



The Jim Morrison Intel Project

By Noel Joshua Hadley

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FOR the record, the Gulf of Tonkin was *not* a false flag attack. I'm not even convinced it happened. All indicators would assign Tonkin to the proper filing cabinet, which is labeled under 'Hoax'. Pick a day of the week. Any disputed date. The attack never happened at all. If you need this spelled out for you, the United States government invented the entire incident. Already, some of you don't have a clue as to what I'm talking about. Shame, *shame*. What do they teach in school, nowadays? You were probably listening to The Doors rather than the lecture. That must be it. Which is why you arrived, to read more about **Jim Morrison** rather than the grandpa's war stories. Well, believe it or not, the Gulf of Tonkin hoax involves the story of Morrison.

Navy Admiral **George Stephen Morrison** *specifically*, Jim's dad. It was the first week of August 1964, when US warships under his command allegedly came under attack while patrolling Vietnam's Tonkin Gulf. The event demanded the immediate passing of the Tonkin Gulf Resolution by the US Congress, which in turn accelerated America's involvement in a decade-long bloody conflict, leading to the human sacrifice of millions. More than likely, the 1964 Gulf of Tonkin Resolution was pre-drafted.



Amazingly, former **Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara** confessed to the fabrication in the 2003 documentary ‘The Fog of War.’ No, I am not giving you another homework assignment. You are free to watch it for yourself, just be prepared to witness the Master admit one lie only to further spin the story into beautiful sparkly spiderweb. The American destroyers USS Maddox and USS Turner were never fired upon by North Vietnamese torpedo boats on the 4th of August. But that is not to say they were not *first* attacked two days earlier, on August the 2nd. Did I get that right? All McNamara managed to prove is that he is capable of moving the goalie net.

imperative that Congress pass the resolution as quickly as possible.^[91] Records from the Lyndon Johnson Library have indicated that McNamara may have misled Johnson on the purported attack on a U.S. Navy destroyer by allegedly withholding recommendations from US Pacific Commanders against executing airstrikes.^[92] McNamara was also instrumental in presenting the event to Congress and the public as justification for escalation of the war against the communists.^[93] In 1995, McNamara met with former North Vietnam Defense Minister Võ Nguyên Giáp, who told his American counterpart that the August 4 attack never happened, a conclusion McNamara eventually came to accept.^[94]

His article on The Wikipedia is a rather lengthy one, as you would expect of someone with his resume of deceit, and so, you will have to dig and dig to find any admission of guilt. I found one though. Read it for yourself. McNamara played the part of the bandmaster. Maestro McNamara conducted the Media narrative which had the public justifying the alarming volunteer work on the part of Congress, who all appeared eager

to escalate the war in southeast Asia. In 1964, Senator **Wayne Morse** was one of only two senators who opposed the blank check offered to **President Johnson**. When he asked during a congressional hearing if the North Vietnamese were provoked, Secretary McNamara responded, “Our Navy played absolutely no part in, was not associated with, or was not aware of any South Vietnamese actions, if there were any.”

But then look at the narrative swap. 1995 is the year, according to Wiki, when McNamara met with **Võ Nguyên Giáp**. The former North Vietnam Defense Minister explained how the August 4 attack never happened at all, a conclusion which McNamara eventually came to accept. And *now* I ask you, how exactly are we to read an admission such as that one? Is the North Vietnamese Defense Minister truly that gullible in attempting to explain a simple misunderstanding to the War Department, who apparently couldn’t tell the difference between a torpedo and a dolphin, or are we *not* expected to recognize an obvious hoax when we see one?



Here’s a far more believable story. It involves McNamara and that ticker-tape computer that predicted, from the basement floor of the Pentagon in 1967, how the U.S. had already won the war in 1965. McNamara and the bot moved in together and became lifelong roommates. He was still passing McNamara Intel in 2003.

So many lies. It is difficult to know where one can even begin separating truth from the neighborhood of make believe. How about we follow the little red trolley to the line between North and South Vietnam, for starters? Because the United States of America likes to pretend there was something called the 17th parallel. *Sure*, it was a temporary ceasefire boundary agreed upon in the 1954 Geneva Acord, after the French Union was defeated at the Battle of Dien Bien Phu, but only to cushion the escape of those retreating French forces before national elections were held. That boundary *expired* in 1956. National elections, by the way, secured **Ho Chi Minh** into office over the entire swath of Vietnam, not just the north. No surprise, the United States ignored the election and created the Republic of Vietnam, appointing a puppet president whom **Langley** had recruited out of New Jersey. **Ngô Đình Diệm**. They then shipped other Virginia boys, playing the part of “advisors,” and created their very own CIA state.



What’s this? It is a picture of **Ho Chi Minh**. Why is the soldier holding it up though? Is he educating the hippie stroking his M-16 about the humungous difference between the Demilitarized Zone wedged between North and South Korea and the 17th parallel in Vietnam? If only. In Korea, the DMZ was agreed upon by all nations at the end of that conflict and has been in continual use since the 27th of July 1953. Contrarily, the

17th parallel was something which the United States could agree upon. They drew a line on a map and then the CIA-owned media reported on it like fact. The Vietnamese government had every right to ignore Langley's fictitious boundary marker, even if Americans don't typically like their indoctrination being trudged upon. And besides, by 1964, it was clear that the CIA's secret war had failed. The Vietnamese knew the puppet government was *made in America*. The lie was imploding. America desperately needed its next war.



Anywho, that was my cliff notes version of Vietnam, in a nutshell. More like a several page rant. It happens sometimes when I'm in the mood. I had a Walker coonhound back in the day, and so, have firsthand experience with a howling chase when the scent is secured. It needed to be said though. And as you can see, we are coming back around full circle. Because that right there is the added shocker in all of this. Admiral George Stephen Morrison was the father of legendary Jim Morrison. *Yes*, that is him, alright. The Wikipedia feels obligated to tell you—and, in fact they *do* tell—of the connection. They even go so far as to provide a picture of a young clean-cut, albeit pudgy Jimmy Morrison on the bridge of the Bon

Homme Richard with his father in **January 1964**. Hard to believe it but the upcoming rock god is already **20** years old.

George Stephen Morrison (January 7, 1919 – November 17, 2008) was a [United States Navy rear admiral \(upper half\)](#) and [naval aviator](#). Morrison was commander of United States naval forces during the [Gulf of Tonkin Incident](#) of August 1964, which sparked an escalation of American involvement in the [Vietnam War](#). He was the father of [Jim Morrison](#), the lead singer of the rock band [The Doors](#), who died on July 3, 1971.^{[1][2][3]}

You see, it's in the opening paragraph of his Wiki bio. After reading about how he was commander of United States naval forces during the Gulf of Tonkin Incident of August 1964, we then come to find that he was the father of Jim Morrison, the lead singer of the rock band The Doors. Yes-siree, Navy man. The most telling of Navy men too. Morrison was an Intel Navy man. We've seen it time and again around here. Pimping out their children is a pastime of theirs, and in The Sixties, they were working overtime. The Wikipedia doesn't expect you to make that connection though. Let alone the irony, considering that Jimmy became a voice for the counterculture. You'd think, with all that Morrison had to say in his theatrical run, that he'd have something to say about dear old dad, but no.

Morrison began flight training in 1943 at [Naval Air Station Pensacola, Florida](#), and graduated in spring 1944. He flew missions in the [Pacific Theater](#) for the duration of [World War II](#).^[5] He served as an instructor on [nuclear weapons](#) programs following the end of the war, while during the [Korean War](#), he served at the joint operations center in [Seoul](#). This resulted in the award of the [Bronze Star Medal](#) with "V" for Valor device.^[3]

It's worse though. Far worse. *Keep* reading. They pelt you with an amazing number of juicy tidbits for such a short article. Before the Gulf of Tonkin hoax, Morrison was a **nuclear weapons instructor**. *Say it ain't so*. We

might as well slap this one onto my [atomic bomb hoax](#) paper. And anyways, being the son of a Navy Admiral has its advantages, obviously.



Something I neglected to tell you about the pudgy clean-cut boy sitting on the bridge of the Bon Homme Richard with his father in January 1964 (and with only months to go before the Tonkin Gulf hoax), is that he did not read nor write music. It wasn't simply that he never played a single instrument. All biographical telling's assure us he was never interested in learning, much less whistling a tune. And yet, Jim "The Lizard King" Morrison was introduced to the world as a fully developed rock star. A musical shaman. Reality check, tripping on LSD doesn't do that. No, sexy hair and a rock band is not one of its side effects. What we are left with is stunning maturity for any child.

The Doors were formed in **July of 1965**, a little over one year after that photo was taken. Remember, pudgy Jimmy was documented in **January of 1964** on the bridge. That only gives the Monarch Butterfly **18 months** to metamorphosize. In the intermediary days and weeks, inspiration came to him, apparently. It happened while hanging out on a Venice rooftop digesting high dosages of LSD. **[Post Edit: Venice lies on the 33 parallel.]** As legend would have it, almost every song The Doors would later record over their ensuing career had already been written. And we're talking a catalogue involving a few dozen songs. How can that be? We are not told. While growing his hair out, Morrison simply already envisioned a rock concert in his head and then fleshed it out.



Another fun fact is that Morrison just so happened to find the most amazing hairstylist ever in the person of **Jay Sebring**. It is Sebring who gave Morrison his iconic mop top. The *same* Sebring who had been engaged to actress **Sharon Tate** at one time. News flash: the two of them were murdered in the Polanski house by the **Manson Family**, but that too was an orchestrated hoax. Well, Sharon Tate's father was an **Army Intel** man. You'll have to read that paper for yourself, as there are far too many connections to repeat here. It couldn't be any more obvious that Morrison's hairstylist was a NOC.



And now for the deductive reasoning which no record label expects you to make. *If* Morrison did not play a musical instrument, then how did he write songs? We are to believe his very best songs, most of which spanned

his musical career, came to him while tripping on acid from a Venice rooftop. No, LSD doesn't do that. **Paul McCartney** could not write music—you say. Neither could **Brian Wilson** of The Beach Boys. Yeah well, Paul and Brian could at least play their song for someone who could then write it down into the songbook. We have vault-loads of recording sessions to prove that point. Even though The Beach Boys are another connection to the Manson murders, Brian on his part was a musical genius. Morrison was not.

If the son of Admiral Morrison was incapable of handling anything but the tambourine, how in the world did he translate the prerecorded songs in his head for **Ray Manzarek** and his other bandmates when they, by all accounts, could not adequately play instruments either? Initially, they had to depend upon studio musicians. That's the story we're told. It would take **The Monkees** to *purposefully* expose the greater reality at play. That actors were everywhere only pretending to play musicians. The cognitive dissonance is shown (likely also by design) in how The Monkees were retrospectively treated in response to the discovery when contrasting other guilty parties like The Mamas and the Papas and The Byrds, who all happened to employ the same studio musicians.



THE STORY we are given regarding The Doors' origins is that **Ray Manzarek** happened upon Morrison while slumming as a vagabond on Venice Beach. Performing that epic rock concert in his head, you know.

In every retelling that I can find, it is always Manzarek who discovers Morrison and then does something about it. Well then, look at how The Wikipedia describes Manzarek in the months leading up to this.



In the fall of 1961, Manzarek briefly enrolled at the [University of California, Los Angeles School of Law](#). Unable to acclimatize to the curriculum, he transferred to the [Department of Motion Pictures, Television and Radio](#) as a graduate student before dropping out altogether after breaking up with a girlfriend.^[11]^[page needed] Although he attempted to enlist in the [Army Signal Corps](#) as a camera operator, he was instead assigned to the highly selective [Army Security Agency](#) as a prospective intelligence analyst.^[12]

Ray Manzarek was a **UCLA film student** because he was interested in making movies. Every director needs actors and the *slop* about their chance meeting on a southern California beach is just a convenience for his having found one. For clarification purposes Jim Morrison and Ray Manzarek *both* attended UCLA. At the same time. The Intel agent and the son of a Navy Admiral. And as film students no less. Because they wanted to make a movie, obviously. Which they ended up making, thereby designating the Oliver Stone movie of the same name a remake.

Before anyone claims I'm reading too much into this, *keep* reading. It says he attempted to enlist in the Army Signal Corps to put his camera operating skills to good use but then was instead assigned to “**the highly selective Army Security Agency as a prospective intelligence analyst.**” Say *what* again? The dropout storyline is a favorite tactic with Intel recruits. We've seen this happen before, particularly with the ‘Turn on, tune in, drop out’ counterculture. Do they think we're stupid? Are people so

vaccinated and doped up on Hogwarts that they can no longer apply the swimming, quacking duck principle whenever the opportunity should present itself? Manzarek was a NOC.

It is by no means a leap of logic to recognize Manzarek for who he is. Morrison's controller. Some years ago, (the mid Nineties, it was) I was handed a copy of **Danny Sugerman** and **Jerry Hopkin**'s book 'No One Here Gets Out Alive,' as a sort of rock n' roll Bible. It has been a while, and I suppose you can take my word for it or read it for yourself when telling you that Morrison's chief biographers repeatedly observed Manzarek playing the part of The Doors liaison and legislator, either with the Media or Electra Records. All observations seemingly lead to the same conclusion, that Jim Morrison simply showed up for a time.



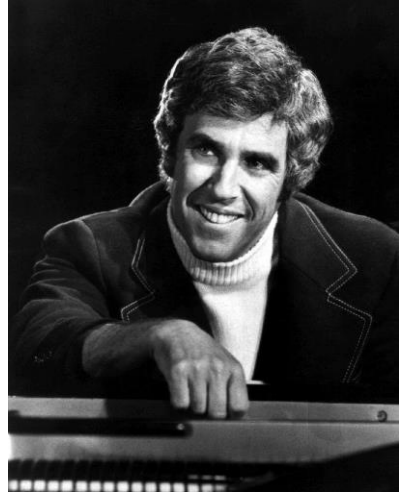
Here is a picture of Morrison taken in 1964. He has begun to grow his hair out since visiting the bridge of the Bon Homme Richard in January. Blame the bottle, I guess. The picture itself is probably unimportant, though we are told it involves his UCLA days. It is the photographer's name who is worth remembering. I can find very little else on **Alain Ronay** except that he was a UCLA film student and that the two were described as close friends. But also, as happenstance would have it, Ronay would be one of only two people who saw the body of Morrison in his Parisian bathtub before the casket was sealed and buried for good. Remember Ronay then. They attended UCLA together. But then again, so did the drug dealer who did him in.

Do me a favor and check out Manzarek's [Wiki page](#) for yourself and tell me how old he was in 1966. I dropped a link for your convenience. He was born on **February 12, 1939**, which tells us he was pushing **30**. He must have been bored. Because that's what every Army Intel guy wants to do in his spare time, I suppose. Start a rock band with the Navy Admiral's son on the weekends, after the LSD has done its work upon him. But then look at their promo picture. Ray Mazarek is in the upper corner, stage left, standing right next to baby-faced Morrison. Aside from every member exhibiting the eyeliner of an imposter, I'd say that's the face of someone who's a nudge older than 30. Still trying to fit in with the cool kids, apparently.



Try not to let my line of inquiry escape you. *Yes*, I am calling his birthdate into question. Being 30 didn't exactly sell records in 1967, and who really wants to be the creeper amongst the other three toddlers in the sandbox? We are told that Manzarek died on **May 20, 2013**, making him **74 years old**. Does that look like a 74-year-old to you? *Maybe*. I'd say a nudge above that. Something closer to **80**. 81 or 82 is a nice age to die, if you ask me. I tried to find a picture taken of him in the months leading up to his death,

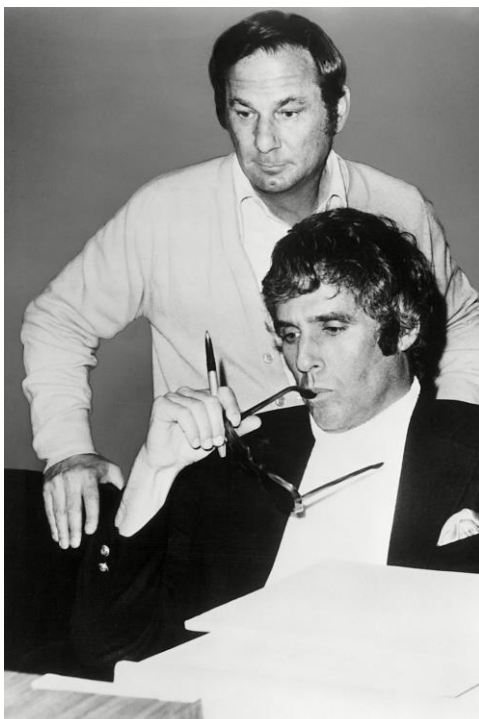
and though this one is still two, maybe four years off, making him a few closer to 70 according to the official telling, it will do. His face is polished up for the photoshoot while his neck remains unhidden. That's the giveaway in my opinion. I'm willing to be wrong but I'm also not buying the rock n' roll narrative as it's been packaged and sold to us.



And anyways, Manzarek's keyboard tickling is absolutely incredible in their premier single, 'Light My Fire', no? Not bad for a UCLA film student. I'd drop a link for reference purposes but if you're anything like me then you've heard the Wurlitzer organ enough already. At this very moment, Morrison's self-realized concert is probably ringing in your head. 'Light My Fire' has a world-weary sophistication that is on par with The Beatles work on 'Rubber Soul.' That's all Manzarek, apparently. Well, actually it's the work of studio musicians, which undoubtedly explains a great deal as to why the shock-and-awe bomb drop of The Doors keyboardist was incapable of duplicating his success after the Morrison psyop was over. I mean, you figure the veteran keyboardist became a better musician as the years rolled by, but you know.

It's *also* why I included a picture of **Burt Bacharach**. Seems to me like a songwriter should receive his credit. I checked to see if Bacharach is credited with writing 'Light My Fire', and I'll tell you why in just a second. Before I do, I recommend taking a look at his [sheer number of songs](#). He isn't credited. *Bummer*. Still an impressive list though. Bacharach was a hit making animal on par with The Beatles. Now that you peered over his

catalogue, take a closer look at the songs circulating in the whereabouts of 1967. ‘What the World Needs Now Is Love’ and **Tom Jones**’ ‘What’s New Pussycat?’ in 1965 stands out to me, but then ‘The Look of Love’ with **Dusty Springfield** strikes a chord. The giveaway is ‘I Say a Little Prayer’, performed by **Dionne Warwick**. Some will disagree but ‘Light My Fire’ sounds an awful lot like a Burt Bacharach song to me.



Don't get hung up on the chord progression alone though. There is far more to the Bacharach connection than jazzy lounge arrangements. Look back over that list again. Nearly every song put forward by Bacharach includes **Hal David** for a lyricist. They were considered one of the most successful songwriter duos, right up there with Rodgers and Hammerstein and Lennon and McCartney. It is said that an artist needn't sign his painting, as the artwork itself *is* his signature. That's how you can tell a Monet or Picasso. Because each individual hand stroke gives him away. That's also how it feels with David and The Doors aboriginal album.

My guess is that's why the studio made bandmember **Robby Krieger** the sole lyricists of 'Light My Fire' rather than Morrison. Their decision was intended to mask any comparison between Bacharach and David.



The London Fog was located west of the Whisky a Go Go, a few doors down, at 8919 Sunset Blvd.

In the years after its closure, much confusion has arisen as to what establishments occupied the space of the Fog after it closed. Much of this confusion was due to a counterfeit concert poster depicting the incorrect address.

THERE is *more* to be said regarding The Doors origins, and it involves **London Fog** in West Hollywood. I'll go ahead and say it now, London Fog has all the markings of a store front window for The Doors Intel project. I've poked around on the Intel-net and can barely find anything regarding its date of origin or its closure, much less any evidence that it was intended to function as a nightclub. All we really know is that it was a few doors down from the 'Whisky a Go-Go' and that it maintained an address of **8919 Sunset Boulevard** and that before it had been an Opera House. Regarding any proof its practical working existence, we are given a screen capture from the 1966 exploitation mockumentary 'Mondo Bizarro,' which depicts London Fog wedged between the Hamburger Hamlet and The Galaxy. If you strain your eyes, you can even see a red sign with 'The Doors' printed upon it. But then look at how The Wiki goes on to describe London Fog's fate. There is none. It simply was until

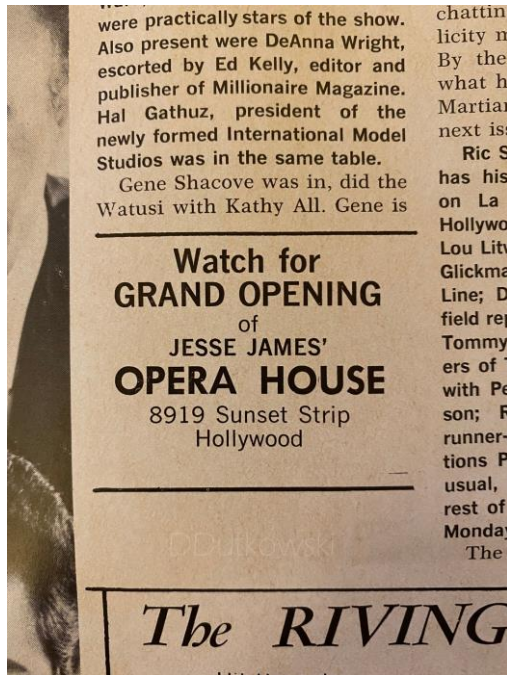
the day it wasn't. Nobody really knows when it arrived or when it left and who took up residence afterwards. Confusion abounds. Does the city of Los Angeles not keep business records? I'm guessing the disorientation is by design, especially considering we are strangely told about the "counterfeit concert poster depicting the incorrect address." Very likely, Intel slipped on their own banana peel and needed to cover it up.

From February to May 1966, the group had a residency at the "rundown" and "sleazy" Los Angeles club [London Fog](#), appearing on the bill with "Rhonda Lane Exotic Dancer".^[25] The experience gave Morrison confidence to perform in front of a live audience, and the band as a whole to develop and, in some cases, lengthen their songs and work "[The End](#)" and "[Light My Fire](#)" into the pieces that would appear on their [debut album](#).^[25] Manzarek later said that at the London Fog the band "became this collective entity, this unit of oneness ... that is where the magic began to happen."^[25] The group soon graduated to the more esteemed Whiskey a Go Go, where

Any description that I can find of London Fog in various interviews might highlight a drunk or two and maybe a sailor wandering in hoping for cheap booze and boobies, but that is all. Playing in a rundown and sleazy club that practically nobody visited, though it was only a hopscotch game away from Whiskey a Go-Go of all places, is important to the narrative though. Manzarek said that is where the magic began to happen. By now the meaning behind such a statement should be obvious to you. Morrison wasn't a musician, but he needed to be. Big Broadway musicals rehearse in the studio for four to six weeks before their premiere, but those are *also* seasoned actors, and Morrison wasn't one of them. It's why I figure The Doors needed a several months residency, from February to May 1966 apparently, to strengthen that rock concert in Morrison's head. Morrison's backstory was already lacking, and so, what an Intel storefront offers is the brush strokes of credibility.

How does one go about scoring a gig like that exactly and what sort of business owner hates paying their rent enough to sign someone to it? Tell me. I *want* to know. I cannot read or write music, nor can I play a single instrument—*yet*. Also, I have never sung except in the shower or to lull my baby sons or daughter to sleep. So, how does it work, then? It says The Doors were offered a residency. Are we expected to believe they passed an audition or something else? I mean, do I tell the owner I promise to learn how to strum a tune and that I'll practice extra hard if he

lets me play rock god on his stage or is having the credentials of a UCLA film student good enough?



My London Fog suspicions are not exactly helped by its owner, somebody called **Jesse James**, is it? Sounds like a fake name if you ask me. His origins and sunset story are just as incredulous. He simply came and went just like the nightclub he sponsored. James apparently went around explaining to everyone in 1966 that he had cancer and was dying. But then **Robby Krieger** later said he ran into James driving a cab in Hollywood. All that tells me is that Krieger was going along for the ride the entire time. There's one or two of them in every psyop. I *checked*. The same James was the owner of the Jesse James Opera House, which preceded the nightclub. As you can see, its address is **8919 Sunset Strip** in Hollywood. So, same place then. Are we expected to believe the opera house was rundown and sleazy too or is that simply the look he was going with for The Doors project?



Courson and Jim Morrison met at the [London Fog](#) nightclub on the [Sunset Strip](#) in 1965, while she was an art student at [Los Angeles City College](#). In his 1998 memoir, *Light My Fire: My Life with The Doors*, keyboardist [Ray Manzarek](#) states that Courson and a friend saw the band during their stint at the London Fog.^[3]

And then look who came walking through the door. **Pamela Courson**. The Wikipedia has Morrison meeting his girlfriend at the London Fog in 1965 during his several month stint even though the previously cited Wiki article doesn't introduce The Doors to the said establishment until February of 1966. So, it seems as though somebody isn't getting their stories straight, but we'll let that one slide. Point is, London Fog is beginning to look more and more important, as the entire team was assembled there.

Courson was born in [Weed, California](#). Her father, Columbus "Corky" Courson (1918–2008), had been a [Navy bombardier](#) (attaining the rank of [Commander](#) in the [U.S. Naval Reserve](#)) before he became a junior high school principal in [Villa Park, California](#). Her mother, Pearl

Pamela Courson wasn't exactly your average fangirl, either. Like Morrison, Pamela's father was a Navy man. **Columbus Courson** had started his Naval career as a bombardier but then went on to attain the rank of [Commander](#) in the Reserves. Yes, we are making connections.

One of the problems in making these sorts of observations is that some will stumble over deductive reasoning and think I am suggesting all Navy men are spooks or that their daughters are suspect. Don't be ridiculous. Many boys and girls participating in the Sixties counterculture had fathers who fought in The War and were just as common a muggle as you and me. Morrison's father as well as Manzarek were undoubtedly Intel. But for all I know, Commander Courson may have only been a career Navy man and nothing more. The difference here is that we are not dealing with a muggle.

Whether or not Pamela was pimped out into an increasingly tightened circle is a side issue to her being one of only two people who *officially* managed to take a peek at Morrison's body before the casket was closed permanently, some 6 years later. Manzarek has all the markings of Morrison's handler, but then again, Courson may have very well been the other contact intended to keep Morrison in line.

Morrison and Courson had an [open relationship](#), at times very charged and intense, and also described as "on-again, off-again"^[4] as both maintained ongoing relationships with others, while also being strongly committed to each other in their own way.^[4] One of Courson's more significant, ongoing relationships was with the French nobleman and heroin dealer, Jean de Breteuil.^[5] Morrison hated heroin and would become angry at Courson for using.^{[6][7][8]}

Morrison and Courson had an open relationship. Meaning there were other men and women being interwoven into their bedtime habits. One might argue how Courson's connection with Morrison gave her a heightened degree of success with the other men in his line of work, but then I will contend and say the opposite appears *true*. I will remind you that Lennon and Ono had the same rapport. Except Yoko was his hander. It was she telling John who he was permitted to fornicate with, not the other way around. Pamela Courson was with Morrison in the very beginning as well as the end. The open relationship entailed Morrison to have his fun while allowing Courson to strengthen the circle of control.

How do I come to such a conclusion? For starters, there is only one name mentioned in Pamela's rotunda. While bedding with Morrison, Courson had an ongoing relationship with the **French nobleman and heroin dealer, Jean de Breteuil**. *Wait a second*. Is this the same Jean de Breteuil who is accused of overdosing Jim Morrison? *Mm-hmm*. Same Breteuil. It then goes on to claim that Breteuil brought heroin into their circle and that Morrison not only hated heroin but became angry at Courson for

using. Well, that's rich. Because if I'm not mistaken, it is claimed that Morrison choked on the heroin which he had mistaken for cocaine, which was delivered by the heroin dealer whom he despised. It's all poetry, you see, in that it rhymes.



Jean de Breteuil, nicknamed by his American acquaintances "Junkie Aristocrat", was descended from the Marquis de Breteuil. In 1960, he inherited the title of Count on the death of his father. His family owned the largest chain of newspapers in French that were published in the French Maghreb (Morocco , Algeria and Tunisia).

He was officially registered as a student at UCLA in Los Angeles , USA , but in reality he was dedicated to satisfying his addiction to heroin and providing it, and the hashish that he brought from Morocco, to the main English and American musical bands that called in Paris , London and Los Angeles . Keith Richards was one of his main clients. In 1971 he resided for a season at the Rolling Stones guitarist's villa on the French Riviera , handing him Thai heroin.

If you're curious what "nobleman" entails, Jean de Breteuil was a **Count** and a **Newspaper** man, as if that's not suspicious. Even more telling is his having descended from the **Breteuil** family, and not loosely, either. His title was inherited. The Breteuil family were movers and shakers of the French crown during the Enlightenment period, but the Count de Breteuil title, which Courson's boy toy inherited, is a lineage that had already stretched back over 500 years. That's an entire paper in and of itself. Yeah, so, *um*, apparently Jean de Breteuil was so bored of daddy's money, seeing as how his family owned the largest chain of French newspapers throughout francophone North Africa (Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia specifically), that he decided to enlist as an undercover UCLA student to spread heroin. I'm *sure* that's it. Talk about a NOC. Ever hear of the **French connection**? It's a thing. As far back as 1937, labs were

run by Frenchman **Paul Carbone** for the purposes of trafficking heroin to the United States. The Carbone gang was protected by **Langley** and the **SDECE** so long as they agreed to combat the communists. The SDECE is an acronym for Service de Documentation Extérieure et de Contre-Espionnage. The 'E' for Espionnage should be the giveaway. The SDECE was France's external Intelligence agency until 1982. If anything, it was through his father's African Newspaper business that Count Breteuil had contact with operatives at the Moroccan embassy, through which he began trafficking drugs.



Pamela Courson often traveled with Jean de Breteuil to **Villa Taylor**, his family home in Marrakesh. The spacious family house was built in the 1920's by a granddaughter of **Ulysses S. Grant**, and in that time had hosted everyone from **Charlie Chaplin** to **Franklin Roosevelt** and **Winston Churchill**. Well, guess who else was a guest of the Breteuil family? **Jimi Hendrix** and **Graham Nash**, to name a couple. But also, it is through Breteuil's trail of breadcrumbs that we stumble upon Rolling Stones guitarist **Keith Richards**. All visitors at Villa Taylor, of course.



But then let's not overlook two other clients of his. **Janis Joplin** and **Gram Parsons**. Both OD'd on heroin, Joplin in **1970** and Parsons in **1973**. In Joplin's case however, Breteuil personally delivered the fatal heroin, just as he had for Morrison, and both singers left the world stage as certified members of the **27 Club**. Parsons was **26** and only 2 months shy of the honorable mention. So, close but no cigar, but I digress. **[EDIT: Hendrix was also from the 27 Club]**. You'd think a guy like Breteuil would be too busy sunbathing in the French Riviera or Morocco to hand deliver *the goods* to random clients, but no. Breteuil had the uncanny ability to make the most famous of singers OD. That being said, Breteuil wasn't simply holding hands with the CIA via the French Connection. No, he was *also* the son of a Newspaper man. It was the Breteuil family's job to make the News. Don't forget that part.

And anyways, his masquerading as a UCLA student is of interest because once again fellow student Ray Manzarek comes back into focus. Actually, Morrison does too. They were all masquerading. It is so entirely obvious to anyone paying attention that spooks were organizing on the campus. I wouldn't be in the least bit surprised if Breteuil had everything to do with Pamela Courson walking into London Fog that one fateful evening as well. And now you know what I mean when saying "for starters." Pamela

Courson's open relationship tells us she was a liaison for the greater Intel community.



Jean de Breteuil's *other* girlfriend was the English singer and actress **Marianne Faithfull**, and boy, is she a doozy. Starting in 1966, Faithfull helped to transform the face of the swinging London scene after becoming **Mick Jagger**'s main squeeze. As evidence, I have provided a picture of Mr. Face-fish himself. It is a little later down the road, 1971 specifically, that she partnered with Breteuil, assumedly through her Rolling Stones connections, though she claimed to have met him at the home of supermodel **Talitha Getty**. How in the world does Jean de Breteuil have a handful of pictures online, knowing the connections he had and the women he dated? Jean de Breteuil, international man of mystery. Just as importantly, she was with Breteuil on the night of Jim Morrison's exit from the world stage. Here is how The Wiki introduces her.

Faithfull was born in Hampstead, London. Her half-brother is artist [Simon Faithfull](#). Her father, Major Robert Glynn Faithfull, was a [British intelligence](#) officer and professor of Italian Literature at [Bedford College](#) of London University. Robert Glynn Faithfull's family lived in Ormskirk, Lancashire, while he completed a doctorate at [Liverpool University](#).^[2]

Confirmed. She was the child of a **British Intel officer**. **Major Robert Glynn Faithfull**. And they tell us Marianne Faithfull had a fundamental

role to play in the British Invasion right alongside the Stones and the Beatles. British Invasion, indeed. Major Faithfull went on to receive a doctorate of psychology at Liverpool University.

Faithfull's mother, Eva, was the daughter of an Austro-Hungarian nobleman, Artur Wolfgang, Ritter von Sacher-Masoch (1875–1953). Eva chose to style herself as Eva von Sacher-Masoch, Baroness Erisso.^[3] Eva had been a ballerina for the Max Reinhardt Company during her early years, and danced in productions of works by the German theatrical duo Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill.^[4]

Faithfull's mother had been born in Budapest and moved to Vienna in 1918. The family of Sacher-Masoch had secretly opposed the Nazi regime in Vienna. Faithfull's father's intelligence work for the British Army brought him into contact with the family, and he thus met Eva, his future wife.^[5] Faithfull's maternal grandfather had aristocratic roots in the Habsburg Dynasty, while Faithfull's maternal grandmother was Jewish.^[6]

Her mother wasn't exactly a nobody either. **Eva von Sacher-Masoch** started out as a ballerina for the **Max Reinhardt** company. My suspicions got the better of me and I *checked*. Reinhardt was the son of **Wilhelm Goldman**, an Austrian born **Joo**. Her ballerina days are just a footnote though to the fact that she was the daughter of an **Austro-Hungarian nobleman**. When paired with Major Faithfull, and even before that, to the Reinhardt company, it's just another way of saying birds of a feather flock together. Keep reading the *same* article one paragraph down and we come to learn that the Sacher-Masoch family had secretly opposed the Nazi regime in Vienna. Well, *dub*. Wasn't Vienna a Jooish operation to begin with? And what do they mean by '*secretly*'? It's another polite term for **Intel**, obviously. My suspicions are further verified when they claim Major Faithfull was brought into contact with Eva and her family through his Intel work during The War. If Eva von Sacher-Masoch wasn't a spy, then why bring those two details up if they are not interconnected? Why not simply claim Major Faithfull simply met a buxom babe while stationed in Europe?

Fun fact. Eva's great-uncle **Leopold von Sacher-Masoch** was the author of the 19th-century novel 'Venus im Pelz,' in which the term 'masochism' was invented. If you're not aware, masochism describes someone who receives sexual arousal from self-inflicted pain. I seem to recall that **Robin Williams** chose to exit the world stage by taking masochism to its outer limits, particularly since he was discovered in his closet with a belt secured around his neck.



The story we are told regarding Marianne Faithfull's discovery is that she walked into **Adrienne Posta**'s London launch party in 1964, hosted no less by the Rolling Stones manager and producer, **Andrew Oldham**, only to get signed almost immediately by Decca. When Mick Jagger and Oldman saw her arrival and wearing jeans and a baggy shirt, they both reportedly exclaimed together: "We want to [*record*] her." Well, technically they said an alternate 'f' word, but this is a family publication. Still, they quickly rephrased their statement with 'record' after several men and women standing around turned and stared. And as I was saying, they handed her a recording contract.

Because that's how dreams are made true, you know. Within days of Marianne Faithfull walking through the door, Jagger and Richards had turned out a brand-new song, unparalleled in anything the writing team had yet offered, perfectly encapsulating Oldham's demands of wanting a song which described a virgin from the convent, "with brick walls all around it, high windows, and no sex." Or as he described her at the party, the Virgin Mary with the perfect pair of, *well*, Mammary Glands. In essence, her breakthrough song, 'As Tears Go By', was a persona which Andrew Oldham had invented for her.



Rather curiously, Faithfull stepped away from pop music for a time for a short lived marriage to **John Dunbar**. Who is John Dunbar, exactly? A friend of Andrew Oldham is *who*. Dunbar and Oldham are passed off to us as nobodies and Dunbar a bore but I'm not so certain that is the case. Dunbar's grandfather was of the founders of Odhams Press and creator of the **Daily Herald**. So, he came from a Media family then. But then his father, **Robert Dunbar**, got his start in the Anglo-German film industry, but that is only the beginning of his career. The guy is *loaded*. The Guardian outlines his bio and you can read it for yourself [here](#). After Adolf Hitler came to power and sent him packing, Dunbar returned to Britain, becoming a scriptwriter and director. And then we read *this* little nugget of information. *Same* article.

Within a year, Bob had moved to Alexander Korda's London Films, primarily as a production manager, working with René Clair on *The Ghost Goes West* and William Cameron Menzies on HG Wells's *Things To Come*, where his primary role was to keep the interfering author off the set by taking him for long walks around Denham studios.

Aside from the awkward business relationship with **NWO Illuminati** man **H.G. Wells**, and we might as well throw **Freemason** as well as eugenicist extraordinaire in there as well, *look* at who he was working for. **Alexander Korda**. I already covered the Korda brothers in a past paper, but it looks like we're in for a review.



There are the Korda brothers. Left to right, **Vincent**, Alexander, and **Zoltan**. I *checked*. They're **Joos**. All three of them. As if H.G. Wells isn't enough, hiring **Aldous Huxley** to write **Lodge Brother Rudyard Kipling's** 'The Jungle Book' and 'The Thief of Baghdad' for the silver screen couldn't be any bigger of a tipoff. Huxley, as you probably know, was the grandson of **Charles Darwin's** Bulldog, **Thomas Huxley**, two more **Lodge Brothers** for the pile. Thomas Huxley was also **Illuminati**, but are you really surprised? And since we're technically supposed to be dealing with The Doors, we might as well come around full circle. Peyote aficionado Aldous Huxley was the author of 'The Doors of Perception' in 1954, where Jim Morrison pulled his band's name.

But I've already gotten ahead of myself because it was the First World War which saw Korda's directorial debut. Afterwards, **Bela Kun**, the **Hungarian Communist** activist as well as de facto dictator of the Hungarian Soviet Republic (and perpetrator of the Red Terror in 1919, don't forget that part), asked Korda was asked to sit on the **People's Directory for the Film Arts**. He was joined by Arisztid Olt, who would later become known as none other than Dracula alum **Bela Lugosi**. When the Kun regime was overthrown by the fascist forces and Korda learned of his arrest order, Korda went to the station chief of British **Intel** in Bucharest to pay a visit with his old pal **Admiral Horthy**. The British brigadier general, who is widely reputed to be the very man who had

engineered the coup, arranged for Korda to slip out of the country, ultimately to America.

For its first thirty years, Hollywood was openly controlled by representatives of the British Secret Services and of the British Royal Family. In time, Korda would be backed by Prudential Life Assurance and the Sutro financial clan of London, as well as **Louis B. Mayer** of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in Hollywood, and close ties were made with **Winston Churchill** and the British Royals. Actually, by the late thirties, the Korda's were recruited directly into **MI6** *via* Churchill for the purposes of overt propaganda. And so, Alexander Korda was brought onto the board of United Artists with **Douglas Fairbanks**. Little surprise considering that United Artist was effectively controlled by **Lord Louis Mountbatten**, the Queen's cousin. **Charlie Chaplin**, whose immigration to Hollywood Mountbatten also sponsored, sat on the board with Korda and Fairbanks. They were all NOC's. It seems that the Royal Family used Alexander and his filmmaking to launder money to Churchill.

For example, Korda paid the Opposition leader 10,000 pounds for the rights to a book that was never seriously considered as a film. And when **Sir William Stephenson**, the notorious intrepid, set up his operation to control American public opinion after 1939, the lease for his **Rockefeller** Center headquarters in New York was held by none other than Alexander Korda.



The *spook* infiltration of Hollywood only continued with everybody's favorite melancholy fat man, **Alfred Hitchcock**. It is the Korda's who were directly responsible for recruiting Hitch, who in turn (no surprise

again) had ties to British **Intel**. In fact, the very reason he was brought in was to ultimately enhance brainwashing techniques for the big screen, particularly those developed by psychoanalyst **Wilfred Bion** during the Second World War, and at **British Secret Intelligence Service's London Tavistock Institute** of all places.

Don't let the name of Tavistock escape you. Tavistock would be instrumental in preparing the way for MK-Ultra, and we're talking mass social engineering. **Ken Kesey** volunteered for the part in 1960 and then wrote about his experiences in the MK-Ultra program in 'One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest', first published in 1962, and which would later be turned into a **Jack Nicholson** vehicle in 1975. Well, it is Hitchcock who may very well have detailed for the cinematic moviegoer the first dissection of the divided psyche and MK-Ultra programming with 'North by Northwest' in 1959, and far more importantly in 1958, the supernatural paired personality disorder, 'Vertigo'.



Wait, what is this? It is **Kim Novak** slipping us "the eye" in 'Vertigo'. The year is **1958** and I'm sure it's all a coincidence. Because really, very few cinemagoers would have been aware of MI6 or the CIA's pretty-shiny Monarch Butterfly program in 1958, if any at all, and so, you know. Kim was probably just trying to be cute or whatever. Never mind the fact that she played the part of **Jimmy Stewart**'s Controller. Its plot has Novak

playing a small-town girl from the Midwest who tries her fortune in California only to end up the nefarious object of highly ranked cult and hallucinogenic-based programming. I'm sure it's all just a series of unfortunate coincidences. And no surprise, even Jimmy Stewart was enlisted by **J. Edgar Hoover** into agency work as early as 1947.

Yet another coincidence involves the sheer number of film critics who have levied Hitchcock's movie to a masterpiece and case study, though admittedly a complicated one, involving Jimmy Stewart's personal descent into madness. In hindsight, 'Vertigo' indulges us with an unseen reality. Our handlers. Specifically, the truth of their pestilent tampering with our lives in such a way that the world itself becomes the stage, and reality the hoax—the split mirror image the interchangeable self. We are the chess pieces to their endless tampering, while they are the shamans of our time, pulling back the spiritual curtain and manipulating our peripheral vision so that the metaphysical becomes a blended kaleidoscope with our own.



But getting back to Tavistock and Wilfred Bion's brainwashing techniques. What Hitchcock did is use ordinary objects, like birds on playground equipment, in order to condition the viewer for suspense and create the proper shock effect. The far more popular example has

Hitchcock explaining in his own words what some have dubbed the bomb theory, and it goes something like *this*.

Let us suppose that there is a bomb underneath this table between us. Nothing happens, and then all of a sudden, “Boom!” There is an explosion. The public is surprised, but prior to this surprise, it has seen an absolutely ordinary scene, of no special consequence. Now, let us take a suspense situation. The bomb is underneath the table, and the public knows it... In these conditions this same innocuous conversation becomes fascinating because the public is participating in the secret.... In the first case, we have given the public fifteen seconds of surprise at the moment of the explosion. In the second we have provided them with fifteen minutes of suspense. The conclusion is that whenever possible the public must be informed.

Guys like Hitchcock weren't simply making movies to manipulate us on a deeper psychological level. No, the movies themselves were the research projects. They were learning how to socially engineer society on a grand scale, and fear-based mind control is their weapon.

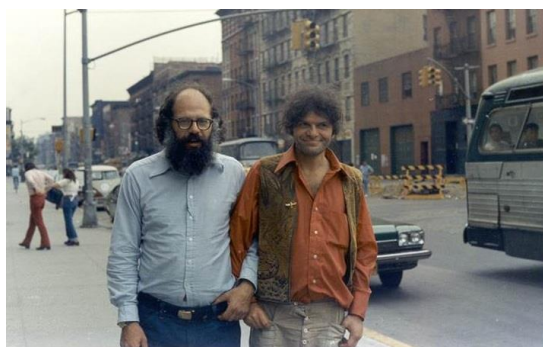


That's not dejavu—what you just experienced. Those same two pictures were posted several pages earlier. You will have to accept my apologies for jumping around today like a pair of rabid rabbits in heat, as my mind is going everywhere and the connections are crosswires. We are back on the subject of Marianne Faithfull and John Dunbar again. My last hound hunt had me howling off towards the scent which Dunbar left behind,

seeing as how he was standing upwind. What I have so far shown is that he is far from a nobody. His father Robert Dunbar swam in the same circle as the other spooks and, I will ask for a little more patience, because we're not completely done with him Dunbar Senior yet. After his work with the Korda brothers he registered at the British consulate and set up office at the **Ministry of Information**. Yes, Dunbar was a propaganda man. Starting in November 1944, Dunbar was posted to **Moscow** in charge of press, public and cultural relations at the British embassy, even having time to edit a newspaper, British Ally. That is where John Dunbar spent the first four years of his life, in Moscow. But then look what The Wikipedia tells us *next*. It's loaded.

Dunbar attended the University of Cambridge, where he met the singer Marianne Faithfull. They were married on 6 May 1965, with Peter Asher as the **best man**,^[3] and spent their honeymoon in Paris, with the Beat poets Allen Ginsberg and Gregory Corso.^[4] The couple lived in a flat at 29 Lennox Gardens, Knightsbridge, London. On 10 November 1965, she gave birth to their son, Nicholas. She then "...left her husband to live with Mick Jagger..." telling the *New Musical Express* that "my first move was to get a *Rolling Stone* as a boyfriend. I slept with three and decided the lead singer was the best bet."^[3] Dunbar and Faithfull divorced in 1970.

Talk about a bomb under the table. It's information like this which is likely to explode at any given moment. The best man at Dunbar and Faithfull's wedding was **Peter Asher**, the child actor who then went on to co-found the British pop duo 'Peter and Gordon'. But do you know who his sister is? **Jane Asher**. Yes, thee Jane Asher. As in, Paul McCartney's girlfriend of five years. Jane and Peter's mother, **Margaret Augusta Eliot**, not only taught Paul McCartney how to play the recorder, legendary Beatles producer **George Martin** was one of her pupils. Small world.



Dunbar and Faithfull then spent a honeymoon in Paris with Beat poets **Allen Ginsberg** and **Gregory Corso**. What the huh..? Ginsberg is one of the most *obvious* spooks available to us, second only to Burroughs. I can't

tell you much about Corso at the moment, but here is a photo of the two of them together, locked in arms. Lovers, I take it? And who gets a tour of Paris by Allen Ginsberg, exactly? And on their honeymoon too, don't make me puke. I may need to, because we then read how Faithfull left her husband and child to sleep with three separate Stones members before settling on its lead singer. *Blaargh!* Was this a job interview? Who gets to sleep around with the Stones exactly before selecting one of them as a boyfriend? Who gets a private tour of Paris with a beat poet? A NOC, that's who.

Faithfull had quite the effect on many-a Pepe le Pew. Before her marriage, she dated **Allan Clarke**. *Yes*, the same Allan Clarke who co-founded the Hollies. The *other* co-founder, in case you were wondering, is none other than Graham Nash who, if you recall, happened to stay at Jean de Breteuil's Morrcan vista. She then turned down the advances of the great **Bob Dylan** when he tried to seduce her by way of his own poetry. Faithfull had other plans, apparently.



In 1965, Dunbar co-founded the **Indica Gallery** with **Barry Miles**. The gallery became known for staging exhibitions by cutting-edge artists, including **Boyle Family** and **Yoko Ono** from the **Fluxus** movement. It was at Indica where he introduced Ono to **John Lennon**.^[citation needed] Indica folded in just two years, after which Dunbar became an artist and exhibited work alongside **Peter Blake** and **Colin Self**. From 1969 to 1971 Dunbar was exhibitions officer for the British Council, revitalizing their programme by promoting a new generation of artists such as **Barry Flanagan**, **Colin Self**, **Bruce McLean** and **Clive Barker**.^[5] With **Jill Matthews**, Dunbar later fathered **William Dunbar**,^[4] now a journalist based in **Tbilisi**, Georgia.

Again, John Dunbar is passed off like a nobody when in fact **Yoko Ono** used his gallery to stage her shows. Reading that little tidbit was like banging my shovel on the treasure chest still submerged in the ditch, because look what happens next. Dunbar is personally responsible for

introducing Yoko Ono to **John Lennon**. *Blaaaaaaaaaargh!* You've got to be kidding me. Seriously? No. I'm in conspirators paradise and I've hit the jackpot. By all indications, Ono was Lennon's Controller. And so, *now* you should be able to see who we're dealing with, a man like Dunbar. Still in his daddy's line of work, obviously.

We are told that Dunbar and Faithfull met sometime in 1964, at an undergraduates' ball in Cambridge of all places. It's a possibility but may also be an easily arranged cover, like so many other "meetings" destined to be. Their marriage in 1965 is described for us as an artists haven swarming with hardened druggies; a place where experimentation was plush and needles would lie on the kitchen counter right next to the baby bottles. John Dunbar, we are told, was heavily doused with LSD. Mm-hmm, that is what Dunbar and Faithfull were running in 1965. The Gubberment needed recruits, and I'm willing to bet that Dunbar's artist friends were the experiments. The short-lived marriage of Dunbar and Faithfull has MK-Ultra scribbled all over it.



There is Marianne Faithfull again. Difficult to miss her in either picture. On stage *left*, she's standing among the ranks of British photographer **Michael Cooper** and Mick Jagger and on stage right **Brian Jones** and, *gasp*, is it...? No, it can't be. It *is*. The **Maharishi**. Just like the Marianne Faithfull I've come to know. Getting the boys together. Making things happen. Meanwhile, just look at them, Jagger especially, bored out of their minds. The Maharishi narrative couldn't be any more forced. Certainly not organic. But in 1968, very few seemed to notice how the entire Sixties were manufactured from every angle.

As you are probably already made aware, The Beatles as well as Beach Boy representative **Mike Love** all descended upon the Maharishi about the same time. And seeing as how The Beach Boys weren't shy of psyops, especially considering the impending Manson murders, it seems as though Intel was gearing up for something titillating, but which never came to fruition. It's as if they just dropped the matter completely and moved on. Movie projects are abandoned all the time, and this is probably one of them. Budget issues, I shouldn't wonder.

And before I forget, here's one more for the road. Stage *right*, it appears as though Agent Faithfull is being escorted through one airport or another. London, I shouldn't wonder. In color too. *Groovy*. You figure the unlikely pairing of Mick Jagger and **Paul McCartney** has more to do with the two of them walking into the wrong psyop on accident and that Faithfull had arranged for the joke. Good times.



And speaking of Brian Jones, the Rolling Stones' guitarist entered the **27 Club** on **July 3, 1969**, while reportedly swimming without assistance in his backyard pool. The date is significant because Jim Morrison would receive the *same* membership into **27** while reportedly dying in his bathtub

without assistance. I *checked*. Brian Jones was on Jean de Breteuil's client list. You may want to take a mental note of that.

Jones of course wasn't simply a guitarist. He had founded the Stones based upon an ad in the newspaper and, by no stretch of the imagination, was its original leader. Even calling him 'guitarist' is too overly simple, as he played the Mellotron on several Rolling Stones albums, the sitar on 'Paint It, Black,' the marimba on 'Under My Thumb,' the harpsichord on 'Dandelion,' the saxophone and flute on 'Citadel,' and the Japanese koto on 'Take It or Leave It,' not to mention his backing vocals. Regardless, Jones was dumped by his bandmates on **June 9**, less than a month before his "swimming accident." It was only later claimed that drugs were the issue, which is only a little awkward, considering Keith Richard's legendary appetite for drugs, as well as his Jean de Breteuil connection.

On **July 6**, only **3 days** after his death, the Rolling Stones played a legendary and unhindered performance at Hyde Park in London, wherein the Hell's Angels provided security. Mick Jagger, sporting some sort of white frock, read from a book of poetry, and then released hundreds of pretty white butterflies from their boxes in honor of Jones. They had intended on releasing thousands, but then it probably wasn't such a good idea to keep them in airless boxes on a warm summer day. Nothing says Brian Jones like a butterfly massacre, I suppose.



Jones' last photo session with the Rolling Stones became the cover for their album "Through The Past Darkly (Big Hits Vol. 2)". It wouldn't be released until **September 12, 1969**, some 3 months after his firing, 2 after his death. His image is completely shattered on the back cover, reminding us of the [Paul is dead](#) rumors. He can also be seen forming the bottom-right appendage of the pentagram in its insert photo which, in Hermitical terms, represents fire.

On **July 9**, now only **6 days** removed from the Brian Jones swimming incident, Mick Jagger and Mariann Faithfull arrived in Australia for the filming of 'Ned Kelly'. Together they checked into the Chevron Hilton hotel, overlooking Sydney Harbor. While Mick slept, Faithfull claims to have looked into the dressing table mirror only to see Brian Jones staring back at her, prompting her to want to jump from the 14th-story window. And seeing as how the window was painted shut (was it black?), she swallowed 150 Tuinal barbiturate tablets, washing them down with hot chocolate, courtesy of the hotel.



Over the following **6 days**, Faithfull lay in a coma at St. Vincent's hospital, meeting and talking with Brian Jones, apparently, in which Jones had no memory of being murdered while simultaneously being perplexed at no longer being alive. Not sure if there was a naked Indian in this vision or if I'm simply confusing Jones with Morrison and the Oliver Stone film. Anywho, at the end of their spirited discussion Jones beckoned her to hop off a cliff and join him on his side of the curtain. It was at about that moment when she finally came to, and Mick Jagger was sitting by her hospital bedside staring down at her with those bankable fish lips of his. "You've come back," he said, in which she replied: "Wild horses couldn't

drag me away.” *Oh*, I get it. The lyrics to an upcoming Stones song. Wild Horses. Simply adorable.



Another of Brian Jones’ girlfriends was **Suki Porter**. They were in a relationship from 1967 to 1969, *imperative* years. And really, I’m starting to suspect they’re all handlers. Every last inner circle girlfriend. Do me a favor and perform a background check on Suki Porter. Remember how **John Lennon** sang about so-and-so who “blew his mind out in a car”? I’m referencing the cult classing Beatles song, ‘A Day In the Life,’ FYI. It’s the last track on their Sgt. Pepper album. We are told that Lennon wrote that song while reading the morning News and that **Tara Browne**, who just so happened to be **Paul McCartney’s friend**, as if that’s not suspicious, was killed in car accident. He hadn’t noticed that

the light had changed. Well, regarding that background check. Suki was in the car. I know, right? Here is what The Wiki has to say about it.

In 1966, Potier was dating Tara Browne, an heir to the Guinness fortune. On 18 December 1966, aged 19, Potier was a passenger in his turquoise Lotus Elan when he was driving through South Kensington. Browne collided with a parked truck and died from his injuries the next day. Potier was not injured in the accident.^[1] The Beatles song “A Day in the Life” is often considered to allude to this incident.^[4]

On **December 18, 1966**, Tara Browne was killed while driving his turquoise Lotus Elan through South Kensington whereas Suki sat in the passenger seat and was not even injured. Depending on who is telling the story, he was either under the influence of alcohol and drugs or he wasn’t. Seems like



we’d have a police report to fill us in on those details, but no. But then look at who Tara Browne was an heir of. Tara Browne was a **Guinness**.

Browne was the son of the 4th Baron Oranmore and Browne (an Anglo-Irish peer and member of the House of Lords who served in that house for 72 years, longer than any other peer up to that time, finally being evicted during government reforms in 1999) and Oonagh Guinness, an heiress to the Guinness fortune.^[1]

Browne was a member of Swinging London's counterculture of the 1960s^[1] and had stood to inherit £1 million at age 25.^[1] In August 1963, at age 18, he married Noreen "Nicky" MacSherry, and had two sons, Dorian and Julian.^[citation needed]

Jumping over to Tara Browne's Wiki page, his father **Dominick Browne** was the **4th Baron Oranmore and Browne**. The cheeky bloke grew up in the sort of castles requiring 150 servants and sat in the **House of Lords** for **72 years**. Contrarily, it was his mother **Oonagh Guinness** who was heiress to the brewery fortune. I seem to recall one of the victims in the Manson psyop was a **Folger**. Because sometimes, you see, even heirs get bored and like to try out for the starring role in a movie. And then Wiki has the audacity to tell us Tara Browne was a leader of the **Swinging London** scene, yet another manufactured Intel project like the hippies in America. Tara Browne was so obviously a NOC like the rest of them. Between Dominick Browne and Oonagh Guinness, Tara Browne was even more stocked with Intel connections than I am stocked with memes.

Oonagh was a prominent hostess, particularly after her second divorce in 1950, when the **Luggala Estate** became a centre of Irish social life. "Oonagh somehow imbued Luggala with enchantment. Nobody could keep away: Dublin intelligentsia, literati, painters, actors, scholars, hangers-on, toffs, punters, poets, social hang-glidiers were attracted to Luggala as to nowhere else in Ireland — perhaps even in Europe, from where many would come. And the still centre of this exultant, exuberant chaos was Oonagh."^[2]

Tara's parents divorced in 1950. It wasn't until then however that Oonagh transformed **Luggala Estate** into the face of Guinness and the center of Irish social life. The quote provided for us derives from her obituary in the Independent, and it reads off like a revolving door of high cultured spooks. "Oonagh somehow imbued Luggala with enchantment. Nobody could keep away: Dublin intelligentsia, literati, painters, actors, scholars, hangers-on, toffs, punters, poets, social hang-glidiers were attracted to Luggala



as to nowhere else in Ireland — perhaps even in Europe, from where many would come. And the still centre of this exultant, exuberant chaos was Oonagh.” Well, *woof*. Intelligentsia is just another Thesaurus word which might otherwise describe those endowed with certain political influences. And then look who *else* visited the estate. I’ll give you a moment to take a guess.



They did. *Oh*, that is Luggala Estate, alright. I’m seeing **Brian Jones** and Jones’ girlfriend **Anita Pallenberg** having a suspiciously good time in front of Lough Tay, as well as Tara Browne’s wife **Nicki Browne**. All three of them can be found in both pictures. Looks cold. We are told it is Tara Browne’s 21st birthday celebration and that **Michael Cooper** is the one snapping the photos. The last we met Cooper he was standing around in India next to Mick Jagger and Marianne Faithfull as well as Yogi. This was the same guy who photographed the **Sgt. Pepper album cover** as well as the Stone’s *Their Satanic Majesties Request*, telling us he was in deep. Tara’s birthday would place these two photos on the whereabouts of **March 4, 1966**, with only several months to go before the car incident. Then again, it could have been in July and Ireland would have been just as cold. We are told it was an event which involved two private jets and some 200 guests, three of whom I’ve already named. Others were **Mick Jagger**, **Marianne Faithfull**, Irish playwright **Brian Behan**, and **John Paul Getty** of the Getty family.



There is Oonagh Guinness seated next to Tara Browne with **Derek Hart** of **the BBC** wedged between them. It is *still* the night of his 21st. Isn't it wonderful, how an Establishment family like Guinness and the Getty's as well as Great Britain's big brother mouthpiece could all come together with the world's leading anti-Establishment druggie crowd and get along for a few hours over cake and ice cream? You had to be there, I guess.



In looking further at the months or even the weeks leading up to the fateful drive of Tara Browne (and eventually the creation of a Beatles song), I was repeatedly shown the *same* picture of Tara on the Intel-net. The one on the left. That's his wife whom he is leaning upon, Nicki

Browne. Looks like a professional photo shoot if you ask me. It's why I decided to track down its origin. As you can see, the photo was originally a full page spread in a magazine. Specifically, the Autumn/Winter **1966** issue of **VOGUE Magazine**. **November 15** if you want to know. *Unbelievable*. We're only one month away from the car accident. Spooks just love burning their image into the public consciousness before the Big Day. That's how the psychodrama does its work. But wait, is that Brian Jones on the other page? *It is*. And who is the woman? Anita Pallenberg again. And guess who is given photographer credit. Michael Cooper.



And so, Lennon and McCartney wrote a song about an event in the News, which just so happened to be McCartney's very good friend from the Guinness family. The ending to 'A Day in the Life' hosted a hired orchestra. Its members were instructed to play without any sheet music. All they had to do was start on a low note, and then over **24 bars** (which, as I've already mentioned in my [Paul Is Dead](#) paper, *also* happened to be McCartney's age at the time of the wreck), move up the scale to a climatic high note. The tension builds, seemingly escalating in one unifying voice, and then the crash happens, leading from the feeling of cold emptiness to spiritual transcendence. Paul McCartney of the Beatles, *er*, I mean, McCartney's friend Tara Browne is dead.

For the recording session, the Beatles hosted a party while McCartney preformed conductor duties. And guess who arrived to celebrate Tara's car crash in the form of music. Mick Jagger, Keith Richards, and Brian Jones. The *same* school of fish. What a bunch of sickos. And guess who

else was there? Marianne Faithfull was there. One can only wonder why Tera Browne didn't join Brian Jones in Faithfull's Sydney hospital vision quest. Also, did Brian Jones form a relationship with Suki before or after the accident? They dated in the months and weeks leading up to his backyard pool drowning. Well then, look at what happened to Suki.

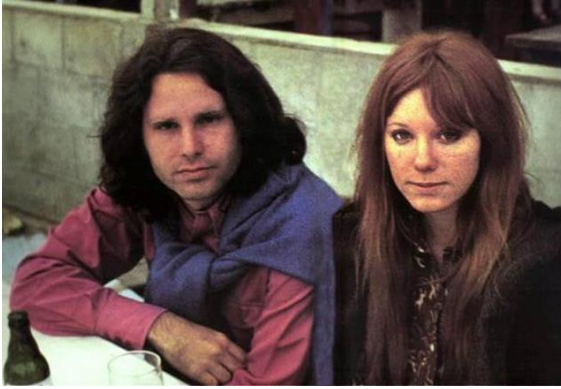
On 23 June 1981, Potier and her husband died in a car crash while on holiday in Portugal.^{[2][1][9]}

After marrying the son of a Hong Kong billionaire, we are told she died while on holiday in Portugal, and in a car crash of all causes. Is this sheer irony or yet another stanza of poetry in that it is intended to rhyme? Suki was **33** years old.



This Is the End

THE End came for Jim Morrison on **July 3, 1971**, and nobody can seem to agree on *how*, exactly. Which is precisely what we should expect of crisis acting. Also, there was no autopsy, the casket was closed, and only two people saw the body. Everything leading up to this point probably wasn't what you were expecting though. And truth be told, I wasn't either. From *page one* I had decided to feel my way through the psyop, see where the breadcrumbs led, and so in hindsight, calling it 'The Jim Morrison Intel Project' couldn't be any more appropriate. Spooks all swim in the same circle, as I've shown, and though Morrison may come across on the surface as a bohemian wanderer in the tangled web of Sixties counterculture, his connections couldn't be any less GMO'd. Particularly on the night in which he exited the world stage. Every single person surrounding Morrison in his final hours are undeniably shady.

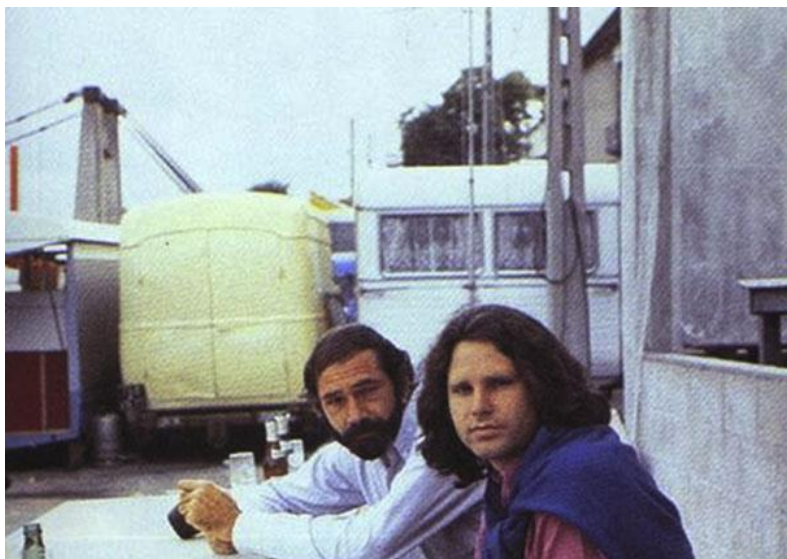


Several days earlier, on **June 28**, Morrison left Paris for a day trip to Saint-Leu-d'Esserent, bringing along Pamela Courson and a photographer. I am probably not the first to tell you that the Lizard King looks completely *out of character*. There was probably an entire roll of film taken, and in each and every photo, people will comment that he looks at peace with himself for once, being off the booze and all. His beard is shaven. The weight has seemingly melted away. Poetry was apparently his drug of choice now. And so, I am here to say that Jim Morrison the actor is *no longer* in character, and there's a difference to be had there.



What is Morrison is wearing? It's a pink button-up shirt and a purple sweater slung over his shoulders. Gone is the persona and the stage

theatrics which would mark his career. I am seeing nothing here regarding the naked Indian from the Oliver Stone film. Dionysus maybe, had the Greek elohiym raided Mr. Rogers wardrobe. It's a beautiful day in the neighborhood, indeed. Tell me, what does a photo like this one convey, exactly? There is a boy within the apartment building gazing out. Jim Morrison is about to be reborn.



The photographer's name was **Alain Ronay**. Yes, the *same* Alain Ronay from his **UCLA days** if you were paying attention—though he wouldn't be the only one. Ronay's presence is completely jarring to the Morrison mythos. This is supposedly the same Morrison who pulled down his iconic leather pants and simulated masturbation before a raucous Miami crowd. Ronay later described Morrison's Paris getaway, in his own words, as one intended to “detoxify Jim of alcohol and for him **to forget the anguish that his fame as a rock star had caused.**”

Well, I'll be. Sounds like a deprogramming event if you ask me. It's as I was saying only a few breaths ago, these pictures *are* attempting to convey something and Ronay's commentary matches the photography. Before us is an actor who is no longer playing a part in the movie. Otherwise, are we expected to believe the follow-up Doors album would have been

geared to the cardigan sweater wearing hashish crowd rather than tai-dye? *Please*. Weezer fans weren't even born yet. Everything leading up to this photo-session was fake. The *real* Morrison, whom we once saw sitting on the bridge of the Bon Homme Richard with his Admiral father, is finally standing up.



Will you be surprised to learn that **Marianne Faithfull** just so happened to be present in Paris for the sendoff? Yes, she too claims one variation to the tale. Might as well start with hers and then work our way through the ranks. The *above* picture is dated to **September 30, 1971**, nearly 3 months after Morrison was found dead. Well, here is her telling of the event.

On the evening of July 3, 1972, Jean “Son of a Newspaper Man” de Breteuil (the other **UCLA** acquaintance) stopped by Jim’s apartment at 17 Rue Beautreillis after picking Faithfull up from the airport. In her words: “I could intuitively feel trouble. He went to see Jim Morrison and killed him.” *Oh dear*. And so, she tried to stop him, right? To save Jim Morrison’s life, right? After Janis Joplin and Brian Jones, she needed to stop the serial killer before he went through with it and framed the demise of another rock god on Hell dust. No, she sat in the car and coked out on Tuinal, thereby witnessing nothing that occurred. How convenient. Perhaps she was hoping for another visit from Brian Jones again.

What I find particularly confusing in all of this is that Faithfull actually gives two completely different accounts to the Jim Morrison disappearing trick. Normally, I expect crisis actors not to line up with other crisis actors when embellish their heroics, but from the same actor? Neither account compliments the other but very few seem to notice. In her autobiography, which was written by **David Dalton**, Faithfull recalls:

We were staying at L'Hotel [in Paris] when he [de Breteuil] got a call from Pamela Morrison and had to leave very suddenly.

Pause. So, he didn't pick her up from the airport and drive straight over then? A minor inconsistency. I'm sure she hoped in the car and sped on over to Morrison's apartment with Morrisons killer. *Continuing.*

'Jean, I want to go with you,' I told him. 'I want to meet Jim Morrison.'

'You can't. I'll be back in a couple of hours.'

After slamming the door, de Breteuil left and wouldn't return for several hours, leaving Faithfull to sit around alone sulking over her lost opportunity. *Bummer.* How is it that Faithfull was incapable of meeting Morrison on her own? Mick Jagger's girl had already become a staple of the British invasion. She hung out with Maharishi in India, celebrated birthday parties at the Luggala Estate with Tera Browne, the BBC, and the Stones, and then sat around with The Beatles while they recorded a song about his car crash. And who was de Breteuil in comparison but a dealer in smack, officially speaking? What an ass wipe. The one consistency in this account is what she did in the meanwhile, and it involved Tuinal. Afterwards, the two apparently fled to the old heroin homestead in Morocco so as to avoid any fallout. One can only wonder if Morrison traveled with them.

Now, before writing this paper, I hadn't the faintest clue what Tuinal is. Turns out, Tuinal was insanely popular in The Sixties as a sedative-hypnotic for those who wished to sleep through the decade rather than party through it. Also, it was a bullet-shaped capsule which was red on one end and blue on the other. In Matrix terms, isn't a red pill intended

to wake people up and blue put them back to sleep? *Hmmm*, seems counterproductive, if you ask me. Today, we would call that a purple pill. There's probably something to this from an Intel standpoint, but let's move on.

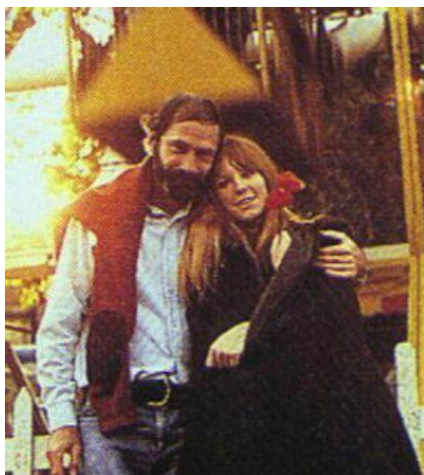


Sam Bennett keeps to the heroin story but has Morrison's lifeless body slumped over the toilet of a nightclub's bathroom rather than his Paris apartment, mouth foaming, after scoring heroin 30 minutes prior. You may be wondering who Sam Bennett is. I did too. At the time, Bennett managed the Rock and Roll Circus club in Paris. He was apparently a co-founder too. I am told **Salvador Dali** and film director **Roman Polanski** were regulars there, telling us that Rock and Roll Circus was a spook hangout. Two other prominent guests were Marianne Faithfull and Jean de Breteuil, but are you really surprised? As Obi-Wan would say: "You will never find a more wretched hive of scum and villainy. We must be cautious."

According to Bennett, he then brought in an unidentified customer who claimed to be a medic and proclaimed Morrison dead on the scene. It was Morrison's dealers who insisted that he was *still* alive, albeit passed out, and that what needed to be done is an escort service from the club to his

apartment. I'm assuming this is Jean de Breteuil and company, but you never really know. Later that very evening, Bennett claimed to have received a phone call from someone "representing the club's owner" insisting that he not tell anyone what happened.

So too was Marianne Faithfull sworn to secrecy, according to Bennett. *Wait*, hold on. I thought Marianne Faithfull was knocked out on Tuinal. Depending upon her version, she was either waiting outside Jim Morrison's apartment and couldn't recall anything or waiting around in the hotel room, still incapable of recalling much of anything. There might be other versions floating around out there, but I have yet to read them. Did Breteuil carry her limp body from the car to a back booth? We are not told. Regardless, this is what Bennett had to say regarding her experience: "Marianne never mentioned Jim again. She won't talk about what happened in the club to this day." So, she was in the club then. I'm so confused.



Aside from Bennett and international drug smugglers, the only two people to see Morrison's body were Pamela Courson and Alain Ronay. *Sure*, there were others. The police presumedly. Also, the doctor. But none of them are named. The paperwork is shoddy. The police never thought it worth their time to investigate. Nor were they ever informed who the person in the bathtub was. Apparently, Courson and Ronay conspired to create a fictional character out of the corpse and call him **Douglas Morrison**,

thereby confusing investigators. Interesting code name. Douglas was furthermore described to the authorities as a raging alcoholic poet. The buttons bought it. Is that how I'm expected to believe a murder investigation goes down in Paris? Knock someone off in their apartment and then walk on the basis that the killer invented a new character out of him? *Okay*. Good thing Inspector Clouseau wasn't called in.

Pamela Courson was not even capable of naming the mortician afterwards, and certainly, nobody came forward. We are told of a mortician in a dark suit who finally arrived. There was no autopsy. He simply declared that Morrison had died of a heart attack caused by blood clots in the cardiac artery but did not bother to remove the body at Courson's request. He simply came and left, seeing as how she wanted to sleep next to a corpse.

Some versions of the tale have him returning on the following night while Courson kept to her premise, that they would live there together in the bathroom forever. This was Paris in the sweltering heat of July. Rigor Mortis would have set in. Why were the police at least not called upon for intervention purposes? The undertaker wouldn't even arrive until July 5. Whether the *same* mortician arrived one or two times, as the stories go, there is a general consensus that a death certificate was not signed until 72 hours after his death. You would think that the mortician might be tracked down afterwards, but no. All attempts to read his signature have failed. It's completely illegible, probably because there was no mortician to begin with. Morrison was apparently stuffed into a wood veneer coffin which was then permanently sealed. But not before Courson gathered any evidence of Douglas Morrison being Jim Morrison and either burned them or stuffed them into the casket, as if that's not suspicious to any police investigation.

Rumors had already begun to swirl regarding Jim Morrison's death, but only because de Breteuil had ignited the game of phone tag into the ear of a nightclub DJ. Wait, *what*...? I thought he and Faithfull had hightailed it for Morocco already. But here we have Morrison's killer hanging around in Paris, selling everyone on the quality of his drugs. You'd think the authorities would want to question an international drug smuggler, but you know, the Douglas Morrison story. The American Embassy was also

satisfied, *apparently*, as nobody was notified. Because Douglas Morrison had no family, you see.



The person who subleased the Paris flat to Morrison is someone named **Elizabeth Lariviere**. She is listed as a French model and **actress** whom the Parisians knew as Zouzou la twisteuse, or simply **Zouzou**. You may be wondering who Zouzou is in the photo with **Andy Warhol**. There are three women in total. Warhol is an *obvious* spook needing the talent and finances of the Intel community to keep his terrible art afloat, and so, I am at least content knowing that Warhol has made an appearance in this psyop just as assuredly as Crispin Glover played him in the Oliver Stone movie. She is stage left, by the way, directly behind Warhol's right shoulder.

Zouzou made a particular name for herself leading Parisian protests in 1968. Yes, she is one of them. Her IMDb bio page even has her being friends with John Lennon and George Harrison, but then we are assured **Jack Nicholson** remained a very close acquaintance of hers along with...

wait for it... **Marianne Faithfull**. Also, I *checked*. She was a romantic lover of **Brian Jones** for a time, traveling all across the world with him. How is this not a comedy by this point?

Well, after Morrison's death, Zouzou decided upon her very own murder investigation, seeing as how the French police weren't interested. She claims a door between the living room and one of the bedrooms had been broken open, the lock and knob removed, and that she furthermore found a bloody t-shirt in the closet, as well as a bloody knife under the bed. What an astonishing find considering how there was no blood reported in the bathroom nor knife wound to be found. If that is not enough, she even discovered a collection of papers, tapes, and notebooks which Pamela Courson had neglected to stuff in the coffin. She eventually handed them over to **Richard Golub**, a person described to us as an **entertainment lawyer**, all of which apparently contained threatening letters from someone who claimed to be Morrison's ex-wife. *Sure*.



With nearly every Morrison tale, we are repeatedly told how difficult it is to bury anyone at the quite crowded Père Lachaise cemetery. Names of notoriety are dropped into a crypt. Names like **Édith Piaf** or **Oscar Wilde** and **Chopin**. But somehow, on Monday, July 5, Alain Ronay was capable of convincing a mortician that their character creation, Douglas Morrison, deserved a small, unmarked plot of his own. And on the basis that he was an American writer. *Right*. No more than **5** people were in attendance for ~~Douglas~~ Jim Morrison's burial two days later, on **July 7**.

Count them on your fingers. Agnes Varda, Alain Ronay, Pamela Courson, Bill Siddons, and Morrison's Parisian secretary Robin Wertle. It was a closed casket. Of the five mentioned, only **3** of them saw his body. Not even a priest was present. Why were his bandmates not invited?

The only outsider witness to the funeral was a woman identified to us as **Madame Colinette**. I can find one picture claiming to be her online, which just so happens to be a woman standing around in Père Lachaise of all places rather than the French Riviera. She is quoted in 'Stairway to Heaven' as having remarked: "Everything was done in a hurry. No priest was present, everybody left quickly. The whole scene was piteous and miserable." The funeral lasted at length eight minutes. And so, understand, if Madame Colinette truly exists, then her brief observation testifies to what was actually happening. Morrison had slipped into retirement while Courson and Ronay and company were putting in a minimalist effort in checking off the boxes.

News of his death wouldn't even be released to the American Media for another two days. The August 5 [Rolling Stone](#) article includes an interview with Bill Siddons which has him saying:

"The whole reason I went to Paris and didn't announce the death was...he went there in March to write and rest. In Paris, he'd found some peace and happiness and worked L.A. out of his system. It may be hard to understand, but it was hard to live here [in Los Angeles] and live what everybody thought he was. "There was no service, and that made it all the better. We just threw some flowers and dirt and said goodbye."

If I'm understanding Siddons logic, he didn't report on the death of Jim Morrison in Paris because Morrison had gone there to rest rather than be made known. Wasn't he dead already though? Kind of difficult disturbing somebody's rest if they're already dead. His follow-up statement is far more telling, and nearly as Freudian a slip as any I've ever found. Siddons says Morrison left Los Angeles because **he was tired of living what everybody thought he was**. That lines up with what we're told elsewhere, that one of France's attractions relied upon Morrison being a relative unknown there. Nobody recognized him. Tell me something I don't know. Siddons has just explained the Alain Ronay photos. Jim Morrison was an actor. He went to Paris to bury his role in a closed coffin.

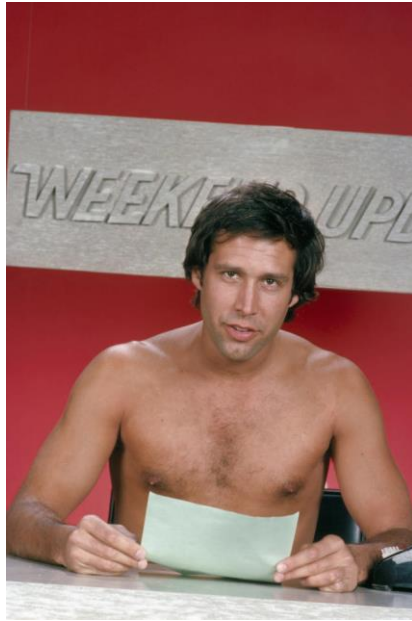
When asked by Ray Manzarek if Siddons actually viewed Jimbo's body, and obviously, Siddons had not, Manzarek reportedly quipped: "How do you know it wasn't one hundred fifty pounds of fucking sand? You buried a sealed coffin, man! We'll never know the real truth now!" One might argue that Manzarek started the empty coffin rumor, thereby clearing him of all charges, because a NOC would never bring attention to his own psyop. But then I will remind you that the entire disappearing trick was set up that way from the start. To keep people guessing.

The last night of Jim Morrison in Paris, according to Pamela Courson, included dinner at a Chinese restaurant. Afterwards, he escorted Courson home to the apartment which Zouzou leased and then ventured out alone to a movie suggested to him by Ronay. *Pursued* with **Robert Mitchum** is the name of it. Where Morrison went after the movie, or if he even went to the movie to begin with, is a matter of debate. You heard the one about Jean de Breteuil visiting Morrison's apartment and the other one about his visiting Morrison in the nightclub. Well, some reports have Morrison heading straight for the airport from his apartment, where he was seen boarding a plane.



Jim Morrison, *dead*. Janis Joplin, *dead*. Gram Parsons, *dead*. Brian Jones and Tara Browne were dead, but neither of those two were the result of a

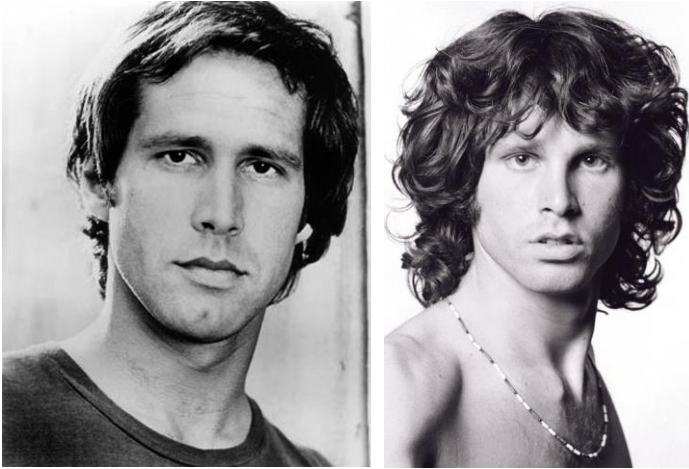
heroin overdose. The same players were involved though. Apparently, Jean de Breteuil didn't learn his lesson with the first three, because he ingested some of his own smack less than one year later, on **June 25, 1972**, and OD'd. Pamela Courson would follow his example less in less than a year, on **April 25, 1974**. Smack was the cause. And like Morrison, she too entered the **27 Club**.



Chevy Chase's Part In All of This

IN the instance that you have arrived wondering what **Chevy Chase's** connection with the Jim Morrison Intel Project might be, there *isn't* one. They look alike is all I'm really getting at. A lot alike. Too much alike. So greatly so that it's become uncomfortable. And to the point that one begins to wonder if they are indeed the same person. Look, I'm not saying Chevy Chase *is* Jim Morrison, but supposing they are for the moment, it wouldn't be the first time something like this has happened. Reassigning roles occurs all the time among actors. The death of Morrison doesn't simply deserve its very own Buzz Aldrin moon flag. No, there are enough in the prop department to litter the soundstage with them. And so, the question on many a-minds is where the Lizard King ended up. After

following the naked Indian out of his Parisian apartment. The similarities don't end with the make-up artists either. We'll get to those, I'm sure. One thing at a time though. Because I dare you to look at a headshot of both actors standing side by side and not do a double take.



Were you able to pull it off? Snubbing the double take, that is. I sure wasn't. I literally sat here for ten minutes swinging my eyes like a pendulum between the two until it became hypnotic. I had to break for lunch. Even afterwards though, the doppelgangers were waiting around to confront me. Tell me they don't look alike.



Seems as though I'm not the only one to ponder the possibility. Somebody else on the Intel-net cooked up a photomontage of Jimbo and Chevy, and wouldn't you know, the two blend together seamlessly. *The glove fits....* Who knew that Morrison could crawl into his cocoon via a

fistful of heroin and then reemerge again as such a handsome butterfly? The added lyrics are nearly equally as telling.

Now you should try this little game.
Just close your eyes, forget your name.

Those two lines derive from The Doors **1970** live album, ‘Absolutely Live.’ Its song, ‘A Little Game,’ derives from a somewhat longer segment ‘Celebration of the Lizard.’ It is described for us as a performance piece, which is probably another way of saying Morrison was transitioning away from his rock star persona into that of a drunken poet and Manzarek and company were still attempting to stay relevant in the background. My only complaint is that Chevy Chase is not given a catchphrase of his own. He had one, you know. And it is totally appropriate to the present metamorphosis. It goes as *follows*.

“I’m Chevy Chase... and you’re not.”

Funny stuff. Cue the laugh track. LOL. Because there can only be one Chevy Chase, you see, and we are not him. *I get jokes*. According to Chevy, he only used the line three of four times while playing anchor on Saturday Night Live. All that was needed for it to become a nationwide phenomenon, apparently. Well then, here is a taste of irony for you. Not even Chevy Chase *was* Chevy Chase. Nobody is Chevy Chase because it’s not his real name. No, sir. It is a character creation. His real name is **Cornelius Crane Chase** of the Crane family fortune if you can believe that. And then don’t even get me started on his royal connections. Have you seen his Wiki page? It’s loaded.

Cornelius Crane Chase was born in the Lower Manhattan area of New York City on October 8, 1943.^[6] He grew up in Woodstock, New York.^[6] His father, Edward Tinsley "Ned" Chase (1919–2005),^[7] was a Princeton-educated Manhattan book editor and magazine writer.^[8] His mother, Cathalene Parker (née Browning; 1923–2005), was a concert pianist and librettist, whose father, Rear Admiral Miles Browning, served as Admiral Raymond A. Spruance's Chief of Staff on the aircraft carrier USS *Enterprise* (CV-6) at the Battle of Midway in World War II. He has an older brother, Ned Jr.^[9] Cathalene was adopted as a child by her stepfather, Cornelius Vanderbilt Crane, heir to The Crane Company, and took the name Catherine Crane.^[10] Chase's paternal grandfather was artist and illustrator Edward Leigh Chase, and his great-uncle was painter and teacher Frank Swift Chase. His maternal grandmother, Cathalene, was an opera singer who performed several times at Carnegie Hall.^[11]

First of all, Chevy Chase grew up in **Woodstock**. The Woodstock in New York of all places. *Same* location as the music concert. No, I am not incriminating anyone on the basis that they grew up in Woodstock. Chevy Chase didn’t simply grow up there though. To begin with, the Woodstock organizers never would have plopped their concert onto a parcel of land there had it not been for Chase family influences. You can see where I’m

pulling that information from towards the end of the paragraph. Chase's paternal grandfather was the artist **Edward Leigh Chase**. He was an early member of the Byrdcliffe experiment which gave rise to the artists' colony there.

Chevy's father, **Edward Tinsley Chase**, went straight from Princeton to the War, becoming a Navy man. I have searched everywhere attempting to discover his MOS, but to no avail. What I can tell you is that he left a **lieutenant**, and I wouldn't be in the least surprised if he was Intel.



His mother **Cathalene Parker Browning** had a **Rear Admiral** for a biological father. Yes, more Navy talk. **Miles Browning**, served as Admiral **Raymond Spruance**'s Chief of Staff on the aircraft carrier USS Enterprise during the Battle of the Philippine Sea, specifically, the Battle of Midway. Notice I only referred to him as biological though. You have to play hopscotch with these Wiki links. For a while, she was the stepdaughter of the marine superintendent of the Panama Canal. But then afterwards she married a

Vanderbilt. Yep, THE Vanderbilt's. We are told **Cornelius Vanderbilt Crane** adopted her, and to the point that Chevy's mother even took on the name, becoming Cathalene Crane. Aside from his Vanderbilt connection, Cornelius Crane was heir to the Crane company.

Chase was named for his adoptive grandfather, Cornelius, while the nickname "Chevy" was bestowed by his grandmother from the medieval English ballad "The Ballad of Chevy Chase". As a descendant of the Scottish **Clan Douglas**, she thought the name appropriate.^[12] He is a 14th-generation New Yorker, and was listed in the *Social Register* at an early age. His mother's ancestors arrived in Manhattan starting in 1624—among his ancestors are New York City mayors **Stephanus Van Cortlandt** and **John Johnstone**; the Dutch **Schuyler family**, through his ancestor Gertrude Schuyler, the wife of Stephanus Van Cortlandt; **John Morin Scott**, General of the New York Militia during the **American Revolution**; **Anne Hutchinson**, dissident **Puritan** preacher and healer; and **Mayflower** passengers and signers of the **Mayflower Compact** from England, **John Howland**,^[13] and the Pilgrim colonist leader and spiritual elder of the **Plymouth Colony**, **William Brewster**. According to his step-brother John:

As you can see, it is Cathalene's *third* father whom she named her son after. Cornelius Crane Chase. The 'Chevy' in Chevy Chase derives from the medieval English ballad, 'The Ballad of Chevy Chase,' on the basis that he is a descendant of the Scottish **Clan Douglas**. Look at who else he's related to. **Anne Hutchinson**, for starters. I have yet to write a paper on the Puritans, but I have my theories on their true origins, and she was

a probable plant. Even the *official* narrative describes her role as creating a schism which divided them. But then **John Howland** of the **Mayflower** was an **11th great-grandfather**.

From Plymouth Rock, I was able to track down **7 Magna Carta Sureties** directly related to Chevy. **23rd great-grandfather** **Saher de Quincy**. **24th great-grandfathers** **John de Lacy**, **Gilbert de Clare**, and **Robert de Vere**. **25th great-grandfathers** **Hugh le Bigod** and **Richard de Clare**. As well as **26th great-grandfather** **Roger le Bigod**.

Gazing beyond the Magna Carta, the same usual suspects fall into play. There is no shortage of **kings** which Chevy Chase is related to. Here are just a few of them. **23rd great-grandfather** **King Henry III** of England. **27th great-grandfathers** **William the Conqueror** of England and **King Louis VI** of France. **32nd great-grandfather** **King Robert I** of France. **34th great-grandfather** **Alfred the Great** of the Anglo-Saxons. And last but certainly not least, **37th great-grandfather** **Charlemagne**, King of the Franks.

Conclusively, Chevy Chase is a blue blood through and through. His family knew it and their marriages were arranged in the same pond. And so, here is the question I would like to propose. If Chevy Chase *is* Jim Morrison, then is it possible that we have their order completely backwards? Perhaps Jim Morrison is really Chevy Chase. Even Chevy's mother had three fathers. Navy Intel was a family business. Why shouldn't Jimbo have two?



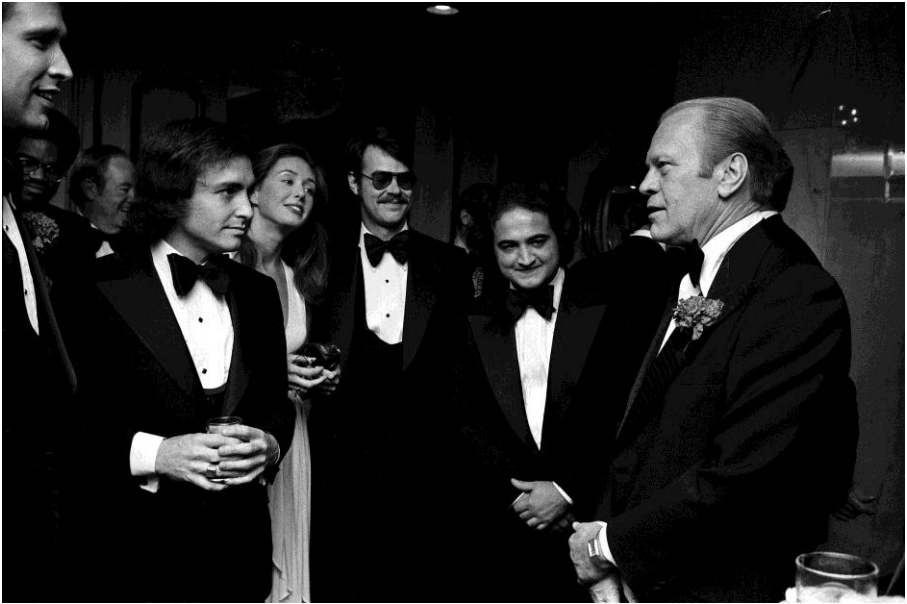
He played drums with the college band The Leather Canary, headed by school friends Walter Becker and Donald Fagen. Chase has called the group "a bad jazz band"; Becker and Fagen later founded the successful group Steely Dan. Chase has perfect pitch.^[12] He played drums and keyboards for a rock band called Chamaeleon Church, which recorded one album for MGM Records before disbanding in 1969. To give the album a more soft-rock sound, producer Alan Lorber made several alterations in the mixing, including the muting of Chase's bass drum, and Chase was reportedly incensed when he heard the final mix.^[22]

Oh *boy*, Chase's biography is a candy store. I had no clue Chevy Chase was in the original band which eventually materialized into **Steely Dan**. Back then it was called Chamaeleon Church. They even recorded an album for MGM Records. If I'm reading this right, Chevy Chase is the reason why they disbanded. The producer muted Chevy's bass drum and Chevy had a hissy-fit. A total Chevy Chase moment if I do say so myself. Chamaeleon Church came and went like a flash in the pan in 1969. Bummer that they weren't invited to Woodstock. Jim Morrison wouldn't leave the world stage for another two years. Was Jimbo considering another musical personality after his death? Seems so.

After graduating from South Brunswick High School in 1965, inspired by Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac, and Lawrence Ferlinghetti, he enrolled at Bard College to study English literature, where he met^[9] Walter Becker in a coffee house in 1967.^[10] Becker and Fagen attracted a revolving assortment of musicians including future actor Chevy Chase, to form the bands Leather Canary, the Don Fagen Jazz Trio, and the Bad Rock Band.^[11] Fagen described his college bands as sounding like "the Kingsmen performing Frank Zappa material".^[12]

Of Steely Dan's two members, **Donald Fagen** comes across as the most interesting. He was born in New Jersey to **Jewish** parents. Does Donald sound Jewish to you? I never would have guess. I'm guessing we're in for all sorts of surprises. His father Joseph Fagen was an accountant, whereas Elinor started out as a swing singer in the **Catskill Mountains**, which gives us another Woodstock connection. And then there is the fact that Fagen was inspired by the same inner circle of spooks. *Yup*, the old crew. **Allen Ginsberg. Jack Kerouac. Lawrence Ferlinghetti.**

Really, The Wiki only gives us so many words in any given article. Why do they tell us these things? Get to the point. What does Allen Ginsberg have to do with Steely Dan? Notice how they never tell us what guys like Fagen have for breakfast or what they do first thing come Sunday morning. No, they pass notes in class. Apparently, he was so in love with his "literary" inspirations that he enrolled at Bard College. It is there where he met **Walter Becker** in 1967, ushering in an assortment of musicians which included, as we all know by now, Chevy Chase.

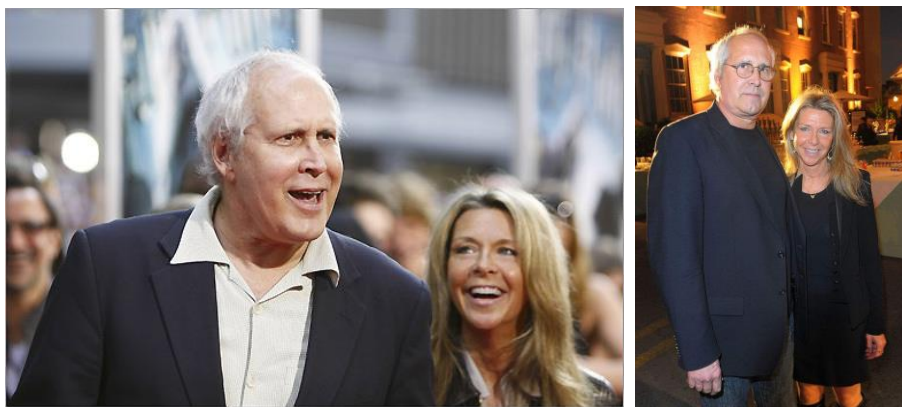


Chase was committed contractually to SNL for only one year as a writer and became a cast member during rehearsals just before the show's premiere. He received two [Emmy Awards](#) and a [Golden Globe Award](#) for his comedy writing and live comic acting on the show. In

Come to think about it, there is very little else to his backstory that I can find except a short stint with Steely Dan and a genealogy up the wazoo. Assuming Chevy Chase *isn't* Jim Morrison, then his lineage alone explains why he came to be. Chevy's career didn't even take off until **October 1975** though. That would be **4** entire years after Jim Morrison followed the naked Indian to the airport. He didn't even start out as a comedian either. His contractual commitment to SNL was for a year and only as a writer. He didn't become a casts member until rehearsals just before the show's premiere.

Oh *sure*, there were other gigs beforehand. The Wiki names some and so I will mention a couple of notables. After writing a one-page spoof on Mission: Impossible for Mad magazine in 1970, Chevy became a writer and cast member of The National Lampoon Radio Hour in 1973, which also featured the likes of SNL upcomers **John Belushi**, **Gilda Radner**, and **Bill Murray**. He was also a writer for the short-lived **Smothers Brothers** TV show comeback in the spring of 1975. In every instance he was a writer. Kind of like how Jim Morrison was a writer. Recall how Ray

Manzarek happened upon Morrison while slumming as a vagabond on Venice Beach and then said what his words needed was a rock band, after voluntarily reading his diary. They were both writers. Chevy Chase was only so much a comedian as Jim Morrison was a singer. Chevy had to learn the deadpan face just as Morrison had to grow accustomed to the microphone.



Have you seen Chevy's wife? Her name is **Jayni Chase** and she *looks* like Pam. Again, I am not saying she *is* Pamela Courson of the 27 Club, but the similarities are there. When I get around to showing their pictures side by side, I will once again dare you to avoid a doubletake. There were two wives before Jayni Chase. **Suzanne Hewitt** in 1973 and **Jacqueline Carlin** in 1976. I could show you pictures. The few that are available to us. But what is the point in that when neither of them looked anything quite like Courson?



You see, there is the first wife, Suzanne Hewitt. I told you there was no resemblance. I don't even know who she is, but the date is probably sometime in 1973. We are only two years removed from Morrison's last poem and Chevy looks like a rock star, being well acquainted with the role, even though he is only a writer for National Lampoon.



Here is their wedding photo. Chevy and Jayni in **1982**. The resemblance between Morrison and Courson is uncanny, no? Granted, the years have been kind to Courson. Really, to the both of them. But even in 1982 we're only **11** years removed from Paris. The only contrast I see is Chevy's height. Morrison is barely taller than Courson whereas Chevy towers over Jayni. I *checked*. Jimbo was **5 foot 11 inches** and Chevy is **6 foot 4 inches**.

You will tell me I have just proven myself wrong by my own investigation and grievous confession. *Wrong*. I admit to nothing, as I tried looking at this from multiple angles and then sat on the information for a while. The height difference be explained. It is quite possible to have a surgery for height expansion, by as many as 5 or 6 inches and in as little as a year. If you don't believe me then look it up for yourself. The procedure has been around for over a hundred years at a minimal, though it has only recently gained traction in public knowledge. All it takes is minor breaks in the leg to case growth.

And so, until somebody can prove Jim Morrison isn't Chevy Chase (*yes*, I'm going with a reverse order), then I'm holding to my investigation. You've heard about the "Till death do we part" vow before. You may have even taken it yourself. It's so nice of Pam to marry him all over again then, even after the legal entity was dropped into a coffin and declared dead.