to the lunar surface and back. Russia did not contest America's arrival, nor did they make their own go at it, which tells us something. They were *in* on it. Just like the bomb. Everyone's in on it, *including* Iran and North Korea. Try not to let cognitive dissonance win the day.



THE MANHATTAN PROJECT was so secretive that, among its 130,000 employees (*ridiculous*), practically nobody knew what anybody else was working on to the left or the right of his or her own cubicle. Whatever their task, whether they were clapping away on a typewriter or purifying uranium at Oak Ridge, nobody had the faintest clue they were laboring to build a doomsday bomb. Only Oppenheimer remained omnipotent. There is good reason for that. Speaking of Albert Einstein as a method of identifying other spooks, *here* we

find a picture of Oppenheimer sitting next to Einstein in 1947, courtesy of **LIFE Magazine**. And *now* you know.

You will tell me the U.S. Government would never lie to us about the construction of a planet destroying death star weapon, and would therefore divulge everything for fact checkers, and that the unprecedented secrecy was because of spies. *Oh*, there were spies alright. **Julius and Ethel Rosenberg** were two of them. **Jews**. But they were *also* actors in the terrible blockbuster movie called McCarthyism. *A Few Good Men* delivered the quip: “You can’t handle the truth!” whereas McCarthyism gave us: “Have you no sense of decency?” The *real* reason that nobody knew anything is for the exact same reason that hundreds of companies helped to build the Apollo spacecraft. NASA would contract a specific company for something so simple as a screw. And much like those Manhattan Project cubicle workers, everyone who contributed a fuel cell or a cryogenic gas storage, a service propulsion fuel and oxidizer tank, a screw or a mechanical timer and clock, believed they were participating in something *American*—which is ultimately true, come to think of it.

Let’s put it this way. If the Manhattan Project was an enormous undertaking requiring 120,000 employees who knew *nothing* of their contributions, it’s because the psyop was given too little time before the script called upon its blockbuster sequel, The Cold War. McCarthyism was just a spin-off. As we shall come to see, The Bomb was dropped only three weeks after Trinity was tested. *Three* weeks. The War was already over in Germany, and in Japan it was all but won. American pilots had been setting Japan’s mainland ablaze unchecked weeks before Hiroshima. The Japanese were already sitting ducks. In very little time, a handful of theoretical physicists needed to figure out how to produce an entirely new substance, plutonium, not to mention how to mine and enrich enough uranium to fuel a bomb. New instruments needed invented and fabricated to compliment the new theories being produced. Scientists needed mathematical equations construed to secure their brand-new atomic age theories and then calculations rechecked for the fact checkers. This is *also* precisely why the Manhattan Project was so quickly declassified. To sell us the illusion of its development.



The *official* narrative has Fermi, having escaped fascist Italy before building a nuclear reactor underneath a college football stadium, encouraging the U.S. Government to dig their heels into atomic research. The U.S. Government agreed with the physics professor. *Sure*. We'll go with that. The result, we are told, "was the **top-secret Manhattan Project**. After this milestone, funds were allocated more freely, and the project advanced at breakneck speed." I just quoted ushistory.org. Don't you love how it so often takes *top secret* projects to siphon off money?

It is not until June of 1942, we are told, when "the US Army established the Manhattan Project in order to handle its part in the atom bomb project and began the process of transferring responsibility from the **Office of Scientific Research and Development** to the military." All that they're really saying here is that the United States Corporation shifted their psyop from one department to another. It is Lieutenant General **Leslie Richard Groves** who was appointed director of what became known as the Manhattan Project.

Groves almost immediately selected Oppenheimer to head the project's secret weapons laboratory. To this effect, The Wikipedia adds:

In September, Groves was appointed director of what became known as the Manhattan Project. He selected Oppenheimer to **head the project's secret weapons laboratory**. This was a choice that surprised many because Oppenheimer had left-wing political views and no record as a leader of large projects.

The entire account reads off like a Hollywood movie—the underdog here being Oppenheimer. Reminds me of the plotline to *Rocky*, whereas Apollo Creed selects a local Philii fighter whom everyone believes is destined to fail. They are trying to sell this to us as organic; the results of human ingenuity; Manifest Destiny and all that; when in fact Oppenheimer was selected for his Occultist pedigree, probably groomed for his part long before Knowing what we do now, that the official narrative is a script and all the world is a stage, try to take the following quote seriously when The Wikipedia continues selling us on the biological legitimacy of Oppenheimer's appointment.

breadth of his knowledge. As a [military engineer](#), Groves knew that this would be vital in an interdisciplinary project that would involve not just physics, but chemistry, [metallurgy](#), [ordnance](#) and [engineering](#). Groves also detected in Oppenheimer something that many others did not, an "overweening ambition" that Groves reckoned would supply the drive necessary to push the project to a successful conclusion. Isidor Rabi considered the appointment "a real stroke of genius on the part of General Groves, who was not generally considered to be a genius".<sup>[96]</sup>

It *says*, “As a military engineer, Groves knew that this would be vital in an interdisciplinary project that would involve not just physics, but chemistry, metallurgy, ordnance and engineering.” You see, Oppenheimer embodied all of those things. *Continuing*.

“Groves also detected in Oppenheimer something that many others did not, an “overweening ambition” that Groves reckoned would supply the drive necessary to push the project to a successful conclusion. **Isidor Rabi** considered the appointment “a real stroke of genius on the part of General Groves, who was not generally considered to be a genius”

Why was General Groves put on the most important top-secret project of The War if he wasn't the sharpest tool in the shed? Probably because he was a tool. This is the part in the movie where all the cards are laid out

on the table and the deuteragonist, or secondary main character, beckons the audience to gasp at the big gamble. Groves places the bulk weight of his confidences, and in fact the fate of humanity, upon the protagonist, Oppenheimer. A poetry quoting womanizing Oddfellow, too independent, unpredictably self-conscious, and cynical of authority for his own good, who will be used against everyone's better discretion and then, after wild barbaric success, turned out in the end. I've just described The Manhattan Project, and so many movies that I cannot even begin to name them all.

Isidor Rabi won a **Nobel Prize** in Physics in 1944 for his discovery of nuclear magnetic resonance. *Also*, I checked. Rabi was an Austrian Hungarian born **Jew**.



THE CODE NAME *Trinity* is a rather obvious allusion to alchemy. We've already covered that with Marie Curie, where-in we gleaned the *following*. The *Three Primes* of alchemy are mercury, salt, and sulfur. Or the soul, the earth, and sun. It's a mystery religion thing. You know, the Mysteries of Isis. Worship of the immortal soul and all that. The most probable reason why White Sands, New Mexico was selected for the Trinity site is

because *white* would tie Oppenheimer's operation alchemically to *salt*. When asked about its name in a later interview, Oppenheimer answered: "There is a poem of **John Donne**, **written just before his death, which I know and love**. From it a quotation:

As West and East

In all **flat Maps**—and I am one—are one,

**So, death doth touch the Resurrection."**

There is so much to address in this small quote that it is difficult even knowing where to begin. But let's start with *the girlfriend*. Oppenheimer is likely alluding to—in coded terms—the bitterly melancholic and chronic depressant **Jean Tatlock**, a sometimes lover who had committed suicide only a few months before the test.

On the day of her *reported* death, January 4, 1944, Tatlock's phone was wiretapped. Apparently, **J Edgar Hoover** was listening in. *Sure*, let's go with that. Tatlock's father discovered her head submerged in the bathtub of her 1405 Montgomery Street home around 1pm with a convenient suicide note. *Of course*, he did. He then went about sifting through her correspondences, burning letters and photographs in the fireplace before bothering to call the coroner at 5:10pm, some four hours later. Nothing at all suspicious about that. By the way, Jean Tatlock's father, **J. S. P. Tatlock**, was a professor at the time with **UC Berkeley**. Don't even get me started. So many Intel psyops derive from Berkeley that it would take a book.

## Romance with Oppenheimer [\[ edit \]](#)

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Tatlock struggled with her sexuality,<sup>[15]</sup> at one point writing to a friend that "there was a period when I thought I was homosexual. I still am, in a way, forced to believe it, but really, logically, I am sure that I can't be because of my un-masculinity."<sup>[16]</sup> She began seeing **Robert Oppenheimer** in 1936, when she was a graduate student there and Oppenheimer was a professor of **physics** at Berkeley.<sup>[17]</sup> They met through his landlady, Mary Ellen Washburn, who was also a member of the Communist Party, when Washburn held a fund raiser for communist-backed **Spanish Republicans**. The couple started dating and had a passionate relationship; he proposed to her twice, but she refused.<sup>[18][19]</sup> She is credited with introducing Oppenheimer to radical politics during the late 1930s,<sup>[20]</sup> and to people involved with, or sympathetic to the **Communist Party** or related groups, such as **Rudy Lambert** and **Thomas Addis**.<sup>[19]</sup> They continued seeing each other after he became involved with **Kitty Harrison**, whom he married on November 1, 1940. Oppenheimer and Tatlock spent the New Year together in 1941, and once met at Mark Hopkins hotel in San Francisco.<sup>[21]</sup>

*The Wikipedia* introduces Jean Frances Tatlock to us as an American psychiatrist and physician and a card-carrying **member of the Communist Party** of the United States of America. She was also “a reporter and writer for the party's publication *Western Worker*.” As if Jean Tatlock wasn't enough of an Intel project already, we further read that Tatlock “struggled with her sexuality, at one point writing to a friend that ‘there was a period when I thought I was homosexual. I still am, in a way,

forced to believe it, but really, logically, I am sure that I can't be because of my un-masculinity.”

Apparently, Oppenheimer and Tatlock met in 1936 at a communist fundraiser for Spanish Republicans, which was held by Oppenheimer's communist landlady, **Mary Ellen Washburn**. Long story short, the daughter of a Berkley professor introduced Oppenheimer to various communists, including **Rudy Lambert** and **Thomas Addis**, and after *twice* rejecting his proposals, the two continued their affair even after his marriage to card carrying communist **Katherine “Kitty” Puening** in November of 1940.



ANOTHER PERSON introduced to Oppenheimer through Jean Tatlock was the metaphysical English poet **John Donne**, *via* her medieval scholar father, *hence* the coded poem stated above. It has been conjectured that Oppenheimer first read Donne only after his arrival to Los Alamos in 1943, and no doubt from a book which would have been handed to him by Tatlock. Why John Donne? Because Donne was a **poetic alchemist**.

Donne's pen was concerned with man's spiritual transcendence in such manner that parallels the extraction of pure essences from any form of base matter. I got that from one Donne analyst or another. Accordingly, Donne was the sort of poet who could see the whole world in a room; the cosmos within the individual; a single life inhabiting all of human history; as well as the apocalypse in the death of one man. In other words, Donne could metaphorically split words the way Oppenheimer could split an atom. That's what the people on the Intel-net tell me, at the very least.

Though Donne never once uses the phrase *Trinity* (and remember, Oppenheimer credits the alchemist), in one poem the poet

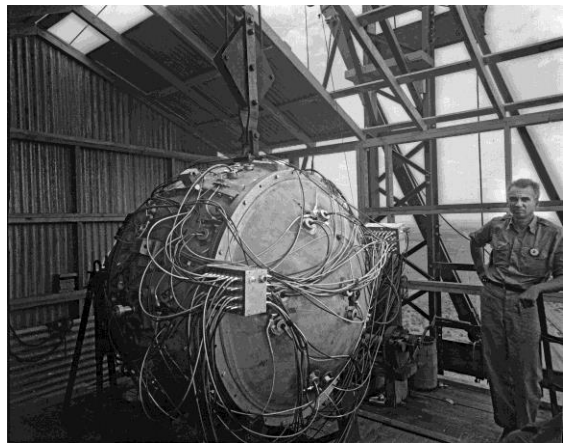


quips: “Batter my heart, **three-person’d God.**” You see, there it is. Mercury. Salt. *And* Sulfur.

Jean Tatlock’s drowning has all the markings of an alchemical allegory and a hoax. Perhaps a gunshot sprint to the **year of the rooster.** That’s a stand-in for **mercury**, by the way. *Mm-hmm*, Little Boy and the Fat Man were dropped over Japan during the alchemical year of mercury. 1945. Or rather, the rooster. The *next* year of the rooster would fall on 1957. That is the occasion when Britain detonated her *first* hydrogen bomb, and the U.S. conducted her *first* underground nuclear test. *Also*, the space race began with the launch of Sputnik I. The next year of the rooster would fall on 1969. *So*, Apollo 11. See how this works? It’s all alchemy. Tatlock’s exit from the world stage sounds not so dissimilar from the death *hoax* of Kobe Bryant in January of 2020, which kick-started the Covid-19 psychodrama in the year of the rat. The bathtub story may have in fact served as the signpost and an opening ceremony.

In short, *Trinity* is Tatlock.

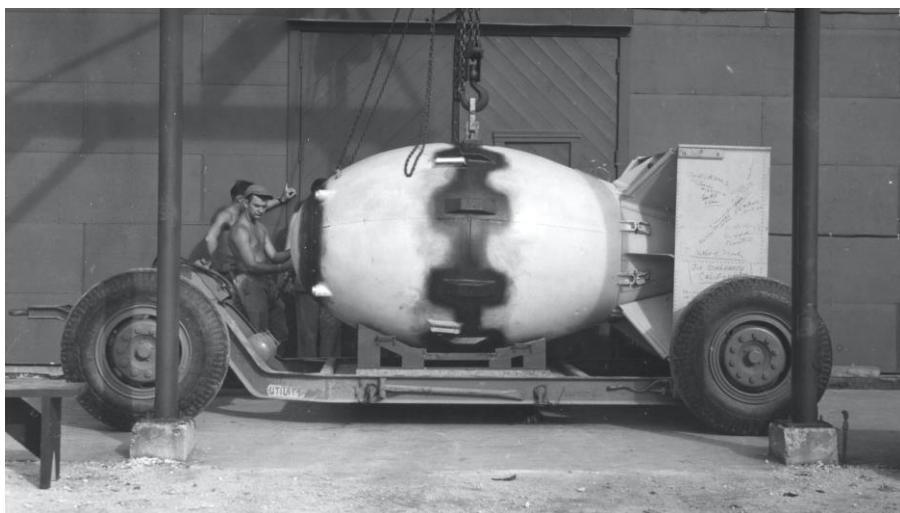
THE TERM *Gadget* was a laboratory euphemism for *a bomb*. Little Boy and Fat Man may have been dropped over Hiroshima and Nagasaki, but at White Sands, the archaic hairball of the atomic age, tangled with a mesh of wires, was simply Gadget. The Gadget was an implosion type plutonium device, which essentially means the plutonium is surrounded by explosives. The labyrinth of wires you see are attached to different explosives which burn at different frequencies. The idea was that the explosions would compress the plutonium into a ball with an overcritical mass, which would then explode. This had to be timed down to the *micro-*



*second*, which is also why, we are told, that all the wires are essentially the same length. We're talking about the atomic bomb and looking at a fraud.

Standing next to Gadget in is **Norris Edwin Bradbury**, the person who replaced Oppenheimer as Director of the Los Alamos Laboratory after his departure and was directly responsible for assembling Gadget and Fat Man, *both* of which are described as a Y-1561 device, or the Mark III design. Which is to say they were an implosion-type nuclear weapon with a solid plutonium core. We are told that two more Mark III models were detonated at Bikini Atoll in 1946, and that some 120 were produced between 1947 and 1949, at which time the Mark 4 retired the Fat Man line-up.

Notice Bradbury's height in comparison with Gadget. We are *told* that Gadget is not completely assembled yet. And *now* let's turn to a picture of Fat Man.



There is no possible way that the Gadget would fit within Fat Boy. To come to that conclusion, I simply compared the height of the two or three men present. I'm sensing a problem.

But they are *different* bombs—you tell me.

*True.* But they were built at the same time and by the same manufacturers. Fat Man was already completed *before* Trinity and was smaller and simpler, complete with a sleeker design, whereas Gadget was a fly in the soup of atomic complexity. The first enriched uranium did not arrive at Los Alamos until June of 1944. You can't work on a uranium bomb without uranium. And remember, the first chain-reaction fusion explosion was, up to that point, purely theoretical. More like theater. There is nothing simple about either weapons design. The Manhattan Project enlisted top Scientists from all over the world. We're talking Italy and Germany and Jews without a homeland. And as we've already established, *both* Gadget and Fat Man are the Mark III design.

The *first* was detonated in New Mexico on July 16, while the *later* was detonated only 24 days afterwards, on August 9. Different sizes meant they managed to theorize, invent, and then contract the production of different working parts for two *separate* bombs, one of which was tested as the Trinity event but then never utilized again. That doesn't make any sense whatsoever. In the very near future, we shall suddenly see the narrative change again, whereas the nuclear bomb needed to be tested dozens, if not hundreds of times over, assigning sandbanks in the Pacific to nuclear waste and forcing entire indigenous groups out of their homes. Meanwhile, Trinity was tested once, and then completely different bombs were used—as designs so. The *official* narrative tells us that they had to bluff Japan into thinking they had any number of new Fat Men when in fact they had none. That's Intel's way of rubbing it in our faces, that the ultimate bluff is against everyone. They never had a nuclear bomb to begin with.



YOU'D *think* with all the theories being imagined, the loose and archaic numbers in need of a good crunching, and thing-a-ma-jigs requiring their invention (for two separate sized bombs), and in so little time, nobody would have time to sit around playing with explosives in the desert. Regardless, the *official* narrative informs us that a 20-foot-high wooden platform was constructed 800 yards to the south-east of Trinity ground zero and with 81 tons of Composition B explosive, having the power of **108** tons of TNT stacked upon it. The Wikipedia calls it the **100-ton test**. It was done, we are told, as a so-called atom bomb rehearsal in preparation for Trinity.

It is called the 100-ton test, but that is only to cover up the fact that **108** tons of TNT were offered up, not 100. I dare you to do a web search on **108**. Go ahead. Give it a try. Think about it and we shall return to that occult number in a moment.

By now you should be asking yourself how the 100-ton test could in any way be a rehearsal to The Bomb when the so-called test was a conventional explosion and in no way nuclear. I have yet to receive a satisfactory answer anywhere on the Intel-net, because in terms of rehearsals, it *isn't* one. It's like buying a shotgun and then trying it out on the range with a bow and arrow. Or prepping for yoga class by taking a

side-trip through the drive-through and eating fries and a cheeseburger, perhaps a milkshake to go with it. Nothing nuclear exploded on May 7. All they managed to do was play with explosives and create a fireball explosion visible some 60 miles away at Alamogordo Army Airfield. Major **Stan Shields** thought the fireworks display looked beautiful. *How adorable*. Meanwhile, hardly any shock was felt at the base camp 10 miles away. We are only two months removed from Trinity, and what was accomplished? The answer again is *nothing*. The 100-ton test might as well be the New Mexico version of **Operation Fortitude**.

Remember the Apollo 1 fire that killed astronauts Roger Chaffee, Virgin Grissom, and Ed White at Cape Kennedy? Only thirty seconds before all three went up in flames, Grissom protested their inability to make radio contact with the tower, and he said, “We can’t even talk between two buildings. How the heck are we supposed to get to the moon?” *Boom*.

Somebody named **Vannevar Bush** was present for the 100-ton test. Bush headed the **U.S. Office of Scientific Research and Development**. He was later chiefly responsible for the movement that led to the creation of the **National Science Foundation**. There is much attributed to his name, including the development of the analogue computer, but what I wanted to know most is if Vannevar Bush is a **Bush**. We are not told. I decided to check anyways. Bush was a **Master Mason**.

And *now* back to the number **108**.

In yoga, the number **108** refers to spiritual completion. The heart chakra is said to have **108 nadi** (energy lines) that converge to form this energy center. **108** is alchemical in that it is associated with transformation and love energy, and why *pranayama*, the practice of breath control in yoga, is often completed in cycles of **108**. **Sun salutations** are often performed in **9** rounds of all **12** postures. The math on that totals **108**. The idea was that the yogic Master could align himself with the rhythm of creation, ultimately bringing an end to one’s cycle of reincarnation. Even Buddhist rosaries have **108** beads. Many Buddhist temples exhibit **108** steps representing the path to enlightenment, and the list goes on from there. There’s **108** temptations capable of tripping one from nirvana and **108** delusions. Tai Chi has **108** moves. You get the point.

Within the Copernican Universe, the distance between the Earth and the sun is **108** times the diameter of the sun. Astrologers of the same rank maintain that an astrological age is a product of the earth's slow processional rotation and lasts for 2,160 years, which is 20 x 108. The Sarsen Circle on the Salisbury Plain is **108** feet in diameter.



The five-pointed pentagram exhibits **108-degree** angles in every direction. **108** is a magic number. But it gets better, and hits *closer* to home. Shiva has **108** names.

The 100-ton test was a ceremony.

You probably didn't arrive expecting to dissect numbers, and yet here we are. I have a few more to throw at you. In as little as **3** weeks, precisely **21** days after Trinity, 80,000 Japanese civilians were murdered at Hiroshima, while a chosen few became Ascended Masters. Why **21**? Because the number **21** in numerology is symbolic of success, completion, the fulfillment of desires, and victory. In Tarot, The World represents the number **21**, and is the last card of the *major arcana*. Within the card, we see the emergence of a goddess, who arrives victorious. It should also be noted that **3** is a prime number of **21**, but you probably knew that already.



WHAT ARE we looking at here? Is it a runaway zit on the night before prom? *No*, it is not. We are reportedly staring at the first 11 seconds of the atomic age. **AA—11**. A *new* beginning. The time we are told is **5:30 in the morning**, at *precisely* the break of dawn. July 16, 1945. It is a faked photo. They're all either faked photos or faked stories given to us by Intel. You shall see *partially* why my claim concerning the photographs is true in a moment, though you will mostly have to wait for my reports on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, when the fakes will be handed theirs and hacked appropriately into pieces.

At any rate, it is July 16, 1945. We find ourselves **at the height of the summer solstice**. *Alchemy*. **Ernest Orlando Lawrence**, a nuclear scientist who had earlier in 1939 won the **Nobel Prize** in Physics for the invention of the cyclotron, described the scene as one in which everything went “from darkness to brilliant sunshine in an instant.”

Physicists present worried that the intense heat of the nuclear explosion would cause a chain reaction in the atmosphere. The idea is that atoms would fuse together and engulf the whole world in blazing light and flame or whatever. **Hans Bethe** was a nuclear and theoretical physicist and, I *checked*, a **Jew**, who had personally been appointed by Oppenheimer to head up the T (Theoretical) Division as its highly

coveted director. He had earlier made his name known in 1938, when he produced the theory that fusion produces the enormous energy emitted by stars. In order to quench physicists' fears, Bethe **performed a few calculations on the back of an envelope** and decided that everyone's fear was probably unfounded. *Sure*. This is the same guy who figured out how or when the stars shone whereas the poets were just observing that they did. *Ridiculous*. When Trinity detonated in the New Mexico desert on the morning of the 16, Bethe is reported to have commented: "I am not a philosopher."

The physicist **Richard Feynman**, another **New York Jew** who had had been assigned to Bethe's T Division and performed the task of being a "human computer," or something to that effect, recalled freakishly finding the frequency of a classical music station out of San Francisco just as the bomb detonated. The sonic blast and the blinding light of the bomb, he said, absorbed and therefore silenced the sound emitting from his radio.

**Enrico Fermi**, whom we have earlier met as the architect of the nuclear age, afterwards reported: "Although I did not look directly towards the object, I had the impression that suddenly the countryside became brighter than in full daylight. I subsequently looked in the direction of the explosion through the dark glass and could see something that looked like a conglomeration of flames that promptly started rising."

It was Oppenheimer's reaction however that would become synonymous with the **Trinity** blast (and the movie catchphrase) when he said: "If the radiance of a thousand suns were to burst at once into the sky, that would be like the splendor of the mighty one.....Now I am become **Death**, the destroyer of worlds."

We are talking about *Shiva*. The elohiyim with **108** names.





THIS IS where the Trinity story takes a brief turn towards comedy—if only the sadistic murder of a hundred-thousand Japanese civilians and a continued bold face lie over several decades didn't ruin a good laugh. Or as Miles Mathis says in his own [dissection](#) of this photo: “I will give you a few moments to stop laughing.”

The Governments documented *proof* that Gadget was indeed a nuclear device is delivered in this one picture. You are looking at their undeniable proof. The Wikipedia offers the *following* description:

“Major General Leslie Groves and Robert Oppenheimer at the Trinity shot tower remains a few weeks later. The white overshoes were to prevent the trinitite fallout from sticking to the soles of their shoes.”

There is so much wrong with this picture, I don't even know where to begin.

A few weeks *later* means both Hiroshima and Nagasaki have already been bombed. So, they're still testing the *first* product, despite having already reworked the bomb for Japan. But that's not what I'm trying to get at here. A nuclear bomb had just exploded 100 feet above ground zero and they're wearing no protective clothing except for medical booties. *Right*. We are told that the nuclear explosion turned the asphalt and sand into green glass, seeing as how a nuclear bomb had instantaneously incinerated the desert in extreme temperatures so high that it would take the splitting of an atom. I am not the first to comment on the fact that I see a parched desert floor. No bomb crater. Where's the glass? Where's the bomb crater? Is anyone remotely concerned about radiation? The man with the sunglasses and mustache on stage left looks suspicious. Why would you wear medical booties to protect you from sharp glass? The answer is: you wouldn't.



Do me a favor and take a close look at **Jack Aeby's** picture of the event. It is described as the “only well-exposed color photograph of the first detonation of a nuclear weapon on July 16, 1945 at the Trinity nuclear test site in New Mexico.” That's a big ass explosion. How *the hell* is there no bomb crater?

A mushroom cloud forms when the extreme heat of the fireball creates a powerful updraft, picking up dust, *aka* the bomb crater, and forms its iconic blossoming pedals. *So*, again I ask—where’s the bomb crater? Contrary to popular belief, the shape of a mushroom is not dependent upon its nuclear or thermonuclear component. Given enough TNT, a mushroom cloud will form. How would I know? I used to live in the Mojave Desert in a little Navy town called China Lake. I *felt* the vibrations and then rushed outside to behold the mushroom cloud with my own eyes—and on two separate occasions. Did I rush over the hill to inspect for bomb craters? No, I did not, as that would have landed me in government sponsored accommodations.



AFTER TEST

As *further* photographic evidence of Trinity, The Wikipedia offers a second picture, what looks to be a polaroid, with the words AFTER TEST scribbled below. Again, *adorable*. We are treated to a couple of unidentified guys standing around on a plot of land, looking more lost than anything, while the photographer appears to be a giant. Probably a 30-footer. Nobody’s wearing their medical booties. The shot is passed off to us as something Scientific, as if they’re attempting to document the moment, and yet *nothing* matches the photograph containing Groves and

Oppenheimer. At least Groves and Oppenheimer were standing around trying to look important. This just looks like a vacation photo. Perhaps it is the depression, and we are witnessing two guys build a highway for the PWA. Where's the scorched earth? Where's the glass? That's *no* bomb crater. There are thick lines etched into the reported bullseye, Ground Zero. And is that a pile-up of sand? I'm pretty sure that's a pile-up of sand. I've seen construction in the whereabouts of Death Valley which rivals this damage. If that's not a giant taking their picture, then he's probably standing on an excavator.



Today, an obelisk stands *erect* as the lasting memorial to Oppenheimer's alchemical exercise. *And* patches of grass. For all of you-newbies out there, an obelisk is a penis. Hopefully you weren't drinking coffee while reading that, because I would have spit it out all over the keyboard and screen. That happened to me once and fried the keyboard.

Specifically, we are looking at Osiris' penis. Though the Trinity site in New Mexico isn't nearly so impressive as the Nimrod penis they have in Washington. Or is it Osiris? There are in fact several egotistical godmen who have claimed The Penis we take our family photographs around as their own. Fun fact, the Babylonian Trinity consisted of Nimrod, Semiramis, and Tammuz. Perhaps the most noted Trinity of

Egypt embodies Osiris, Isis, and Horus. A penis can be found in every telling. I've said this repeatedly over the years, and at the threat of boring you I'll say it again. The *point* of alchemy, as well as the hieroglyphic packaging behind every Trinity *here* mentioned, is to transmute the nature of the mortal soul into something immortal, which is to say, *divine*.

Like the Copernican Revolution, the atomic bomb was the ultimate exoteric expression of an age-old esoteric pursuit.

Sun worship.



MONTHS later, after some 120,000 Japanese civilians were murdered in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, with thousands more dying in grotesque and excruciating pain, and still thousands more left permanently handicapped, Oppenheimer told President **Harry Truman** that blood was on his hands. Truman angrily responded: “The blood is on my hands, let me

worry about that.” He then kicked him out of the oval office and told an adviser that he never wanted to see the theoretical physicist again. Why do we know any of this? Because we are reading a story being passed off to us as the real thing.

Remember how Oppenheimer was instrumental in arguing for the justified existence of the United Nations? *Ordo Ab Chao*. Well, after The War, Hans Bethe, the theoretical physicist who calmed everyone’s fear by performing calculations on the back of an envelope, went on to play an important *role* in the development of the hydrogen bomb. Bethe later campaigned with Albert Einstein, *wink-wink*, against nuclear testing and the nuclear arms race, eventually persuading **Kennedy** to sign the 1963 Partial Nuclear Test Ban Treaty and **Nixon** the 1972 Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty (Salt I).

On June 7, 1949, four months before arriving on the cover of **LIFE Magazine**, Oppenheimer and his wife Jackie testified before the House Un-American Activities Committee and admitted that they had indeed been card carrying members of the Communist Party. *Ridiculous*. **Joseph McCarthy** provided enough actors playing the part of the communist, by which Oppenheimer was apparently one of them, to the point that Americans were finding communists in their own pantry. Sipping them up in their soup, and so forth. **Julius** and **Ethel Rosenberg** were a nice tie-in. In the summer of 1944, Ethel’s brother **David Greenglass** was assigned to Oak Ridge, and then in a few short weeks, Los Alamos, where he worked on implosion as a member of the Special Engineering Detachment. The Army machinist used his wife Ruth as the conduit by which information regarding the atomic bomb might be funneled to his brother-in-law, Julius Rosenberg, who then turned it over to Soviet Intelligence. *Oh dear*. It’s all psychodrama. Good storytelling? *Sure*. But still psychodrama. While playing the part of the anti-hero, Oppenheimer was subsequently fired from his University of Minnesota position.

Oppenheimer was also nominated for the **Nobel Prize** for physics on *three* separate occasions, in 1946, 1951 and 1967 respectively, but lost every time. *Bummer*. America’s favorite **Nazi**, **Wernher von Braun**, then NASA director and part time Disney employee or Disneyland television spokesman or whatever, summed up his own opinion on the

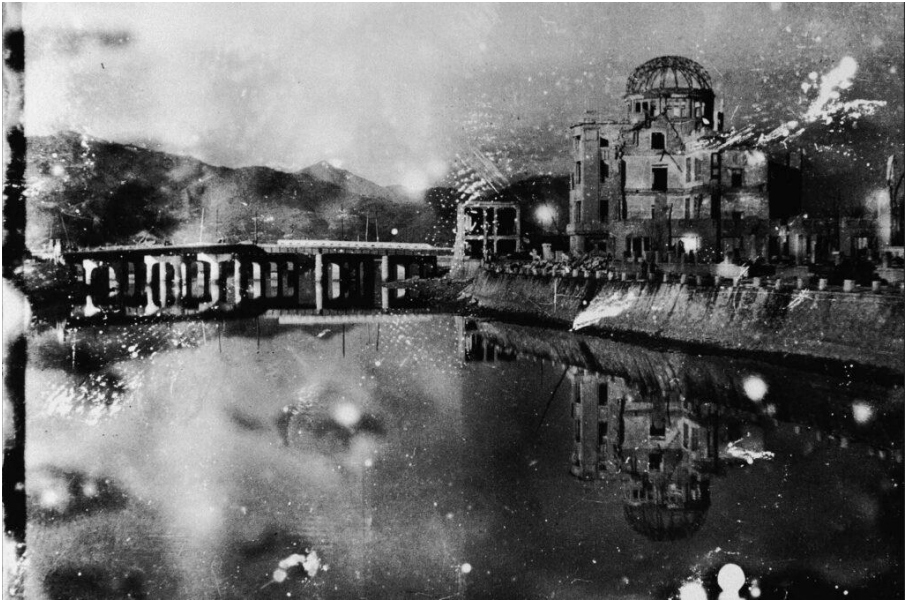
matter with a quip to a Congressional committee: “In England, Oppenheimer would have been knighted.” If *only* MI6 had been scripted for the part.

Starting in 1954, Oppenheimer lived for several months of each year on the island of Saint John in the U.S. Virgin Islands. By 1957, he had settled into a 2-acre tract of land on Gibney Beach, where he built a spartan home. One can only wonder if Jean Tatlock joined him.



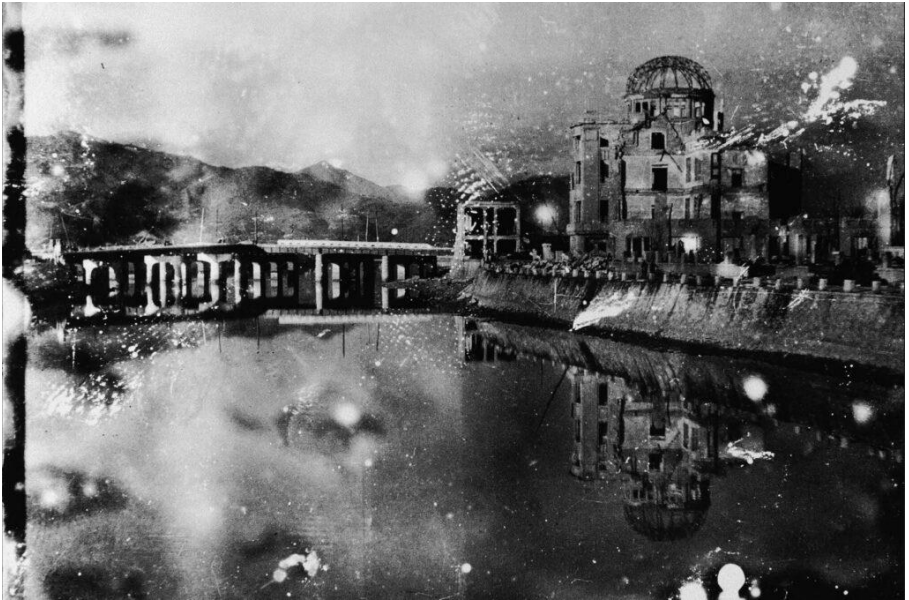






PART THREE:  
*Architects of Hiroshima*





“We have seen the sun rising in the west.”

Cotton Mather (Boston, Massachusetts, 1721)

WHAT YOU are about to read is the rather strange and unusual story of Jesuit priests. *Mm-hmm*, **Jesuit priests** who, on August 6, 1945, miraculously *survived* the atomic bomb blast of Hiroshima, and only **eight blocks from its epicenter** at ground zero. *There*, I have already delivered your very first verifiable red flag. Jesuits were present at Hiroshima. *Of course*, they were. Why wouldn't they be? And they survived, unsinged. Again, why wouldn't they? *Wink-wink*. Today, the **Hiroshima Peace Memorial**, otherwise known as the Atomic Bomb Dome, is protected by **UNESCO** and designated as a World Heritage Site. *Boom*. Your next red flag. We're on a roll, aren't we? If Jesuits and UNESCO seem as innocent and comparable to you as a unicorn vomiting rainbows at a little girls' birthday party, then you will need to do your own research, because both are trademarks of *global* deception, and unicorns are marketed to children for *pedo* purposes.

Perhaps you have absolutely no intent whatsoever to read this paper and have only arrived for an indulgent helping from trained robot commenters and the corporate *human* slaves inspired to write boorish comments right alongside of them, all of whom would rather inhabit the nostalgia of **James Cameron** and **Godzilla** movies rather than reality. Cheap currency. By the time we are through, *you too*, Yah willing, will come to terms with the fact that nobody has the power to receive the secret combination and then push a little red button to end the world. Nuclear bombs are fear mongering at its finest, as well as the surprise ending to *Planet of the Apes*, and every world government, *including* Japan, is in on it. Shall we begin? Believe it or not, we already have. Let's *continue* then.



THE VERY *first* thing you need to realize is that it is not Hiroshima nor Nagasaki which remains the most destructive bombing run in *recorded* human history. That title is handed to Tokyo. The only reason Tokyo was not *nuked* in our collective consciousness, via government propaganda and Illuminati written history books, is because "The Bomb" *hoax* would not be exhumed from New Mexico until the following July. **Operation Meetinghouse** was conducted on March 9, 1945, four

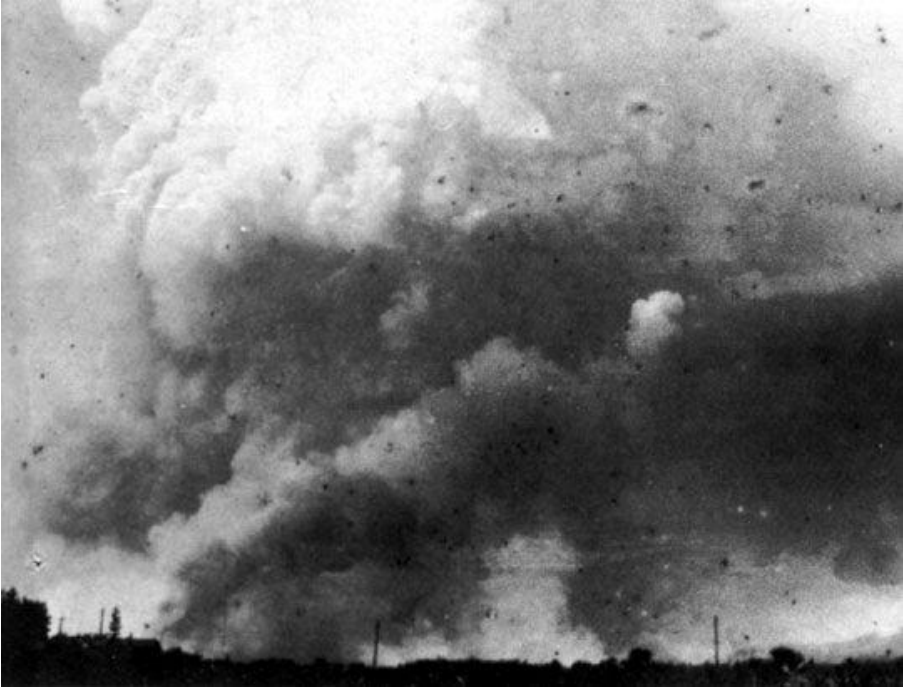
months before *Trinity* was ever tested. A total of 16 square miles were destroyed in a single night, leaving an estimated 100,000 civilians dead and another one million homeless. Some 267,000 buildings were destroyed.

Attempt any image search and Google can't seem to tell the difference between the *three*. That is, Tokyo, Hiroshima, and Nagasaki. The reasoning being because they were all destroyed in the exact same manner, by conventional weapons.

We are told that Japan announced its unconditional surrender on August 14 only because of 'The Bomb', but by that time, 64 Japanese cities had already been destroyed by non-nuclear air raids, all of which had essentially transpired over the previous six months. In 1945, Tokyo had already been designated as the seat of the Imperial capitol, and it was wiped out. And unlike Nagasaki or Hiroshima, analysis of these air raids were classified in order to cripple any objective comparisons between the damage done in conventional attacks *versus* the nuclear option. Must I explain any further? The destruction of Japan was *classified*. I think you already know *why*. Pictures of Tokyo's aftermath, as seen *above*, when compared with Hiroshima, are oddly interchangeable. And that is because Hiroshima and Nagasaki were firebombed.

*Already*, somebody out there is protesting on the basis that we have photographs of charred bodies, which apparently can only be accomplished by the splitting of an atom. *Also*, something about how they would never lie to us about something like that. What our Slave Masters don't expect is for you to compare their atomic narrative against those of conventional firebombing raids, which had already been perfected as an art form by the time of the Trinity test. Firestorms can arise from causes other than nuclear.





You're probably wondering what a **firestorm** is, and more importantly, how it relates to firebombing. I'm glad you asked. It's why we're having this conversation. A firestorm is a conflagration which attains such intensity that it creates and sustains its own wind system, and we're talking storm force winds bearing down from every point on the compass. Inhumane blasts of white heat reach instantaneously high temperatures, melting human flesh from the bone. Gigantic masses of air are then sucked in by the expanding inferno, creating something similar to a tornado, netting people in plight and tossing them mercilessly into the flame. Those seeking protection in enclosed underground spaces often suffocate as the fire gluttonously grasps for every last breath of oxygen.

Quite contrarily to a single nuclear explosion, firebombing is designed to destroy an entire city by means of an unrestrained *fire* through thousands of incendiary devices rather than large bomb blasts. We're talking thousands upon thousands of highly explosive devices bombarded from the air, destroying rooftops, igniting buildings from within, and furthermore disrupting any attempt by firefighters to douse the flames. Months before news of The Bomb was shoved down our throats

through the media, American pilots had already *leveled* dozens of Japanese cities. Though incendiary devices have been employed since the invention of gunpowder (according to the *official* narrative), The War against Nazi Germany and the Empire of Japan perfected the art form.



So far, I have only been describing the results of firestorms in *cities*, when in fact such instances occur repeatedly in *nature*. Are we looking at a photograph of nature? No, we are not. We are staring at Nagasaki in her aftermath. We are shown photographs of trees snapped and splintered at Nagasaki and told the 20 kiloton Fat Man did it (while the less powerful Little Boy only knocked them down) when in fact a firestorm, given its hurricane-force winds, can create the same effect. In the days after Hurricane Michael made landfall near Mexico Beach, Florida, having reached a Category 5 status with peak winds of 160 mph, my wife and I probably drove some 50 miles down the I-10, observing entire forests like this one that had been snapped in half like toothpicks or pencils.

Firestorms are of course *different*, because we are not only dealing with the ferocity of wind but the heat of flame. After investigating one

such recent firestorm in Queensland, Australia, firefighters found tree trunks that had snapped as the fire ripped through, and particularly noted that the fierce blaze had created such strong winds that smoldering leaves blew as far as 4km away from the front lines. The Nagasaki photos looks like the aftermath of any major firestorm.



EVEN BEFORE Japan's demise, most large German cities were extensively firebombed, starting as early as 1942. Beginning on February 13, 1945, allies engaged in a fierce firebombing of **Dresden**, a city 193 kilometers south of Berlin. Their confrontation resulted in the death of 25,000 civilians. The first bombs were dropped at 10:10 AM, unleashing a massive firestorm. As a network of fires welded together, a conflagration was formed, sucking air into the swirling columns. Germans who fled underground were swooped up into the oxygen that fed the flames.



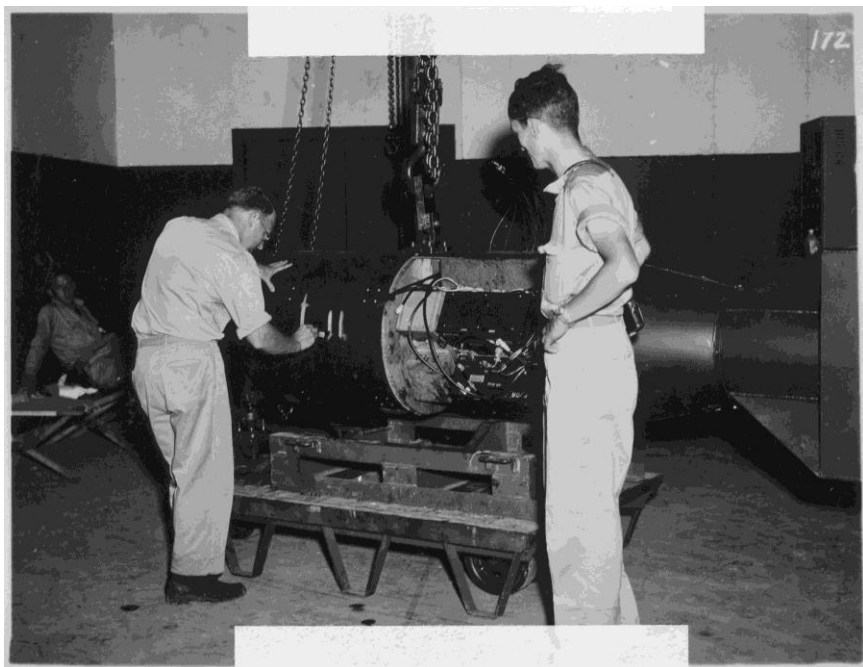
700,000 phosphorus bombs were unloaded on Dresden. That's *one* bomb for every *two* people. The city itself reached 2,912 degrees Fahrenheit. For comparison, rocks *melt* at 1,600 degrees. It was hotter than a volcano in Dresden. Survivors recounted seeing young women running up and down the streets while carrying babies, their dresses and hair on fire, screaming until they eventually fell, or the buildings collapse on top of them. **Kurt Vonnegut Jr.** was a witness to the aftermath.

The author of *Slaughterhouse-Five* had been taken prisoner on December 22, and only survived, according to his own account, by taking refuge in a meat locker three stories underground. Vonnegut later recalled: "It was cool there, with cadavers hanging all around. When we came up the city was gone. They burnt the whole damn town down." Vonnegut and other American prisoners were put to work immediately after the bombing, excavating bodies from the rubble. He described the activity as a "terribly elaborate Easter-egg hunt."

Elsewhere, the author commented: "You guys burnt the place down, turned it into a single column of flame. More people died there in the firestorm, in that one big flame, than died in Hiroshima and Nagasaki combined." Initial reports in Japan, *and* by the Associated Press, were that Hiroshima was firebombed.



*Mm-hmm*, firebombed. Are you surprised? I'm not. The most common photo of Hiroshima, and I'm talking about the document where we receive a layout of the land (not some mushroom mock-up in the clouds), is that of a raging firestorm. *Also*, the horizon is flat. It's painful—how easily we're duped.



THE NEW MEXICO *Trinity* test is considered the most impressive piece of *exoteric* evidence for the existence of an explosive fission chain reaction in the world today. What I mean by that is, we are *told* that the Manhattan Project was a top secret clashing of minds (among *theoretical* physicists, mind you) which *successfully* ushered the world into the atomic age. Supposing you took the time to read my *last* paper, then you will recall how impressive the electric hairball **Gadget** was, as plutonium implosion designs go—which is to say, not at all. Hopefully, you haven't skipped ahead or else you will have to go back read that section for yourself to compare Gadget with the Fat Man, who was played in real life by Jason Lochinvar. There are problems with the Gadget-Fat Man story, particularly considering the timetable we are given. But what

I *purposefully* failed to do was compare Gadget with Little Boy, because the problems here are even worse.

Little Boy comes to us as part of **Project Alberta**, a subdivision of the Manhattan Project. We are shown a single photograph of Commander **Francis Birch** assembling the bomb while physicist **Norman Ramsey** looks on. Ramsey, who was personally invited on by Oppenheimer, was born in **Washington**. This is what we read of his parents.

Norman Foster Ramsey Jr. was born in Washington, D.C., on August 27, 1915, to Minna Bauer Ramsey, an instructor at the University of Kansas, and Norman Foster Ramsey,<sup>[1]</sup> a 1905 graduate of the United States Military Academy at West Point and an officer in the Ordnance Department who rose to the rank of brigadier general during World War II, commanding the Rock Island Arsenal.<sup>[2]</sup> He was raised as an Army brat, frequently moving from post to post, and lived in France for a time when his father was Liaison Officer with the *Direction d'Artillerie* and Assistant Military Attaché.<sup>[3]</sup> This allowed him to skip a couple of grades along the way, so that he graduated from Leavenworth High School in Leavenworth, Kansas, at the age of 15.<sup>[1]</sup>

His mother Minna was an instructor at the University of Kansas. His father Norman however was a 1905 **West Point** graduate and an officer in the **Ordnance Department** before rising to the rank of brigadier general during the War, commanding the Rock Island Arsenal. Norman Ramsey was born into Intel.

What is important to note is that the *Trinity* test, by which the atomic bomb was reportedly tested and tried, has absolutely nothing to do with the Little Boy package dropped upon Hiroshima. Little Boy was a much simpler uranium 'gun' design than its Fat Man contemporary. Aside from the fact that there was an insufficient supply of uranium-235, Little Boy was only toyed with in the laboratory. Unlike Gadget's implosion design, which required a complex and theoretical mind-bending coordination of shaped-explosive charges, the War Department simply decided that the gun-type design was certain to work. Little Boy required a cylindrical ring projectile to be fired onto a central spike of U235 metal. The result was theoretically expected to yield a critical mass that would be instantaneously triggered by a small neutron force. Am I describing male meets female-part atomic sex? Why *yes*, I am.

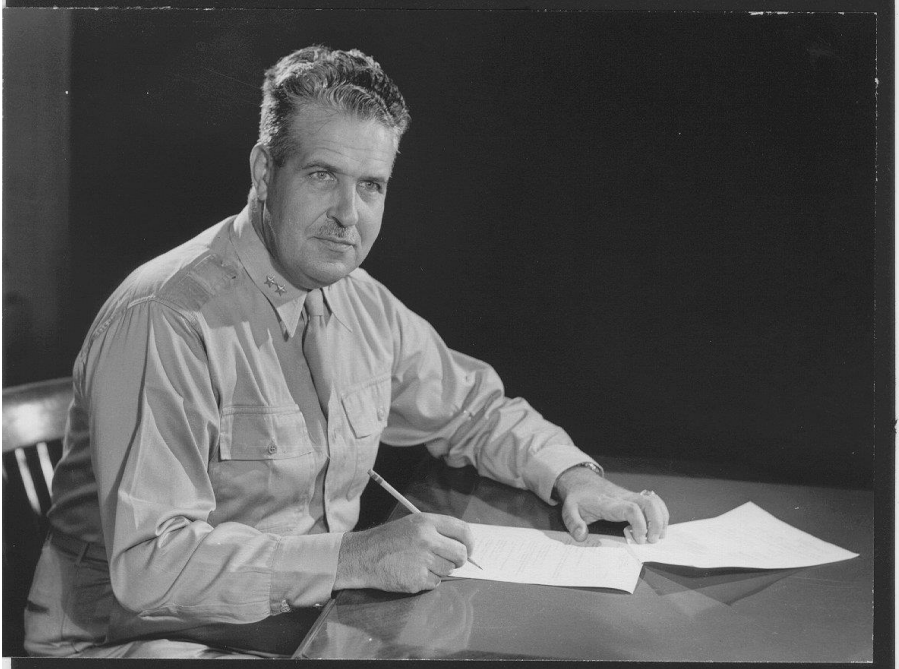
They furthermore tell us that Little Boy's components had been tested in a series of 32 target and drop tests at Wendover Airfield in Utah, with only one bomb failing to fire, and yet no full test of a gun-type nuclear weapon occurred before Hiroshima. You'll want to take note of the fact that the drop test was of dummies, not nuclear devices.

Technically, the term **pumpkin bomb** applies to both the dummy concrete bombs used at Wendover, but *also* the mortar bombs dropped over Japan. The pumpkin bombs dropped over Japan were filled with 6,300 pounds of Composition B high explosives and were used for the purposes of **firebombing**. Try not to let cognitive dissonance win the day.



In August, General **Leslie Groves** reported that his team of scientists at Los Alamos were sufficiently confident of the uranium gun's capability in combat, despite having never been tested. When Little Boy was shipped out from Hunters Point Naval Shipyard in California onboard the USS Indianapolis, it wasn't even fully assembled yet, but more importantly, the idea that a nuclear chain-reaction would occur was a purely theoretical idea. Little Boy had begun combat deployment before there had ever been a fission explosion on Earth. *Ridiculous.*

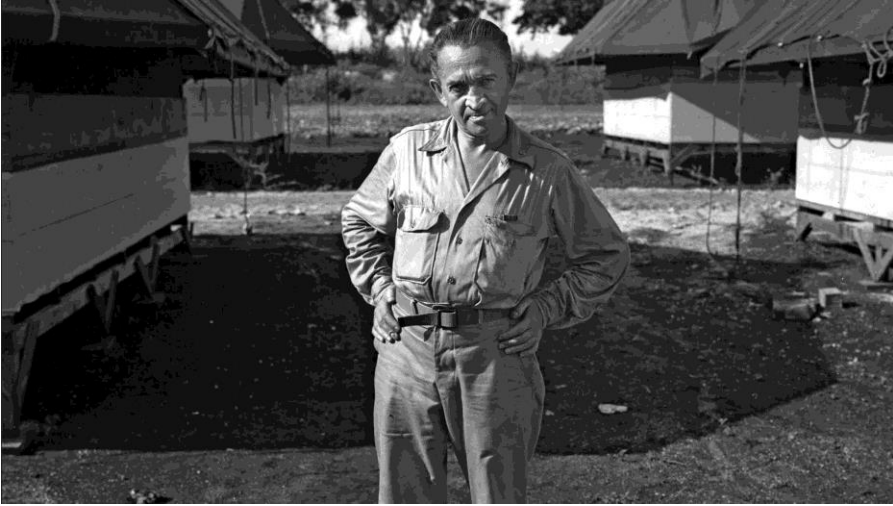
I did an image search for General Leslie Groves on The Internet, and *this* is what I found. Press photo after press photo of Groves sitting behind a desk signing important letters, or staring up at a map, or putting a telephone to his head. Was he conversing with anyone? We are not told. Look at General Groves, hard at work, getting *stuff* done.



Here is another photo of General Groves hard at work. Who is he staring at—his secretary’s backside? We’ll never know. The guy couldn’t keep a straight face, could he?

And *then* we see General Groves at the Trinity site again. Standing around in the “bomb crater” with Oppenheimer, looking important, having a good time. Still wearing their medical booties, I see. Why is Oppenheimer holding a hand to his hip? Looks suspicious. Perhaps Groves is flirting. Hard to tell.





AND SPEAKING of hands on the hip, we stumble upon *this* fellow.

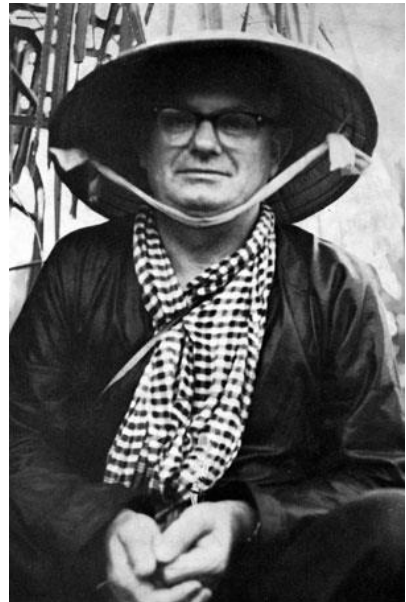
The entire point of telling us about the development of The Bomb, *via* Manhattan Project, was to pull the wool over everyone's eyes, because therein lay the deception. There was no Bomb. Rather than simply dropping a real atomic explosive over Japan, our Controllers wanted us to *believe* that there was a doomsday device and, more importantly, that they alone held that power in their hands. This is undoubtedly why President Truman announced on a nationwide broadcast on August 6, 1945, that Hiroshima was leveled by a you-know-what. Never mind the fact that Tokyo radio had initially announced Hiroshima being raided without thinking to mention that it had happened by unusual methods. We saw the same thing happen with the Titanic, when Canadian newspapers announced that the ocean liner had arrived safely in Halifax, *ooops*. The Bomb myth was seared into the collective consciousness from day one. And wouldn't you know it, the entire story of its development wasn't simply delivered to us by way of the Pentagon. It was written by a single man. And his name was **William L. Laurence**. *Aka* Leib Wolf Siew. *Aka*, Hands on His Hips Laurence.

The Wikipedia tells us, *first sentence*, that Laurence was a Russian born **Jew**. *Secondly*, that he worked for **The New York Times**. *Oh gee*. And then it goes right on down spook central from there. The Wiki writes:

“He won two **Pulitzer Prizes** and, as the *official* historian of the **Manhattan Project**, was the *only* journalist to witness the **Trinity test** and the **atomic bombing of Nagasaki**.” So, there you have it. Laurence was paid by the War Department. Today we would call it the Department of Defense, but in 1945 it was the War Department. Langley would not be born for another two years, in 1947, but for whatever reason, and I have stumbled upon this repeatedly, *The New York Times* is a favorite outlet for Intel psyops. That is not to say that *The Times* are simply reporting on psyops. No. *The Times* is a weapon turned against the reader, and its writers are spooks.

The story goes something like *this*.

The first western journalist to *technically* write about Hiroshima was **Australian Associate Press** reporter **Wilfred Graham Burchett**. The AAP was founded by **Sir Keith Arthur Murdoch**. *Mm-hmm*, Murdoch again. Recognize the name? He’s the father of media mogul **Rupert Murdoch**. Burchett was in Okinawa when he heard on the radio that “the world’s first A-bomb had been dropped on a place called Hiroshima.” He then boarded a train unarmed, carrying rations for seven meals, a black umbrella, and a Baby Hermes typewriter, finally arriving from Tokyo on September 2 after a thirty-hour train trip, 27 days later, and despite MacArthur’s orders. His Morse code dispatch was printed on the front page of the UK tabloid newspaper, *Daily Express*, in its September 5 edition. Entitled “*The Atomic Plague*“, and with the subtitle “I Write This as a Warning to the World”, it began:



In Hiroshima, 30 days after the first atomic bomb destroyed the city and shook the world, people are still dying, mysteriously and horribly – people who were uninjured by the cataclysm – from an unknown something which I can only describe as **atomic plague**. Hiroshima

does not look like a bombed city. **It looks as if a monster steamroller had passed over it and squashed it out of existence.** I write these facts as dispassionately as I can in the hope that they will act as a warning to the world.

There are of course various problems with this report. Assuming *for a moment* that Burchett was not bought and paid for by one superpower or another (like everybody else involved), we can easily deduce that he was *told* Hiroshima was nuked, and therefore it appeared to him very much as a nuked city would, when in fact Hiroshima was given the same treatment as Tokyo and every other firebombed city across the flat, motionless plane. *Secondly*, the idea of an “atomic plague” is verifiable nonsense. You shall see *why* soon enough. We are told that the War Department was attempting to downplay its destruction, dismissing any such notion that there were lingering effects of radiation, but that is just misdirection. *The New York Times* published a front-page headline which read: “No radioactivity in Hiroshima ruin,” and we are pressed to ask ourselves: How was *The NY Times* able to verify such a claim? Aside from the Pentagon, they weren’t.

This is where *The New York Times* writer Laurence is brought in. In his own writings Laurence states, he was “**selected** by the heads of the atomic bomb project as sole writer and public relations.” Because the atomic bomb needed good press and an agent and dozens of starring roles in movies, apparently. As part of the tale, Laurence witnessed the Trinity blast on the morning of July 16 and then sat in the co-pilot seat of the B-29 *Bockscar* during the Nagasaki bombing run of August 9. He was the only journalist to witness either.

Laurence is credited with coining the iconic term “Atomic Age”—a popular phrase in the 1950’s. By comparing the atomic bomb to “a monstrous prehistoric creature,” one that “kept struggling in an elemental fury, like a creature in act of breaking the bonds that held it down,” Wiki adds, he “helped to create a cultural trope that may have influenced such films as *The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms* and *Godzilla*.” You see what The Wikipedia did there? Whether you picked up on it or not, they admitted to something. Even the movies are run by Intel.



Nuclear historian **Alex Wellerstein** would later call Laurence “part huckster, part journalist, all wild card ... improbable in every way, a real-life character with more strangeness than would seem tolerable in pure fiction.”

And as for Wilfred Graham Burchett, the AAP reporter would go on to “confirm,” *via* the North Korean government, that the US had used **germ warfare**. Understand, Burchett’s report on germ warfare has had such a lasting impact that the greater majority of “conspiracy theorists” today *still* believe COVID-19 was developed in a Wuhan lab (or some other lab) as part of the advancing germ warfare agenda. *Ridiculous*. Diseases are not a result of a virus. But if that’s not enough, Burchett became the premiere western journalist to interview Yuri Gagarin after Gagarin’s *first* flight into outer space on board Vostok 1. *Right*.

Burchett was on the Kremlin’s payroll.

THE *first* AMERICAN photographer on the ground at both Hiroshima and Nagasaki was **Bernard Hoffman**. And get *this*. You may want to hold onto something. Eisnstaedt worked for **LIFE Magazine**. *Spook*. [EDIT: Other photographers arrived, and they all worked for **LIFE**.] But it doesn’t end there. Hoffman was a New York City born and raised **Jew**. The Wikipedia tells us that “little is publicly known about his youth,” *bummer*, “besides the fact that he received a camera as a birthday present in 1931, when he was 18 years of age.” The absence of story here is very disappointing, especially because nobody thought to make something up this time around. *Still*, I wanted to know more about the camera, and Wiki delivered. He utilized his first roll of film taking nudie photos of his friends while they swam. When the local shopkeeper found



out, he said they would not develop the film into prints. A disappointed Hoffman simply purchased a kit to develop the pictures himself.

Apparently, the dark room resulting from the nudie photos delivered, because here Wiki adds: “This incident would chart the course of his entire adult life,” which included 18 years with the Magazine. *Continuing*: “Hoffman was brought on board approximately one year before the relaunch of **LIFE** would turn the magazine from its original format into a photo-journal of modern American life. In his **role** as staff photographer, Hoffman worked on dummy layouts and design elements prior to the reworked magazine’s debut on November 23, 1936, as well as contributing photography for the first issue.” What they’re essentially saying here is that Hoffman was one of four founding photographers directly responsible for turning LIFE Magazine into the sort of Intel based operation where photography would be employed to indoctrinate the American public and mold their thinking into a *certain* Beast image.

Hoffman was lifelong friends with poet Carl Sandburg. The teenage nudie darkroom story culminated in 1963, when Hoffman was personally chosen to **process much of the footage** from the John F. Kennedy assassination *boax*. Say it ain’t so.

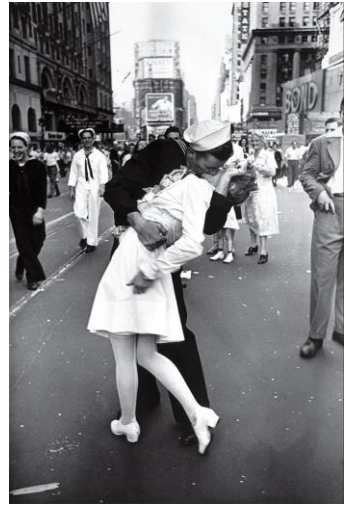


In 1945, the bulk of Hoffman's LIFE sponsored photographs at Ground Zero (like those featured *here*) would remain unpublished for decades because, *again*, making any comparisons between The Bomb and firebombing was illegal and a matter of national security.



ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPHER who arrived at Hiroshima and Nagasaki was **Alfred Eisenstaedt**, a German born **Jew**. Throughout his career, Eisenstaedt was employed to photograph a who's-*who* in the ongoing psyop against humanity. **Marilyn Monroe**. **Walt Disney**. **Joseph Goebbels**. **Ernest Hemingway**. **John F. Kennedy**. Ice skating waiters. Children mortified at a Parisian puppet show. **Albert Einstein**. And that list *goes* on. In my last effort I showed a photograph of Oppenheimer smoking his trademark cigarette and *another* of Oppenheimer sitting next to Albert Einstein. *Mm-hmm*, Eisenstaedt again. He was brought in to photograph the **Dachau concentration camp** in Germany, and in South Dakota, he documented the “construction” of Mount Rushmore, probably another clever *hoax*.

The photographer circled the earth like a traveling montage in an *Indiana Jones* film. After documenting the **liberation of Dachau** in April of 1945, he then managed a trip over to the Japanese mainland to witness the aftermath of both Bombs in August, only to haul ass back to New York in time for the V-J Day parade on September 2, 1945. The iconic picture of a sailor kissing a nurse in Time Square was *his*.



But only days before he captured the lip-locked sailor suffocating a nurse on film, Eisenstaedt would perhaps become best known as the first American photographer in Hiroshima. His most celebrated picture was that of a mother and child, poised for a portrait among the wreckage. This picture *was* published. It was advertised in such a way that the mother and child were doomed by radiation poisoning. Did Alfred Eisenstaedt receive any such effects? No, he did not. He lived to 96. Eisenstaedt's last noted photo-shoot was that of President **Bill Clinton** with **Hillary and Chelsea** at Martha's Vineyard in 1993. LIFE Magazine again.





HERE IS a picture which **LIFE** Magazine *refused* to publish. It's of a fully operational cable streetcar in Hiroshima in September of 1945, complete with passengers. And only three days *after* The Bomb was dropped. That is because death rates were no higher than anywhere else in Japan or Germany. You will want to take note of the functioning telephone poles and a tree, stage right, still sparing leaves. In the aftermath of Hiroshima, one can clearly see utility poles in the foreground. They will once again tell you that trees and poles and up-thrusting steel beams behaved much like the noses and fins of rocket bombs cutting through supersonic air, because the blast came from above, *or whatever*. That's the explanation they have for us on the Intel-net.

The photographer responsible was **J.R. Eyerman**, who is most noted for his often reproduced long-shot of movie audience members wearing 3-D glasses while watching the premiere of *Bwana Devil* in Hollywood in November 1952. The film was directed and produced by **Arch Oboler**, a **Jew**. Eyerman went on to work for **Time** and **National Geographic**, but before doing so, he would

show up at **Yucca Flat**, or *rather*, the **Nevada Test Site**, to produce a *faked* picture of an atomic bomb blast. Perhaps we shall cover Eyerman in an upcoming installment, but no promises.



Do you see what I'm seeing? Lots of vertical stuff. Trees too. Why would the splitting of an atom vaporize the leaves but not the wood? And as you can clearly tell, that building in the background is the Peace Memorial Building, telling us that we're at Ground Zero. Little Boy contained 15 kilotons of TNT in its nuke. Am I expected to believe that 5 more kilotons would have done the job?



*Here's* another one. I'll tell you; telephone poles are as resilient as the cockroach and have remarkable superpowers. People were vaporized, but not trees or telephone poles.



I BET you didn't think there would be a class test, but I'm doing it anyways. I'm handing out a pop quiz. The two top pictures are of Nagasaki, Japan. We are told the one on the left was taken approximately 20 minutes after detonation on August 9, 1945. The name of the photographer was **Hiromichi Matsuda**. Below we see two pictures of **flammagenitus** clouds, also known as pyrocumulus clouds. They're both located in California and are the result of a violent forest fires. The question I have for you is to identify which of the above photos are a mushroom cloud. What would you say, one or two of them? It's a trick question, of course, as all four are *clearly* of the pyrocumulus nature. And just so you're aware, pyrocumulus clouds are the signatures of a firestorm.





EVEN BEFORE the *Asahi Shimbun* newspaper dispatched Japanese photojournalists to Hiroshima and Nagasaki, **Eiichi Matsumoto** had already covered several firebombed cities on the mainland. This is the part where

I remind you that Japan was *in on the hoax*. It's not like the Imperial-owned media was lacking in the propaganda department. Matsumoto's documentation contains some of the most poignant propaganda surrounding the event. We are shown a **perfectly preserved broken** clock hung upon the wall of a Nagasaki police station, frozen in time (though not at all melted or frozen), which apparently captured the exact moment when The Bomb struck.



Here is *another* Matsumoto original. The shadow of a ladder blasted into the sides of a perfectly preserved wall of somebody's house, and the shadow of a man standing next to that ladder. Easily faked. We are told the closer one was exposed to Fat Man or Little Boy, the more horribly you were likely to die, the catch being the less likely you were to be aware

of it. The implication here is that thermal heat from the nuclear explosions seared human skin and **vaporized** the people standing nearest to Ground Zero. So, shadows. But where are all the pictures of shadows? You'd think the American press would be all over a frozen clock, documenting the precise moment of their Scientific accomplishment, or a shadow. Are those leaves flourishing upon the branches of a tree, stage right? The house is made of wood. Why didn't it burn? It's not even charred. For all I know, this is somebody's barn in the countryside.

We are given little to no evidence of vaporization, but plenty of **carbonization**. We see fully charred bodies left behind in the wreckage and partially melted flesh. That begs the next question. Can we really be certain what we're seeing is an effect of The Bomb? Pictures of corpses in photographs have the unsettling distinction of those in other wartime photographs who were victims to conventional napalm cooking.

As you will recall, documentation was banned until the American occupation came to an end in 1952. In its September 29, 1952, edition, **LIFE Magazine** released some of the first images. We are often *told* the lack of documented proof was for the poignant purposes of oppressing civilian suffering at the hands of the United States military, but that's misdirection. By 1952, the atomic bomb had already been seared into America's consciousness. We are furthermore told that photographers hid their negatives from American and Japanese officers, and that Matsumoto, who was documenting war efforts for the emperor and given free roaming rights in both cities, was one of them. *Ridiculous*. Matsumoto somehow escaped confiscation at the hands of the allies and stored his negatives in a locker. Again, *ridiculous*.

What they're essentially telling you is that many of the images produced by Matsumoto, as well as contemporaries of his like **Hajime Miyatake** (he worked for the same media source) and military photographer **Yosuke Yamahata**, were not *created* until the 1950's, when the nuclear arms race with the Soviet Union was really cooking. Years later, Matsumoto met with Soviet photographers who had covered the 1986 Chernobyl nuclear catastrophe. They requested what sort of protecting gear he had worn in Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

His reply: "You've got to be kidding me."

REMEMBER now, according to the *official* narrative, everybody and everything within Hiroshima was vaporized. And within a two miles radius. Forgive me if I hadn't thought to bring that up yet, but it's what we *were* told. Better late than never. It *says* so right *here*.

*Everything in a 2 mile radius of the explosion's epicenter was vaporized.*

(‘The Manhattan Project: The Making of the Atomic Bomb’ Al Cimino)



And then we're shown photos such as this one. Do these people look vaporized to you? *I'm asking*. What would you say we're dealing with, atomic carbonization or conventional napalm cooking?



Not sure who photographed this photo. Can't find anyone responsible for discovering it, either. You'd think something like this would have been all over the papers in 1945, and even long afterwards, but no. It depicts a child playing jump rope the moment of the atomic bomb blast. I've got a far better question to ask. When was the street artwork produced? Because it's *ridiculous*—if this is being passed off as real. The city was firebombed. We're talking tens of thousands of bombs screeching and hissing over Hiroshima. What child goes out into the streets and plays hopscotch or jump rope? But even if this were The Bomb, show me the shadow of the *other* child who was holding the rope for her. I see a fire hydrant. Am I to believe that the fire hydrant was her play buddy and that its wheel was automated? That's amazing, if true. I've seen several different versions of this location, and not one of them enlightens us as to who was holding the other end of the rope and turning it for her.



RADIATION POISONING should have been an issue for hundreds if not thousands of years. Where are the birth defects? There are none. At Hiroshima, the bullseye can be found directly where two rivers leading into the ocean converge. Where is the nuclear waste? Meanwhile, the *official* narrative insists that the Bikini Atoll is a nuclear wasteland, though all we are shown, in both cases, is demonstrable nonsense. The indoctrinated response will often be that The Bomb was exploded far too high above Hiroshima to cause any *real provable* atomic destruction to the ecosystem, or collapse telephone poles for that matter, and what we're ultimately seeing is the results of a terrible nuke, untested or tried by the Albertan wing of Manhattan, with hardly any *real* nuke in it. Just enough nuke to make the story true and to burn the shadow of a little girl playing jump rope into a perfectly preserved brick wall. *Sure*. This is what it's like dealing with blame shifting four-year-olds.

One of the surviving buildings is the Peace Memorial Building, which I had earlier mentioned as being protected as part of a **UNESCO** World Heritage Site. And we're *talking* Ground Zero. I did a background check and discovered that the building had been renamed three times. Upon its completion in 1915, the A-Dome was named the Hiroshima Prefectural Commercial Exhibition. Its first name change came in **1921**, when the A-Dome became the Hiroshima Prefectural Products Exhibition Hall, and then again, in **1933**, with the Hiroshima Prefectural Industrial Promotion Hall. **Both 1921 and 1933 were the year of the rooster.** Coincidence? You tell me. **1945**—the year of The Bomb—was *also* **the year of the rooster.** Need I remind you that we are not dealing with The Bomb, but alchemy.



WE ARE told *much* about the 12-person crew who made up the *Enola Gay*. We are shown pictures as documented *proof* of the historic mission. We are told that the Boeing B-29 Super-fortress bomber was personally selected by **Colonel Paul W. Tibbets Jr.** while it



still sat on the assembly line of its builder, the Glenn L. Martin Company (which later became part of Lockheed Martin), at its bomber plant in Bellevue, Nebraska. We are then told he named it the *Enola Gay* after his mother. Actually, on the early morning hours of the mission, Tibbets had a young Army Air Forces maintenance man, **Private Nelson Miller**, paint the name just under the pilot's window. For the remainder of the day, **Captain Robert Lewis** and co-pilot of the *Enola Gay* was upset that Tibbets had named *his* plane the *Enola Gay*.

We know that Bombardier **Major Thomas Ferebee** pushed the button that dropped the bomb on Hiroshima, and that he slept soundly in the plane both before and after he played his part. We know that Army Air Force radar specialist Jacob Beser served on both the *Enola Gay* in the Hiroshima bombing mission and the *Bock's Car* three days later for the bombing of Nagasaki. Weapons and Manhattan Project alumni **Captain Deke Parsons** was on hand to arm the first atomic bomb while the *Enola Gay* was airborne, while 2nd Lieutenant and 23-year-old **Morris Jeppson** was on hand to make sure that The Bomb worked. *Right*.

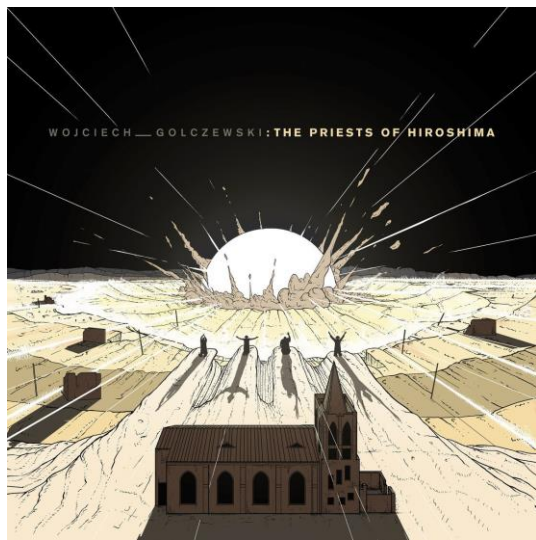
We are furthermore told that co-pilot Robert Lewis wrote a diary of the top-secret mission during the flight to Hiroshima, against orders (*sure* he did), and that he later sold it for \$37,000. Nobody else on this very important mission seemed to mind. As The Bomb fell over Hiroshima and exploded, Lewis recounts watching an entire city disappear, wherein he wrote the *following* words in real time:

“My God, what have we done?”

Sergeant **Joseph Stiborik**, Radar Operator, recalled *bearing* Lewis' quote, “My God, what have we done?” Apparently, Lewis had a habit of speaking out loud while he wrote. Also, Tibbets would show up again at the Bikini Atoll.

After The War, crew members of the *Enola Gay* were a staring attraction in parade routes. The media reported on their lives throughout the decades. The mission itself became a feature in Illuminati written history books. Today, the *Enola Gay* is on display at the National Air and

Space Museum in Washington DC. Their *story* is a regurgitated tale, rehearsed regularly. It's all a part of the programming.



AND NOW for the main event. It's what you stuck around for. The priests of Hiroshima. **Jesuits**, that is. The story goes something like *this*.

Four Jesuit priests were sitting around one day in the **Jesuit Church of Our Lady's Assumption**. It was a quarter past eight, the exact moment when the explosion was heard, and a blinding light was *felt*.

According to the 1946 account of Jesuit priest Father **John Siemes**, who had been on the outskirts of the city, the names given to us are Father Superior **LaSalle**, and Father's **Wilhelm Kleinsorge**, **Cieslik**, and **Schiffer**. Immediately after the flash of light, the four heard "the sound of breaking windows, walls, and furniture. They were showered with glass splinters and fragments of wreckage. Father Schiffer was buried beneath a portion of a wall and suffered a severe head injury. The Father Superior received most of the splinters in his back and lower extremity from which he bled copiously. Everything was thrown about in the rooms themselves, but the wooden framework of the house remained intact."

Little Boy exploded less than one mile away.

Schiffer's own account is far more dramatic than Siemes, and it goes as follows:

Suddenly, a terrific explosion filled the air with one bursting thunderstroke. An invisible force lifted me from the chair, hurled me through the air, shook me, battered



me, whirled me 'round and 'round like a leaf in a gust of autumn wind.

Schiffer added:

I won't call it a miracle exactly, but I think we were under the special protection of God.

*Sure.* Something like that. Secret societies often like to leave their calling card.

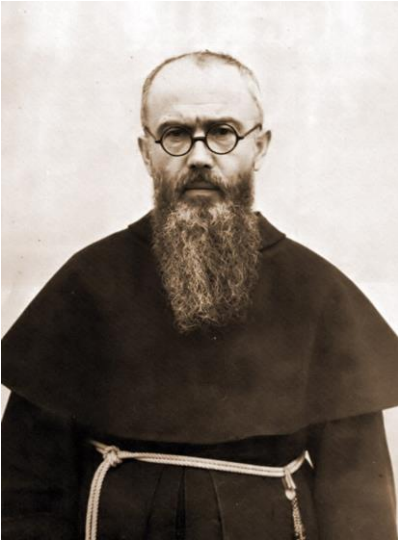
Schiffer's part in the deception however doesn't end there. Have you ever seen a dramatic movie where the lives of different individuals, all of whom inhabit different scenes, survive the ordeal, and finally meet up together in the end? Five years after Hiroshima, Schiffer relocated to **Fordham University** in New York City—a **Jesuit** institution, *naturally*. For reasons never



explained to us, Schiffer scheduled a meeting with Robert Lewis, co-pilot of the *Enola Gay*. Though their meeting was not covered by the press, Schiffer later told a newspaper that he and the airman had become “fast friends.”

They did however manage a meeting for the media on August 6, 1957. Photographs of their meeting show conveniently posed shots, whereas the two are laughing it up while reminiscing over the past, dissecting pictures of mushroom clouds. The next day's edition of **The New York Times** gave us the following headline: “Hiroshima Flier and a Survivor Meet Again on Bomb Anniversary.” Intel loves to remind us of their psyops every five to ten years. Keep the story fresh. Let the nostalgia seep into the cracks of our skull and ferment there.

Their meeting took place on the Jesuit campus.



As one should suspect, there are similarities to be made between Hiroshima and Nagasaki. In the *later*, a Franciscan friary, recently established by a certain **Saint Maximilian Kolbe**, was “unaffected by the bomb which fell there,” as “the friary was protected from the force of the bomb by an intervening mountain.” Hopefully by now you don’t need me to make the rather obvious observation that a mountain might also protect them from a firestorm. Why was Maximilian Kolbe given the sainthood? I had the same question. Turns out, the Polish

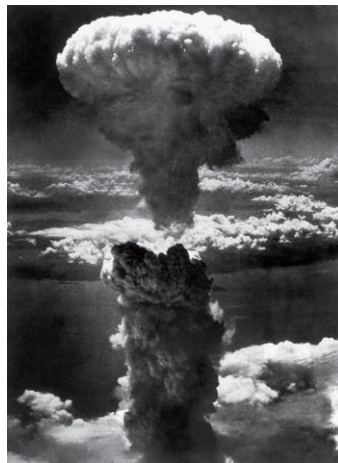
Catholic priest volunteered to die in place of a stranger in the German death camp of **Auschwitz**. *Oh dear.*



BOTH HIROSHIMA and Nagasaki were shut down from the media for months with no influx of reporters. Except of course for the few *chosen*. We’re talking an information lock-down from day one. This was done in

order that the nuclear narrative might be developed by the pentagon. There was of course the Laurence-Burchett drama, but all we are ever given is the illusion of choice. The media is set up that way. Americans were simply relegated to a radio broadcast from the President, articles from the **NY Times**, photographs from **LIFE**, decades of blatant child abuse *via* duck and cover drills, and in little time, atomic age Hollywood movies, while the *true* nature of the bombings became a crime to discuss.

A restricted data clause within the **Atomic Energy Act of 1946** specified that all nuclear weapons related information was to be considered classified unless explicitly declassified (like the Manhattan Project, which reads like a script), and made no distinction about whether the information was created in a laboratory by a government entity or anywhere else in the world by private citizens. *So*, if somebody were to *talk* and say they witnessed no nuke being dropped, they would now be breaching classified information. We would undoubtedly learn that such an individual, deplorable and delusional as they were, were a manic depressant or pill popping bipolar who had preferred taking a leap from the bridge rather than going on living. When *real* events happen, *real* people talk about them. Contrarily, when you see our Slave Masters roping off a certain segment of the plantation, you can be certain that the truth is being hidden.



IN THE EARLY morning hours of August 6, a squadron of 66 bombers were directed to attack a city called Imabari, even though the place had already been firebombed twice and mostly leveled to the ground. *There* it is. 666. Imabari is only 38 miles, or 61 kilometers as the bird flies, from Hiroshima. Both are port cities, the difference being that Imabari is on the island of Shikoku, one of the five main islands of Japan, while Hiroshima is on the main island. And they lay directly across the inland sea from the other.

Unlike the *Enola Gay*, I can find very little on this bombing raid. I don't know the name of a single person who captained anyone of those 66 planes, let alone a single member of their crews. Was this the bombing run that leveled Hiroshima? It's very likely. But more than anything, here's what I am certain of. Life has *never* ceased in Hiroshima and Nagasaki.





## *Postscript:* The Shinzo Abe Connection

BELIEVE me, I didn't see the connection either. It wasn't that I was even looking for one. I had mentioned to my readers on the very day on which Japan's former Prime Minister was assassinated that there was probably something to it. A hoax to be had perhaps. But then we kind of just left it at that and started poking around into other things like the Georgia Guidestones. This time around the numbers found me. One of the benefits of having a readership is in the diversity of disciplines which can be found in their ranks. In this day and age, when everything is an Intel script, Gematria makes for a good contact. Yes, the Kabbalah people were in on the *supposed* assassination of **Shinzo Abe**, and they were apparently feeling nostalgic at the moment, because the atomic bomb was embedded into their coding.

Before we get to that there are a few other numbers which need punched into the calculator. We have probably already been over this already, but it's always good to have a refresher. Little Boy, the uranium bomb, was

dropped over Hiroshima on **August 6, 1945**, which just so happened to be **3** weeks after the Trinity test. Fat Man followed precisely **3** days later, leveling Nagasaki on **August 9, 1945**, making a clean and rather *obvious* **33** number in total. The old calling-card. Here's a couple of more numbers that were probably overlooked last time. The **33° parallel** runs between the cities, Hiroshima & Nagasaki, as if that's not suspicious.



The curiosities only continue with Japan's former Prime Minister. Shinzo Abe was born on **September 21, 1954**, precisely **3333** days after the Hiroshima bombing. I assume you're holding onto something because that's not all. Shinzo was assassinated on **July 8, 2022**, **33 days** before the anniversary of Nagasaki.

*Oh*, but there's more. For us westerners, Shinzo's assassination technically happened on **July 7**, the very day which saw the resignation of **Boris Johnson** in the UK. The same day happens to be the one-year anniversary of the assassination of **Jovenel Moise**, Haiti's President. *So*, lots happening, obviously. July 7 leaves **177** days left in the year. That is interesting, since **The Jesuit Order**, **New World Order**, and

**Propaganda** all *equal* same number. **177**. They just love leaving their calling card, don't they?

But getting back to the Japan date. Again, Shinzo was assassinated on **July 8**, which can also be read as **7/8**. **Jesuit** *equals* **78**. Shocking, I know. But then again, so does his assassin, **Tetsuya**. Another assassinated person who adds up to **78** is **Kennedy**, and what is particularly interesting about everyone mentioned, including Moise, is that they were all going up against their assassins, the New World Order, according to the *official* narrative. Another interesting connection between Shinzo and Kennedy is that **Dealey Plaza** *equals* **189** and Shinzo was shot on the **189<sup>th</sup> day** of the year.

We're far from through yet in case you were wondering. Here's a few more numbers. **Order Out of Chaos** *equals* **75** and Shinzo was killed 75 days before **September 21**, which would have been his birthday. In the *same* cipher we find **New World Order**, **Catholic Church**, and **Order** all equaling **75**.

Even his name fits with the ritual. **Jesuit Order** *equals* **144/54**. Where have we seen that 54 before? It can be found in the year which Shinzo was born. **1954**. 144 reminds us of Abraham Lincoln's assassination on **14/4**. On top of that, **Shinzo Abe** and **President Biden** both *equal* **144**, tying us right back into the Jesuits.

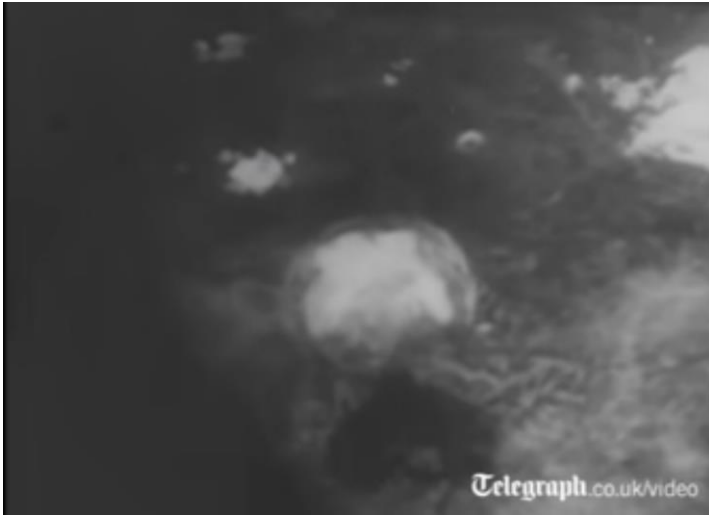






PART FOUR:  
Lookout Mountain & the Bikini Atoll





I RECOMMEND you check out the video footage taken from the *Enola Gay*. It's an obvious movie. I don't know what standards the public held in 1945, but it doesn't come close to making the cut today. In the movie, you will see a mushroom cloud rising above the coastline city of Hiroshima, Japan, and it's a *fake*. Composite imaging. Painfully so. Obviously, we've been lied to again. Are you surprised? I'm not. Our world is ruled by chronic liars. *Also*, obelisk worshipping sociopaths. In *conclusion*, the camera lies. The camera has always lied. Our Slave Masters *love* the camera. The camera can do almost nothing but lie.

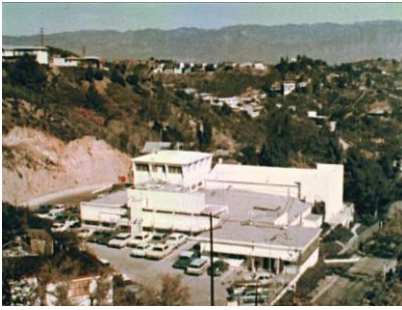
From here on out, you are free to continue binge watching *Marvel* or *Harry Potter* films in the barracoon and believe that they are *real*. Or in the very least, *wish* more than anything that they were. I won't try to stop you. If the cinematic universe describes the desires of your heart, then this investigation is not intended for you. *Wrong exit*. Return to the Interstate posthaste and continue with the mass migration of humanity into the donkey mines. The Truth is a treasure, and I'm tired of people trampling all over it as though their preference for the illusion were indeed nothing. Should you happen to be seeking the Truth but already find yourself confused, then rest assured that the atomic

bomb *hoax* comes to us by way of Disney and Hollywood. You shall see for yourself forthwith.

Rest assured that composite imaging has *always* been the backbone of visual effects, going all the way back to the silent film era, but even before that. *What*, you don't believe me? Wouldn't be the first time. The Oxford English Dictionary defines a composite as "anything made up of different parts or elements." Oxford has just described for you an overview of practically every visual effect shot created in the history of Hollywood.

As the mushroom cloud rises over Japan, like the dawn of a *supposed* atomic era, it is so obviously clear that we're looking at a composite imaging. That is, two or more frames laid over each other to create a *certain* effect. You can see a pair of plumes overlaid in the footage. It's *fake*. Special effects would look so much more *real* today. And besides, if its a mushroom cloud that you're after, all you would need is enough boxes of TNT. Stacked high, of course. But mushroom clouds can be made with conventional explosives.

The question I hope you will be asking yourself by the time this over is *why* footage of nuclear explosions are so slow. A stick of dynamite going off is violent as hell. Blink and you'll miss it. Kind of like the *whizz* of a rocket. Have you ever thought to compare *real* rockets with NASA rockets? Unlike real rockets, NASA rockets have the unusual habit of just *lifting* off, kind of like a Garfield balloon from the Macy's parade on the loose. Because that's what they are. Balloons. Meanwhile, blast footage of nukes are *so* slow. It's almost like they took conventional explosives, ran them at a high frame rate, and then *slowed* the footage down. I'm already jumping ahead of myself, but **Lookout Mountain** film studios has **test footage of napalm bombs being launched on a simulated Cuban missile guidance control system**. *Why* would they film an invasion of Cuba—you ask. It was filmed for a potential *fake* invasion, of course. According to the same studio, their attack upon Cuba was also recorded and played back in slow-motion photography for the purposes of "operational analysis." You have to wonder why Lookout Mountain was so obsessed with explosives at a funeral's pace.



SOMETHING LIKE 2,000 nuclear bombs have reportedly been tested between the United States and the Soviet Union. I cannot possibly get to every one of them, and I needn't have to. Because on **Wonderland** Avenue in the Hollywood Hills, there is a 100,000 square-foot *spook* hangout once hidden from view, surrounded by an electrified fence, and which practically nobody has heard of called **Lookout Mountain**. As early as 1947, the United States Air Force established Lookout Mountain as a **full-service movie studio** for the specified purpose of **producing movies and photographs of nuclear tests**. They tell us 1947, but that may only be because it's the year of Langley's birthday, and one thing the boys down at the water cooler love to do is leave their calling card. The workspace included sound stages, screening rooms, film processing labs, editing facilities, an animation department, and seventeen climate-controlled film vaults. *Also*, it had a bomb shelter. How adorable.

Over its *short* two-decade career, ending its *official* run 1969, the movie studio produced thousands of propaganda films. We're talking some **19,000** *classified* pictures for the **Department of Defense** and the Atomic Energy Commission. That's more movies than all the Hollywood studios combined. Speaking of which, some of Hollywood's most coveted talent arrived to have a hand in her nuclear detonations. This included script writers, animators, producers, and directors. Notable spooks like **John Ford, Walt Disney, Walter Cronkite, Bob Hope, Marilyn Monroe**, and many others were given clearance to work at the facility on undisclosed projects. What kind of animators—you ask? **Disney** animators. Remember **Ronald Reagan's** *alien threat* speech to the United Nations? He was a regular in Laurel Canyon. To this very day, we are

never shown anywhere on record where they talked about their work there. But we know what they were up to.

The *official* story is that military and civilian filmmakers would head to the test sites in the Pacific islands or the Nevada desert, capture footage of exploding nukes, and then bring it back to Laurel Canyon for editing and postproduction. But that's misdirection when in fact Lookout Mountain has been dubbed the world's only **completely self-contained movie studio**, and even the nukes were special effects. Did they blow crap up in the desert? They wouldn't be the United States military if they didn't. In Hollywood they call those practical effects. *Also*, film clips first captured and produced at Lookout Mountain appeared in **Stanley Kubrick's**, 'Dr. Strangelove'. *Oh gee*, I wonder which clips.



Further proof that Lookout Mountain was far more than an editing and processing laboratory for nuclear bomb tests is the fact that 3-D movie effects were first developed at Lookout Mountain, which is to say, Lookout Mountain was the Pixar of its day. Do recall how I had mentioned **J.R. Eyerman**, the photographer who photographed the iconic scene of movie audience members wearing 3-D glasses while watching the premiere of 'Bwana Devil' in Hollywood in November 1952. Eyerman was in Hiroshima.



FOR YEARS we were told that nobody could go back to the **Bikini Atoll** in the Marshall Islands because, from 1946 to 1958, mad scientists and brass had blasted the hell out of it with a combined fission of 42.2 Megatons of TNT in explosive power. We are furthermore told that the natives volunteered to be displaced from their longtime home and resettled on the Rongerik Atoll, where they began to starve within months. *Sure*, they were finally allowed to return in 1970, but then the Government told them to leave again within ten years. I've known for a long while now that our Slave Masters like to screw with us, but that's messed up. Scientists claimed the reason for their second "voluntary" exodus was a detectable level of strontium-90 in the well water. *Sure*, let's go with that.

Did you know that conventional explosives create mushroom clouds but also radiation? It's neat learning new things, isn't it? Meanwhile, how **23** nuclear detonations at **7** test sites inside the atoll, but *also* in the

air and underwater, didn't twist and wrangle the reef to unrecognizable scraps while simultaneously transforming her into bottles of glass is never explained. Nor is the fact that plant and animal life was never obliterated. If nuclear testing wreaked havoc on the local ecosystem, then we are not shown a shred of believable evidence.

When you take the time to peek in upon the Bikini Atoll for yourself, they will repeatedly remind you of the **23** detonations as part of its nuclear mythos. That is because *two* divided by *three* makes **0.666**. There is also a Hiroshima connection in that The Bomb was dropped at precisely 8:15AM.  $8+15$  is **23**. So, **666** again. **23** of course is just another play on **911**, because the digits in the date of the false flag attack ( $9+11+2+0+0+1$ ) add up to **23**. The **7** in the number of test sites is for perfection.

Another date worthy of mention is **Charles Darwin's** 'Origin of the Species', which was published in 1859. All four digits ( $1+8+5+9$ ) add up to **23**.

In ancient times, **23** was considered a holy number to **Eris**, the Greek elohim of **strife and discord**. Her Roman equivalent is **Discordia** which, as you can plainly see, is where we pull the word *discord*. What makes **23** particularly unique is that numbers convey sexuality—with evens being feminine and odds masculine. If prime numbers are the most masculine, the special status may be conferred to **23**, which is made up of two consecutive prime numbers and the *two*, the only even prime number.

In college I was a philosophy major, and my professor claimed to have personally known the ~~selected~~ **Nobel Prize**-winning mathematician **John Forbes Nash**. You may recall the **Ron Howard** film *A Beautiful Mind*, whereas **Russell Crowe** plays the man. Nash was obsessed with **23**, a number which featured prominently in his battle with mental illness. His breakdown supposedly began when he claimed to a friend that he had recently been featured on a cover of **LIFE** Magazine disguised as **Pope John XXIII**—his proof being that his favorite prime number was **23**. I can only presume Nash was referring to the November 10, 1958, episode. LIFE as you will recall is a spook magazine, and I can only suspect that Nash had handlers.



The **Knights Templar** had **23** Grand Masters before the Friday the 13 *hoax* that advertised their demise (you can read about that *here*, Shroud of Turin), while **Nicolaus of Damascus** has **Julius Caesar** being stabbed **23** times.

The number can be traced throughout Hollywood, the most obvious being ‘The Number 23’, starring Jim Carey. The numbering of **9-23** in the movies is another subject entirely worthy of our attention. **September 23** specifically is regularly regurgitated as a signpost for the rebooting of society, but again, that deserves its own paper. In ‘Star Wars’, Princess Leia was being held in detention block **AA23**, and is not a coincidence when you consider that George Lucas had given the name **23** to a police robot in ‘THX 1138’. **23** is an important component to the television series ‘Lost’, which must be input repeatedly into a computer to avoid an unknown fate. Other films include ‘Die Hard with a Vengeance’, whereas a train derails in station **23**. In ‘Airport’, the terrorist bomber is assigned seat **23**. In the Coen brother’s ‘The Big Lebowski’, the Dude always uses Lane **23** at the bowling alley. And in Monty Python’s ‘Life of Brian’, crucified criminals sing ‘Always Look on the Bright Side of Life’ while hung on **23** crosses.

The first instance of Morse Code in a post mud-flood world was utilized on the Baltimore-Washington telegraph line. Its message derived from Numbers **23:23** and read: “What hath God wrought.”

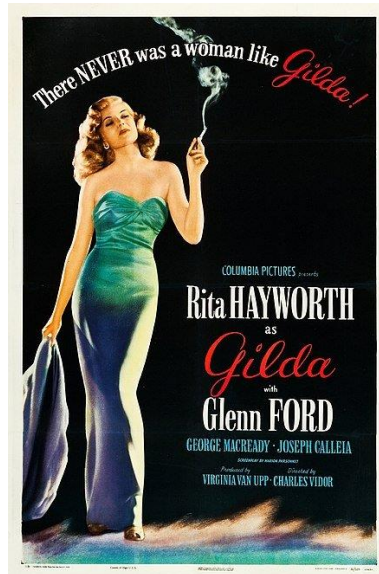


ANOTHER FUN fact is the **bikini**, which made its debut in 1946. Europe was experiencing its first war-free summer in nearly a decade (that is, if we discount the Cold War), and in the French Riviera, women were flocking to the beach. The bikini's father is attributed to a certain **Louis Réard**, and the story of its inspiration goes something as *follows*. The fashion designer couldn't help but notice one sunny afternoon how women would sit up and roll down their two-piece suits so as to improve upon their tan lines. What followed is a light-bulb moment, in which Réard soon revealed to the world, "everything about a girl except for her mother's maiden name."

The thing is, and this is where the story is indeed strange, Réard was not the first to design the bikini. Credit is also due to **Jacques Heim**, who was in a mutual race to create the world's tiniest swimsuit. Heim named his swimsuit the **Atome**—a title which paid homage to the newly discovered atom, and was certainly small (as fabric goes), but did not reveal the naval. It is Réard's design however which won the day. Inspiration for his design derives from the Pacific reef where they split the atom.

The bikini is named after the Bikini Atoll.

There you have it. Feminine *meets* masculine. The Osiris phallus reinvented with a feminine body—a match made in heaven, *er*, on Earth. Do you smell a psyop? I do. Women: celebrating 75 years of the bikini and international provocation.



**OPERATION CROSSROADS** consisted of two nuclear weapons tests in 1946, one *entire* year after The War came to an end. Why the pause? You will recall in my *last* paper the frantic rush which accompanied **Oppenheimer** and Washington brass as they rushed to push the doomsday device into the forefront of everyone's thinking, despite Germany's defeat and Japan having already been bombed to hell and back. This was undoubtedly done to keep the frying pan piping hot for the scripted Cold War psyop. *So*, why did they take an entire year off? Vacation, I guess. And the invention of the bikini. The North Pole is simply *too* cold. What better place for a suntan than the South Pacific?

Sibling nuke tests Able and Baker were the first Bomb tests since the Trinity *hoax* in July of 1945, and the first detonations since the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in August, *via* Small Boy and the Fat Man. The 23-kiloton air-deployed nuclear weapon detonated on July

1, 1946, was named *Gilda* after the actress **Rita Hayworth**, who played the character in the movie of the same name. The Bomb was based upon her bombshell body. Get it? I do. And that is because the Bikini Atoll narrative is one massive joke.

A sad looking atom splits up from itself and then walks into a bar, and the bartender says: “What country are we nuking today?”



IF THE PURPOSE of Hiroshima and Nagasaki was to test the results of a nuke on innocent civilians, then the purpose behind Crossroads was to investigate the effect of nuclear weapons on warships. *Is that so?* Let's take a looksy-loo for ourselves, shall we? We have before us a picture of **Baker**. It was the second in line and an underwater detonation. We are told that only 10 of the 78 positioned ships were wrecked in Baker's aftermath, none of which were vaporized. The special effects are impressive, wouldn't you say? Remember class, our word for the day is *composite* imaging.

The blackened ships surrounding the atomic buxom-phallus-thingy certainly make for clever animation. Disney would be proud. You see, the Navy vessels are in the shadow of The Bomb, and therefore, they are darkened. Or are they? *Wait*, hold on. Sunlight is being cast down from behind the photographer, so you figure something of that light should be reflected on those metallic ships, but nothing. Then why is the water not darkened too? *Look closely*. The water surrounding the ships, on either side

of the stern and bow, is glistening in various shades of Pacific blue. But not the ships. They're black as construction paper. Now I'm confused. Are they charred from the blast? No. And you shall see why in a moment. Is there any water effected by the shadow of The Bomb? Very little. Only a thick **black line** on the horizon, dozens of miles beyond the Baker explosion. Have you ever stood on the beach and observed a black line like that on the horizon before? I haven't. Perhaps we are viewing the curve on a globe. I don't know, you tell me.

*Wait* a second. Is that a black Navy vessel being lifted vertically with the water plume? It is. They strapped livestock to the ships. This very moment, I can still hear the wretched *moo* from a pissed-off cow. But look closer. It's not even in the funnel. Clearly, a cut-out. A cut-out composited on top of another cut-out. *So fake.*

Baker follows in the heels of **Able**, aka *Gilda*, an *above ground* detonation some 520 feet above sea-level. Knowing that very important detail, take another glance at the Baker photo again. Why are there various Tiki huts and other wood and straw structures perfectly intact? In Hiroshima, only the brick buildings and other reinforced structures survived. The vacation bungalows should have been burnt to a crisp. There's a sun deck floating in the water. Not even the palm trees are singed. I've seen more damage in a sudden and unexpected gust of wind. The big bad wolf should have been able to blow these over.

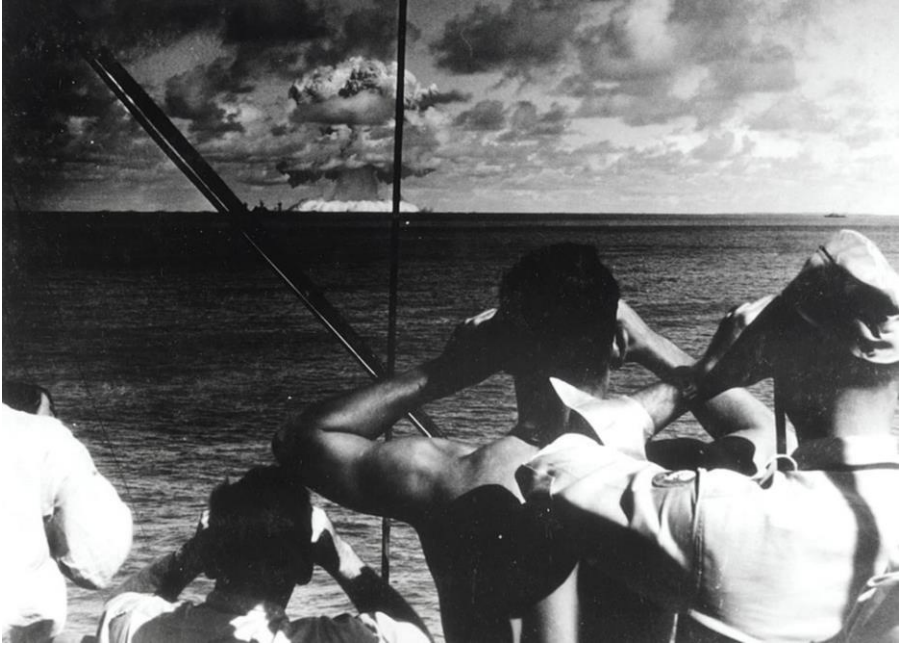
And another *thing*. We see a plume of water exploding straight up into the sky while forming an immediate cumulus-like mushroom as its crown. We can furthermore observe Baker completely engulfing some of the vessels, and yet the ships themselves are completely unaffected. How is that possible? I thought Baker was an underwater explosion. Why is it only creating a plume directly upward? The mushroom cloud should inform us that a vertical force of raw alchemical power is being pushed in all horizontal directions, evaporating everything in its path. And yet the ships are sitting upright, perfectly untouched by any strong surge of the supposed wave pool, despite both wind and and an upheaval of water. The bomb should have caused something akin to a tsunami. Oh *sure*, the artist has added a neat looking white line, just south of the black Naval cut-outs, to imply a wave is being created. But if Baker is anything like

Trinity or the Fat Man Bomb, then we should see wind and skin vaporizing light being tossed at us from every side, but no.

In short, we are looking at the composite image originating from a postcard photo. Was it sold at the Bikini Atoll gift shop? We are not told. If you feel the inclination to tell me that the three pigs built the vacation bungalows only *after* Gilda then I will tell you to search out a picture of the Able test. *Oh fine*, how about I just do it for you?



There you go. A picture of ~~Rita Hayworth~~ Gilda in the flesh. *Same* palm trees. *Same* stick and straw structures. *Same* tanning deck for Louis Réard's bikini models. While on a reconnaissance mission in *The Matrix*, I tried finding a larger image, but apparently the Able test is an embarrassment to Google. Don't know why, really. Baker straight out looks like a collage. Gilda still looks like a composite image though, easily cut out from a napalm bombing range and pasted with a glue stick onto the exact same postcard as Baker. *Ridiculous*.



Another ridiculously faked photo of Baker involves sailors watching the nuclear warhead explode from a boat. How disappointed they must have been to learn that it was only a composite image and not a sunbathing Rita Hayworth. Another question you should be asking yourself is *why* no two nuclear blasts look the same. But we're not even talking about two separate blasts, because this is reportedly the *same* blast, and nothing about this blast matches the same blast from the *first* photo. None of the clouds match up. Notice how *huge* the battleship is in this image compared with the first photo, and they finally managed to create the effect of a tsunami-like wave. Even if this is a few seconds later, as seems to be implied, the mushroom cloud is *smaller* than the first blast, when in fact it should be considerably larger.

Why no protective gear? Nobody is wearing goggles. The man in the front isn't even wearing a shirt. Working on our tan, are we? I hear radiation does wonders.

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| <b>2006 Bonus DVD (GOUT)</b><br><small>Steadicam • Ultra High Speed Photography</small><br><small>Color Timers</small><br><small>Negative Cutter</small><br><small>Additional Optical Effects</small>  |  |  |  | <b>ROTTJ Grindhouse 35mm LPP</b><br><small>Steadicam • Ultra High Speed Photography</small><br><small>Color Timers</small><br><small>Negative Cutter</small><br><small>Additional Optical Effects</small>   |  |  |  |
| <b>Weeks</b><br>MARGO APOSTOCOS<br>RAY ARMSTRONG<br>EILEEN BAKER<br>MICHAEL H. BALHAM<br>BOBBIE BELL<br>PATTY BELL<br>ALAN BENNETT<br>SARAH BENNETT<br>PAMELA BETTS<br>DAN BLACKBURN<br>JOHN CUMMING<br>JEAN D'AGOSTINO<br>LUIS DE JESUS<br>DEBBIE DIXON<br>MARGARITA FERNANDEZ<br>PHIL FONDACARO<br>SAL FONDACARO<br>TOMY FRIEL<br>DAN FRISHMAN<br>TERRY GIBSON<br>RICHARD JONES<br>TREVOR JONES<br>GLYNVY JONES<br>KAREN LAY<br>JOHN LUMMISH<br>NANCY MACLEAN<br>PETER MANDELL<br>CAROLE MORRIS<br>STACY NICHOLS<br>JOHN CASHIN<br>CAROL READ<br>NICHOLAS READ<br>DIANA REYNOLDS<br>DANIEL RODGERS<br>CHRIS ROMANO<br>DEAN SHACKENFORD<br>KIRAN SHAH<br>FELIX SILLA<br>LINDA SPRIGGS<br>JOHN CASHIN<br>TERRY GIBSON<br>TERRY OSTNER<br>ROBERTO MCGRATH, KERRY NORDQUIST<br>JERRY JEFFREY, KRIS BROWN<br>MIKE MACKENZIE, MARTY BRENNIS<br>WILLIAM REEVES, TOM DUFF<br>GENE WHITEMAN<br>UDO PAMPEL, CONRAD BENDERSON<br>DAVID HARKES, CHRIS RANO<br>MIKE BOLLER<br>WADE CHILDRESS, MICHAEL J. SMITH,<br>CHRIST MCCARTHY, ED TENNER<br>CHRISSE ENGLAND, LAURA KAYSEN,<br>JULIA KATZIN, KAREN DUBE<br>SONJA PAULSEN, KAREN DUBE<br>SUSAN PRITZ-MONAHAN, KATY SHINE<br>GARRETT BROWN<br>BRUCE HILL PRODUCTIONS<br>JIM SCHURMANN, BOB HAGANS |  |  |  | <b>Weeks</b><br>MARGO APOSTOCOS<br>RAY ARMSTRONG<br>EILEEN BAKER<br>MICHAEL H. BALHAM<br>BOBBIE BELL<br>PATTY BELL<br>ALAN BENNETT<br>SARAH BENNETT<br>PAMELA BETTS<br>DAN BLACKBURN<br>JOHN CUMMING<br>JEAN D'AGOSTINO<br>LUIS DE JESUS<br>DEBBIE DIXON<br>MARGARITA FERNANDEZ<br>PHIL FONDACARO<br>SAL FONDACARO<br>TOMY FRIEL<br>DAN FRISHMAN<br>TERRY GIBSON<br>RICHARD JONES<br>TREVOR JONES<br>GLYNVY JONES<br>KAREN LAY<br>JOHN LUMMISH<br>NANCY MACLEAN<br>PETER MANDELL<br>CAROLE MORRIS<br>STACY NICHOLS<br>JOHN CASHIN<br>CAROL READ<br>NICHOLAS READ<br>DIANA REYNOLDS<br>DANIEL RODGERS<br>CHRIS ROMANO<br>DEAN SHACKENFORD<br>KIRAN SHAH<br>FELIX SILLA<br>LINDA SPRIGGS<br>JOHN CASHIN<br>TERRY GIBSON<br>BRUCE HILL PRODUCTIONS<br>JIM SCHURMANN, BOB HAGANS<br>LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN FILMS, PACIFIC TITLE,<br>MONACO FILM LABS, CALIFORNIA FILM,<br>VISUAL CONCEPTS ENGINEERING, MOVIE MAGIC,<br>VAN der VEER PHOTO EFFECTS |  |  |  |
| <b>2011 Special Edition Blu-ray</b>  |  |  |  | <b>Harmy's Despecialized Edition v2.5</b>   |  |  |  |



THE STORY of Lookout Mountain takes a curious turn after the *official* narrative has the facility being decommissioned and sold (conveniently after nuclear testing came to an end), eventually being purchased by American Indian producer **Dehl Berti** at auction for \$50,000. The provided picture of Berti comes courtesy of ‘Saved by the Bell’. Upon its purchase, Berti discovered that the sound stage was used to shoot and produce a **moon landing movie**, as if that’s not suspicious. The explanation for this is that the **Air Force** needed a back-up video in the case of transmission failure from Neil and Buzz to ground control. *Right*. Kind of like that Cuban Missile Crisis footage. You know, just in case.

We are then told that Berti went broke, and the property was repossessed by his lender in the early eighties. It was eventually purchased by a computer developer in the mid-eighties for \$550,000 and then resold again in 1994 to artist Mark Lipscomb and attorney and former judge John Lander for a sum of \$750,000. All of this is indeed strange, since Lookout Mountain was still listed as making movies well into the 1990’s. That’s



only a little strange, since Lookout Mountain is also reported to have boarded up their windows in 1969. But that's not what the end credits to 'The Empire Strikes Back' and 'Return of the Jedi' tell us. Both movies give special optical effects credit to Lookout Mountain. Again, awkward. Why do I get the feeling that the death star explosion is one such effect? Appropriate, since Lucasfilm is *obviously* Intel run.



Another movie that was filmed at Lookout Mountain was the 1987 lackluster 'Superman IV: The Quest for Peace'. Its plot centers around the antichrist finally bringing peace on earth by eliminating nuclear weapons from the world. Hopefully by now you see how that works. *Order out of chaos*. Our Controllers create the problem. Nukes. They then offer the solution. A one world government, as in, the United Nations, and then when that doesn't work, somebody worthy of disarmament.

'Bill and Ted's Bogus Journey' is accredited to Lookout Mountain, but *also* the 1997 **Michael Douglas** thriller, 'The Game'. Another interesting Lookout Mountain original is 'The Jupiter Menace', a 1982 documentary that examines the theory that the world is doomed, and nothing can be done about it. With the *sequel* to Bill and Ted, we are treated to Bill and Ted's MK-Ultra handler, advertised to us as a villain from the future who sends evil robot duplicates of the two prophesied rock stars through time in order to replace them. He succeeds in "killing them," thereby splitting their psyche and sending them to the land of the

dead, like something akin to neophytes laboring to become Master Builders in the Mystery religions.

The story of ‘The Game’ is even more poignant, as it centers upon an Elite banker living in **San Francisco**, who’s given an opportunity to participate in a mysterious psycho-dramatic exercise. His life is turned upside down when he becomes unable to distinguish between the performance witchcraft and reality. It’s yet another documentary detailing the day-to-day in our Construct—a plot which the filmmakers at Lookout Mountain would be intimately familiar with.

Somebody out there on The Intel-net, still hugging the walls of his baby blanket, will surely tell me that the Lookout Mountain Studio making Hollywood occult movies was separate from the Lookout Mountain Studio making Government propaganda movies. *Sure*. In The Sixties, the production company was *officially* referred to as “the 1352nd Photographic Group of the United States Air Force.” Why Lookout Mountain Laboratory then? Because it was nestled within a hilltop in Hollywood. That *little* detail is important. Are we to believe another unidentified movie studio was created upon that very hilltop, or was someone else in a neighboring valley just being silly and nostalgic? Lookout Mountain may have gone completely unnoticed by the public in the last century, but **Walt Disney** and **George Lucas** *knew*. Are we dealing with different buildings? *Perhaps*. But either way, they’re the same entity.

Hey, I have an idea. How about we just start up our own special effects movie company and call it *Paramount* or *Warner Bros*? I’m sure nobody will mind. *Precisely*. There is only one Lookout Mountain movie studio, and their special effects are to die for.



The property exchanged hands again when the eight-bedroom, twelve-bathroom property was sold to **Jared Leto** for the sum of \$5 million. I thought it might be a good idea to read a bio on Leto at my favorite Matrix indoctrination site, The Wikipedia, and *this* is what I found.

Jared Joseph Leto was born to **Constance Metrejon** in **1971**, the very year that **ECHELON**, the global surveillance and intelligence-collection operation run by the US, the UK, Australia, Canada, and New Zealand, made its *official* launch. His mother was of Cajun ancestry, with *Leto* being the surname of his stepfather. Who is his father? We are not told. His parents divorced when he was a child, and in a few short years, his father (having already remarried) **committed suicide**. You may recall that Leto later played the Joker in the movie *Suicide Squad*. Jared and his brother Shannon then lived with their mother and their maternal grandparents, **Will Lee Metrejon** and **Ruby (Russell)**, frequenting different cities around the country due to the fact that his grandfather was in the **Air Force**. What did Metrejon do in the Air Force? We are not told. At or around this same time, Constance “*joined the hippie movement.*” That’s literally how The Internet phrases it. *The hippie movement*. Interesting

verbiage. We then read that she likewise encouraged her two sons to get involved.

Everything I have just summed up derives from a few short sentences on The Wikipedia. They're lumping together suicide, the Air Force, and the hippie movement as something organic, when all three blended together speaks of something else entirely. It only gets better. After playing opposite **Claire Danes**, **Alicia Silverstone**, and **Christine Ricci** in Hollywood productions, Leto started the rock group, **30 Seconds to Mars**, but "did not allow his position of Hollywood actor to be used in promotion of the band." See what I mean? Organic. Their work then "led to a number of record labels being interested in signing" Leto's band, "which eventually signed to **Immortal** Records." The company, founded by Happy Walters and Amanda Scheer Demme, *also* helped launch the careers of **Korn** and **Incubus**. *Oh*, and about the same time, Leto dated **Cameron Diaz**. Busy boy.

The name *Thirty Seconds to Mars* is supposedly a metaphor for the future; the fact that we're so close to something that's not a tangible idea. You know, atomic detonation. Space flight. *Still* not tangible. You will also want to make a note of the fact that Mars is the Elohim of War, but there's *more*. Fans of the band call themselves **ECHELON**.