



The JFK Assassination *Was* a Hoax

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PART ONE

Agent Zapruder Exposed

I DECIDED to go with a far more ambitious title than what I had originally intended, *The Zapruder Film Is a Hoax*. Yes, it is true that the Zapruder film is a hoax. I intend to prove that point, and in fact that was the original intent all along. What I have come to find though is that you can only plant so many Buzz Aldrin moon flags onto the Hollywood sound stage before the entire operation is thrown into question. The boys down at Langley would have everybody think the second shooter is the cover up when in fact the very idea was, from the very beginning, a series of breadcrumbs, pigeon glitter really, intended to lead us off their scent and into a Wonderland of misdirection. At its absolute core, the assassination of John F. Kennedy was a psychodrama, intended for the alchemical transformation of America into the image of the Beast system. But I can take that one step further.

On November 22, **President John F. Kennedy** was never killed at all. His assassination was a hoax. Here is my report.



From the very beginning, we will be working on the presumption that the Zapruder film is an altered document, a composite film, and is therefore a special effects movie. This isn't Burger King. You cannot have Zapruder your way. It is either real film footage or it is the Whopper and fries of fake film footage, but probably not both. In a little while I will show you precisely why that is, but not yet. Because when I came to the initial conclusion that the film was indeed altered, and therefore discredited, my very first thought was to look into the man who gave us the 1-minute silent 8mm color motion picture that has been dubbed "the film of the century." **Abraham Zapruder.**

Studying English at night, he found work as a clothing pattern maker in [Manhattan's garment district](#). In 1933, he married Lillian Sapovnik (1913–1993), with whom he had two children.^[4] Zapruder was a [Freemason](#) and an Inspector-General (33rd degree) of the [Scottish Rite](#).^[5]

There is no telling how much psyop one is capable of milking from his [Wiki article](#) because the entire thing is soggy from the get-go. Immediately we come to learn that Zapruder was a Ukrainian born **Jew**, *wink-wink*. But then if that's not enough, he was also a **Freemason** and an **Inspector-General of the Scottish Rite**. And then there is that

little number you might have noticed, **33**. *Wink-wink*. Dang, they just drop some magic fairy dust in your lap and then tell you to think up a happy thought, don't they? They're not even trying to hide it anymore. **33**, baby. This puts Zapruder in the same league as agent **Mark Twain**, both **President Roosevelt's**, **Winston Churchill**, **Benjamin Franklin**, **George Washington**, **Jesse Jackson**, **Billy Graham**, **Admiral Byrd**, and **Confederate General Albert Pike**, and I'm probably missing a few others. Also, **Earl Warren**. He was the judge in this story. As in, Earl Warren of the **Warren Report**. He too was **33**. Small world. Kind of makes you wonder if, *ob*, I don't know, Zapruder snapped towels at the Warren's patty-cakes in one visit to the locker room or another, or perhaps it as the other way around.

Abraham Zapruder (May 15, 1905 – August 30, 1970) was a Ukrainian-born American clothing manufacturer who witnessed the [assassination of United States President John F. Kennedy](#) in Dallas, Texas, on November 22, 1963. He [unexpectedly captured the shooting in a home movie](#) while filming the [presidential limousine and motorcade](#) as it traveled through [Dealey Plaza](#). The [Zapruder film](#) is regarded as the most complete footage of the assassination.

To sum this up in slightly other terms, Zapruder was a spook. One of the ways in which Wikipedia passes notes in class is by telling us their agents' role in the introductory sentences of each article. Here they write: "He **unexpectedly** captured the shooting in a home movie while filming the presidential limousine and motorcade as it traveled through Dealey Plaza." Unexpectedly is a stretch of the imagination in every sense of the word since the assassination footage was perfect, a little too perfect, practically perfect in every way, but let's not get ahead of ourselves.

In 1941, Zapruder moved to Dallas, Texas, to work for Nardis, a local sportswear company. In 1949, he co-founded Jennifer Juniors, Inc., producing the Chalet and Jennifer Juniors brands of dresses.^{[6][7]} From the summer of 1953 to April 1954, Zapruder worked at Nardis side by side with Jeanne LeGon, future wife of [George de Mohrenschildt](#).^{[8][9][10][11][12][a]} His Jennifer Juniors offices were on the fourth floor of the [Dal-Tex Building](#),^[16] across the street from the [Texas School Book Depository](#).^[17]

A few paragraphs down and we come to learn that Zapruder worked on the fourth floor of the Dal-Tex Building, directly across the street from the Texas School **Book Depository building**, from 1953 to 1954, what are the odds? As if Zapruder's world wasn't small enough already, the name of the company was Nardis. It was at Nardis that Zapruder worked side-by-side with **Jeanne LeGon**. Well, what are the odds that Jeanne LeGon would go on to marry **George de Mohrenschildt**?

George Sergius de Mohrenschildt (Russian: Георгий Сергеевич де Мореншильд; April 17, 1911 – March 29, 1977) was an American [petroleum geologist](#), [anti-communist political refugee](#), professor, and occasional CIA [field agent](#).^[1] De Mohrenschildt, who moved to the Dallas area in October 1961, is best known for having befriended [Lee Harvey Oswald](#) in the summer of 1962.

George de Mohrenschildt, in case you are still unaware, was with the **CIA**. He is listed as an “occasional CIA field agent.” Supposing you're curious what the day-to-day of an occasional CIA field agent might look like, we are told in the next sentence. Mohrenschildt befriended **Lee Harvey Oswald** in the summer of **1962**, leading many to conclude that he was his handler. And so, let us recap what we have already learned. 33-Degree Freemason and Joo Zapruder, the man who would capture the all-too perfect assassination of JFK in Dealey Plaza, worked across the street from the Book Depository Building side-by-side with the woman who would marry the CIA agent that “befriended” Oswald in the year leading up to his starring patsy role. That was a mouthful. Did I miss anything? Probably. Well, let's keep snooping around, trying to stay out of trouble if possible.



I like this picture. I'm not sure when it was taken, exactly. It looks old enough though. From an aerial vantage point, we can see the grassy knoll towards the left of Elm Street. **Badge Man** stood within the shadow of its tree line. Just beyond the Bryan pergola, where Zapruder filmed, is the bland, seemingly lifeless building inscribed with the letters, TEXAS SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY. From its sixth-floor window, Oswald is said to have performed his part in the script. How ironic that it had only recently become a warehouse containing propaganda literature for children. Directly across the street we find the Dal-Tex Building, where Zapruder worked. Many have noted that Dealey Plaza makes up the shape of a pyramid. This much is true though it is not the whole of it. On closer scrutiny, we shouldn't be surprised to find that Dealey Plaza appears to depict **the Square and the Compass** of Freemasonry.

Another thing you may have noticed is the **obelisk**, dead center, reminding us of the Mysteries of Isis. The obelisk was built in 1940 by the WPA of all people. That would be the Works Projects Administration, the most famous of President Roosevelt's New Deal programs. Well then, had they already run out of sidewalks to pave and bridges and buildings to build and gorges to fill that they had to succumb to erecting Osiris' cake-topper?

The Plaza was named after a certain **George Bannerman Dealey**. I checked. Dealey was a **33-degree Freemason**. The fact that Zapruder and Dealey were both in **Club 33** is another coincidence, I'm sure. And speaking of coincidences, Dallas is located within range of the **33-degree** latitude. Why do I get the feeling that Dealey Plaza was built for the purposes of and chosen for a ceremony from the very get-go? A worldwide psychodrama. Hoax. Alchemy. A weapon turned against us, don't make me spell this out. Okay, fine. I will. The transformation of the nation required a movie. The Zapruder film was always intended as part of the psyop.



I then thought it might be a good idea to see if there were any other Freemasons involved in the JFK assassination hoax. I wasn't let down. We already know about Chief Justice of the Supreme Court Earl Warren, but the credentials don't end there. Every single member of the Warren Commission, except for one person, was a **Freemason**. I've included a picture of Warren delivering his report to **President Lyndon B. Johnson**, who is also one of them. From left to right, each Freemason is as follows: **John McCloy**, **J. Lee Rankin**, **Senator Richard Russell**, Congressman (and later **President**) **Gerald Ford**, Chief Justice Earl Warren, Johnson, **Allen Dulles**, and **Senator John Sherman Cooper**.

On the *far right*, looking somewhat shifty-eyed, perhaps perspiring under each arm, is the only person present who cannot be proven to be one of them. Congressman **Hale Boggs**. Perhaps he should watch his back. In **1972**, Boggs boarded a plane and disappeared over Alaska. He was never seen nor heard of again, *ooops*.

Take another look at Allen W. Dulles, the old man who appears to be staring at Boggs. Plotting his demise, are we...? He was a former **Director of the CIA** and one of the masterminds behind **Project Paperclip**. It's a Nazi thing. Nazis building rocket ships. He also happens to have an airport named after him in Virginia. **George Bush** has an international airport named after him and he was a **CIA Director** too, but he hasn't come into the story quite yet.



It likely will not surprise anyone to learn that **J. Edgar Hoover** was in the **33 Club**. I once sat through a sermon where the pastor of a Baptist church moaned and groaned like a beta over the matter of conspiracy theorists who insist Hoover dressed in drag. He had “*amens!*” to back him, causing me to look around and see who was passing out the blue pills. At the risk of sounding paranoid, that pastor was probably a Freemason. I'll let you do your own research on why that is. Come to think of it, the pews were probably filled with them.



Arlen Specter came up with “the magic bullet theory” and he was a **33-degree Freemason**. But there’s probably nothing to see there. “The magic bullet theory” for all you children out there was decided upon by the Warren Commission. Their conclusions would have us believing the bullet fired that day struck the president from behind, exited from the front of his throat and continued on to hit Connally, somehow managing to injure his back, chest, wrist, and thigh. It could have only been one bullet for the lone gunman theory to hold because Oswald never could have reloaded that fast. Well now, there is only one bullet known to man that is capable of doing something like that; the old tomahawk wielding Indian chief from ‘Who Framed Roger Rabbit?’



By the way, here’s something that The Wikipedia thought important to *leave out* from the Zapruder film narrative. Zapruder wasn’t only a 33

Degree and a Jew. He had open ties to the **CIA**. Though come to think of it, they were already dropping us that bone when pointing out his work relationship with Jeanne LeGon. Zapruder was an active member of two CIA proprietary organizations, **The Dallas Council On World Affairs**, and **The Crusade For A Free Europe**. Oh, but there's more.

George de Mohrenschildt was a **member** of The Dallas Council On World Affairs. Earlier, I had given you the visual regarding Zapruder and Warren snapping a wet towel into the fundament of the other. Well, we now have another party participant because you know they crossed hairs in the locker room together. Anywho, Mohrenschildt babysat **Lee Harvey Oswald** in 1962, eventually hooking him up with a gig, by which Oswald was soon thereafter fired, aka Jack Ruby.



The backyard images of everyone's favorite patsy and Vodka drinking buddy was clearly, totally, transparently set up for the psyop. They are phonies and fakes, Oswald said so from the beginning. They are composite imaging, like the Zapruder film itself, though the Media has done everything in its power to convince us of their legitimacy. Oswald leans to his right in an almost otherworldly posture and his shoulder slumps, signs of sloppy photoshop. Duplicating Oswald's grip of the

rifle is not easily demonstrated though far more troublesome are his missing fingernails. The black shirt and pants were never discovered among his belongings, hinting at the probability that his face was pasted onto another man's body. And, anyways, the gun and the Marxist literature is a little too flamboyant if you want my opinion on the matter.

Fun Fact, Eleanor Roosevelt is a fourth cousin with Lee Harvey Oswald. Actually, Oswald is genetically linked to several U.S. Presidents, Benjamin Harrison, James Madison, William Henry Harrison, Theodore Roosevelt, and last but not least, the Georgian peanut farmer, Jimmy Carter. Like Marilyn Monroe, Eleanor Roosevelt is an explosion of royalty, being likewise the offspring of twelve Magna Carta sureties. Oswald derives from the blue-blooded side of things. Our Scriptwriters had an opening for a role and they found a kissing cousin to fill the vacancy.

Getting back to the Dallas Council, George H.W. Bush was good friends with Mohrenschildt. He too was a member. The future President named his son Neil after his mentor, Neil Newan, and Newan was a member. Clint Murchison, a noted Texas-based oil magnate and political operative as well as the father of Dallas Cowboys owner Clint Murchison Jr., was also a member, as was Oil tycoon H.L. Hunt.



Sarah Hughes, she's the federal judge swearing **33-Degree Freemason** Lyndon B. Johnson in as President of the Corporate United State while Air Force One is still on the ground. She was a **member** of the Club. But that's not what I want you to notice in this picture. Look to stage-left of Johnson. No, not the woman wearing pearls. Not the man in the bowtie, either. Look further left. The man nearly pressed against the window of the airplane is none other than **Jack Valenti**.

Jack Valenti played the part of liaison with the News during the President's visit to Dallas on November 22, 1963. Make a note of that. He was also in the motorcade with both Johnson and Kennedy. Within three years, **1966** respectively, Valenti resigned from the White House to become the **president of the Motion Picture Association of America**, a chair he would remain in for the following three decades.



Now that we have mostly gotten our witch hunt out of the way, we are back on the subject of Abraham Zapruder again. Perhaps only momentarily. We shall see. I can never really promise these things. Before us is a photo of Abraham and Lillian posing with their most recent member of the family, a Bell & Howell **8mm movie camera**. We're told it's 1962. But why be so obstinately gullible? It might as well be October 31, 1963, with only weeks to go. More than likely, it was the sort of photograph one might slide into an otherwise empty envelope and mail to his friends if you get my drift. It is not difficult to imagine a scenario whereas everything was already in order when Badge Man or the Babushka Lady snapped their portrait and the message read loud and clear: "Let the ceremony commence."

The Zapruder camera was perfectly positioned, like a shaman or a Maestro during his masterful stage performance. It was cleverly intended to block out the Book Depository Building and whatever lingered behind the Grassy Knoll, essentially America's entire peripheral vision, so as to create the conspirator's magical mystery tour while completely hiding the illusion surrounding the narrative. I just dropped you a Beatles reference. More Intel.

We again turn to The Wikipedia and read Agent Zapruder's timeline, according to the *official* narrative, in the hours before and after

Kennedy's exit from the world stage. I shall pause only for a few comments. Let us *begin*.

At the time of the assassination, Zapruder was an admirer of President Kennedy and considered himself a [Democrat](#). Zapruder had originally planned to film the motorcade carrying President Kennedy through downtown Dallas on November 22, but he decided not to film the event because it had been raining that morning. When he arrived at work that morning without his camera, Zapruder's assistant insisted that he retrieve it from home before going to Dealey Plaza because the weather had cleared.^[18]

When Zapruder arrived at work that morning without his camera, Zapruder's assistant insisted that he retrieve it from home before going to Dealey Plaza because the weather had cleared. They loving filling you in on the little details. It's how spook literature attempts to pass off or frame their psyops as a series of random events, completely within the realm of the ordinary. No curtains whatsoever need pulled. In other words, Zapruder's part in documenting the most important film in the 21st century has absolutely nothing to do with his CIA ties or his ranking as a 33-degree Mason and everything to do with a pet hobby. Super 8.

Zapruder's movie camera was an 8 mm [Bell & Howell](#) Zoomatic Director Series Model 414 PD —top-of-the-line when it was purchased in 1962. Zapruder had planned to film the motorcade from his office window but decided to choose a more optimal spot in Dealey Plaza where the motorcade would be passing.^[19] He chose to film on top of a 4-foot (1.2 m) concrete abutment which extends from a retaining wall that was part of the [John Neely Bryan](#) concrete [pergola](#) on the [grassy knoll](#) north of Elm Street, in Dealey Plaza.^[20] Zapruder's secretary, [Marilyn Sitzman](#), offered to assist Zapruder as he suffered from [vertigo](#) and was apprehensive about standing on the abutment alone.^[19]

The name of Zapruder's secretary was **Marilyn Sitzman**. She offered to assist Zapruder when filming on top of a 4-foot concrete abutment that oversaw Dealey Plaza, just north of Elm Street. The reason being is that he suffered from vertigo and was apprehensive about standing on the abutment alone. There is it again. Agent Zapruder was incompetent and needed the continual encouragement of his assistant.

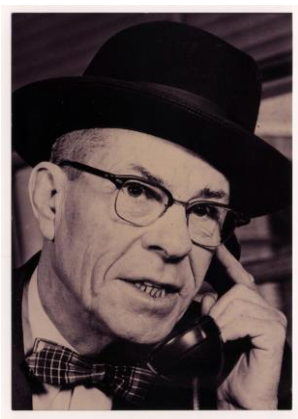
Years later, when recounting why she was never called before the Warren Commission to testify, Sitzman stated, "Because it was the 1960s, I was female, and I was young. And I was irrelevant." *Ouch baby! Very ouch!* She sounds bitter for having been left out of the Freemason afterparty down at the Lodge. Maybe she even became a feminist with an answer like that one, telling us that the CIA still got to her. Well, let's keep reading.



Zapruder later recalled that he immediately knew that President Kennedy's wound was fatal as he saw the president's head "...explode like a firecracker."^{[18][22]} Walking back to his office amid the confusion following the shots, Zapruder encountered [The Dallas Morning News](#) reporter Harry McCormick, who was standing near Zapruder and noticed he was filming the motorcade. McCormick was acquainted with Agent Forrest Sorrels of the [Secret Service's](#) Dallas office, and offered to bring Sorrels to Zapruder's office.^{[23][24]} Zapruder agreed and returned to his office. McCormick later found Sorrels outside the Sheriff's office at Main and Houston, and together they went to Zapruder's office.

Zapruder simply walked back to his office amid the confusion following the shots. Rather strange, don't you think? Do me a favor and look at the *above* photo. If we're expected to deal with the realm of the organic and ordinary, then there's a lot that's very wrong with the unfolding scene. We shall deal with those issues a little down the line. Sure, agent Zapruder's story checks out. He's completely absent from the Bryan pergola from which he'd filmed only a moment earlier. The President was shot. He simply hugged his Bell & Howell and walked off.

Everyone else remained at the scene to be interviewed. You'd think Zapruder would stick around to continue filming. Perhaps turn the camera to the left towards the Book Depository Building or meander to his right towards the Grassy Knoll, you know, out of curiosity. Zoom in on a window or at the bush. Figure out where the killer was. Witnesses present in this very photo reported hearing multiple shots from both locations. Then again, had he done so, turned his camera away from the stage, the entire psyop might have been threatened.



It was while bumbling along that Zapruder encountered *The Dallas Morning News* reporter **Harry McCormick**, who was said to be standing near Zapruder and noticed he was filming the motorcade. His role is really quite minimal, and it's the hand-off. McCormick, you see, was acquainted with **Agent Forrest Sorrels** of the Secret Service's Dallas office. McCormick offered to bring Sorrels to Zapruder's office. Zapruder agreed but then returned to his own office, keeping the footage with him. McCormick later found Sorrels outside the Sheriff's office at Main and Houston, and together they went to pay Zapruder a visit. Quite casual, wouldn't you say? Amazing that the Secret Service didn't hound him down like a good old fashioned American coon chase. He would have had his camera confiscated. For obvious reasons, Zapruder could not remain at the scene of the crime. He could not

continue recording. Had he done so, he might have exposed the few hired crisis actors standing around in Dealey Plaza.

Zapruder agreed to give the film to Sorrels on the condition it would be used only for investigation of the assassination. The three then took the film to the television station WFAA to be developed. After it was realized that WFAA was unable to develop Zapruder's footage, the film was taken to Eastman Kodak's Dallas processing plant later that afternoon where it was immediately developed. As the Kodachrome process requires different equipment for duplication than for simple development, Zapruder's film was not developed until around 6:30 p.m. The original developed film was taken to the Jamieson Film Company, where three additional copies were exposed; these were returned to Kodak around 8 p.m. for processing. Zapruder kept the original, plus one copy, and gave the other two copies to Sorrels, who sent them to Secret Service headquarters in Washington.

Zapruder did agree to hand over his film to Sorrels but only on the condition that it would be used for investigation of the assassination, yeah right. As if he had a say in the matter. When the President of the United States is assassinated, you don't merely agree to hand over the film footage for the pursuit of Science. It's an adorable little detail though, reminding us once again that there is nothing shady going on with the film.

The three then took the film to the **television station** WFAA to be developed. From there, the film made another stop at **Eastman Kodak**'s Dallas processing plant where it was immediately developed, hot off the press by 6:30 p.m. The original developed film was then taken to the **Jamieson Film Company**, where three additional copies were made before being returned to Kodak around 8 p.m. for further processing. Zapruder kept the original, *yeah right*, plus one copy, *yeah right*, both of which were to insure there was no funny business, *yeah right*, and gave the other two copies to Sorrels, who sent them to Secret Service headquarters in Washington. Multiple copies. Nothing altered. The official Narrative assures us that everything we see in the Zapruder film was developed, multiplied, and then disbanded to a handful of participating parties within several hours of the assassination. We are of course to assume this was done for the purposes of historical preservation, investigative integrity, and legal cross referencing when in fact we may be witnessing the sleight of hand.



Hugh Jamieson of the [Jamieson Film Company](#) got his start working for **Thomas Edison**. He is directly accredited with filming the New London school disaster, a gas explosion that killed more than 295 students and teachers in 1937. By 1942, Jamieson joined the federal **War Production Advisory Committee** for the creation of military propaganda films. His film studio was located at 2212 Live Oak Street, only a mile away from Dealey Plaza, and in 1963 it is doubtful that he had finished his work for the government.

Late that evening, Zapruder was contacted at home by Richard Stolley, an editor at *Life* magazine (and first editor of the future *People* magazine). They arranged to meet the following morning to view the film, after which Zapruder sold the print rights to *Life* for \$50,000.^[27] Stolley was representing Time/Life on behalf of publisher [Charles Douglas Jackson](#).

The following day (November 24), *Life* purchased all rights to the film for a total of \$150,000 (approximately \$1,434,000 today).^{[28][29]}

That very evening, Zapruder was contacted at home by **Richard Stolley**, an editor at **LIFE** Magazine. They arranged to meet the following morning to view the film, after which Zapruder sold the print rights for a whopping grand total of **\$150,000**, the price tag of deception. But then look at who was representing Stolley. **Charles Douglas Jackson**.

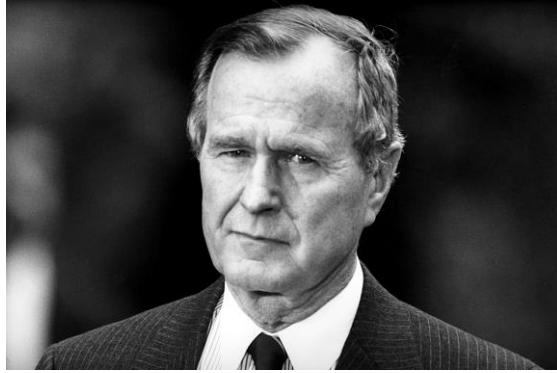


General **Charles Douglas (C. D.) Jackson** (March 16, 1902 – September 18, 1964) was a [United States](#) government propagandist^{(f1)(2)} and senior executive of [Time Inc.](#) As an expert on [psychological warfare](#) he served in the [Office of Strategic Services](#) in World War II and later as Special Assistant to the President in the [Eisenhower](#) administration.

That's **General** Charles Douglas Jackson to you. Jump over to his [Wiki article](#) and, by 1963, the **senior executive** of **Time-Life** was a full-fledged United States Gubbernment **propagandist**. Your typical George Orwell type. He is furthermore described as “an expert on psychological warfare,” having served in the OSS during the War and later as a special assistant to **President Eisenhower**. Seems only natural then that he would go on to become Managing Director of Time-Life International. *Nothing* to see here. I'm sure his tenure at Time-Life was a vacation and much needed rest from his psychological warmongering.

As we have come to find, everything about that day is a lie. Everything. The Secret Service was in on it. The CIA was in on it. The FBI was in on it. The Freemasons were in on it. The Jews were in on it. The Psychological Warfare Department was in on it. The movie industry was in on it. The free press was definitely in on it. If I fail to mention Jack Ruby, then just know the nightclub owners were in on it as well. Even **Castro** and **Khrushchev** were probably in on it. Only **Marilyn Monroe**, who is advertised to us as having died one year earlier,

according to the official narrative, can be deduced as being out of the loop. The JFK Assassination was the perfect storm on the world stage. The entire script leading up to this moment directs our attention to the lone gunman, though I am of the opinion that even Kennedy was in on it.



This guy was in on it too. I'm simply not willing to go there yet.

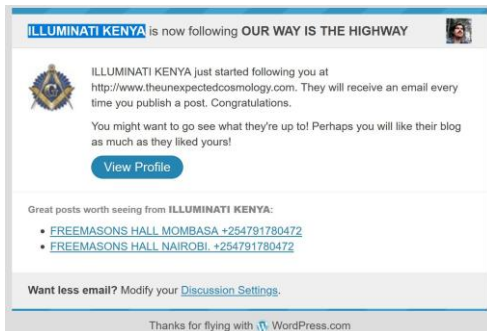


PART TWO: Frame 313 Exposed

FOR whatever subconscious reason that I care not to evaluate here, I went with the unorthodox position of claiming Zapruder's footage of the JFK assassination was a royal hoax before ever showing a shred of evidence for it. Historical proof of my methodology can be found over the last so many pages. An entire week has gone by between writing *this* and *that*, and still, I make no apologies. If my work frustrates or bores you, then I highly suggest doing your own research. Regardless, here we are. Welcome.

Also, as a matter of public policy, I do not respond to shrink questions. In case you were wondering, the paper you hold in your hands is not a chase lounge for me to recline on while you pull out a monocle and a notebook and attempt to assign my pedigree of sanity. We have already established *the fact*, and this is a matter of public record, that agent

Abraham Zapruder, the man who gave us one of the most important film documentations of the 20th-century, was indeed a **33-degree Freemason**. That's a deal breaker. There are his Zionist and Langley ties as well, filling us in on his other commercial sponsors. The Zapruder film was nothing more or less than a magical ceremony.



Now that we have thoroughly established the sort of people who had their hand in every element of the Kennedy assassination, I should pause here and remind my reader that the same crew have been making themselves known to me in recent months, and in a number of ways. It is one of the very reasons I closed my Facebook account in April of 2020. Spooks. The above screenshot just arrived in my mailbox the other day, and it's not the first. Freemasons and the "Illuminated" from the local Lodge often like to let me know they're keeping "The Eye" on me. I figure it's their way of reminding me that my side hobbies are nobody's business but their own. Also, it means I'm doing something right, pulling back curtains. I never trust tapestries or a conveniently hung drape. This is probably a good place to remind everyone that I love my family, am not on psychotropic drugs, and have never once thought about committing suicide. That is all for now.

My latest doctoral dissertation is brought to you by my commercial sponsor, BOSCO chocolate flavored syrup. Kids, tell your mom to buy BOSCO today. And now we are on the subject of the Zapruder film. So, let us *begin*.

Agent Zapruder's movie has been called the most important **26 seconds** of film in history, 27 if we're rounding up. A close second would be the Apollo 11 footage, though the boys down at NASA apparently taped the Super Bowl over the original footage. President Kennedy does not enter the stage for the first third of the picture, and it is there were we encounter a serious problem. If you were born at any time during the 20th century, then you've likely seen the Zapruder film a hundred times already. Regardless, I highly suggest you give it another review. It will only nab 26 seconds of your day and I will save you the effort of having to track the footage down. [Here you go.](#) Observe carefully with woken eyes. You may observe a far greater number of anomalies than is being discussed here.



The first thing you should notice is that Zapruder abruptly cut filming at frame 132. Or so we're led to believe. This is a problem because Zapruder's 8 mm Bell & Howell displayed no fade in exposure while it slowed down and then started back up again. Kids, this is before digital technology. You don't simply turn a reel of film off and on again without a slight hiccup in the presentation. That is, unless you want to take scissors to the reel and make an edit. Otherwise, the first two or three frames after 132 should be blotchy due to a heavier exposure to light, until the film corrects its speed. And yet, there's no apparent fade

out as is customary when releasing or pressing the shutter button of the camera. If I'm being repetitive, it's because the jump from frames 132 to 133 should immediately tell us something. Zapruder did not start filming again at frame 133.

We can know for certain that somebody took a *snip* to the film because a good deal of time is missing from the final cut, an estimated 30 seconds in total. We see three police motorcycles round the corner from North Houston to Elm Street and then quite suddenly the President's Lincoln convertible appears out of nowhere. How adorable. Kennedy was killed in a Lincoln, and as we all hopefully know by now, Lincoln's assassination was another hoax. The only thing more obvious in the Kennedy hoax would be a nod to Ford's Theater. *Oh* wait. The Lincoln *was* a Ford.



The Zapruder film does have one of those aforementioned cuts, by the way. The Media never shows it to us, and you have to wonder why. Well, I will tell you the reason. The movie has an opening scene starring Lillian Zapruder, laughing it up on the phone. She hangs up the phone and then stops to smile at the man holding the camera, presumably her husband. From there, the filming is cut, showing us several seconds of high exposure and the blotches I was telling you about before starting back up with the police caravan. Had they left it in, too many people would have noticed seconds later when the Zapruder film takes another time jump but without the hiccups.

Within the 30 estimated seconds of missing time between frames 132 and 133, the motorcades lead car, an unmarked white 4-door Ford Mercury sedan, which included Dallas Police Chief Jesse Curry, Dallas County Sheriff Bill Decker, and everyone's favorite Agent Forrest

Sorrels, has completely rounded the corner and passed Zapruder by. It is indeed strange that Zapruder would show up to film the Kennedy's, stop filming the very moment the lead motorcycles and cars round the corner, only to presume work again.



What's more, there is no enthusiasm in the crowd whatsoever. For nearly 200 frames, some three-dozen people on the bottom of the frame (or the north end of Elm Street) remain perfectly motionless. And that doesn't even include the missing gap between frames 132 and 133, which only adds to the problem. We are expected to believe that Zapruder shut his camera off at frame 132 and then started it up again at frame 133, some 30 seconds later, while the crowd remains standing frozen in time, motionless, completely unenthusiastic about the president they've come to see. Why the lack of interest? Perhaps they were Republicans.



Directly across the street from the motionless crowd, on the south side of Elm, stood various photographers, poised and ready for action. Despite the fact that their pictures document a single frame, they seem to capture the crowd looking far more jubilant than what Zapruder shows us. To make matters worse, the crowd changes in size, depending of course upon the photograph.



One hundred yards more and they would have reached the



safety of an overpass. Then three shots rang out.

The **James Altgen** photo is the icing on the cake. Look to the people standing on the far left. You will see a lamppost and a man with a construction helmet standing under it. He has been identified as an **agent**, by the way. I am of the impression that they are all agents or actors or ladies on dates with actors and agents but let's keep looking. Particularly to the people playing freeze tag on stage left of the lamppost. Refer back to Z's footage of the motionless crowd if you need to. Only a couple of seconds have passed since their backside was capture by Zapruder, the president has just been shot, and they happen to be standing in a different order than what can be seen in the Z

footage. That is quite a feat for the motionless crowd. They must have waited until the camera panned away before shuffling into a new order.

Multiple takes. Yes, multiple takes with a rotunda of walk-on actors. That very well may be what's going on here. It's certainly what I'm thinking. The motionless crowd can be explained with a post-production still frame that has been composited.



32-year-old **Jean Hill**, aka Norma Jean, is dubbed the “lady in red” in the Zapruder film and is difficult to miss in Dealey Plaza. Part of her backstory is that she had only recently separated from her husband, **Bill Hill**, though they wouldn't divorce until August of the following year. We are told that Jean and her friend, 31-year-old **Mary Moorman**, who is seen holding the camera to her eye, traveled to Dealey Plaza to nab a picture of Jean's latest boyfriend. Information on Jean's boyfriend is terribly difficult to come by. Apparently, he was a Dallas police motorcycle cop assigned to the motorcade. He is almost always mentioned in the press as “the boyfriend.” I found one source identifying him as **J.B. Marshall**, but that also may be a pseudonym. Everyone in Dealey Plaza, cops included, were **Freemasons**.

The strangest part has little to do with her initial backstory and everything to do with the mere fact that she and Mary Moorman are

standing in Dealey Plaza almost completely alone. Take a note of that. We shall return to the strange absence of people in a moment.

Jean maintained until her dying day, and she testified to this from the get-go, that she jumped out into the street the very moment the Lincoln passed and cried: “Hey, Mr. President, look over here! We want to take your picture!”

Welp, that’s a problem, because agent Zapruder never captured Jean Hill making any such notion towards the Lincoln. The curb looks to be a good 12 inches higher than the street. Such a leap would not go unnoticed. And yet, in the Zapruder film, Jean is clearly shown some 2 feet from the curb. Perhaps you are beginning to see where I’m going with this. Either there were multiple takes, and her best performance was not a part of the finished product, which would also explain the discrepancies among the motionless crowd, or we’re simply dealing with a one-take crisis actor. I personally interviewed crisis actors after the 2017 Las Vegas shooting, and I can tell you that inconsistent crises actors are a dime a dozen. This is partly due to the fact that they like to add their own little flare to the narrative, a back story if you will. It helps to keep it organic, but also to make their part a memorable one. There is of course a third option. The Zapruder film was heavily doctored, post-production.



On November 22, Jean Hill gave a statement to the police where she stated:

“Mary Moorman started to take a picture. We were looking at the president and Jackie in the back seat... Just as the president looked up two shots rang out and I saw the president grab his chest and fell forward across Jackie’s lap... There was an instant pause between two shots and the motorcade seemingly halted for an instant. Three or four more shots rang out and the motorcade sped away.”

Jean repeated her account to the Warren Commission in 1964, and adamantly rejected their single gunman findings.



Apparently, on the 22 of November 1963, Jean immediately ran to the grassy knoll where she saw a “puff of smoke” and a “shadowy figure.” I have chosen the word immediate, or else why would she run? We have already heard Jean explain that she jumped into the street as the Lincoln passed and there is no recorded documentation of any such action. So, take note of her sprint towards the grassy knoll. The Lady in Red, still dressed for the part in 1992, rehearsed what she saw in the *Beyond JFK* documentary.

“It was right up there. The man was shooting from right just this side of that tree . . . that large tree, and that’s where I saw the shot come from.”

Further proof that Norma Jean Hill was going up against The Man, you will tell me. Well then, I have already explained that the second shooter was another layer to the psyop, created by spooks in order to throw us off their scent. The Warren Commission was an obvious part of the movie script, written and fleshed out by Freemasons and their commercial sponsors. Entertainment for the barracoon. This can only mean one thing. Jean Hill was dating an actor and decided for a walk-on part.

her Warren Commission testimony, she stated that a [Secret Service](#) agent told her right after the attack that another Secret Service agent, watching from the courthouse, saw a bullet strike "at my feet" and kick up debris

As a crisis actor, Jean Hill is filled with colorful war stories. A Secret Service agent told her after the attack that another agent, watching from the courthouse, saw a bullet strike “at my feet.” *Mm-hmm, Jean. We’re listening.*

Mrs. Jean L. Hill stated that after the firing stopped she saw a white man wearing a brown overcoat and a hat running west away from the Depository Building in the direction of the railroad tracks. She has since stated when she saw a photo of Jack Ruby after his killing of Lee Harvey Oswald she now believes he was the man she saw running. You can see in the Zapruder film that she was clearly looking into the direction of the Texas School Book Depository while the president is right in front of her which appears to support her story of looking at someone running just after the assassination. There are no other witnesses who claim to have seen a man running toward the railroad tracks. Examination of all the available films of the area following the shooting, reexamination of the interviews with individuals in the vicinity of the shooting, and the interviews with members of the Dallas police department and the Dallas County sheriff’s office failed to corroborate Mrs. Hill’s recollection or to reveal the identity of the man described by Mrs. Hill.^[9]

Jean Hill testified in the Warren commission that she saw a white man wearing a brown overcoat and a hat running west away from the Depository Building in the direction of the railroad tracks. After Jack Ruby’s public assassination of Lee Harvey Oswald, she then pointed her finger at him. That’s two bones, right there. Jean Hill has not only created the second shooter narrative, but she has also furthermore identified Jack Ruby as the one.

Hill stated that she received death threats and that the brake lines of her automobile were cut after the assassination. She viewed herself as a survivor who had escaped the "mysterious deaths" purported to have befallen other witnesses to the assassination. [citation needed]

The Lady in Red furthermore stated that she had received death threats and that the brake lines of her automobile were cut after the assassination. Hill apparently always thought of herself as a survivor after many of the other witnesses to the assassination died shortly after President Kennedy's death under what some considered to be mysterious circumstances.

Okay, let's be clear. If the Deep State wanted Jean Hill dead for outing their second shooter, then Jean Hill would be dead. Plain and simple. The cutting of brakes sounds like the plot line to an episode of *Superman*, whereas **George Reeves**, who ironically had his brakes cut on him soon before his exit from the stage, needs to save Jimmy Olsen from driving off a winding mountain cliff-side. *No*, in reality Jean Hill would be diagnosed as bipolar, or perhaps a manic depressant. She'd take to the bottle, lose her career as a teacher to some scandal, and then jump off a bridge. While slowly killing her off with a daily dosage of poison, the CIA would sadistically give America reason to discredit her.

On November 7, 2000, Jean Hill died of complications due to a blood disease in Dallas.



Take your time with this photo. There is much and yet oh so very little going on with it. Look how *few* people witnessed the actual shooting at Dealey Plaza. They had positioned themselves there knowing it would make the perfect photograph of the President and his wife. Why did nobody else but Zapruder and a handful of witnesses have the same idea? Nowadays crisis actors are a dime a dozen. They'll mentor you in the craft over a weekend seminar and then bus you out to the event for free. Enjoy the performance until the lights go down and it's your queue to die, that sort of thing. In reality, we're talking about the chance of a lifetime, to stand several feet away from the President. John F. Kennedy. And what better place to peer over one's shoulder, once the curb had filled with too many bystanders to number, than the grassy knoll? It makes for natural auditorium seating. Dallas saw a high of 70F that day. Certainly not too hot. Humidity wasn't an issue. Where are all the people? There should be hundreds filling this one print alone. Even President **James Buchanan** had a larger turnout.

There's Jean Hill in her red coat, positioned next to Mary Moorman, precisely where they were last seen in the Zapruder film. At what point did she chase after the second shooter? Is that the mysterious Babushka lady standing to their left? It's like everyone is waiting their turn, having already rehearsed their part, and only America is not in on it.

Where did agent Zapruder go? Oh, that's right, he went stumbling away, hugging the crime scene evidence. You'd think if the press and the police wanted to speak with anyone, it was the guy holding the movie camera. But no, he split like a banana peel, the very second after he finished with his movie project, right alongside the fat man leaving the Book Depository Building and the second shooter.

Look across the street. Notice the family ducking for cover.



There they are *again*. Bill and Gayle Newman. Still poised in position while **LIFE** Magazine stands around, capturing their drama for the nation.



Moving on. Oh wait, never mind. It's another close-up. A close-up of the Newman family. Courtesy of photographer **Frank Cancellare**. How long do you suppose the Newman's remained ducking for cover while the Media stood around photographing them—and just as importantly, *why*? Meanwhile, on Elm Street, we can see cowboys going on a joy ride, and if I'm not mistaken, Norma Jean Hill is no longer sitting. That looks to be the legs of the Lady in Red and perhaps the Babushka lady, standing around, comparing notes, getting their stories straight.



And there they go running off for their next shot while the Newman's remain poised in position, waiting to be cleared by the movie director.



This may be a good time to look into another anomaly. We are on frame 403, as you can tell, and dealing once again with composite imagery. If you look to the far right, you will see what appears to be an inhuman looking **shapeshifter**. Nothing is natural about the way he

lumbers across the screen like a Gumby cartoon. A mere photo will not do you justice. I wish I could tell you they just had to throw that in there—give us a glimpse of the evil working behind the scenes—but the far likelier explanation is that we're dealing with a compositing artifact, mutated with the merging together of different film sources. Multiple takes.

There is much else to see in this single frame. Here we also find that the parked automobiles beyond Dealey Plaza will change their appearance. Look to the lamppost and then *beyond* that lamppost to the elongated truck. Notice how nothing and nobody can be seen in the back of that truck. Now, let's turn back to the Newman family for another Frank Cancellare original.



Here we can clearly see a man kneeling in the pick-up truck, which has now been shortened. There is an item to his left. Neither appear in Zapruder's film. The Cancellare photo is an estimated 20 seconds after Z film frame 313. Speaking of *which*.



Finally arriving at frame **313**, the *precise* moment when Kennedy's head explodes like a firecracker. The infamous image would remain withheld from all public releases of the film until 1975, when it was finally shown for the first time on **Geraldo Rivera**'s television show, "Good Night America." You have to wonder if the original special effects were a shit show.

I had asked you to take note of the fact that Jean Hill insisted until her dying day that she stepped out into the street while the Lincoln convertible passed. In frame 313 she's not even looking at the president. This is also the precise moment when Jean is said to have looked into the direction of the Texas School Book Depository and saw Jack Ruby making his getaway. How a fat man could make it down six flights of stairs after making his kill shot within the span of a few seconds is beyond me. Not even **John Wilkes Booth** could accomplish that task. Her story seems less and less likely with every retelling. But then I can't help but notice that her shadow is bent out of shape. I'm wondering if her position has been composited due to multiple takes, making her curbside narrative a legitimate one.



Before we move onto Kennedy's head wound, via frame 313, let's address the running woman seen only one frame earlier, in 312. The lampposts in Dealey Plaza are precisely **14 feet** tall. An analysis of the photo pins the running woman as somewhere in the range of **7 feet tall**. I'm thinking that's a problem but then I'm curious if you think it's one. Before you conclude that we've spotted yet another Nephilym giant on the loose, I assure you the woman was interviewed in person and her interviewers concluded she was in reality only **five feet** tall. If this confuses you, then just rest assured we are witnessing yet another problem to official narrative which insists that Zapruder's film was in no way altered.



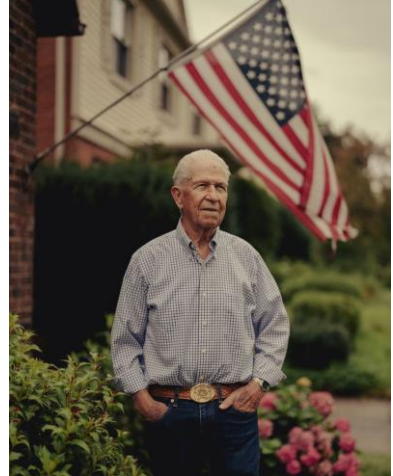
The next series of frames reveals a massive exit wound upon Kennedy's right temple and forehead. There is a big blob where his skull once was. More like a *glob*. Vaseline, perhaps? As the film progresses, his wound morphs. It changes shape as he falls into his wife's lap. In fact, his entire

forehead is shown to be missing. Nothing but a stump of head. If you play the footage slowly, the head wound constantly changes shape. According to *this* particular frame, we can see right through his skull. Inspiration for the T-1000 model in Terminator, I take it?



Autopsy photos clearly show that the President's face was **undamaged** when we should be seeing right through it to the carpet. Where is the liquid metal head wound? The Zapruder film disagrees with all other evidence presented to us. It begs the question of the hour. Why they would fake it to begin with. I mean, either the president was assassinated, or he wasn't. What were they hiding, the second shooter? Give me a break. The set-up was perfect, a little too perfect; perfectly framed and perfectly executed. And of course, I am of the opinion that Kennedy never received a head wound to begin with.

America had been a bad boy, desperately in need of a psychodrama. Yet another alchemical ceremony which promised to mold the collective consciousness into the image of the New World Order. Everything went down without a hitch. In one stunning moment, Kennedy took his exit from the world stage. But perhaps not forever.



JFK assassination witness breaks his silence and raises new questions

Sep. 10, 2023 at 2:38 pm



[**UPDATE 9/12/23**: Among JFK's secret service detail on the 22nd of November was somebody by the name of **Paul Landis**. He is 88 years old at present and still kicking whereas the bucket is nowhere in sight, but also, as of **September 10, 2023**, he has a story to tell, a *new* story. How is that possible? It has been sixty years since the Kennedy assassination. Ah, there it is. The Big **6-0**, the Diamond anniversary. I have commented in other places how Intel just loves bringing new light, new angles, new epiphanies to their psyops every five or ten years or so. It is predictable behavior by this point, usually landing right on the mark. I figure it's their way of causing you to relive the spell cast in the aftermath of the performance and not to forget about them. The [article](#) title says it all. 'JFK assassination **witness breaks his silence** and **raises new questions**.' Imagine that. Somebody was keeping mum about his day in Dallas for six whole decades. In the hands of the Media, they have savory treats to offer, and they want you to eat out of them. Let's see what the announcement is this time around, shall we?

What it comes down to is a copper-jacketed 6.5 mm projectile. The Warren Commission decided one of the bullets fired that day struck the president from behind, exited from the front of his throat and continued on to hit Connally, somehow managing to injure his back, chest, wrist and thigh. It seemed incredible that a single bullet could do all that, so skeptics called it the “magic bullet” theory.

Investigators came to that conclusion partly because the bullet was found on a stretcher believed to have held Connally at Parkland Memorial Hospital, so they assumed it had exited his body during efforts to save his life. But Landis, who was never interviewed by the Warren Commission, said that is not what happened.

In fact, he said, he was the one who found the bullet — and he found it not in the hospital near Connally but in the presidential limousine lodged in the back of the seat behind where Kennedy was sitting.

When he spotted the bullet after the motorcade arrived at the hospital, he said he grabbed it to thwart souvenir hunters. Then, he said he entered the hospital and placed it next to Kennedy on the president’s stretcher, assuming it could somehow help doctors figure out what happened. At some point, he now guesses, the stretchers must have been pushed together, and the bullet was shaken from one to another.

The Warren Commission invented the “magic bullet” theory based upon a single bullet found on a stretcher believed to be held by John Connally at Parkland Memorial Hospital. Did I misquote any of that? Please write me a letter explaining it if I did. Because really, it would be a darn shame if I misquoted how laughable any of this sounds. How about the 9/11 terrorist passports they conveniently found on a NYC sidewalk, sound familiar? I’m having a difficult time seeing any difference between the two accounts. They simply found a bullet on a stretcher in a Dallas hospital and assumed both the bullet and the stretcher must have belonged to Connally at one time, and furthermore, that it had been shaken from his body without the surgeons and the nurses noticing. *Yeab right.*

Turns out, Landis was the one who planted it there. That is his confession 60 years later. I know the article isn’t expected to be read quite like that but it’s obviously what happened. He tampered with the

crime scene and planted a piece of evidence, kind of like those 9/11 passports. The bullet he said was found in the limousine, lodged in the back of the seat behind where Kennedy was sitting. His reasoning for doing so, apparently, was to starve off the treasure hunters, but even that doesn't make any sense. The secret service agent in the president's limo was **Clint Hill**, not Landis. What was he doing digging around in the limousine to begin with, seeking evidence or obstructing it? The car was a crime scene. If it was the souvenir crowd that he was truly concerned about, then why not stand there like a bad ass with his dark glasses and his gun and whatever communication device he had, warding off the Media and the trinket scavengers? How did he know there weren't other bullets to be discovered, or even Saudi passports for that matter?

But then he didn't even set it on Connally's stretcher. No, he claims to have set it right next to Kennedy in hopes of furthering the investigation. The story doesn't end there though. No, not by a long shot. The bullet somehow jumped from Kennedy's stretcher to another stretcher which just so happens to have been the one used by Connally, assumedly. Well now, that takes the magic bullet theory to new soaring heights. Everything we know about physics is dead wrong. Has the Ballistics Department heard about it? One must wonder if Landis planted the evidence onto the wrong stretcher and somebody else was sent in for the purposes of auto-correct, *oops*.

Landis' account varies in a couple of respects from two written statements he filed in the week after the shooting. Aside from not mentioning finding the bullet, he reported hearing only two shots. Likewise, he did not mention going into the trauma room where Kennedy was taken.

Landis said the reports he filed after the assassination included mistakes; he was in shock and had barely slept for five days.

Up until now, Landis never once mentioned finding the bullet, which is totally suspect since two written statements filed within the week after the shooting have him stating only two shots were fired. To make

matters worse, there is no mention of him ever going to the trauma room. He wasn't there according to his own testimony, why the secret? If he did arrive, then the medical staff and his coworkers either didn't see him or didn't recognize him or agreed that there was nothing to see there and simply let him do his thing. Some of you will tell me he left out those very convenient details because he was in shock in the trauma room and had barely slept for five days. That's the story he's going with, anyways. But then the following paragraph, which ends the article by the way, is a curiosity piece.

It was not until 2014 that he realized the official account of the bullet differed from his memory, he said, but he did not come forward then out of a feeling that he had made a mistake in putting it on the stretcher without telling anyone.

It was not until **2014**, only one year after the Golden anniversary, or the Jubilee year if you will, that Paul Landis realized his memory differed from the official account of things, *huh?* Up until that point, the narrative was one in which Paul Landis placed the bullet on the stretcher. He knew it and apparently everyone else was self-aware of his actions. His two written testimonies relayed that fact, or so he thought, and as far as he was concerned, it wasn't a secret from anyone. His recent memory restoration is leading some to conclude that his remembrances are false or that he is making the whole thing up. But then, if what he is saying is true, you and I know what is happening. Paul Landis is recollecting a parallel timeline which no longer exists and he's also being gaslit. It is by no coincidence that the 2014 comes into this either. We appear to have another **Mandela Effect** on our hands.]



Just look at Bush. *Laughing* his ass off. What's *so* funny, Mr. President? Probably just got off the phone with one of the Kennedy brothers, Robert, Ted, or John. Someone told the other a dirty joke. The *official* narrative claims **George H.W. Bush**, the **Skull and Bones** alumni who would ascend from **Director** of the **CIA** to **Vice-President** under Reagan and finally **Commander and Chief** of the Corporate United States, was not yet a member of Central Intelligence when Kennedy was shot. Well, darn. I guess we were wrong about anything. Call off the conspiracy. Never mind that 'Timberwolf' was indeed in Dallas on that November day. I'm sure that's all just another coincidence.



There is unlikely a person alive who cannot remember where they were on November 22, 1963. When asked, George H.W. Bush could never give an answer, and how strange is that? This probably has something to do with the fact that he was photographed in front of the Book Depository Building within hours or minutes of Lee Harvey Oswald's arrest, maybe even seconds, and the thought of an alibi had never occurred to him. Oh, that's him alright. No, I am not slapping the George H.W. Bush photo as evidence that he had a hand in Kennedy's assassination. I stress *assassination*. Bush didn't ascend through the ranks of secret societies and intelligence to the seat of vice president and then the presidency by killing presidents. He did so by becoming the Sorcerer's apprentice, and finally the Wizard of Oz. Timberwolf had a hand in the illusion. The future Director of the CIA made Kennedy go away.



But the thing about the disappearing act is, though it is true that people prefer the illusion over the sleight of hand, what they ultimately show up for is the reappearing trick. And more than anything, they want to be fooled by it. I'm just talking out loud here and in no way suggesting it is this way, but is there a chance that Kennedy really was a two-term president after all?



PART THREE

The JFK Assassination Mandela Effect

ADMIT it. The moment you heard about the six seats is when you picked up the phone and called your dad. The online records will show it was June of **2016** when the latest ME news broke over the web and many sons began calling their fathers. [June 4](#) is the earliest date that I can find. I remember the day and it's most certainly what I did. I called him up and asked how many people were in the 1961 Lincoln Continental convertible that he was assassinated in. Without batting an eye, he said **six**. Not the answer I was expecting to hear. I was shocked. Speaking for myself, it was four seats and always had been. Why the additional passengers now? My father was born in 52 and would have been eleven on **November 22, 1963**, when President **John F. Kennedy** rode in a motorcade through Dealey Plaza in downtown Dallas. Like any good baby boomer, the Kennedy assassination was of

particular interest to him. He'd even written a paper on a potential second shooter in high school.

You'd think that would discredit me, being born 17 years after the fact, but as I was saying, many sons began calling their fathers and the results were split right down the middle. Among the hundreds of shared experiences, it seems to have mattered very little how many dozens or hundreds of times one had viewed the Zapruder film. There were those among the baby boomers who were shocked to see the additional two passengers whereas nothing had changed for others. Such is the nature of the Mandela Effect. And another thing. When asked about the number of passengers, many reportedly responded with the number four but then immediately changed their answer to six, as if the new reality was settling in. The 4-seater people were dropping like flies.



Supposing you derive from the six-seater reality, then it will be difficult to imagine the Lincoln convertible in any other light. We're nearly ten years into this and I still can't adjust my eyes to the new absolute. First and foremost, the roll bar is a total eyesore. That was missing. Texan Governor **John Connally** had a wife, but she wasn't in the car. Her name is **Nellie**, by the way. I couldn't even tell you who that is sitting

in front of Connally either. In my reality it was always the Texan Governor seated as the front passenger, directly in front of the President. I've read all the criticism too. I am told I put such a focus on John and Jackie all these years that I didn't think to notice John and Nellie. Oh, that must be it. You caught me. Is that pink Nellie is wearing? So is Jackie. They're both wearing pink. My eyes can't stop zigzagging back and forth between the two of them. It's quite impossible to miss the Governor's wife in this reality.



difficulty with is the black trim on Jackie Kennedy's dress. The pink Chanel suit and the pink pillbox hat I recall, as well as the white gloves, but my eyes are drawn directly to the black trim now. That wasn't always so. **[CORRECTION:** I looked it up. She is wearing a navy trim rather than a black one, easily mistakable. Happens all the time.] Even in black and white photos such the swearing in on Air Force One, my eyes are still drawn away from LBJ to the trim around Jackie's neckline. It stands out and dominates the page. I'm not saying she never wore a darker hue. All I can tell you is that the Kennedy assassination is not the same experience as it once was. Many details have changed. Tiny minute ones. You have to reexamine every detail.



For me the Zapruder film was always in color, but some have insisted it was always black and white. They reported never seeing it in color until the Mandela Effect, and I believe them. Of the black and white people, some recall four passengers and others six. That tells you there are at least several different realities colliding together.

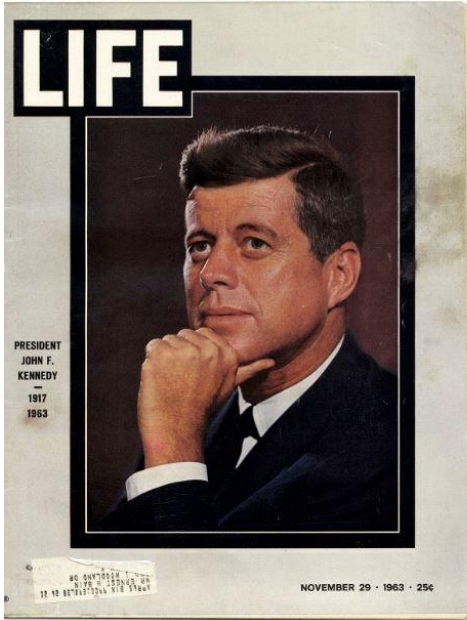


John Connally though. I'm telling you pictures such as this one never existed. Yes, his wife and the roll bar are new additions but just as importantly some of the conspiracies surrounding the JFK assassination are missing. I can no longer find any references to the driver turning around and shooting Kennedy. The mere suggestion would be an impossible one given that he would have had to point the gun directly through Nellie to get at the President, but at one time it was a point of discussion. And [here](#) is another one. *Follow* the bunny rabbit trail with the provided link and you will read the transcribed words of **Dr. Peter David Beter**. He is speaking on **August 21, 1975**, only 12 years after the event. And what he has to say is impossible given the present scenario. You will have to scroll several paragraphs down to read it for yourself, though I have already done the heavy lifting for you.

An advantage of the shaped charge, from the Conspirators' viewpoint, is that contrary to a gun or shotgun it would not produce a bullet or buckshot which might be found by someone in the vicinity and cause undesirable questions to be asked. The only problem with the shaped charge would be its noise. Such a bang would tend to attract the attention of others in the car. However, the Conspirators knew that Jackie Kennedy would be too distraught and preoccupied with Jack himself after the blast to have such details register, and the driver of the car would also be preoccupied with the urge of business of trying to maneuver out of the ambush. But that still left **Governor John Connally, riding in the front seat ahead of the President**. The sound of the shaped charge could be expected to attract his attention, even if it was muffled and partially lost in the confusion of gunshots from snipers.

The possibility existed that **Connally alone** might be able to detect that some sort of device had been fired just behind him inside the car. Therefore, John Connally was a specific target in the ambush along with Kennedy. He was not, as has often been supposed, merely the victim of a stray bullet, much less the victim of a bullet that had first struck Kennedy as alleged by the Warren Commission. Connally was potentially the single most dangerous witness to the assassination. So, it was imperative that he be incapacitated or killed outright. It did not really matter whether Connally was killed or just seriously injured, so long as his ability to observe events clearly was ruined. This they, of course, accomplished.

Peter Beter [it seems](#) was quite the character. He released a series of 80 audio newsletter tapes between 1975 and 1982 and I have only shown you a small snippet of them. Among other discussion points, Beter claimed **Lyndon B. Johnson** was involved in the Kennedy assassination, that several public figures such as **David Rockefeller**, **Henry Kissinger**, and **Jimmy Carter** were already dead and being impersonated, Jonestown was a staged hoax, and that the U.S. Government had developed weather modification weapons. Man, Beter was ahead of his time. This guy was into some deep *stuff* decades before any of us. Well researched too. How does a guy like that fail to recognize there were six people in the car? In his reality there were only four. Or else he couldn't have pitted John Connally in the front seat, directly ahead of the President. It simply cannot be racked up to oversight either. Beter is discussing the possibility of a shotgun blast from within the car. The theory only works if there are two rows of seats rather than three. There is the reality that I remember.



LIFE THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT KENNEDY



Now in the sunny freshness of a Texas morning, with roses in her arms and a far-
moussed smile on her lips, Jacqueline Kennedy still had one hour to share the bea-
sonant surge of life with the man at her side.

It was a wonderful hour. Vibrant with confidence, crisscrossed with an all-em-
bracing smile, John F. Kennedy swept his wife with him into the embrace of the most
thing at Dallas' Love Field. This was an act in which Jack Kennedy was superbly
human. Responding to the warmth, his own genuine warmth evoked in others, he met his welcome, joyously, hand to

hand and heart to heart. For him this was all fun as well as politics. For his shy wife, surmounting the grief of her infant son's recent death, this mingling demand-
ed a grace and gallantry she soon would need again.

Then the cavalcade, fragrant with roses and roses for ever, started into town. Eight miles on the way, in a sixth-floor window, the assassin waited. All the eyes like those here abandoned in Vice President Johnson's car, were left to shift. They would be long faded before a stunned nation would fully comprehend its sorrow.

The **November 29, 1963** issue of **LIFE** Magazine includes a picture of the four seater which matches my memory and many are claiming it *is* the smoking gun we're after. I hate to be the bearer of bad news but *alas* it is not listed as Kennedy's Lincoln convertible. LIFE insists LBJ and his wife **Claudia Johnson** rode in this one. I can't help but agree with them. Every other Media backed photograph of Kennedy's convertible has changed, why would this solitary image remain? Though the bouquet of roses are straight up suspicious. Jackie had roses. But then what about Lady Bird, did she have roses? Seems to me like LIFE Magazine was leading the reader to believe they were staring into Kennedy's vehicle.

Regardless, I can tell you with one-hundred percent certainty that the first time I have ever seen such a vehicle, a six-seater that is, was no earlier than June of 2016. Many have succumbed to The Purge, but I will not be so easily absorbed. Also, I gave you the bad news first. There *is* residue and I will now show it to you.



Boom. There it is. The Historic Auto Attractions museum in Roscoe, Illinois has a replica of the four-seater car which JFK was assassinated in. Behind them is a second automobile. The museum claims it's the actual secret service car which followed the Kennedy's on the day of whereas the four-seater is just a replica and thank heavens for that. Had the Lincoln been an original then I will surmise it too would have conformed to our new sensibility. So at least we are left with is a car resembling what so many of us remember. The normies will be pressed to claim it is a terrible replica, because here we have before us an auto museum which went out of its way financially speaking to acquire a piece of American history and yet failed to pay attention to the *little*

details, apparently. They wouldn't be the only ones to do so. Flip the page because I am not done yet showing you the residue.



A **JFK assassination reconstruction film** was produced by the **U.S. Secret Service** in **1963** and I'm only counting **four** people. I see the persons representing John, Jackie, John, and the driver but that is all. Where is Nellie? Where is the person sitting in front of Connally? I am showing you screenshots from my own personal viewing. There were only ever three passengers and one driver. Don't take my word for it though. [Watch it for yourself](#) and report back if you see anything different.

Really, you should give it a view. The film is impressive. It seems mighty strange that the Secret Service would put so much time and effort into

a reproduction, reliving the entire parade route for investigative purposes, only to leave out a key detail. Just look at what as being done. They're lining up a kill shot from the Book Depository window. And mind you, the Texas Governor was shot in every version of reality. It is the trajectory of the bullet that they're after. Did the secret service not have a six-seater in their possession? Any investigation into the murder of a POTUS would be a spare no expense affair. The entire investigation would be thrown into question if a person sitting in front of Connally were left out of the equation.



Here is yet another oddity relating to the Kennedy assassination. The woman seated within the automobile it is holding up a Newspaper with a caption that reads: KENNEDY SLAIN ON DALLAS STREET. And then look behind her. I spy an obelisk, but not just any obelisk. It's the soldier's monument in **Daley Plaza**. Just to the right of it is the Book Depository Building. It is clear what is going on here. We are staring in upon Dallas and that is a replica automobile if ever I've seen one. Where is the roll bar and the added bench seat?

The photo was included in a [travel blog](#) regarding the different locations of particular interest to November 22, including Lee Harvey Oswald's bedroom, and was dated to **April 2015**. And so, we are given something to think about. Fifty years have passed since the Kennedy assassination. *Yes*, **50**. Five-O. Five decades are gone, half a century, and where are the six-seater replicas? You'd think somebody would have gotten on the bandwagon by now. This public-school education failure was brought to you by our sponsor, The Mandela Effect.