

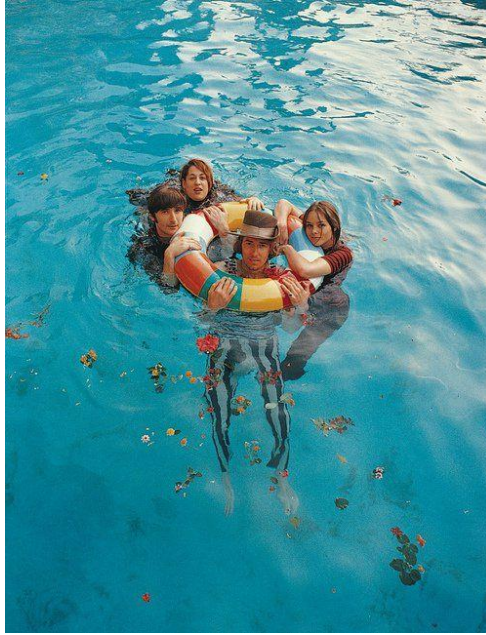


It's Only Murder *If* They're Dead:
The Manson Murder Hoax

By Noel Joshua Hadley

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PRELUDE: The Mamas and The Papas Were *Spooks*

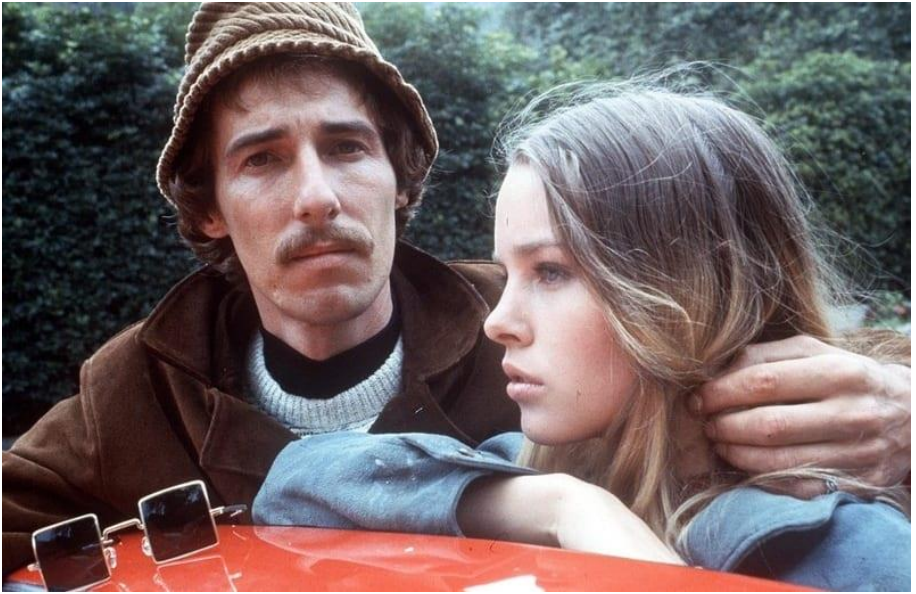
BELIEVE IT or not, this chapter is intended as a *prelude* to the Manson family murder *hoax*. What you are currently holding in your hands came about on the mere basis that I decided to do some digging into the **Sharon Tate** and **Roman Polanski** ~~movie set~~ house, and far too many familiar names, whom I'd never thought to associate with **Charlie Manson**, began ringing the doorbell, hoping for a part in the production. If you're curious as to why I've concluded that the Manson murders are faked, then you will have to wait a little longer. The purpose *here*, as I've already begun to explain, is to lay the foundation as to how *The Mamas & the Papas* are connected to The Sixties psyop. *Sure*, they're spooks. But that's an understatement. Because even their friends are spooks.

Every so often somebody stumbles upon one of my papers, reads every word from beginning to end (which never ceases to amaze me), and then writes an e-mail confessional, explaining how they didn't know who Paul McCartney or so and so was, and could I elaborate on their importance a little further? If this is *you*, then we should probably first get a couple of details ironed out, hoping for better clarity. The decade is The Sixties, and *The Mamas & The Papas* had a few notable hits. Their first was 'Go Where You Wanna Go,' quickly followed by 'California Dreamin',' and then, 'Monday, Monday,' in that order. There are others, but already the point has been made. They were hit makers until, quite suddenly, they weren't. If you were born anytime during or after the Apollo missions, then you would have had to dial into the local oldies radio station in order to hear them. Los Angeles County, where I was raised, had K-Earth 101.

Beginning in 1966, *The Mamas and The Papas* released four albums and then disbanded in as little as three years—a short run. The name of their third album was "The Mamas & The Papas *Deliver*," emphasis is my own, because that is simply not true, since only their first album, "If You Can Believe Your Eyes and Ears," delivered. Hence, the short run. Come to think of it, The Sixties were short lived, but that is not to say the foursome, along with their spook friends, didn't play a major role in spreading the emerging youth-counterculture across America and the world.

And now for some name drops.

Papa **John Phillips**. Papa **Denny Doherty**. Mama **Cass Elliot**. And Mama **Michelle Phillips**, *aka* Holly Gilliam. By the time I am through, you will hopefully have little trouble transplanting the words *Mama* and *Papa* for *Agent*.

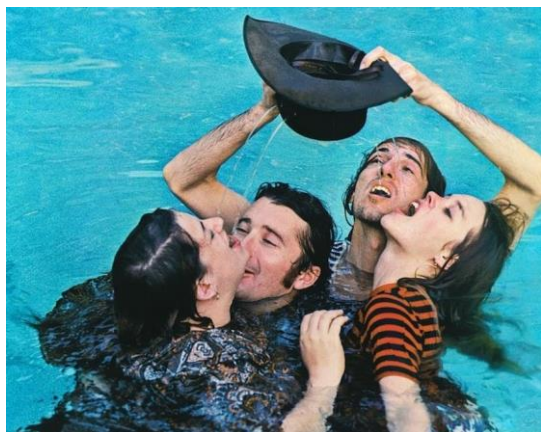


The Wolf King of L.A.

EVERYTHING I AM about to *say* about Papa John Phillips can best be described by the *above* picture. Take a *second* look. Observe how Papa seems to caress Michelle's hair while simultaneously throttling her neck. Mama looks away in submission. It's like two shades of sexual in one frame. He has taken off his glasses, albeit square lenses, and shown you the *true* face behind the transistor radio. There is no mistaking it. Papa is a pimp and Mama is *yours* for the taking, but only *if* you're invited to the inner-circle.

Fingering every person who's bedded with Michelle is like identifying a who's-*who* in the spook world. Think I'm being unfair? We shall turn to Michelle repeatedly for the remainder of this book, because Phillips was described by those who knew him, and in no uncertain terms, as a pimp and a controller. **Lou Adler**, producer and manager for *The Mamas and The Papas*, said: "John was the *ultimate* controller." Emphasis is once again my own. While Mama Michelle said that John's third wife, **Genevieve Waite**, "was practically his slave." Michelle knew the title, and she wore it well.

Another picture which you'll want to revisit sits at the very top of *this* chapter. *Go ahead*. Flip the page and study it closely. You'll see *The Mamas and The Papas* lounging around inside a Southern California pool with all of their clothes on, because that was apparently their idea all along while *California Dreamin'* from afar. But look *closer*. Papa John Phillips is in the center ring. Appropriate for *two* reasons. Phillips' original name for the group was the occult-based *Magic Circle*, and secondly, Phillips was unquestionably their ring master. Only he is inside the magic circle. Everyone else latches on.



The *next* picture I'll ask you to study derives from the same photo-shoot and can be seen right *here*. Everyone is drinking water out of a hat—Papa John's hat. The hat only has four holes in it, which means nobody drinks except they first be preordained by Papa. It is Papa John who is feeding them.

Papa John had a name for himself. The Wolf King of L.A. He *also* has a biography. Let's get to it then.

On August 30, 1935, John Phillips was born in Parris Island, South Carolina, to a *retired* United States Marine Corps officer. These bios often begin this way. Retired. *Sure*, John Phillips may have been the child of an intelligence agent, but Captain **Claude Andrew Phillips** “was retired”—see what I mean? It's easy to fudge those little details. Throw the man a retirement party and then send him “on vacation” to Haiti, if you get my drift. Meanwhile, John's mother **Dene Phillips** worked most of her life for the federal government in an unspecified capacity, leaving John to attend a series of elite military prep schools in the Washington DC area, specifically **Alexandria**, all of which culminated in an appointment to the prestigious US Naval Academy at Annapolis. Carrying on the family business, *hmmm?*

Time and again we see these Sixties rock *gods* rising as a phoenix from the ashes of the Corporate United States military complex or Intelligence communities. If you pull a fact-check and then hang your hat on Phillips having dropped out of the Academy after his freshman year, then explain why one of his first gigs was working on a fishing charter boat.



Hold on, I'm not through yet.

The crew consisted of a “retired” Navy officer and four “retired” Army generals, and *also* a Naval Academy drop out. We shall see these sorts of discrete episodes repeatedly throughout Phillips’ career. But if that doesn’t impress you, then you will have to explain how Phillips ended up in Havana, Cuba in 1958, just as the Batista regime was about to fall to the revolutionary forces of **Fidel Castro**. *Officially*, John claims he was there merely as a concerned private citizen with the intention of “fighting for Castro,” just as the fishing charter boat consisted of retired military personnel. *Sure*. We often see Intel parents pimping out their children, as is the case with **Jim Morrison**, but rarely do we see private citizens traveling abroad to thwart CIA operations. *Also*, while taking up Castro’s cause, Phillips recalled how he was “once whisked off the street by a director, straight into a TV studio to appear on a live Havana variety show.” Let’s go with that.

Clearly, agent Phillips had a *thing* for Cuba because, only a few years later, he found himself alongside Naval Air Station Jacksonville and Naval Station Mayport for “two weeks of rest and rehearsal” in 1962, which just so happened to coincide with the Cuban Missile Crisis. This incident occurred one year after Phillips had met and bedded with 16-year-old Michelle Phillips, his second wife. Like many *pimps* in his generation, The Sixties were finally upon us, and Agent Phillips had turned his attention

away from international espionage to recording studios, communes, and music festivals.

Think I'm *still* being unfair? Nobody is otherwise capable of explaining who financed *The Mamas and The Papas* on their drug-fueled Caribbean adventure, where the band formed. Papa John described their first stop at St. Johns in terms of snorkeling on acid for several weeks. They then ferried over to St. Thomas, setting up shop at a dive beachfront boardinghouse. It is there where Mama Cass Elliott, aka Ellen Naomi **Cohen**, enters the narrative. Mama Cass and Papa John Phillip's nephew arrived together, being childhood friends, but it gets better. Mama Cass and Papa John had attended the *same* George Washington High School, having both grown up in **Alexandria**.

The group next arrived at the famed Creeque Alley, where they apparently opened up a commune and simultaneously wrote an entire album's worth of material—their *only* iconic and lasting material. Place a Buzz Aldrin moon landing flag right *there*, because as we have already seen in my last book, *The Hidden Hand of Camelot*, Jim Morrison had already written his catalogue of music before arriving on the world stage as a fully emerged sex rock god. The defining difference is that Morrison could not read nor write music, and therefore had no way of communicating to his fellow band mates how to play or record them. At least Mama Cass could *sing*.

In his autobiography, *Papa John*, Phillips quotes Papa Denny as saying that everyone in the counterculture music scene was “evolving toward the same sound at the same time without really communicating with each other about it.” Sure. *Mm-hmm*. That's probably it.

Already, I'm getting ahead of myself, because right about when John Phillips dropped out of the Naval Academy to charter a fishing boat, he *also* married **Susan Adams**. If the surname sounds familiar to you, it's because Susan Adams is a *direct* descendant of President **John Adams**. I could not find an easily accessed photo of her online, so we shall have to settle upon John and Susie's daughter, **Laura Mackenzie Phillips**, who was born on November 10, 1959, and in **Alexandria**, Virginia, of all places.

In turn, this makes Papa John's children direct descendants of two presidents, both of whom were 2nd and 3rd great-grandsons of Mayflower passengers **John Alden** and **Priscilla Mullins** (the Windsor-Bush line can be traced to the Mayflower through passengers **John Howland** and **Elizabeth Tilley**), but ultimately of **Charlemagne** and **King John**. Mackenzie was also close kin to **Dick Van Dyke** and buxom blond bombshell **Raquel Welch**—because they're all related. Papa John and **Grace Slick** of *Jefferson Airplane* were not so distant cousins. Their first child, **John Phillips**, was born on December 13, 1957—a Friday. John set out for Cuba immediately thereafter. *Now* we are caught up again.



It's not like John Phillips stumbled straight out of the Academy and into a trailer park. Aside from her blue-blood lineage, Susie's father, **James Adams Jr.**, had been involved in what she personally described as “cloak-and-dagger stuff with the Air Force in Vienna.” *Intelligence*. Put this in slightly other terms, James Adams Jr. was a *spook*. We are furthermore given no indication that Susie ran off with an Intel drop out. Contrarily, all indications steer us towards a woman who had both eyes pressed upon a career in line with her father's work, and Papa John Phillips has a part to play in that. After Papa bedded with 16-year-old Michelle, John and Susie divorced. But I'll go out on a limb here and suggest that this was all a part of the operation. Susie found employment at the Pentagon right alongside John Phillips' older sister, **Rosie**, where they dutifully worked for some three decades—which takes us right up to the September 11 hoax and false flag event.

You may recognize Mackenzie Phillips from *American Graffiti*. In 2009, Mackenzie told **Oprah Winfrey** that her father had injected her with cocaine when she was 11 years old. This would put us somewhere around

1970. During that same interview, she furthermore claimed that, at the age of 19, John raped her on the night before her first wedding in 1979. “I woke up that night from a blackout to find myself having sex with my own father.”

When she confronted John months later, her father simply replied, “Raped you? Don’t you mean we made love?”

What followed was a decade-long sexual relationship with her father, all of which was reportedly consensual. She described their intercourse as “a sort of Stockholm syndrome, where you begin to love your captor.” The incest ended after Mackenzie became pregnant and subsequently had an abortion, which her father paid for.



Take another look at Mama Michelle, *aka* Holly Gilliam. In practically every picture I can find of her, the woman who married Papa John Phillips at 16 years of age looks like she was passed around *a lot*. Her eyes are telling. This is likely due to the fact that Papa Phillips did just that. He passed her around to practically everyone *but* Papa Denny Doherty. That certainly didn’t stop Papa Denny from bedding with her. It just means that—as the *official* narrative goes—Papa John never pimped Mama Michelle out to Papa Denny.

Consider the following men who bedded with Mama Michelle. **Jack Nicholson**. *Spook*. **Dennis Hopper**. *Spook*. **Warren Beatty**. *Spook*. Roman Polanski. *Spook*. **Gene Clark** (of *The Byrds*). *Spook*. Come to think of it, Mama Michelle was *only* passed around among spooks.

Lady of the Canyon

I WILL remind you that John Phillips “dropped out” from the Naval Academy. That was probably just a cover. We’ve seen this happen before. In an upcoming chapter on Woodstock, you will read my investigation into the festival’s co-founder, **Artie**



Kornfeld. *Same* story. The Brooklyn-born **Joo** attended American University in Washington D.C., a career center for **CIA** recruiting, reportedly to study pre-law. It was *there* where Kornfeld and Cass became cafeteria singing buddies. In short time, Kornfeld dropped out. Why? You shall have to wait a little longer. The point of mentioning Kornfeld was to whet your appetite. Now read on.

Because really, the subject of this chapter *includes* the friends and associates of *The Mamas and The Papas*, one of which is **Charlie Manson**. I was initially suspicious of Mama Cass while digging into my Woodstock article, but the ultimate tip-off came when learning that Manson personally attended John and Michelle Phillip’s New Year’s Eve party on December 31, 1968, just months before the summer of *Helter Skelter*. Actually, the Family’s iconic bus had been seen parked at their home earlier in the fall.

Laurel Canyon *spooks* needed a place to congregate, and the home of Mama Cass was their meeting point. *Rolling Stone* noted that “Mama Cass

Elliot's cozy canyon house functioned as a sort of rock salon." Other journalists report that it was always unlocked—a 24-hour open house, bustling with musician activity. **David Crosby**, whom I suspect as being groomed for a potential leading role in the person we now know as Manson, made the house of Mama Cass his habitual hangout. If you think visits from Manson is odd, then you'll want to take note of the fact that Mama Cass lived just across the road from the house at 2774 **Woodstock** Road, occupied at the time by **Abigail Folger** and **Wojciech Frykowski**. There it is *again*, Woodstock. In turn, Folger and Frykowski were murdered right alongside Sharon Tate and **Jay Sebring**, *and* in the house of Roman Polanski, whom Mama Michelle was sleeping with. *Small world*.



And *now* it is time to become better acquainted with *this* friendly looking fellow. **Pic Dawson** was the son of a **US State Department official** who, according to John Phillips, was suspected by authorities “of using diplomatic pouches to move drugs between countries.” Dawson, though I imagine everybody called him *Pic*, was a regular dealer at Mama Cass' home, but *also* at the 2774 Woodstock Road home of Folger and Frykowski, *as well* as the house on 10050 Cielo Drive, occupied *first* by **Terry Melcher** and

actress **Candice Bergen**, until it wasn't occupied by them, at which time Roman Polanski and Sharon Tate moved in.



The rest is history.

If we scan out on our photo of Pic, we can see the same scene but with a better picture of Dawson's friends. Mama Cass Elliot is one of them. Is that a unibrow? I think it is. The scene is the *Whiskey-a-Go-*

Go. How can I tell? I used all of my detective skills to magnify the paper napkin under the glass. Apparently, Pic was the sort of drug dealer that everybody wanted to take out to dinner.

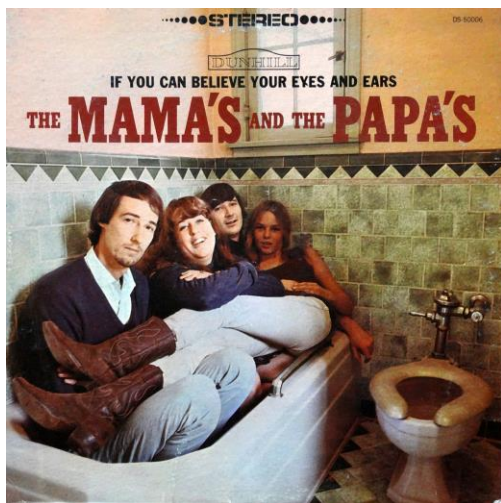
A *second* drug dealer worth mentioning was a guy named **Billy Doyle**.

Just about everybody in the Canyon knew about Billy. After the marriage between Papa John and Mama Michelle dissolved, Michelle tried her hand at marriage with Dennis Hopper, another backstage player in the Manson murders and friend with fellow *spooks* Jack Nicholson and Warren Beatty. By the way, Mama Cass' home had previously been owned by **Natalie Wood**. *Follow* the dots. A decade earlier, Wood had starred in *Rebel Without a Cause* alongside **James Dean**, who soon thereafter died in a “car wreck.” In turn, Dean had been good friends with Hopper, and Wood eventually “drowned” just off Santa Catalina—more mysterious causes. In turn, Hopper claimed Billy Doyle was filmed while being flogged at the 10050 Cielo Drive Tate-Polanski house just three days before the murders, but that's all theater. And speaking of *theater*, their marriage only lasted eight nights. After exchanging vows on Halloween, 1970, Michelle claimed that Hopper kept her handcuffed and imprisoned for a week while making “unnatural sexual demands,” and promptly filed for divorce. Their eight-day marriage coincided with Michelle's breakout into acting, *via* bedding with Nicholson, and for the most part, her career was a success.

A *third* dealer was **Bill Mentzer**. He would later be convicted of the “brutal murder” of Cotton Club producer **Roy Radin**, a crime which I confess I know practically nothing about and have yet to look into. **EDIT:** I did a little more digging and a group called The Process Church of the Final Judgement, which is claimed to have deep ties to the Manson, Son of Sam, and Cotton Club murders, showed up at Mama Cass' door too. *Mm-hmm*. The CIA has all sorts of ridiculous little side projects with silly names like The Church of Satan. I'm willing to bet The Process Church of the Final Judgement, like **Jim Jones**, is another one—albeit MI6.

We will talk more about Folger and Frykowski in my follow-up chapters dealing with the Manson murders, as well as Sharon Tate and Roman Polanski, *obviously*, but for now I feel it is important to cover the drug dealers. *Sure*, they dealt drugs, but they're all a sloppily written plot point

to a fictional horror movie. Four of the LAPD's initial prime suspects in the Tate killings were drug dealers associated with Mama Cass Elliot. The LAPD described Mentzer as a member of "some kind of hit squad" or whatever. They were very quickly dropped from the narrative, but not before America was embellished with the manufactured drama and Roman Polanski traded director duties in order to play the character, Polanski, P.I., thereby fumbling his way through dens of iniquity in search of his wife's murderer, even going so far as to offer to pay **Bruce Lee** for a new pair of prescription glasses, hoping to match his with the killers. *No*, I am not making this up. You are already receiving a preview of what is to come, and it's all a movie.



The Art of The Mamas & The Papas

THE MAMAS and The Papas very first LP had something to do with a bathtub and a toilet for a cover. If you visited a record shop in 1966 and happened upon a first edition, then you will likely agree that this is how they were introduced to the world. It has the distinction of being the very first album to feature a toilet, which was quickly declared indecent and cropped over. *The Rolling Stones* would up the ante on upcoming albums, but *The Mamas and The Papas* set the standard for bathroom photography. You will have a better understanding of what I'm talking about if you read my paper on **Jackson Pollock**.

They sang *go where you wanna go and do what you wanna do*, and here we can clearly see that they're making an example of it. The Mamas and The Papas came all this way from the Caribbean, westbound, to hang out in a Southern California bathroom. And much like the pool, with all of their clothes on. Probably for the acoustics. Or perhaps because they needed

to clog the pipes with cocaine at the drop of a hat. Who really knows? And *also*, because clothing and reverse psychology plays a part in much of their imagery.

The photographer was none other than **Guy Webster**, who provided pictures for the cover of *The Byrds*, *The Rolling Stones*, *Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band*, *Paul Revere & The Raiders*, *Simon & Garfunkel*, Tim Buckley, and Nico. But unlike his other covers, *If You Can Believe Your Eyes and Ears* doesn't scream Webster. It has all the markings of Papa John Phillips.

Once again, we see Papa John in control of the meeting and Mama Michelle getting passed around to everyone.

Hopefully, you are finally beginning to understand what *Rolling Stone* writer **Rob Sheffield** meant when he remarked, "The Mamas and The Papas celebrated all the sin and sleaze of Sixties L.A. with folksy harmonies, acoustic guitars, and songs that told inquiring minds way more than they wanted to know. And on their January 1966 debut, *If You Can Believe Your Eyes and Ears*, they somehow made it all sound groovy." Hook, line, and sinker. The Charlie Manson Intel project drew people in through pimps and handlers, but with the promise of enlightenment.

Why am I not surprised to learn that Papa John Phillips and Papa Denny Doherty were invited to the Cielo Drive home on the night of the murders? During a 1990 interview, John Phillips told **Bob Costas** that **Wojciech Frykowski** showed up at his door *three* days in a row, starting in the whereabouts of August 5, 1969. *Of course*, he did. When Frykowski asked if he could come in, Phillips refused him entry. Frykowski returned on the following day. And then again. He was refused admittance on the *third* day—August 8. Frykowski then returned to Polanski's house, where Phillips was invited later that evening.



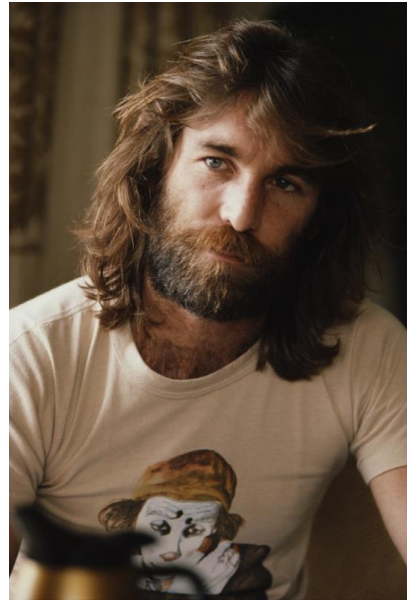
Even the Beach Boys Were in On It

THE MOVIE BEGINS with the *fake* story of a rock n' roll drummer in a convertible and two bombshell hippie hitchhikers by the side of the road. The year is 1968. Beach Boy **Dennis Wilson** is only recently divorced from his first wife, Carol Freeman, and living the high life in a large log-cabin styled home, the address of which is 14400 Sunset Boulevard, Pacific Palisades. The house had been the former hunting lodge of **Freemason Will Rogers**, a close friend of royal spook **Charles Lindbergh**. The kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby was a *hoax*. That is the *first* of many more connections we'll make in this paper. You've been warned.

It is springtime, and we are expected to believe that Wilson has already picked up the same two hippie hitchhikers by the side of the road some weeks earlier. *Remember*, the groundwork is being laid here for an upcoming Langley production. You are under no obligation to believe Wilson's encounter with the two women ever happened. We're reading

from the page of a psyop in a year already drenched with psyops in which the ending has already been scripted, and *this* is the opening act. Before I'm through clapping away on the keyboard, you shall see *why*.

Their names are **Patricia Krenwinkel** and **Ella Jo Bailey**, by the way. The two hippie hitchhikers. We are gazing in upon their second meeting by the side of the road, only this time Wilson invites them to his house “for milk and cookies.” Code word for something *else* entirely. Somewhere along the way, he brags about his experiences with the **Maharishi**, founder of Transcendental Meditation. Another *spook* operation which Intel just had to wedge into an already bloated script, the point of which however, and they *want you* to know this, that all spooks swim in the same circles. Kind of like how it is only spooks who constantly happen upon a rotating militia of hippie hitchhikers. The women then inform him that they too have a spiritual guru, and his name is **Charlie**.



Patricia Krenwinkel met Manson in Manhattan Beach in 1967, along with **Lynette Fromme**. The scene is Venice Beach, the **33** parallel. By her own testimony, Krenwinkel had sex with Manson on the first night they met, perhaps because he was the very first person who'd told her she was beautiful. She ditched her last paycheck and followed Charlie to San Francisco. Ella Jo Bailey was rooming with **Susan Atkins** in the Haight-Ashbury district when Charlie and his Family arrived, because Big Daddy is cheap on allowance and spooks sometimes like to split the rent. Krenwinkel described their following drug-crazed sex romp across the American west as *follows*. “We were just like wood nymphs and wood creatures. We would run through the woods with flowers in our hair, and Charles would have a *small* flute.” Emphasis is my own.

Actually, come to think of it, the summer of 1969 would deal out three prominent productions. There is the science-fiction movie we know as

the Apollo 11 moon landing, the mythological-based musical called Woodstock and, specific to *this* topic at hand, a horror film. You've probably heard of it. Its plot centers upon the murder of horror actress **Sharon Tate** in the home of horror director **Roman Polanski** by a talent-less hack who couldn't cut it in the music industry, because it was set up that way from the beginning. The entire episode is a hoax, and that can mean only one thing. Even the Beach Boys were in on it.

Anyhow, the girls stay behind while Dennis Wilson continues on to a recording session with cousin **Mike Love** and his brothers. When he returns home, the lights are on, an iconic school bus is parked outside, and the voices of some twenty girls, undoubtedly fueled by LSD and hormones, echo into the starry night. **Charlie Manson, aka Miles Maddox**, is there to greet him at the door. He drops to his knees and kisses the Beach Boys feet. *Ridiculous*. But it is the plot we are given to work with. And from here on out, it gets even *worse*.

In short time, Wilson will take to calling him "The Wizard."

An American *Family*

YOU'VE PROBABLY heard The Beach Boys referred to in such grandiose terms as being "America's band," and that's *no* joke. Before following the bread crumbs laid out before me, I decided to dig into the genealogies of brothers Brian, Dennis, and Carl Wilson *and* cousin Mike Love, just to see what we're dealing with, and let's put it *this* way. If I were to present all my findings, it would take a book. They're related to just about everybody, and in turn, *spooks* are related to them. We're dealing with blue bloods.



Yeah, they're related to **Walt Disney** and **Admiral Byrd**, as cousins go. **Wilbur** and **Orville Wright**. **Walt Whitman**, **Emily Dickenson**, and **Robert Frost**. **John Smith** and **Brigham Young**. **Amelia Earhart**, **John Brown**, and **Johnny Appleseed** and a thousand other household names who fill the pages of Illuminati written history books and our television screen. Essentially, the American experience. But I haven't even scratched the surface.

As cousins go, I was able to track down **12** notable United States presidents in their family tree. **Thomas Jefferson**. **James Madison**. **Millard Fillmore**. **Franklin Pierce**. **Ulysses S. Grant**. **Grover Cleveland**. **William Howard Taft**. **Warren G. Harding**. **Calvin Coolidge**. **Herbert Hoover**. **Franklin D. Roosevelt**. And **Gerald Ford**. You may be aware of where I'm going with this, because *again*, this isn't even the whole of it.

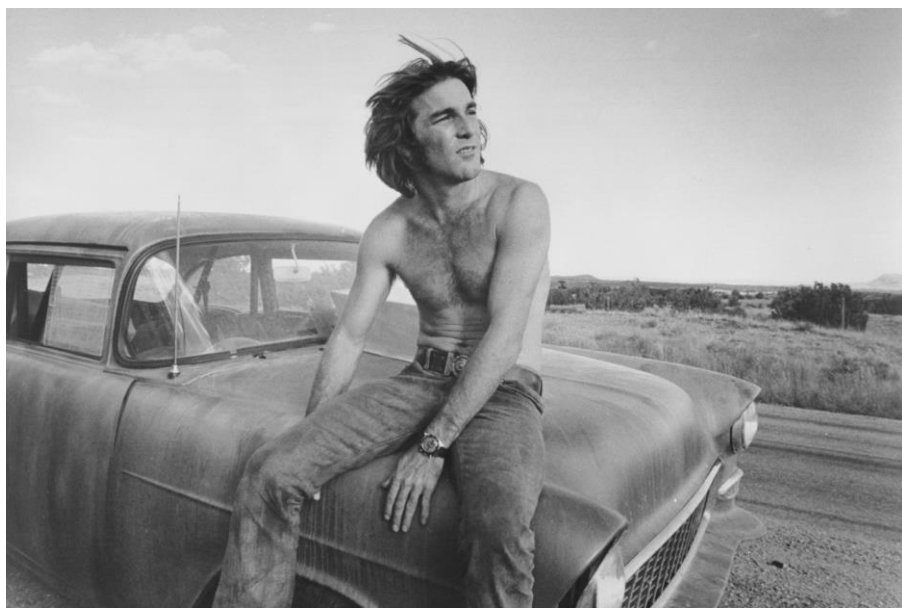
I was able to trace **3** **Mayflower** passengers in their direct lineage, and *now* we are finally getting somewhere. **John Billington**, **Peter Brown**, and **Francis Cooke** are all 10th great-grandfathers. *Sure*, Mike Love and Brian Wilson are cousins, but it works out the same. In either case, we can gaze across the Atlantic pond from Plymouth Rock and discover that the band which seemed to encapsulate America's *spirit* is directly descended from **9** *sureties* of the **Magna Carta**. To compare, **Marilyn Monroe**, 8th cousin once removed *via* William Gifford, was carefully bred from **12** patriarchal *sureties*, whereas **George H.W. Bush** is *directly* descended from **14**. What this means is, The Beach Boys aren't quite so royal—but they're still *very* royal. And as the human experience goes, when led by the mythology of Manifest Destiny and Capitalism and all that dribble, that's not natural.

Their 24th great-grandfathers include Magna Carta *sureties* **John de Lacy**, **Gilbert de Clare**, **Robert Fitz Walter**, **Saher de Quincy**, and **Robert de Vere**. We then find 25th great-grandfather **Richard de Clare**. 26th great-grandfathers **Hugh le Bigod** and **Henry de Bohun**. And finally, 27th great-grandfather **Roger le Bigod**.

Next comes the noted monarchs of history. Their 24th great-grandfather is **King Edward I**. **King Henry III** of England, 25th great-grandfather. **William the Conqueror** of England, 28th great-grandfather. **King Robert I** of France, 33rd great-grandfather. **Alfred the Great**, King of

the Anglo-Saxons, 35th great-grandfather. And last but certainly not least, **Charlemagne**, King of the Franks, is their 38th great-grandfather, firmly grounding Love and the Wilson's in the anti-Messiah bloodline.

Really, the question you should probably be asking is: *What is royalty?* Because we're not simply talking about kings and dukes and duchesses either. The royalty we are speaking of share the *same* general ancestry which is often referred to as the 13th Illuminati bloodline *or* the Merovingian line, and it is likely not yours. Certainly not mine, from what I've been able to find. The Windsor-Bush bloodline, wherein our U.S. Presidents are *selected*, traces its origins far beyond British and French royalty. It passes **Marie Antoinette** and **King Louis XVI** to the popes and the **Medici** family, but doesn't stop there. It continues back right on through Roman Emperors to the Egyptian Pharaohs and kings of ancient Babylon, and even earlier *still*.



Why is it that someone's genetics—based upon who had sex with whom and in what order—determines who will rule over a country, and sometimes the world? If you conclude that it's because they're a *special* pedigree, then you are correct. I have looked into enough of these genealogies among American *royals* to begin and question *if*—esoterically speaking—the signers of the Magna Carte and the Mayflower passengers

were even human, because the greatest sons in the kingdom of Cain all seem to be related to them. Did you see what I just did there? I took our conversation and made it Biblical. The sons of Cain who rule over the sons of Seth have claimed the throne, but more-so, every avenue of our fabricated reality, through a bastardly rule. Theirs is a secret yet obsessive breeding program, and unless you are the blood of another color, then you are the slave and *they* are your master.

I seem to recall, there is particular genetics that was referred to at one time as the bloodline of *the gods*.

RECORD MIRROR, Week ending December 21, 1968

DENNIS WILSON: "I LIVE WITH 17 GIRLS"

SAID Dennis Wilson, a bearded frenzied on his face: "I don't know why I'm telling you all this . . . Well, whatever Dennis' reasons (if any), the fact that he spoke so openly and for so long does inspire a element of awe. May be he said things he'd rather not be printed. Maybe he was so willing to set the truth, the whole truth, about himself and The Beach Boys that he didn't mind seeing it all laid out before the hunky readers of the RM. Anyway, we had to exercise some sort of judgement as to how follows a compromise — PART of what Dennis said over food and drinks at the Hilton a few days ago.

LAST TOUR?

"This could be your last tour. See, when you go on tour you could be recording? I guess we've done more touring than just about any other group in the world. Now we're thinking of doing maybe ten days a year and, for the rest of the time, getting right down to it in the studio.

"The public is evolving too. A couple of years ago we got very paranoid about the possibility of losing our public. We were getting loaded, taking acid, and we made a whole album which we scrapped.

"Instead, we went to Hawaii, rested up, and then came out with the "Sensible Souler" album, all new material. Drugs played a great role in our evolution but as a result we were frightened that people would no longer understand us, musically.

CRUDE SAX?

Which brought me to the most disappointing Beach Boys track of the year — "Transcendental Meditation" on the "Friends" album. What was the idea behind that amazingly crude bit of saxophone playing? "Well, we wanted to get away from anything that sounded too pompous, too religious. It would have been easy to do something very peaceful, very Eastern, but we were trying to get listeners on all levels. The guy played that sax didn't blow my mind but he had a certain quality of 'come on, let's try transcendental meditation . . ." And listen to the chord structure, it says a lot.

"I still believe in meditation and I'm not experimenting with weird things. I live in the woods in California, near Death Valley, with 17 girls. They're spare ladies. And they'd make a great group. I'm thinking of recording these as the Family Unit."


How did you come to meet up with no less than 17 girls? "It happened strangely. I went up into the mountains with my honey to take an LSD trip. We met two girls hitch-hiking. One of them was pregnant. We gave them a lift, and a purse was left in the car. About a month later, near Malibu, I saw the pregnant girl again, only this time she'd had her baby. I was overjoyed for her and it

"We no longer feel that way. I know I am now more in tune with my mind. I feel calmer and more confident of myself and I am completely involved in communication with others. That's all there is, it's the most fascinating thing. . . . Noting how evil he was to the country girls who came up asking him to sign photographs, I asked himself if he ever becoming short-tempered about those trivial demands on his time. "Not at all — talking to people who are interested in The Beach Boys gives me a very warm feeling.


And what Beach Boys recording does he regard as most worthy of our attention? "No doubt about it—"Good Vibrations." Perhaps in two or three years time it will be played again and revealed as being ahead of its time."

Perhaps so, Dennis, but aren't such recordings difficult to reproduce in concert because of the electronic involvement that goes into their sound? "Yes, but we can reproduce most anything onstage these days. We're travelling with 30 musicians."

Expensive, isn't it? "Yes, but we've reached the stage where we can afford what we want. I'm not saying we could book a full Philharmonic but if I really look into some ideas about musical backing I can, within reason, afford to hire the required musicians."



BEACH BOY DENNIS WILSON — Death Valley part



DENNIS WILSON — Explains it all to RM's Girls

DAVID GRIFFITHS

LIKE any good psyop, the groundwork needed to be laid out in advance. You will tell me that most Americans didn't know who Charlie Manson was until some weeks *after* the murder of Sharon Tate, when in fact they had a good decade to learn the names of their Mercury and Apollo astronauts before the Hollywood basement moon landing. That may be so. But the groundwork *was* laid out in advance. Case in point, Dennis Wilson's tall-tale of "milk and cookies" with hippie hitchhikers. After Americans became aware of who actor Charlie Manson was, the media had already *willfully* produced a paper trail for discovery. Consider the following December 1968 article in *Record Mirror*, where the myth of

Manson is already being pushed upon the world. I will lay out Wilson's account, stopping only for comment.

“I live in the woods in California, near Death Valley, with
17 girls.”

Already, we are off to a bad start, as there are no woods near Death Valley. I should know because I once lived within 100 miles of Death Valley, and anything but Joshua trees were terribly difficult to come by. The article is published on December 21, and so, while it is possible that he's referring to Baker Ranch, Charlie Manson is not supposed to have heard about it until November, and they were living on the Spahn movie set at this time. It's almost as if he's reading *ahead* in the movie script.

According to Manson's record producer **Phil Kaufman**, there were only about **12** girls in the Manson Family and *not* **17**. Why *then* would Wilson drop the number **17**? In Hebrew, **17** is the number of sin. In the Mysteries of Isis, Osiris was murdered by Set on the **17**th day of the lunar month. The Egyptians therefore considered **17** an abomination. Pythagoras taught that **17** is when “The Devil triumphs over God.” I think we're onto something *here*. But *also*, let's be honest. Dennis Wilson doesn't come across as the sort of individual who would be privy to these details. In the way of a psyop, Dennis Wilson is the sort of person whom you just hand fast cars, a rotunda of rotating babes, shiny drums and replacement drum sticks and then call it a day. More than likely, he was beating away on his drums, imagining himself as a member of the Wrecking Crew, when somebody in Intel whispered into his ear: “Tell them you live with **17** girls,” by which Wilson grinned and nodded, *righteous*, already dreaming about the woods in which he'd never visited. He's reading from a script.

And anyhow, by some accounts, as many as **50** followers inhabited Manson's ranch, which is *also* ridiculous. Yet another number they drop in our lap, when the number **50** suggests the Universe is being expressed by the individual. *Sure*. Most of those people probably weren't even *real* people. I'm willing to bet the *real* Manson couldn't find enough people in the park to form a basketball team.

Likening Manson's followers to something Biblical, the number **12**, Phil Kaufman *also* added: “Every time Charlie saw a girl he liked, he'd tell

someone, ‘Get that girl.’ And when they brought her back, Charlie would take her out in the woods and talk to her for an hour or two. And she would never leave.” There’s *the woods* again. *Whatever*. The only reason they’d “never leave” Manson, a little man leveling off at 5 foot two inches, is because they were probably one of **Colonel Louis West**’s fake hippie actors, whom he set about to create the Haight-Ashbury experiment as part of his MK-Ultra research.

Keep in mind, when it comes to Kaufman, we’re dealing with the same individual who stole the corpse of country musician **Gram Parsons** and burned it in Joshua Tree National Monument in California. Like Wilson, Kaufman is another *actor* responsible for introducing the world to the character role of Charlie Manson. The two apparently met while inmates in Terminal Island Prison, shortly before Manson’s release. But even before that, we find Kaufman as an actor, playing parts in several movies, one of which is **Stanley Kubrick**’s *Spartacus*. According to Kaufman, a guard taunted guitar *pickin’* Manson that he would never get out. Manson calmly responded by looking up from his guitar and quoting: “Get out of where?”

After prison, Kaufman quickly found work, *via* the Intel Employment office, as a driver and “assistant” to *The Rolling Stones*. **Mick Jagger** referred to him as his “executive nanny.” For all I know, Kaufman is *another* music biz handler. It is Kaufman who chaperoned Manson around town. But I’m already getting ahead of myself, because Kaufman had promised Manson a meeting with his friend, **Gary Stromberg** at Universal, before he was even released. In turn, Stromberg arranged for a three-hour studio session for Manson at Universal City Records, despite the fact that Manson had already spent over half of his life in prison. *Right*. Stromberg was apparently so taken by Manson that he ruminates over a **potential film project**. Kaufman and Manson then went about attending parties together at the house of a “friend,” which happened to be right next door to 3301 Waverly Drive, the very residence where the Manson family is accredited with carrying out the LaBianca murders. This entire narrative makes so much more sense if you just fill in *Intel* or *psyop* or *stage* where each person and location comes in.

Back to Dennis Wilson’s interview with *Record Mirror*.

“They’re space ladies.”

We’re only two sentences into Wilson’s introduction of Manson and I’m already lost. Are we getting our Langley psyops crossed, science-fiction with horror? You tell me. I’m willing to bet that, when Wilson was banging away on the drums and his handler whispered into his ear: “Tell them you live with 17 girls,” the Beach Boy grinned, “I’m gonna tell them they’re *space* ladies.” Nice improv, Dennis.

“And they’d make a great group. I’m thinking of launching them as the Family Gems. [The way I met them was] strange ... I went up into the mountains with my houseboy to take an LSD trip. We met two girls hitchhiking. One of them was pregnant. We gave them a lift, and a purse was left in the car. About a month later, near Malibu, I saw the pregnant girl again, only this time she’d had her baby. I was overjoyed for her and it was through her that I met all the girls.”

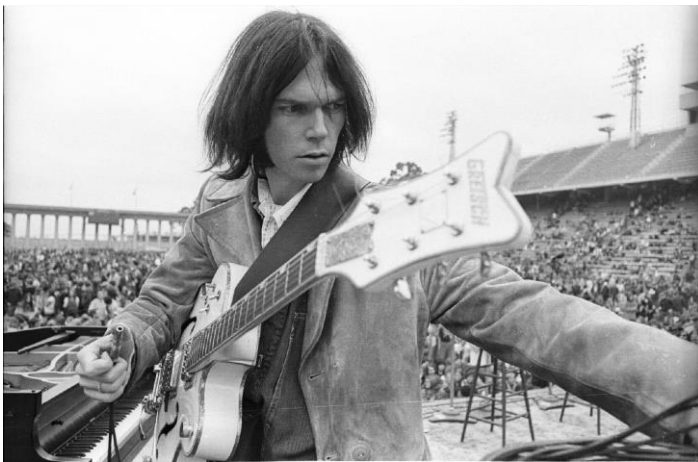
You will recall this is the same episode which I have already outlined. Patricia Krenwinkel and Ella Jo Bailey. Were these two girls one of Colonel Louis West’s hippie actors? Perhaps we shall never know.

“I told them about our involvement with the Maharishi and they told me they too had a guru, a guy named Charlie who’d recently come out of jail after 12 years.”

Look at Dennis go, dropping numbers. The guy’s a walking calculator. He’s referring to Terminal Island Prison, but also **Vacaville** State Prison. Why is Vacaville a red flag? Because it has a *fake* wing for *fake* prisoners. Are there *real* prisoners at Vacaville? Obviously. But not in the *fake* wing. This is the same prison which later held **Donald DeFreeze**, the *fake* actor responsible for kidnapping **Patty Hearst**. He was initially recruited through the Black Cultural Association, an educational program started by a CIA operative who played the part of a U.C. Berkeley professor, **Colston Westbrook**. Mansonite **Bobby Beausoleil** is currently serving a life sentence at Vacaville, probably in the *fake* wing. **Timothy Leary** spent time there too. *Sure*.

“His mother was a hooker, his father was a gangster, he’d drifted into crime, but when I met him, I found he had great musical ideas. We’re writing together now. He’s dumb, in some ways, but I accept his approach and have learnt from him.”

Already, Wilson is building the foundation with Manson’s backstory. His mother was a hooker and his father was a gangster when in fact neither of them probably even existed as advertised. Manson was most likely pimped out by Daddy Intel from the very beginning. *Also*, they’re “writing together now” and “he’s dumb.” It is interesting to note that the original working title of The Beach Boys abandoned *Smile* album (the sequel to *Pet Sounds*), was *Dumb Angel*. The title was said to have been an expression of Brian Wilson’s insight into the character of his brother Dennis. The complete mental breakdown which accompanied Brian Wilson during the making of that album has all the markings of MK-Ultra. But more on that in a moment, because at present, it’s all there in Wilson’s quip—the *very* frustration which will crawl under Manson’s skin and eventually explode with the Roman Polanski house.



Those intimately aware of the Manson mythology will immediately identify this period as the time when Manson was angling for a record contract. As previously mentioned, it was Dennis Wilson, along with chauffeur Phil Kaufman, who introduced him to friends and industry executives. Considering Kaufman’s short-lived employment with Jagger, had the *Rolling Stones* been considered for a part in the drama? I wouldn’t

doubt it. As we have already seen, **Mama Cass** hung out with Manson at her house and at various parties. **Neil Young** justified Manson's presence in the *spook* circle by claiming he was an "improvisational genius." Young has stated:

"I asked him [Manson] if he had a recording contract. He told me he didn't yet, but he wanted to make records. I told Mo Ostin at Reprise about him, and recommended that Reprise check him out. Shortly afterward, the Sharon Tate-La Bianca murders happened, and Charlie Manson's name was known around the world."

Every bit of *this*, including Wilson's own speech, comes across like the impromptu murmurings of crisis actors. You can see Wilson clearly ramping Charlie up. Why would the media care about some guy living in the desert with space girls when the readers would prefer hearing about Dennis Wilson? Perhaps for the same reason that **talent scout Gregg Jakobson**, Dennis Wilson's longtime writing partner (they composed *Forever* together), wanted to feature Manson and his Family **in a documentary**. There it is again, the film project. Because a five foot two-inch-tall Charlie was *that* charismatic. Women couldn't resist him. Actors and actresses everywhere loved the guy while he was downright rejected by industry executives. *Right*. If only music executives had cast him into the role as the member of a boy band.

The Manson family was later discovered possessing a truck loaded with film equipment, courtesy of NBC. We are often told that Manson and his space girls stole the truck, but that is just another ridiculous plot hole in the script. What Intel is ultimately telling you, knowing that most will refuse to believe it, is that Manson's fake documentary *was* filmed. And the Beach Boys were in on it.

Boom boom-boom pow!

SUPPOSING you are like me then you too have speculated about *who* Beach Boys **Brian Wilson**'s handler might have been. Some are claiming **Phil Spector**, but that seems unlikely. If my Manson hoax paper certifies anything, it's that spooks all swim in the same circle. And so, consider this. Wilson first heard "*Be My Baby*," what many consider to be the epitome of Spector's Wall of Sound, while driving in 1963. The story relates that Wilson became so enraptured by the song, he had to pull over to the side of the road in order to carefully analyze its chorus.



For the remainder of the decade, copies of the record could be found in *every* room of his house. Wilson instructed a loop tape be made consisting only of the song's chorus. He'd listen to it for several hours at a time, repeatedly, until he fell into a trance. His daughter Carnie Wilson stated that during her

childhood: "I woke up every morning to *boom boom-boom pow! Boom boom-boom pow!* Every day." According to Mike Love, Wilson compared the song to **Albert Einstein**'s theory of relativity. *Oh dear*. For much of The Sixties, Wilson used the same Hollywood studios, session musicians, and engineers as Spector. And in December 1964, after experiencing a nervous breakdown, what lesson did Wilson learn but to "take the things I learned from Phil Spector and use more instruments whenever I could." Before the decade came to a close, Wilson became convinced that Spector had bugged his home and recording studio. *Classic* Monarch Butterfly paranoia.

There is *also* **Terry Melcher** to consider. FYI, Melcher is the son of singer-actress **Doris Day**. After Brian Wilson succumbed to his nervous breakdown, probably due to MK-Ultra cross-wiring, **Bruce Johnston** took over his singing gig on the road while Wilson stayed behind in the studio. Melcher and Johnston had formerly performed in the surf-rock

duo *Bruce & Terry*. So, you can see Melcher's influential sway on the group. Here's where the story gets particularly interesting—as if it's not already. In 1968, soon after picking up a couple of bombshell hippie hitchhikers, Dennis Wilson introduced Terry Melcher to Charlie Manson. But that's not the interesting part.

Manson met Melcher at 10050 Cielo Drive, the home which he shared with his girlfriend, **Candice Bergen** of *Murphy Brown* fame. In the matter of months, Melcher and Bergen moved out. Roman Polanski and Sharon Tate moved in. You know the rest. *PIG* was written in blood upon the Dutch door.

Do you know who else was introduced at the 10050 Cielo Drive house? If *not*, then that's okay. It's why you're probably here. I'll tell you. Brian Wilson *and* **Van Dyke Parks**. The duo paired together to write the ill-fated *Smile* album which, once again, led to Wilson's complete mental breakdown. Parks is easily identified as another *spook*, perhaps even one of Wilson's rotating handlers.

Fun fact. Van Dyke Parks dropped by for a visit at the 10050 Cielo Drive house on the *very* day of the murders. Coincidence? In Hebrew, there is no such word.





The First Hippie Shall Be the Last: Charlie Manson, *Meet* Vito & the Freaks

I was snooping around *Wikipedia* the other day and was completely disappointed to find that it has very little to say on Vito and the Freaks. *Sure*, **Vito Paulekas** has a Wiki article, but it's only three paragraphs long. Elsewhere, he's practically non-existent on the web. Photos are lacking. Did this guy hate having his picture taken or something? Judging by this one provided picture alone, the old man is throwing his allegiances up like it's 1965 all over again, and for all I know, he may be dancing his way through the set of *Grease 2*. We're *told* he was visiting Los Angeles. And anyways, it seems to me like he's the type of individual who'd photo-bomb every camera within a ten-mile range. He died in 1992—aged 79. Did the CIA raid his scrapbook before a former Freak had the chance to Xerox them at Kinkos? He was probably tap dancing his way to prima donna stardom in every single photo ever taken of him.

If you ask me, Vito was scrubbed. His absence is particularly striking when we pause to consider the fact that Vito Paulekas is, by all accounts, the very *first* hippie. At least, historian **Barry Miles** seems to think so. According to his celebrated biography *Hippie*, “The first hippies in Hollywood, perhaps the first hippies anywhere, were Vito, his wife Szou, Captain Fuck and their group of about thirty-five dancers. Calling themselves Freaks, they lived a semi-communal life and engaged in sex orgies and free-form dancing whenever they could.” Miles pretty much sums it up right there. But before this is over, I hope to elaborate, because—as you’re hopefully already suspecting—there’s more to Vito and the Freaks than meets the eye.

You’d think this guy would be a big deal. Why hasn’t Oliver Stone made a movie about him yet? He even snubbed him in his Val Kilmer movie. A part like this practically cries out for Joaquin Phoenix. Martin Scorsese could have had Robert DeNiro play Vito, with Joe Pesci filling in for Captain Fuck. I’m not a casting director. You tell me. Point is, **Abbie Hoffman** landed a cameo in *Forrest Gump*. Why couldn’t Forrest run his way into a tie-dye cesspool of dance-floor Freaks? He can’t seem to land in *any* Intel movie.

He’s even snubbed by practically everyone in the music industry. **David Crosby** never thought to bring him up in his autobiography. I know you may be thinking. Crosby is perfectly free to ignore anyone he wants in the retelling of his own life, even *if* the very first hippie is no small deal. But we can do better than that. **Alban “Snoopy” Pfisterer**, former drummer and keyboardist for the band *Love*, claimed Vito actually got *The Byrds* together. While I have yet to write on *The Byrds* suspicious beginnings, you will have to be content knowing their repertoire is similar to *The Doors*. Meanwhile, let that fun fact sink in. The very first hippie formed *The Byrds*. And anyways, “they did a lot of rehearsing at his pad.” *Love* did too, by the way. Even Wikipedia admits that Vito and his Freaks accompanied *The Byrds* on their very first tour. Where’s the photographs?

Okay, let's stop and gather what we've so far learned. Vito Paulekas was the very first hippie. *Check*. And *The Byrds* don't care to let in you on Paulekas' part in forming their band, or the fact that he accompanied them on their very first tour with his psychedelic troupe. *Check. Check.*

The next thing you should know is that Vito was *probably* funded by the 'Rockefeller's.' I say *probably*, but that's only because I'm hoping to keep a level of liability. When the *official* narrative speaks of philanthropists, what they're really

saying is spooks are pushing around envelopes and briefcases and winning over the public while doing it. Anyhow, if we're being totally forthright, Vito was technically related to them. It was *researcher* **David McGowan** who broke the story. The short of it is this. Vito Paulekas was first cousin of a certain **Eva Paul**. Eva actually went by many names, but she was most famously known as **Bobo Rockefeller**. The press hailed her union with **Winthrop Rockefeller** a "Cinderella wedding." Winthrop's father was **John Rockefeller**. Eva Paul's father just so happened to be the brother of Vito Paulekas' father. That makes Vito a cousin-in-law to Winthrop Rockefeller and a blood-cousin of the couple's only child, **Winthrop Paul Rockefeller**, who would later serve as the lieutenant governor of the state of Arkansas.



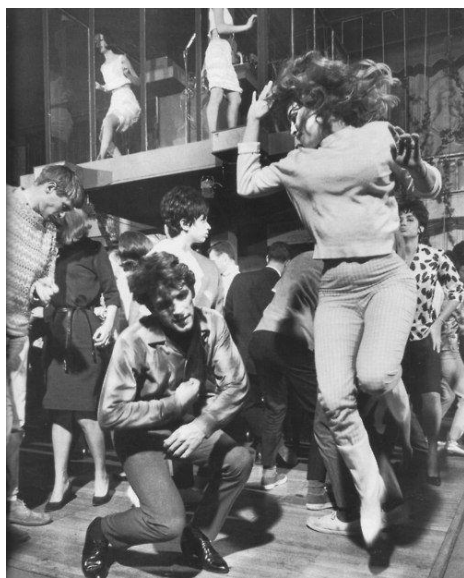
Already we're circling the drain of the Mk-Ultra program. *What*—don't believe me? The Rockefeller's would never pimp out their own family to zombie handlers, you say? Vito was born Vitautus Alphonso Paulekas, the son of a Lithuanian sausage-maker on May 20, 1913. By all accounts, the Paulekas family were hicks—*royally* speaking. The February 23, 1948 edition of **Time** Magazine reported that Bobo's mother and stepfather



File

(NY28) NEW YORK, June 30—MRS. LEAVING PENTHOUSE, SAYS MCGOWAN—Mrs. Hilda (Bobo) Rockefeller smiles as she sits in auto before leaving Park Avenue penthouse apartment here today to see her lawyer. She said she had her four-year-old son, Nicholas Jr., "well continue to reside indefinitely" in her estranged husband's apartment. She also announced she has retained Louis Wiper of the firm of Phillips, Rice, Benjamin and Wain as her counsel. (AP Wirephoto) (See wire story) (CB31720p1) '53

“were unable to attend the ceremony because they were making a batch of Lithuanian cheese on their Indiana farm.” *Mm-hmm*. Here McGowan adds: “Truth be told, the Paulekas clan has a somewhat different explanation: they were deliberately excluded from the ceremony as it was felt they were a bit too uncultured to break bread with the likes of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor and the Marquess of Blandford.”



Wikipedia completely overlooks these little details. However, here's what we *can* ascertain. Vito started his adult career as a marathon dancer in Depression-era America. You know how *Forrest Gump* could run his way in and out of a movie? Vito Paulekas dancing his way across the fabric of a shifting American counterculture was cut short by an armed robbery conviction in 1938. Some four years later, The War gave him a chance at redemption. He was enlisted directly from prison into the Merchant Marines, a branch of the Navy during wartime. For the most part, Wiki gives these sparing

details. I've added the Navy footnote because, like **Jim Morrison** and so many other pimped out rock stars, most are the sons of Naval Intelligence officers.

Here is another detail in which The Wikipedia completely overlooks. His botched attempt at holding up a movie theater landed him a twenty-five-year sentence. Guys who deal in twenty-five-year sentences tend to not do so well after their release. Just saying. As early as August of 1949, *The Los Angeles Times* was reporting on his sculpting art exhibit at the Biltmore Hotel. The paper lent him credibility again in May of 1956, with yet another announcement in February of 1958, alerting readers to his sculptor gallery on La Cienega Boulevard, with yet another gallery on Beverly Boulevard being reported upon in May of 1959. See what I mean? Vito got by—it seems. With the help of the Rockefellers? No doubt. For an added packet of Mustard sauce, Vito's students included such Hollywood luminaries as **Jonathan Winters**, **Mickey Rooney** and **Steve Allen**.

Vito Paulekas was forty-eight when, on July 7, 1961, he married eighteen-year-old Szou, whose real name was **Susan Cynthia Shaffe**. And wouldn't you know, Szou launched the very first hippie fashion boutique. By 1963, **Carl Franzoni**, aka "Captain Fuck," had joined their bludgeoning troupe of self-declared Freaks. All they needed now was the right venue.



As The Sixties dawned upon America, there were no clubs on Sunset Boulevard. The legendary *Ciro's* nightclub had closed its doors by 1957. But all of that was about to change with a vice cop from Chicago. In January 1964, **Elmer Valentine** opened the doors to the now world-

famous *Whiskey-a-Go-Go*. The importance of the Whiskey in the social engineering of America cannot be understated. During its first decade, Valentine's club would help to launch such acts as *The Byrds*, *The Doors*, *The Kinks*, *The Who*, and *Buffalo Springfield*. Even in the 1980s, the Whisky was a recognized stepping stone for *Guns N' Roses* and *Mötley Crüe*. By the spring of 1965, Valentine opened his second club, the Trip. But he wasn't the only one adding new paint and plaster to the Sunset Strip.

As if on cue, the legendary *Ciro's* nightclub was decidedly raised from the dead. It was originally opened in 1940 by **Billy Wilkerson**, an associate of **Bugsy Siegel**. Bugsy was one of the most notorious criminals of his day, wildly influential within the **Jooish** mob, and a driving force behind the development of the Las Vegas strip, eventually wresting ownership of *The Flamingo* away from Wilkerson. Anyways, *Ciro's* was a witch's brew for Hollywood celebrities and recognized crime figures alike. Wiki assembles the following list, and it doesn't disappoint. It's like a who's-who of fallen angels and spooks.

“Among the galaxy of celebrities who frequented *Ciro's* were Marilyn Monroe, Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall, Frank Sinatra, James Dean, Ava Gardner, Sidney Poitier, Anita Ekberg, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, Joan Crawford, Betty Grable, Marlene Dietrich, Ginger Rogers, Ronald Reagan, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Mickey Rooney, Cary Grant, George Raft, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Judy Garland, June Allyson and Dick Powell, Mamie Van Doren, Jimmy Stewart, Jack Benny, Peter Lawford, and Lana Turner (who often said *Ciro's* was her favorite nightspot) among many others. During his first visit to Hollywood in the late 1940s, future President John F. Kennedy dined at *Ciro's*.”

Wikipedia makes no mention of recognized crime figures mingling among its sidewalk stars. *Oh well*. At any rate, “as if by magic, new clubs began to spring up along the legendary Sunset Strip,” David McGowan writes. And it all happened in 1964. The paint barely had time to dry before new bands, complete with their organizers, rehearsal space providers, and first groupies showed up on the Strip. Among them, Vito and the Freaks were household names. Paulekas played a crucial part in the success of *The*

Byrds. And *Love*. And *The Doors*. Even *The Mothers of Invention's* debut studio album (released in June 1966) was called *Freak Out!* Starting to get the picture? I am. I hope you are too.

In his biography of Frank Zappa, Barry Miles noted: “*The Byrds* were closely associated with Vito and the Freaks: Vito Paulekas, his wife Szou



Vito and the Freaks

and Carl Franzoni, the leaders of a group of about thirty-five dancers whose antics enlivened the *Byrds* early gigs.” In *Waiting for the Sun*, **Barney Hoskyns** confirmed that the early success of *The Byrds* and other bands was due to “the roving troupe of self-styled freaks led by ancient beatnik Vito Paulekas and his trusty, lusty side kick Carl Franzoni.” I would be

negligent to overlook the fact that *The Doors* and *The Byrds* were terrible live performers, on stage or in the studio. Regardless, they were handed record deals and praiseworthy reviews from national syndicates. And in the meantime, people showed up to the Strip, not to hear the terrible *out of key*, *out of tune* music, but to watch the Freaks in action. If they were lucky (though probably not *that* lucky) Paulekas’ female dancers, often under-aged, might enter the club with a top from Szou’s fashion boutique—and leave without it.

Recruits for Vito’s dance troupe were easy to come by. Among many other *firsts*, according to Miles, Vito operated “the first crash pad in LA, an open house to countless runaways where everyone was welcome for a night, particularly young women.” Author **Pamela Des Barres**, a former groupie, described the sort of scene which would go down in the Paulekas’ basement studio at 303 Laurel Avenue. In one instance, “two tenderly young girls were tonguing each other... everyone was silently observing the scene as if it were part of their necessary training by the headmaster, Vito.” One of the girls was only twelve. Does the scene sound familiar? If you’re already drawing parallels with the **Manson** family, then you’re onto something. Keep on reading. Rock producer **Lou Adler** has stated,

“Vito would come in every night with an entourage—mostly four or five really great-looking girls. It’s a weird parallel, but it was like a nonviolent Manson situation, a little cult.” Remember the *Manson* quip.

The beginning of Vito and Szou’s troubles began as early as 1966 when, on the 23rd of December, three-year old **Godo** fell through a trapdoor on the roof of their building. America had already met their child earlier that year in an issue of **LIFE** Magazine. *Wait*, what? Why is LIFE featuring Godo? *Oh*, that’s right, they’re gearing up for the Tate murders, but you’re not supposed to know about that. Godo died at precisely 7:30pm. That very night, Vito and Szou went out with their Freaks and partied. When asked by other club attendees where Godo was, Vito simply responded, “He died today.” Alban Pfisterer, a *Love* band-member, claimed they had given the child acid.



The tragedy becomes even stranger when reading an article from *San Francisco Weekly* which involves *Lucifer Rising* director **Kenneth Anger**. For the record, Anger was influenced by Intel-Wizard **Aleister Crowley**,

with the counter-cultural hippie movement being a stand-in for Lucifer. How *adorable*. The film would not be finished until 1972, and furthermore unreleased until 1980, with an even stranger running time of only 29 minutes. Wiki seems to admit that it was a weird project from the get-go, but once again, they keep *bush* on Paulekas' involvement. Here we read, Anger's "first candidate to play Lucifer, a five-year-old boy whose hippie parents had been fixtures on the Los Angeles counterculture scene, fell through a skylight to his death. By 1967, Anger had relocated to San Francisco and was searching for a new Lucifer." *San Francisco Weekly* manages to get the child's age wrong, but Vito, Szou, and Godo's identities are otherwise unmistakable. Godo was intended to play Lucifer.

Michael Walker, author of *Laurel Canyon*, reports on another unpleasant note. Little Godo would be brought out naked, passed around in a circle, and *embraced* with their mouths, so as to encourage his sensuality. By the way, Anger found his new Lucifer in the person of Masonite **Bobby Beausoleil**. Beausoleil was given a death sentence for the murder of **Gary Hinman** on July 27, 1969. That ruling was later commuted to a life sentence, but only because the State of California issued a ruling that invalidated all executions. There's good reason for that, which I will eventually get around to addressing. It all comes down to *timing*. What is presently important here is mainly two things. *One*, the Manson family's odd connection with Paulekas' family, and *two*, Beausoleil's own confession that Anger made films for private collectors. Godo was pimped out for a snuff film.

Entry	Reduction
Washington DC	56
Society of Jesus	56
Church of Satan	56

Entry	Reverse Reduction
Fireworks	56
Filmmaker	56

[6/5/2023 **EDIT**: Kenneth Anger's Wiki page *says* he died on 5/11/2023, which is only slightly odd since we did not hear of his death until 5/24, totaling 13 days between then and the Media announcement. Why wait? Probably because 13 speaks for itself in many ways. I might as well mention that his first popular film was called **Fireworks**, which *equals* 56

in Gematria. 56 just so happens to be one of those numbers because look at what else it equals. **Washington DC**, **Society of Jesus**, and **Church of Satan**. Coincidentally, it also equals **filmmaker**. This announcement on **5/24/2023** leaves **221** days left in the year. **221 equals The Bavarian Illuminati**.



An interesting thing happened to Kenneth (*aka* Kenneth Wilbur Anglemyer) in high school. Soon after the Anglemyer's moved to Hollywood in 1944, Kenneth began attending Beverly Hills High School. It was there that he met and became acquainted with **Maxine Peterson**, who had once been the stand-in for **Shirley Temple**, though her part in his occult films is not what nabs my curiosity. It was his connection with mystery man **Curtis Harrington**, whom many consider to be one of the forerunners of New

Queer Cinema, which is nabs my attention. Harrington also introduced Anger to the works of Agent **Aleister Crowley**. But then the two of them formed Creative Film Associates (CFA) together with the purpose of pushing homo-erotica. Was Curtis Harrington his recruiter?

Fireworks is Anger's earliest surviving work, by way. It was released in **1947**, at the dawn of the McCarthy era. For better context, beat spook Allen Ginsberg would not write and release his homoerotic slop Howl until **1956**, reminding us just how ahead of the game Anger and Harrington were. The film was made in the living room of his parents Beverly Hills home, involves a young man (played by Anger) wet-dreaming a sequence in which he is gang-raped by sailors after he attempts to pick one up. Anger was famously arrested on obscenity charges following its release. By no coincidence, the case went to the California Supreme Court, which declared the film to be a work of art. But then something far more interesting than his Harrington connection occurred at the screening of the film.

How did public screenings go? "Well, it was shown to an elite audience," Anger says. "Among the people who came was James Whale, the British director of *Frankenstein*, and I became friends with him. Dr Alfred Kinsey, the sex researcher, also came. I became friends with him, too." Did his parents see it? "Um, no. My grandmother saw it. She was like my sponsor: she bought my camera for me. She said it's terrific. She was a painter." Did he know what he was trying to do with films? "Well, I knew all about French avant garde, so I was the American avant garde."

According to Anger, his first *official* meeting with Dr. Alfred Kinsey occurred at the screening of *Fireworks*. James Whale, the director of *Frankenstein*, *The Invisible Man*, and *Bride of Frankenstein*, was also there, but Kinsey the quote-unquote "Sex Researcher"? *Oh gee*. I knew Kenneth Anger was shady as hell but come on. Anger claims they became friends though that is only a partial truth. In reality, they became great friends. Do you have any clue who Dr. Alfred Kinsey "the sex researcher" is? Let me tell you.



Kinsey was a social reformer, to put it mildly, who first and foremost wanted to rid the west of Judeo-Christian morality. To do so, he went below the belt, *literally*, claiming that children are sexual creatures from the

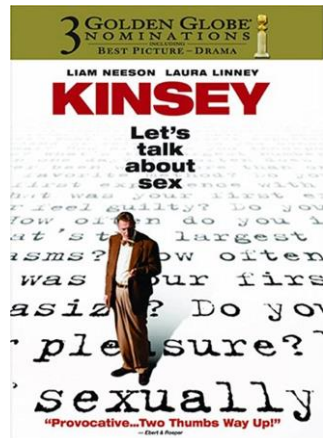
moment of their birth. Rather than settling for your run of the mill nihilism, Kinsey advertised an existence whereas it is only through perverse sexual experimentation that we might find our true happiness. To say that agent Kinsey gave way for The Sixties is child's play—pun not intended.

AGE	NO. OF ORGASMS	TIME INVOLVED	AGE	NO. OF ORGASMS	TIME INVOLVED
5 mon.	3	?	11 yr.	11	1 hr.
11 mon.	10	1 hr.	11 yr.	19	1 hr.
11 mon.	14	38 min.	12 yr.	7	3 hr.
2 yr.	{ 7	9 min.	12 yr.	{ 3	3 min.
		11			65 min.
2½ yr.	4	2 min.	12 yr.	12	2 hr.
4 yr.	6	5 min.	12 yr.	15	1 hr.
4 yr.	17	10 hr.	13 yr.	7	24 min.
4 yr.	26	24 hr.	13 yr.	8	2½ hr.
7 yr.	7	3 hr.	13 yr.	9	8 hr.
8 yr.	8	2 hr.	13 yr.	{ 3	70 sec.
9 yr.	7	68 min.			11
10 yr.	9	52 min.	14 yr.	{ 26	24 hr.
10 yr.	14	24 hr.			11

Table 34. Examples of multiple orgasm in pre-adolescent males
Some instances of higher frequencies.

Kinsey worked with convicted child sex offenders to form his data, performing sex acts on children of all ages, even those under the age of one. Contained within his book, 'Sexual Behavior in the Human Male,' is an infamous chart known as Table 34, which includes examples of multiple orgasms in pre-adolescent males, some listed as 5 and 11 months old.

As if Kinsey's address in the neighborhood of spookery isn't evident enough already, **Hollywood** made a movie about him. Gotta keep their research projects fresh in the public mind. It won 3 Golden Globes nominations, including best picture. You have to wonder if any children were sexually molested during



the making of the move. Ebert and Roper gave it two thumbs up. *Sick*.

In turn, Kinsey's research paved the way for **John Money**, the father of the gender fluidity movement, where we happen to find ourselves today. Are you starting to make the baby **Godo** Paulekas connection? So far, I have connected Vito *with* Kenneth Anger, Kinsey and a Mansonite. Spooks all swim in the same circle.]



She and David Paulekas in 'The Psychoides' at Studio in Hollywood, 1967. Photo by Ken Patterson Copyright ©1987 all rights reserved. Photo used by permission Studio 545 Archives™ and the Paulekas Family Trust.

Paulekas and his Freaks disbanded late in 1968. They had already abandoned their Log Cabin commune by May of that year. Carl Franzoni fled for other legal troubles, reportedly resurfacing in Canada. By the time Charlie Manson came calling in December, Vito and Szou had already slipped from their studio and arrived in Haiti. *Mm-hmm*, Manson came by for a visit. And isn't that strange? There is, I believe, an underpinning message to that little nugget of information, and it is *this*. Intel is letting us know that Manson replaced Paulekas.

Official history informs us of the two embodiments of Lucifer, the *first* hippie and the *last*. And yet they never met. What remained of Vito's Freak-flock, we are further told, was consolidated by Manson. Did you ever hear how **Eric Stoltz** was fired from *Back to the Future*, mid-production, and replaced by **Michael J. Fox**? Occasionally movie productions change lead actors, and Manson is one of those occasions. And so, I leave the life of Vito Paulekas here. I guess it's one thing for Manson to *end* our romance with Woodstock and the Summer of Love, as intended, but it's quite another for Vito to play the part of the other book end. Perhaps because, if the truth is known, that one actor swapped out the part of another, the myth of the hippie threatens to topple down with him.

Between Paulekas and Manson, author David McGowan offers the following similarities.

Paulekas and Manson were gifted artists.

Paulekas and Manson were gurus.

Paulekas and Manson surrounded themselves with young, often underaged, women.

Paulekas and Manson were considerably older than their followers.

When Paulekas or Manson addressed their family, both were listened to as if God were speaking.

Carl Franzoni and Charlie Manson wore black capes.

Franzoni declared himself “Captain Fuck,” Manson “the God of Fuck.”

Paulekas and Manson’s libido were unquenchable.

Paulekas and Manson adopted nicknames for their families as part of the depersonalization process.

Paulekas and Manson’s family included a Beverly Hills hairstylist, Sheldon Jaman and Charles Watson.

Child and infant sexuality were a crucial identity marker to both families.

Paulekas and Manson staged live sex shows involving underaged participants.

Paulekas and Manson largely abstained from drugs so as to control their drugged-up their families.

I’ll therefore part with an unproven theory, and it is *this*. Vito and Charlie had consulting handlers. [*Cough*. Paul Tate. *Cough*.] I say *unprovable*, but as you know, that’s only for the purposes of liability. Our Slave Masters may keep feeding us the same tired dribble, that Manson was an independent agent of his own design, but I’m not buying. He *was* Mk-Ultra, a product of the CIA. But even the Mk-Ultra, as it’s sold to us, is a myth.

Before venturing onward, let’s stop and gather what we’ve so far learned. Vito Paulekas was the very first hippie. *Check*. He institutionalized hippie dance moves and hippie fashion. *Check*. He practically defined the eras sexual liberation. *Check*. He probably formed *The Byrds*, organized rehearsal spaces for various bands, including *Love*, and was brought in by

Sunset Strip nightclub owners to organize the success of baby-boomer rock bands. *Check*. He knew how to dance his way into a photo. He was related to the Rockefeller's. His child was pimped out for a snuff film and advertised as the embodiment of Lucifer. He's the prototype of Charlie Manson in almost every possible way. And much of his life is probably scrubbed. *Check, check, check, check, and check.*



I can't help but wonder if Paulekas failed the ultimate intended purpose of his mission or his programming or whatever. Raise the hippie banner, sell hope and the *illusion* of choice, and then bring a swift and violent end to it. Is it any coincidence that Vito Paulekas fled the scene just about when Manson arrived? Nope. And just *think*, when it came to the home of actress **Sharon Tate** and movie director **Roman Polanski**, it might have been Captain Fuck who arrived with the girls on that warm August night.



50 Years Later, the Truth About Woodstock Is *Still* Being Hidden

THE BRILLIANCE of PBS is its constant reminder that *the arts* need our financial support in order to survive. This is no doubt intended to gain our sympathies and draw us into the illusion of free agency when in fact *everything* is scripted. On May 1, 1969, **Fred Rogers** put on a splendid performance while testifying before the Senate Committee to defend \$20 million in federal funding, which **Nixon** was prepared to cut. I learned that from PBS too. And I have to *sigh* at my own compliance. Not so long ago, my Slave Masters would hand me a box of tissue and tell me to cry, to which I would dutifully answer: If you'd prefer, I can sob. *Bravo*, Big Brother. *Bravo*. How many people know that the Corporation for Public Broadcasting is governed by a nine-member board of directors, all of whom are personally selected by the President of the United States and confirmed by the Senate? Some people will protest that PBS is

commercial-free propaganda, funded by *the people*, to which I will respond: So is the CIA.

I was watching the PBS *Woodstock* documentary a couple of nights ago, which was released as part of the music Expositions 50th anniversary, and I thought to myself: 50,000 advanced tickets were sold and 450,000 kids showed up? Nothing like this *just* happens. That's not how the world works. They may want you to think that's the way the world works, but it's only to hide the *intended* alchemy. There's a *sleight of hand* behind all of this, I thought to myself. And I'm going to find it.



Woodstock's Bensonhurst Boys

I NEEDED to start somewhere. Woodstock's visionary co-founder, **Michael Lang**, seemed as good a place as any. Nothing really jumped up and bit me on his Wiki page except for one passing phrase. "Lang was born in **Brooklyn** to a **Jewish** family." *Brooklyn. Jooish*. Got it. I then moved on to Woodstock's second co-founder, **Artie Kornfeld**. And there

Michael Lang

it was again. *Jewish*. “Kornfeld was born into a **Jewish** lower-middle-class family in **Brooklyn**.” Only this time Wiki highlighted, “*lower-middle-class*.” Why would they stress his meager Jewish family income? I took another mental note of that and then moved onto its two financiers. **Joel Rosenman** and **John P. Roberts**.

Under ‘Childhood and education,’ The Wikipedia said of Joel Rosenman: “He is **Jewish**.” And I was like, *Wait*, what...? The PBS documentary never thought to bring it up, but for whatever reason, Wiki found it important. I started to get the feeling that this is how Wikipedia passes notes during class. It’s almost like The Wikipedia is telling you, “They’re Jewish. *Wink-wink*.”

The only person who wasn’t mentioned as Jewish was John P. Roberts. [EDIT: Never mind. **Joo**.] Roberts had a multi-million-dollar trust as an heir to the Polident/Poli-Grip *denture adhesive* fortune. His New Jersey based Block Drug Company was started by **Russian Jewish** immigrants.

They’re all Jews. Woodstock was *created* by Jews.

I know what you’re probably thinking. It’s all a coincidence. Woodstock is *not* a Jewish affair. There couldn’t possibly be any more Jewishness involved, and also, *so what* if there was? I thought the very thing. It had to be some sort of bizarre, completely incidental collaboration. *Wink-wink*. Knowing that Woodstock involved a farm in Bethel, New York, I thought I should probably check out the farmer. His name was **Max Yasgur**.

Hub. Sounds kind of *Jooish*, doesn’t he?

The short of his biography reads like *this*. Yasgur was born in New York City to **Russian Jewish** immigrants **Samuel** and **Bella Yasgur**. At the time, he was the largest milk producer in Sullivan County, New York. His farm had something like 650 cows. We are



told he was a Republican who supported the Vietnam War and *also* the free-expression of hippies, but mostly that he was *Jooish*.

Maybe this was all just a *series* of freak coincidences. After all, the Bethel location had only been chosen *after* the town of Wallkill withdrew permission for Lang and Kornfeld to throw their festival there. There was a man named **Elliot Tiber** who offered nearby land, but Lang wasn't inspired by it. I looked Tiber up anyways. He was not only **Jewish**, but a Bensonhurst boy. If there were other people who offered Lang and Kornfeld land, we are not told. It appears as though history simply wants certain people to know that Jews, *wink-wink*, were involved, and that Gentiles wanted no part in it. It was only after I learned that their real estate agent went by the name of **Morris Abraham** that I knew something much larger was going on.



You'll “*have the time of your life*” in the Jewish Alps

I THEN DECIDED that scouting out a larger swath of geography might be productive. You know, start peering into trees. Turn each rock over in my hand. Get a better lay of the land. I knew **Bob Dylan**, *aka* **Robert**

Allen Zimmerman, had famously resided in Woodstock during the mid-Sixties, and he was a **Joo**. It only took a few minutes, punching a keyword or two into The Matrix, to discover that the Catskills were run by **Ashkenazi Jews**. Entire generations of Ashkenazi Jewish immigrants, most of whom had settled into New York City or Brooklyn, vacationed there each summer. If you tell me I'm reading too much into a vacation destination, then know *this*. They referred to it as the **Jewish Alps**.

It's otherwise known as the **Borscht Belt**. The word *Borscht* is Ukrainian in origin and refers to an ethnic soup. I immediately recalled the movie *Dirty Dancing*, which was about a **Jewish** family visiting the Catskills for the summer. *Dirty Dancing* was written by **Eleanor Bergstein**, a **Jew** from Brooklyn. Its producer, **Linda Gottlieb**, was **Jewish**. And though **Patrick Swayze** is repeatedly claimed by the Jewish community to not be Jewish, co-star **Jennifer Gray** was indeed one of **their own**. And anyways, Swayze is an honorary Jew or whatever. Further reading informed me that the Ashkenazi Jews were really into comedy, so I started looking up comedians who got their start in the Catskills and then bookmarked each of their following Wiki pages. *Wink-wink*. Over and over again, The Wikipedia just slaps you in the face with it.

Joan Rivers was born in Brooklyn from Russian immigrants, *Jewish*. **Don Rickles** was *Jewish*, born in Queens. **Carl Reiner** was the son of Austrian-Romanian immigrants, *Jewish*. **Rodney Danger** was the son of Austrian-Hungarian immigrants, *Jewish*. **Danny Kaye** was the son of Ukrainian immigrants, *Jewish*. **Red Buttons** was the son of immigrants, *Jewish*. **George Burns**, born Nathan Birnbaum, was the son of Polish immigrants, *Jewish*. **Mel Brooks** was the son of Polish and Ukrainian immigrants, *Jewish*. **Milton Berle**, *Jewish*. **Jerry Lewis**, *Jewish*. **Jackie Mason**, *Jewish*. **Bill Dana**, *Jewish*. **Allan Sherman**, *Jewish*. **Jack Benny**, *aka* Benjamin Kubelsky, *Jewish*. **Jerry Seinfeld**, *Jewish*. And the list goes on. I was incredibly curious as to why **Richard Pryor**'s name came up as a Catskills performer, and *here's* what I learned. His daughter **Rain Pryor** was raised by her **Jewish** grandparents after being born to a **Jewish** go-go dancer.

Apparently, the Yiddish speaking, Ashkenazi Jews from Brooklyn preferred comedy acts over musicians. But I was still able to pull the following names. **Mitch Miller**, *Jew*. **Steve Lawrence**, *Jew*. **Eydie**

Gorme, *Jew*. **Barbra Streisand**, *Jew*. And wouldn't you know, Catskills regular, part-time Satanist **Sammy Davis Jr.** became one.



Creating Woodstock

AFTER satisfactorily concluding that Woodstock's location was carefully selected in an area where Ashkenazi Jews launched the professional careers of countless other Ashkenazi Jews, I turned back to Lang and Kornfeld's small proximity of staff members to see if the theme might continue. It *did*. **Stan Goldstein** had already worked with Michael Lang at Miami Pop in 1968 and was hired again to run Woodstock's physical infrastructure. As his name suggests, Goldstein was a *Jew*. Goldstein brought in friend **Mel Lawrence** as Director of Operations. *Jew*. The stage at Woodstock was designed by **Steve Cohen**. Undeniable *Jew*. Also on the team was **Lee Mackler Blumer**. She was in charge of security and community relations. *Jew*. Even the Woodstock poster, which depicts a dove perched upon a guitar, was designed by artist **Arnold Skolnik**. *Mmm-hmm*, *Jew*.

The battle for history's most iconic concert gets even stranger. While reading through Wiki's stack of articles, I stumbled upon a certain **Bill**

Graham. Graham was a rock concert promoter and apparently furious to learn that Michael Lang was booking many of his own acts. Graham was a *Jew*. I did a little digging and learned that Lang coerced Graham to *Ratners*, a famous New York restaurant, to calm him down and settle their differences. *Ratners* was kosher.

Another prominent character in the Woodstock mythos is political activist **Abbie Hoffman**. You guessed it. *Jew*. The official narrative loves to remind us how Hoffman *alone* threatened to stir the Aquarian peace into something of a sabotaged event after learning that organizers were cashing in upon the counterculture. It's all hype. Hoffman is just another actor. Learning how Lang had offered Hoffman money in order to print flyers for the crowd, and *also* to appease Hoffman's self-destructive tendencies, was the final straw in my investigation. History may have pitted him against the CIA created *flower power* hippie, and even he



hints at the fact, but Abbie Hoffman was just another flavor from the same Kool-Aid dispenser. Official history wants us to believe Woodstock was the perfect storm of creative intuition stemming from various independent counter-cultural agencies, all holding hands in some sort of LSD ecstasy, but I'm no longer buying it. If Intel wasn't a part of the Woodstock narrative, then they wouldn't spend the next half-century pushing its propaganda in our faces. Woodstock was their baby.

Intel controls *everything*.

The *first* President of Rock

REVISITING MICHAEL Lang and Artie Kornfeld seemed like a good idea. Lang gave me little material to work with. And yet, so many red flags and other *wink-winks* dot the life of Artie Kornfeld, it's difficult to read him logically. Remember how The Wikipedia stressed Kornfeld was born into a Jewish lower-middle-class family in Brooklyn? They want you to *think* he's a self-made man, but that's not the case at all. Kornfeld attended American University in Washington D.C. to study "pre-law." American University is a career center for **CIA recruiting**.



According to his own auto-biography, *The Pied Piper of Woodstock*, one of his housemates was a guy named Skip. His full name was **Hubert Horatio Humphrey III**, but everyone just called him *Skip*. For the record, Skip was the son of **Hubert Humphrey**, the guy who would—in the matter of months—sit down in the vacated seat of United States Vice President after **Lyndon B. Johnson** filled in for an *assassinated* **John F. Kennedy**. If you read my last book, *The Hidden Hand of Camelot*, you know that's a hoax. **[POST EDIT:** In 1947, there was an assassination attempt on Hubert Humphrey.]

See, here's the thing about Skip. They try to make you *think* everything is either grassroots or organic. The very name Skip comes across like the free-ranging type, when in fact everything about the American experience is GMO. Skip went on to become the Attorney General of Minnesota. It was there in the cafeteria where Kornfeld claims to have met **Cass Elliott**, long before her claim to fame with *the Mamas and the Papas*, a group which literally screams *pimps* and *handlers* and *prostituted* mamas in the Mk-Ultra program. Apparently, Kornfeld and Elliott would sit around in the cafeteria for hours singing. Mamma Cass was a **Jew**.

From here on out, taking binoculars to Kornfeld's story is *shaky* at best. It appears as though he may have been an American University dropout, but if he was recruited into Intel, his exit from college is probably just a cover. *Wiki* simply informs us that American and its predecessor, Adelphi College, furthered his musical career. I find this claim odd *if* he was attending American for purposes of pursuing law.

I have otherwise learned little to nothing concerning his musical training except for singing sessions with **Cass Elliott** and the fact that his mother was a *Teeny Bopper* who was really into **Frank Sinatra** and big band music. We next find Kornfeld writing hit songs for *The Angels*. Their 1963 follow-up to *My Boyfriend's Back* was *I Adore Him*, an Artie Kornfeld original. Quite suddenly, Kornfeld can be spotted sliding up on the piano bench right next to **Brian Wilson** of *The Beach Boys*. Together they wrote the **Jan & Dean** classic, *Dead Man's Curve*. That doesn't just happen. Artie Kornfeld was an east-coast Bensonhurst boy. Brian Wilson was a west-coast Hawthorne hick and reportedly a musical genius on par with Mozart. There is absolutely nothing natural about this transition. Nothing at all. What credentials does Kornfeld have to show? *None*. But it gets worse. By the age of 21, while most of his University classmates were studying for their mid-terms, Artie Kornfeld became the **vice-president of Capital Records**.

Vice-president. Capital Records. Sunset Boulevard. Twenty-one. *Sorry*. In the real world, that doesn't just happen.

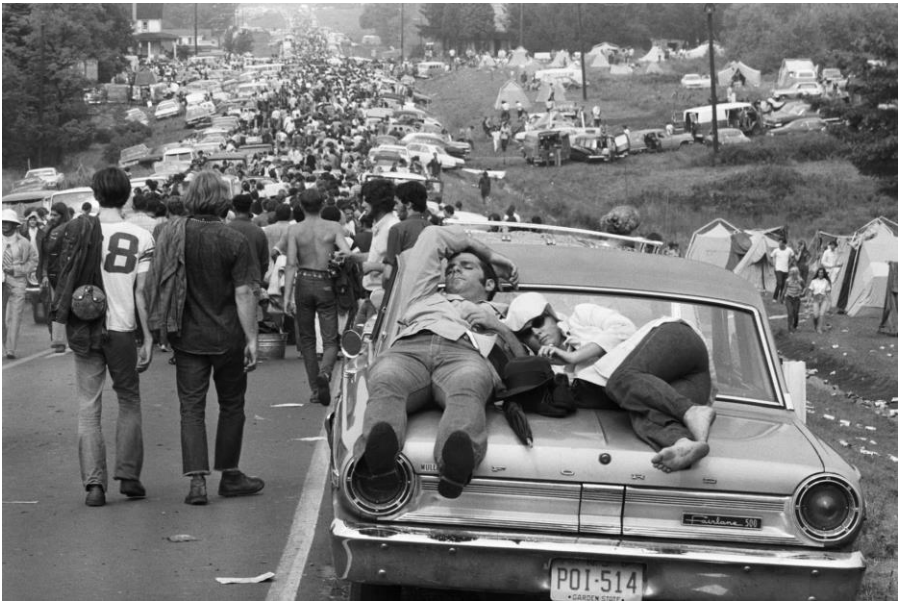
If he was twenty-one, that would make the year 1963. Or 1964 at the latest. That's the year when the Laurel Canyon band *The Byrds* were formed. 1964—that's the year when night clubs started cropping up on Sunset Boulevard and Vito and the Freaks were brought in to attract crowds. That's the year of the Gulf of Tonkin hoax, and when Admiral **George Stephen Morrison** pimped his son out on a Venice Beach apartment rooftop, which again, just so happened to be the **33** parallel. And think about *this*. If *Dead Man's Curve* wasn't released until November of 1963, then Kornfeld may have already climbed the ranks. Brian Wilson was controlled from the beginning. And here's another *fun* fact. As Capitol Record's vice-president, Artie Kornfeld was given the honorary title of rock music's *first President*.

tickets were sold and 450,000 kids showed up. That doesn't just happen. The CIA-owned media doesn't simply push Woodstock in our faces every five to ten years, and PBS doesn't make documentaries for the humanitarian purposes of education, because it just so happened to be the *perfect storm* among independent agents of counterculture ideology. Everything was planned. Intel pushed Woodstock into the collective consciousness from *day one*. The Exposition was a four-day event, and by its second day, Woodstock was already a household name. They've always played all sides and manipulated everyone. They recruited some for war and others to march to the beat of another drum.

Here's *another* interesting tidbit I learned along the way. Artie Kornfeld was known to introduce himself as “Avraham ben Yisroel Kornfeld—a **Kohain**.”

Kohain isn't just another *wink-wink*. It goes far beyond that. There probably isn't even a handshake equivalent. Understand what Kornfeld is actually saying here. The Kohains were the high priests in Judah before the destruction of Herod's Temple. So, *think* Caiaphas. *Think* Ananias. And if you're caught up on your Maccabees, then you should know that Edomites had bought the priesthood. The Kohains are not sons of Isaac but of Esau. Meanwhile, poster artist Arnold Skolnik advertised the event as an “*Aquarian Exposition*.” We already know what we're dealing with. Now put the two together. The descendant of a high priest from Herod's Temple was selected to create and oversee the Woodstock experience.

Fifty years later, we're still being processed.



A *Brief* History of the Ashkenazi Jews

I WILL most certainly be accused of being anti-Semite for daring to *name* names. I'm quite certain of it. Our Slave Masters have trained us to call anyone who looks into these things an anti-Semite. That's how they control the narrative. They expect us to see the *millions* of Jews marching into gas chambers that only ever existed as actual working showers while simultaneously turning a blind-eye to the number of Jews running the world today. It's a brilliant *sleight of hand*. I guarantee you somebody will not read this far and quickly succumb to another viewing of *Fiddler on the Roof*, hoping to scrub away the guilt of simply *knowing*. I get it. I know what we're dealing with here.

Somebody might as well be holding a gun to the heads of our contemporary historians. Nobody wants to be targeted as an anti-Semite. I'll have you know I am just as much an anti-gentile and anti-Cainite as anything else. So, if you're going to accuse me of something, find fault in my desire to be a pro Sethite. I pointed out the number of Ashkenazi Jews who were the children of immigrants, and that's important. There is a widespread conspiracy underfoot, and to this very day, it's still ongoing. To even suggest the Jews part in the Bolshevik Revolution, in spite of historical documentation to that very fact, is promise of professional ruin. Good luck finding a job as an authoritative figure after that. The true nature of the Russian Revolution of 1917 is not only carefully suppressed—it is completely subverted. Our historians are under duress, and so, if their claims are to be believed, the Jews no longer play a special role in Bolshevism. In fact, the total *opposite* is true. They were actually victimized by it.

In actuality, there is a far greater lie being guarded here than the architects of communism. When we talk about Jews, we first need to make a distinction between the Khazar Jews of Eastern Europe, or the Ashkenazi Jews populating the world today, and the ancient Semitic Yehudim of the Holy Land (or the actual lineage stemming from the house of Yehudah), because no biological connection can be found between them. A stunning 85% of the Jews today, and 95% of those living in the United States, are

in actuality Ashkenazi Jews. What in the world is going on? The house of Yehudah has been hijacked.

“*Ashkenazi*” in Hebrew ironically refers to Germany. The Jews of the Bolshevik are descendants of the Khazar people who had survived since ancient times between the Black Sea and the Caspian Sea, what is primarily known today as the country of Georgia. They are a product of the Holy Roman Empire. In fact, the Khazars converted to Rabbinic Judaism (which is based almost entirely on Pharisee teaching), at about the same time the Russians adopted Greek Orthodoxy as their national religion. Whereas Russia brought in priests from Constantinople, the Khazar adopted the Talmud as their authority, incorporating with it the Talmudic law, ethics, and philosophies.

Here’s another little-known fact. Though Germany lost the First World War on the western front, they actually *destroyed* the Russian army in the east. Actually, if it hadn’t been for America’s involvement (a discussion for another book), Germany likely would have won both fronts. Germany’s victory would have proved a devastating blow to post-Napoleonic world powers, and also for political Zionism. The Ashkenazi Jews needed to move quickly. By 1917, knowing that defeat was imminent, the Czar renounced his throne and a provisional government was ushered in. **Alexander Kerensky**, Russia’s Minister, was a Khazar Jew. Within months, as many as 90,000 political exiles quickly poured into Russia. They were almost to the last man professional revolutionaries, and with very few exceptions, they were Khazar Jews. **Stalin, Lenin, Sverdlov, Martov, Radek, Zinoviev, Kamenev, and Trotsky** were among them—all Jews. The Bolsheviks were now in charge.

One of the very first acts of the Jewish Bolsheviks, after seizing control of the government, and through much bloodshed, was to enact a law which forbade antisemitism, a penalty which carried death.

Do you see what they did there?

Stamping political or historical dissenters as *anti-Semites* is a brilliant tactic for ensuring total control of the official narrative, past, present, and future. The very act of pulling the curtain back makes one an *anti-Semite*. The Holocaust myth in the decades to follow depends upon it. Stuningly,

Lenin and Trotsky's words are still enforced to this very day. To even question the official narrative is to immediately be labeled an *anti-Semite*.

And who really wants a death sentence?

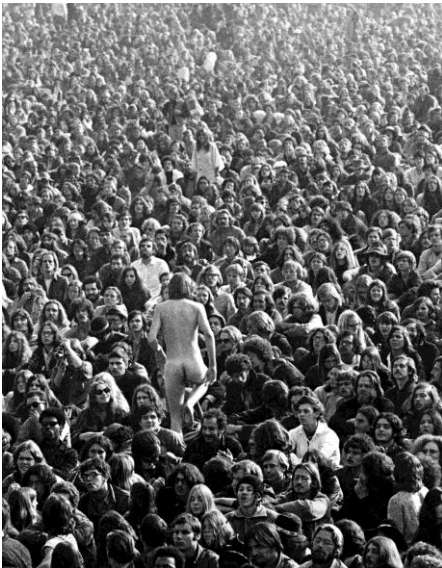


Farewell, Yasgur Family Farm

FARMER MAX Yasgur died of a heart attack less than four years after Woodstock. He was living at the time in Marathon, Florida, a move which probably had something to do with the fact that Woodstock decimated his farm. I couldn't help but notice that *Rolling Stone* gave the dairy farmer a full-page obituary. Initially, I found that odd. Was there some sort of *wink-wink* going on between the organizers, financiers, *and* the farmer? I knew *Rolling Stone* was a CIA outing from the start, but I thought dipping my toes into **Jann Wenner's** Wiki page might be a good idea, just to be certain of his nationality. *FYI*, Jann Wenner founded *Rolling Stone*. His name seems manufactured to me. This was the same guy who participated in the Berkley Free Speech Movement and later founded the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. It's okay, you can say it. *Spook*. Wenner also brought in **Hunter S. Thompson** as a journalist for *Stone*, another obvious *spook*. I wasn't let down. Wenner was a Jew.

I have already established that the President of Capitol Records was a Jew and that, incidentally, his greatest creation was a Jew named Bozo. The architects of Woodstock were Jews. Of course, Artie Kornfeld was far more than a Jew. He was a High Priest of Aquarian-age music. But when I learned that the founder of *Rolling Stone* was a Jew who saw to it that a *Jewish* dairy farmer receive the sort of obituary which might incite a standing-ovation, I started thinking about the record industry as a whole *today*. Here's some of the names I dug up.

Doug Morris is the president and CEO of Sony Music, and he's a *Jew*. **Kevin Kelleher** is the vice president of Sony, *Jew*. **Stephen F Cooper** is the president and CEO of Warner Music Group, *Jew*. **Edgar Bronfman Jr**, *Jew*. **Zach Horowitz** is the Chairman and CEO of Universal Music Publishing Group, *Jew*. **Barry Weiss**, CEO of Island Def Jam, *Jew*. **Paul Rosenberg**, *Jew*. **Rick Rubin**, *Jew*. **Tommy Mottola** was president of Columbia Records and **Michael Jackson** called him evil, *Jew*. **Len Blavatnik** owns Warner, and he's a *Jew*. **David Geffen** started Geffen Records, *Jew*. **Sumner Redstone** owns Viacom, BET, MTV, and 80% of CBS, *Jew*.



As usual, the list goes on and on *and on* and on. They don't want you to *see* the fact that they're *Jews*. Asking questions are akin to antisemitism. History tells us they were leashed in every corner of the world, but the complete opposite is true. Reality is inverted. And there's nothing *natural* about that.



Roman Polanski Never Received Directing *Credit* for the Manson Murders

A FILM STUDIO and a director were needed for the Apollo 11 moon landing. Langley found them in **Walt Disney** and **Stanley Kubrick** and three *actors* named **Michael Collins**, **Neil Armstrong**, and **Buzz Aldrin**. It was 1969. **Nixon** had only recently become president. That same year, **Mickey Mantle** announced his retirement from professional baseball. **Angela Lansbury** was the talk of the town on Broadway. And in Montreal, **John Lennon** and **Yoko Ono** waited on a maid to clean their room so that they could stage their bed-in. Intel actually gave us *three* notable releases slotted for that very summer. The aforementioned was science-fiction. Another was a musical. The *other* horror. In a past paper, we have already dealt with the Woodstock musical. So today, let's talk about horror. You've likely seen the movie.

The plot goes as *follows*.

A disenchanted Laurel Canyon musician is rejected by every record label executive on the Sunset Strip, despite becoming a cult leader among its music and Hollywood royalty, and then murders a Satanic actor at the home of a Satanic movie director in order to enact a race war, the catch being that he is a real Satanist. There is certainly more to it than that, but already you're likely latching onto the idea. The title is the Manson Murders. Or perhaps we shall call it *Helter Skelter*. Really, call it whatever you wish, but we're *finally* doing it. After several months of dropping hints and laying the groundwork, this is the day when we'll be taking a closer look at the final performance of *actress Sharon Tate*, before she went by another name. *Also*, over the course of this paper and the *next*, we will finally ask ourselves: Why hasn't **Roman Polanski** received credit for the Manson murders?

You will likely tell me Polanski had an alibi and that he was in London at the time, "researching a project." Then consider the *following*.



The June 29, 1970, edition of *National Bulletin* made mention of a Manson murder *after-party* in which a close friend spotted **both** Sharon Tate and Roman Polanski together in Brazil. Which friend—you ask. If I ever track down a physical copy, then I'll let you know. Again, you will roll your eyes and tell me that *Bulletin* is as untrustworthy as *National Enquirer*, if not worse. The funny thing is, media mogul **Generoso Paul Pope Jr.**, the architect of *Enquirer*, worked for the **CIA's psychological warfare unit.**

That tells you everything that you need to know. Its why *Enquirer* laid it on thick after **Elvis Presley** died, claiming that he yet lived, because Intel was letting us in on their magic bunny hat trick while simultaneously making anyone look stupid for believing the truth. We call that gaslighting but *also* controlled opposition. *Bulletin* is likewise Intel run, like **Playboy** Magazine. Here is something they *both* have in common. They're bent on making men fat, lazy, sexually depraved, but mostly limp and impotent. In an upcoming chapter, we shall take a closer look at the Sharon Tate disappearing-reappearing trick.

Earlier, I offered a prelude to the Manson family murders, and it involved **The Beach Boys**. *Mm-hmm*, even The Beach Boys were in on it. We covered the fact that **Dennis Wilson** was laying the groundwork in the American consciousness, and then I made particular mention of **Terry Melcher**, who resided in the 10050 Cielo Drive house before Roman Polanski and Sharon Tate moved in. More groundwork was covered with in my last book, *The Hidden Hand of Camelot*, where we saw the Haight-Ashbury and **Vito Paulekas** connection, the short of which is *this*. Intel created the hippies. They composed the soundtrack of their lives (*All the leaves are brown...*). And they *also* provided the intersecting street signs. In *this* paper, we will not cover individual members of the Manson family, the night of the murders, nor the resulting media-saturated trials hosted by **Vincent Bugliosi**. Today, we will only cover the victims leading up to a sweltering hot August night in the 10050 Cielo Drive household. They're **actors**. For the actual *event*, you shall have to wait another chapter.

With that, let's *begin*.

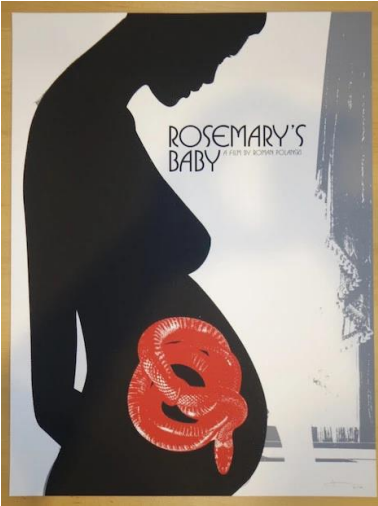
But *first*, a word from my commercial sponsor, *Head & Shoulders*, because some people who don't worry about dandruff ought to. Pam for instance was a good-looking girl, until you look closely. It never occurred to her that behind her back people were thinking, 'Dandruff!' *Head & Shoulders*, because some people think their thoughts out loud, "Mommy, that lady has dandruff!"

ROMAN POLANSKI was a provider of horror movies. But he didn't merely direct horror. He conceived the horror in his head and then materialized the demons on a typewriter. Sometimes he even *acted* the parts. His first movie was a Polish film released in 1962, called *Knife in the Water*. Its story revolves around a man and a woman nearly hitting a hitchhiker while driving across



the country. They invite him out on a fishing boat afterwards. The hitchhiker tricks the man into leaving the boat and then has sex with his wife. She confesses to their deed moments before the closing credits. Polanski was later offered to make the movie again in English, and in color, starring **Henry Fonda** this time, but he refused, saying he did not want to remake a movie that was already good. Polanski's next movie came in 1965. *Repulsion* was a psychological horror film made in England. The following year, *Cul-de-sac* was filmed in the Netherlands, and is described as a bleak nihilistic film.

In 1967, Polanski filmed his first color movie, *The Fearless Vampire Killers*, a parody of vampire films, though it is known as *Dance of the Vampires* in most countries outside of the US. It was filmed in Italy with a plot that centers upon a buffoonish professor and his clumsy assistant who are traveling through Transylvania in search of vampires. Polanski notably played the professors assistant, and became a vampire before the closing credits. Take note of the fact that Polanski is making movies in Italy during **Operation Gladio**. You will *soon* see for yourself how the two were in bed together. It is this film in which the director met *actress* Sharon Tate. There you go, Operation Gladio. Already confused? Give it a few minutes. Soon you won't be. In the movie, she played the role of the local innkeeper's daughter. They were soon married in London on January 20, 1968, where-in Polanski can be seen dressed up like Austin Powers. *Groovy*.



Polanski's biggest movie to date arrived that very year—in 1968. Because of its importance to the present narrative, the following chapter will be solely devoted to *Rosemary's Baby*. If the Intel community needed to find someone to direct a Satanic slasher flick, passed off as the real thing on television, then they'd found their candidate. It was Polanski's last movie before Sharon Tate and four others were murdered by the Manson family on August 9, 1969.



His very first movie *after* the Manson murders is something called *Macbeth*. Polanski said he wanted to capture the authenticity of Shakespeare by stepping up the violence. *Also*, Shakespeare apparently liked his leading ladies to take their tops off. How authentic of Polanski. **Hugh Hefner** and **Playboy** Productions funded the 1971 X-rated feature, in which Hefner was personally credited as executive producer. We constantly hear

how Polanski had to choose his next project very carefully after the Manson murders, but seeing as how Hefner is an MK-Ultra Puppet Master and Playboy Magazine an Intel project, and that the film itself was screened in Playboy Theater, already he's done a very poor job of it. Polanski simply hopped from one Intel project to another.

Speaking of MK-Ultra, Polanski's next movie, *'What?'* begins with an intended humorous scene in which an American hippie hitchhiking trough Europe is raped in the back of a car by three men. It is an act of dissociation which is intended to mimic Alice's tumble down the rabbit hole, because she soon arrives at a coastal villa inhabited by sexually obsessed Wonderland creatures, and much like his adaption of Shakespeare productions, spends the rest of the movie without any clothes on. *Very* Victorian, I'm sure. Polanski himself plays the character thought to resemble the Cheshire Cat.



As we have already established, Polanski met Sharon Tate while directing the horror film *The Fearless Vampire Killers* in 1967, wherein she played the role of the local innkeeper's daughter, but *also* a vampire. By this time, the *actress* had already appeared in episodes of *The Beverly Hillbillies*, *Mister*

Ed, *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*, and starred in another horror film called *Eye of the Devil*—a movie mostly about devil worship and sacrificial murders, but that's probably irrelevant. Tate played a witch, both in the movie and in real life.

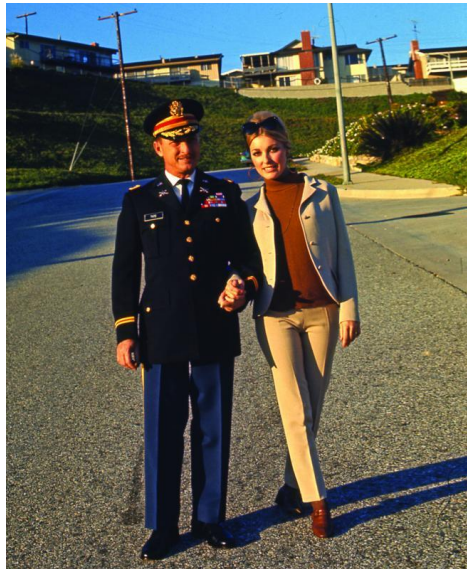
Tate then went on, after playing a vampire in *Fearless Vampire Killers*, to having a part in her husband's movie, *Rosemary's Baby*, but *also* playing a slut in *The Valley of the Dolls*, and the plot goes something as *follows*. Tate divorces a man who doesn't love her, aborts their baby, and then moves to Europe in order to become a soft-core porn actress, where she finally kills herself. *Um*, is this her own bio? In case you were wondering, the

dolls in the title are a reference to Tate's dependence upon amphetamines and barbiturates. Other ~~actors~~ victims in the Manson murders share the same theme.

The movie would spawn a sequel, *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. That one was released in 1970, only one year after her murder, and was written this time by future film critic, **Roger Ebert**. The director of *Beyond*, **Russ Meyer**, went from shooting propaganda films for the Army during The War to shooting centerfolds for Playboy Magazine in the fifties, and soon thereafter, porn films. In other words, he never *left Intel*.

The point I'm trying to make here is that Tate's fate was likely already decided before her marriage to Polanski. And that is because Sharon Tate was an Army brat. But even more-so, her father worked in Intel. The *official* narrative even pushes this facet of the plot, never expecting us to fight off the headache of cognitive dissonance without their pharmaceutical subscription of blue pills. But are you really surprised? I'm not.

Paul Tate *officially* worked 23 years in U.S. **Army Intelligence** as a counterintelligence officer and retired as a lieutenant colonel soon after his daughter's death. He entered Intel in 1946, which was a big year, considering that **President Truman** disbanded the **OSS** to form the **CIG**, an acronym for Central Intelligence Group, which would almost immediately thereafter be replaced by the **NSC** and **CIA** in 1947. The narrative has Tate masquerading as a hippie for four months after his daughter's death.



Sure. You know how TV shows sometimes contain within themselves their own fictional shows? We call it a *show within a show*. This is one of them. And it's rather ironic, since I have already established that *spooks*

dressed up as hippies under the pay of the CIA in order to **create** the hippie movement (not infiltrate them) since day one.

In 1959, the Tate's moved to Verona, Italy, where a teenage Sharon Tate soon found herself hanging around movie sets, *actor* **Jack Palance**, *singer* **Pat Boone**, even dating *actor* **Richard Beymer**, who had by this time already starred in *West Side Story* and *The Diary of Anne Frank*. Meanwhile, we are not told what Colonel Tate worked on at Caserma Passalacqua, where he was stationed, but we needn't be. Passalacqua was the headquarters of SETAF, an acronym for **Southern European Task Force**. In 1965, it was moved to Caserma Ederle in Vicenza. This links Tate to Operation Gladio.



Operation Gladio was a NATO-backed paramilitary network alliance forged at the close of The War by the CIA, the Sicilian and US mafias, and the Vatican, in order to push anti-communist false flag operations in Italy and throughout Europe, which included heinous mob related

crimes, assassinations, and bombings. It was instituted by CIA director **Allen Dulles** and initially led under Presidents **Eisenhower** and **Kennedy**. The idea was to curb leftist ideology, particularly in Italy. Officially non-existent, Operation Gladio was known as a “stay behind network,” meaning, *if* the Red Army invaded Europe, its members would stay behind enemy lines to disrupt Soviet control. And for decades, we are told, her agents were so deep undercover that it made it difficult for NATO, MI6 and other deep state agencies to control. I will remind you that this is according to the *official* narrative, when in fact the Cold War was another *hoax* in and of itself. The same people (*also*, Satan) controlled both sides.

To sample a mere taste of Operation Gladio's false flag operations, we only need look to December 12, 1969, when four bombs exploded in Milan and Rome, killing 16 and wounding another 80, most of whom were visiting the Piazza Fontana. After the massacre, the CIA planted bombs

in the villa of leftist **Giangiaco­mo Feltrinelli** in order to push blame on the Communists. However, knowing what we do of September 11—as in, no planes hit the World Trade Center and the *fake* terrorists who were said to pilot them—we can easily deduce that even Feltrinelli was an actor.

While testifying on the Piazza Fontana explosion, **General Giandelio Maletti**, head of Italian counter-intelligence, threw President Nixon under the bus when he said, and I quote: “The impression was that the Americans would do anything to stop Italy from sliding to the left. Don’t forget that Nixon was in charge and Nixon was a strange man, a very intelligent politician, but a man of rather unorthodox initiatives.” Remember, this is 1969. That summer, Nixon sponsored a musical, a science fiction movie, and a Satanic slasher film, but now we can add a terrorist bomb plot to his over bloated production roster. If you want an



example of how truly strange Nixon was, I’m preparing a paper *now* on Watergate, which brought about his downfall, and that was a *boax*.

Tate's *bio* on The Wikipedia would have us believe that her arrival in Hollywood was purely organic, and that she struggled to make a name for herself despite failed screen tests, one in particular with **Steve McQueen**. But that is ridiculous. Contrarily, her move corresponds with father Paul Tate's reassignment in San Pedro, about 20 miles south of Hollywood. And who runs Hollywood? The connection made for us derives from her 1960 Italian summer fling with Richard Beymer, thereby landing a contract in 1962 through Beymer's agent, **Harold Gefsky**. But more than likely, Intel was looking to pimp out Paul Tate's pretty daughter. She first appeared on the cover of *Stars and Stripes* Magazine in 1960. We are constantly told that Daddy didn't approve, but that's ridiculous. The Pentagon asked princess Sharon to straddle a ~~phallus~~ rocket against Colonel Tate's wishes? *Exactly*.

Though Fort MacArthur is in San Pedro, **Lookout Mountain** in Laurel Canyon would not have gone unnoticed by a man of Tate's pedigree. If you get around to reading my paper on the Bikini Atoll, you'll know the secret movie studio was home to the atomic bomb *boax*. Potentially even the sound stage from where the Apollo 11 landed. And yet, for all we know, Tate was instrumental in The Sixties counterculture psyop, which not only included the CIA's creation of the hippie (in partnership with **Colonel Louis West** and the MK-Ultra program), but the literal *invention* of Charlie Manson. For all we know, Tate may have been Manson's handler.

I *checked*. Manson served two terms at Terminal Island in San Pedro. His first stint was in the 1950's. He returned in 1966 and 1967, perhaps right about the time when Colonel Tate got a hold of him, seeking Paulekas' potential replacement. Other inmates at Terminal Island have included **Al Capone** and, as a contemporary of Manson, **Jooish** gangster **Mickey Cohen**. In 1974, **Timothy Leary** and Watergate co-conspirator **G. Gordon Liddy** were incarcerated there at the same time, so we know spooks and actors have frequented the prison.

Not long after signing on with Beymer's agent, Sharon Tate hooked up with hair stylist **Jay Sebring**, *aka* **Thomas John Kummer**. Their relationship lasted from 1964 to 1966. Sebring went so far as to propose to her. As you know, Sebring became another corpse in the Manson murders. His proposal may be the *official* narrative way of telling us, or



rather passing notes among spooks in class, that Sebring was considered for the role which Polanski would later fill. And another thing. They were *clearly* still lovers on the night of the murders, which is to say, two or three weeks into the heat of August, Sebring and Tate likely found a nice beach to sunbathe on together.

By the way, Sebring was a hairdresser, which is *oddly* important to the narrative. *Also*, Kummer is a **Jooish** name. Sebring's acclaimed hair studio sat right at the mouth of **Laurel**

Canyon, just below the Sunset Strip. Repeated clients included **Frank Sinatra**, **Warren Beatty**, and Henry Fonda. These same names keeping popping up over and over again, and here's *another*. Sebring is notably the talent who sculpted **Jim Morrison's** iconic head of hair. If Sebring tended to Manson's hair, we are not told. You figure the subject of hairstylists came up, however, as Jim Morrison is recorded as having visited Charlie. Fun *fact*: Fonda lived in the guesthouse at 10050 Cielo Drive at one time, because spooks all swim in the same circles. **Larry Geller**, hair stylist and close personal confidante of **Elvis Presley**, worked with Sebring. *Also*, **Papa John Phillips** invested \$10,000 in Jay Sebring's business venture, Sebring International, which is said to involve drug trafficking.

Actor Michael Caine recalls attending a party in Hollywood with Sharon Tate and Jay Sebring, we can *assume* in late 68 or early 1969, where **Mama Cass** introduced him to a "scruffy little man" named Charles Manson. *Mm-hmm.*

You know how the mafia likes to play the part of the florist, clipping flowers as a cover for lopping off people's fingers with a cigar cutter in the back room? Apparently, the CIA has a thing for hair studios, because in 1971, *retired* Colonel Paul Tate opened up Tate Gallery for Men's Hair Design in Rolling Hills. Perhaps his undercover work as a hippie inspired him, who really knows?

As I have already mentioned, the Army Intelligence Officer “grew his hair out” and became an undercover hippie on the Sunset Strip. Colonel Tate told *The Times* that his undercover work led to the arrests of several suspects in the murder of his daughter, and you know that’s a lie. Charlie Manson was under surveillance the entire time. Who are these *other* suspects? We’re not told.



Every picture I can find of Colonel Tate from this era seems to paint the portrait of a hybrid between middle-aged beatnik and creepy pedophile. Other pictures in *The Matrix* will show *beatnik* Paul getting frisked in a police station while dressed for the part of a corporate CEO, perhaps between gigs. We are given multiple pictures from different angles to attest for this fact. Tate is smoking a stogie while the officer presses up against his bum, like any good old fashioned police frisking. That’s how *deep* undercover Colonel Tate went, apparently. It was his last *official* mission before finally settling on hair design.



If Colonel Tate served in the Army, and this is all we’re ever told, then the next obvious question is: *Why* is a picture floating around on the Intel-net with Paul Tate in a Navy uniform?

In other hair styling news, Mansonite **Charles “Tex” Watson** had his own connection to the hair salon profession, but are you really surprised? I’m not. Watson lived for a time in Laurel Canyon on **Wonderland** Avenue, a hop and a skip away from Lookout Mountain, where Colonel Paul Tate likely frequented. At the time, he co-owned and worked in a wig shop in Beverly Hills, Crown Wig Creations, Ltd., located near the mouth of Benedict Canyon. So, now we know where Colonel Taught purchased his beatnik mop-top. To put this in slightly different terms, Sebring was repeatedly stabbed by another hair stylist. It was Tex who killed him. Did Papa John Phillips invest in the Colonel’s studio? We are not told.

Sebring may have been a hair stylist, but in 1966 he was an *actor*. He appeared in *Batman* alongside **Adam West** and **Burt Ward**. I've included a picture from that episode. Looks bored, *yes?* His agent afterwards may have told him he could do a better job at playing a corpse.



Another interesting fact is that Sebring assisted with launching the film career of **Bruce Lee**. *So*, right away you can't argue that Sebring was a *nobody*. The *official* story is that Sebring, a martial-arts enthusiast and spectator, was wowed by *a* kung-fu demonstration sponsored by Lee. Sebring showed the footage of the demo to producer **William Dozier**, who went on to cast Lee in *The Green Hornet*. It's interesting, but particularly important, if we stop to ponder the possibility that the Chinese-American martial artist and the Japanese-American theoretical physicist **Michio Kaku** are the *same* person. This will have to be dealt with in another paper. I only bring it up because we may have just received a glimpse into Sebring's other specialty—aside from hair, that is. Because we know it wasn't acting. After his murder at the hands of Tex Watson, *who* did Jay Sebring end up becoming?

In May of 1969, Sebring opened a new salon at 629 Commercial Street in San Francisco. Guests included **Abigail Folger**, who had already invested in and owned 60 shares with Sebring, Inc. In turn, Folger played the part of another corpse at 10050 Cielo Drive.

Recognize the name, Folger? *The best part of waking up is Folger's in your cup*. She's popped up in several past chapters. You're probably sick of hearing about her. Usually, all we are shown of Abigail Folger is a high school year book photo, as if to make her look like the common everyday sort of person. But Abigail Folger was an heiress to the Folger coffee company. The founder of the company is somebody by the name of **J.A. Folger**, her great-grandfather.

I did a little digging and retrieved 2 **Mayflower** passengers in her lineage. **Francis Cooke** and **Richard Warren** are both 9th great-grandfathers. A little further down the line and we find 7 **Magna Carta** *sureties*. 22nd great-grandfathers **John de Lacy** and **Gilert de Clare**. 23rd great-grandfathers **Hugh le Bigod**, **Richard de Clare**, and **Henry de Bohun**. And finally, 24th great-grandfathers **Saher de Quincy** and **Roger le Bigod**. From here, we can easily trace the *usual* suspects. You know the drill. 20th great-grandfather **King Edward I**, 21st great-grandfather **King Henry III**, 25th great-grandfather **King Louis VI**, 26th great-grandfather **William the Conqueror**, 31st great-grandfather King Robert I, 33rd great-grandfather **Alfred the Great**, and 36th great-grandfather **Charlemagne**, king of the Franks. The Tate's may have been landowners in England during the reign of William the Conqueror, but Folger was a royal.



After scouring through *The Matrix*, I was successful in finding one incredibly rare photo of Abigail Folger, and what is she doing? *Acting*. Technically, singing. But there is little difference, as she is standing upon a stage, and the spotlight is pressed upon her.

Folger was a financier of RFK's White House run. She *also* helped to finance **Kenneth Anger's** film, the one that was supposed to feature toddler **Godo Paulekas** playing the part of Satan, but instead starred Mansonite **Bobby Beausoleil**. *Small world*. She furthermore loaned \$10,000 to the Straight Theater at Haight and Cole Street precisely when Colonel Louis West was executing the CIA's Haight-Ashbury Project and West was requiring the use of *actors*. You will also recall that Manson frequented the Free Medical clinic, where West's office was set up. As it turns out, Abigail Folger's mother had performed volunteer work for the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic drug

treatment program. If Manson and the Folger knew each other in San Francisco, we are not told. They did however meet each other in Laurel Canyon, particularly since Folger was a Laurel Canyon neighbor of **Cass Elliot**, whom Sebring, Manson, and Crosby hung with. David Crosby has stated repeatedly to this very day that he never met Manson. In other words, if Manson was in the room, then he was not, and every time he had an alibi. *Right*. The same people who rung Cass Elliot's doorbell were regulars at the Folger-Frykowski home. One such visitor to both homes was Sharon Tate.

In July of 1969, Abigail Folger and **Voytek Frykowski**, whom I shall turn to in a second, were house sitting for Polanski and Tate while the two were in Europe. Meanwhile, somebody named **Layne Wooten** lived in Topanga Canyon. That very month, he later testified that he had held a long conversation with Manson at the Topanga shopping center. Manson was driving a red Ferrari and was escorted by a woman wearing a red scarf on her head and sunglasses. Manson did not own a Ferrari, but Tate did. The woman he was with was probably Abigail Folger.

On Sunday, August 3, 1969, just several days shy of the murders, Manson visited the Esalen Institute in Big Sur, which had played a key role in the **Human Potential Movement**, a phrase borrowed from **Aldous Huxley**. He brought along his guitar. Abigail Folger can be pinned to this very Institute, as she had attended seminars there. *Also*, someone at the house on Cielo Drive had phoned Esalen on the afternoon of July 30, 1969.

As an added bonus, it might very well be true that Folger loaned money to **Timothy Leary** and Charlie Manson. Whether such claims can be proven is not necessary, as Folger has demonstrated time and again that she was a financier. And so was her mother. The Folger's are, after all, philanthropists.

And lest I forget, Folger shared a home at 2774 **Woodstock** Road with fellow Manson victim Voytek Frykowski—another *actor*. We are told that Frykowski's inheritance had dried up by this point, and that he was living off of Folger's fortune, because Folger apparently preferred playing the role of the sugar momma for Polish immigrants.

Frykowski got his start in the bludgeoning post War Polish film industry, and surprise-*surprise*, we find him financing and producing Polanski's early film, *Mammals*. He then helped out as a life guard while Polanski shot his first feature, *Knife in the Water*. Apparently, Frykowski and Polanski's partnership extends even further back, as they met at a high school dance. The story goes that Polanski, serving as the **door man** for the evening's festivities, wouldn't let Frykowski into the venue, knowing his bad boy attitude. What might have become a fistfight ended with the two having drinks together. Sounds like an Indie retelling of *The Epic of Gilgamesh*, if you ask me. On closer scrutiny, movie making is a Frykowski family business. His younger brother **Jerzy Frykowski** is a movie production manager and Frykowski's own son, **Bartłomiej Frykowski**, became a cinematographer.



Folger and Frykowski. Just *look* at those two lovebirds. What a perfect pair. They met through **Jooish** novelist **Jerzy Kosiński**. Mind you, that's the *natural* explanation. Somehow Frykowski was capable of meeting a nice coffee heiress who lived right down the street from his old film buddy, but who

also financed hairstylists, politicians, and actors. Folger is looking more and more like an Intel casting agent.

I can't help but wonder if Sebring's home may have originally been intended as the stage for the Manson murders—that is, *before* Polanski stepped in. Sebring's Benedict Canyon home, at 9820 Easton Drive, had once belonged to **Jean Harlow** and **Paul Bern**. Harlow was already a starlet of the silver screen and 21 when they were married on July 2, 1932. Just two months later, on September 5, Bern was shot in the head in his wife's bedroom, and found lying naked, drenched in his wife's perfume.



MGM's head of security, **Whitey Hendry**, as well as **Louis B. Mayer** and **Irving Thalberg**, descended upon the home hours before the police arrived. You know, just to tidy things up a bit. A similar theme would play out with the Polanski house, as

Shahrokh Hatami, an Iranian photographer and friend of Sharon Tate, was tipped off about the murders 90 minutes before their bodies were discovered. But that's probably not in the least bit odd.

Bern's common-law wife, **Dorothy Millette**, boarded a Sacramento riverboat on the following day and was found floating belly up in the Sacramento River. Harlow died less than five years later, at the age of 26. Before Sebring's death at 10050 Cielo Drive, three other souls died in his own home. Their deaths are relegated as *follows*. Pool drowning. Suicide. And a maid was found swinging from the end of a rope.

FYI, **Nancy Sinatra** was a *regular* at the Polanski-Tate house. Just about everyone was, but her father, as you likely already know, is none other than the Sultan of Swat. Chairman of the Board. In short, Frank Sinatra. At the time, Sinatra was married to Mia Farrow, and as I've already pointed out in one paper or another, no matter how hard Sharon Tate had gunned for the lead role in *Rosemary's Baby*, and despite her recent marriage to the director, Paramount cast Farrow. At the time, **Papa John Phillips** was having an affair with Farrow.

Sharon Tate reportedly loitered around the set of *Rosemary's Baby*, becoming increasingly obsessed with the occult. *Actor* **Christopher Jones** had an affair with Tate about this time, and by 1969 they were going strong. Jones later recalled how Tate talked about her doctrine of reincarnation, furthermore believing she had lived previously as a nine-year-old child who died tragically in a fire. He stated, "The second she said that, the doors to the restaurant blew open even though there wasn't any wind, and she looked really shocked."

Tate later told Jones: “The Devil is beautiful. Most people think he’s ugly, but he’s not.”

It was on a trip to London that Tate was reportedly initiated into the practice of witchcraft. And what is psychodrama again? If you’re a regular reader of my work, then you already know the answer to that. If *not*, I’ll catch you up to speed. Psychodrama is witchcraft. And that’s all the Manson murders really is. Psychodrama. I think it’s time we enter the stage at 10050 Cielo Drive and take a closer look at the *performance*.



Rosemary's Baby: Another Intel Sponsored Biography

THE SONS of Cain are *obsessed* with telling their own story. Their biological and bastardy origins are tirelessly regurgitated over and over *and over* again from the Hollywood sound stage. Never is that more obvious than with *Rosemary's Baby*. *Hell*, it might as well be Satan's own autobiography. If you haven't the faintest clue what I'm speaking about, then I suggest you read my paper on Serpent Seed. That's how shockingly *on par* with reality **Roman Polanski's** movie truly is. Legitimate horror.

As a reminder, this was the last movie Polanski directed before the murder of his wife, **Sharon Tate**, but my serial reader already knows by now how that was a hoax. The mere fact that *Rosemary's Baby* so blatantly mirrors a psycho-dramatic exercise such as the Manson murders, and is regularly commented upon as such, should scream to everyone with the ferocity of a tornado siren that there is cognitive dissonance needing diagnosed. Just

do me a favor and replace the word *witch* for *spook* and *witch's coven* for *Intel network*, or *Secret Society* if you prefer. They're equally the *same* thing. Productions. Pick either movie. *Rosemary's Baby* or Sharon Tate's baby. Both were designed to complement the other, probably from the very moment when the boys down at Langley stood around the water cooler.

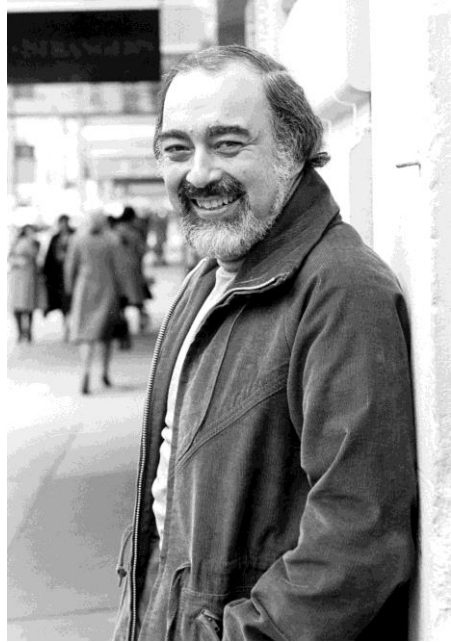


Operation: *Satanic Panic* would not go into high gear until the 1980's, but in terms of *insemination*, 1966 was the *big* year. That was the year when **Anton LaVey** launched the Church of Satan in San Francisco. For **1966** spells out **666**, you see. I know, *ridiculous*, right? Really, do us all a favor and stop quoting from Anton LaVey in order to prove your point. I am fatigued of hearing his stupid asinine quotes, and it has little to do with the fact that he's a self-declared Satanist. Anton LaVey is nothing less than a *spook*. At best he's a detour. It's actually difficult to quantify the

amount of damage the CIA-backed Church of Satan has done upon the religious mind to masquerade the true operations of evil (which they repeatedly slap in our face) with a cheap store-front mannequin display. Let's put it *this* way. If leotard and Halloween is still your measuring stick for malevolence, then you probably haven't even stuck your head into the rabbit hole.

Has anyone ever seen a picture of LaVey, dressed in his ridiculous horn cowl and cape? Other spooks probably find his wardrobe embarrassing. Even more awkward are those photos of a bare-breasted **Susan Atkins** emerging from a coffin. Could they make the **Charlie Manson** Intel project any *more* obvious? Apparently, **Colonel Louis West** had far too many roles to fill and not enough actors to work with.

Before you tell me ‘*Rosemary’s Baby*’ was released in 1968, thereby debunking my crumb trail, the plot *pointedly* takes place in 1966. Technically, *Rosemary’s Baby* was based upon the horror novel by Ira Levin, and that was released in 1967. *Still* took place in 1966 though. They went out of their way to make the connection. The very name Rosemary reminds us of the Virgin Mary, and in both the movie and the novel, the mother of Satan’s child has a due date of June. 06-1966. How adorable. She then sits in the doctor’s office reading from the April 8, 1966 edition of TIME Magazine, with a cover that dares ask: *Is God Dead?* Just goes to show that TIME, like its counterpart LIFE Magazine, is run by the same people.



Another popular novel of Levin’s is *The Stepford Wives*, a plot which reminds us how the boys club is systematically replacing members of society with cloned robotic-zombies. With ‘*The Boys from Brazil*,’ our future world dictators are non-other than Intel-bred clones with childhood dreams of speaking to large crowds. Levin was a Joo but also an “atheist.” Now you know.

1967. That was the year when the Beatles released their eighth studio album, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. **Aleister Crowley** landed on the cover and he was pushing Satanism. **Marilyn Monroe** appeared on the cover, and *she* was androgynous. Satanic agenda. **Shirley Temple** appeared on the cover, and she was a rather *obvious* product of pedophilia. *Again*, Satanic agenda. Point being, **57**



different faces landed on the cover, not including the Fab Four, and every one of them were *spooks*.

Yet another obnoxious Intel sponsored album released in 1967 was the Rolling Stones '*On Her Satanic Majesty's Request*.' More Satanism, I guess. Is Mick Jagger wearing a dunce cap? *Uh-huh*, I think that's a dunce cap. *So, lame*. Apparently, Satanism was all the rage in The Sixties, but only if you were promoting it as a spook. How is any of this organic?



OH *sure*, The Sixties netted a *spirit* in the air, alright. It was being blown right out of a swamp cooler perched from a second-story window at the Pentagon.

Roman Polanski's movie greets us with a childlike song, a series of "*la-la-la's*" really, gently cooed by our leading lady, **Mia Farrow**. We are given a

panorama of New York City, whereas the camera glissades over its upper west-side buildings, and we are pressed to ask if it is the *spirit* of The Sixties riding with the breeze, seeking its resting place in the lap of our collective consciousness. The camera, or rather the entity, drifts downwards towards the Dakota Building for our first introduction of Guy and Rosemary Woodhouse. Only here the gothic building is called the Bramford. Call it whatever you'd like, it *is* a mud flood structure. The *official* narrative gives the Dakota an origins story, but I don't believe a word of it. Actually, we have arrived at the *precise* moment when the young childless couple enter the very gateway by which **John Lennon** would be shot in as little as 12 years. Another Intel hoax with obvious ties to this movie. Yoko Ono was a real-life Minnie Castevet in that she was a witch but *also* John Lennon's handler, and Mark David Chapman was related to all the same people.

Guy and Rosemary are here to inspect an apartment up for lease, and we quickly learn that the former tenant, a certain Mrs. Gardenia—one of New York City's first and finest female lawyers—died in a coma. Take a mental note of that. We are given a few other clues. She had a particular fondness for the growing of herbs, none of which, Guy pointedly states, included cannabis. The cabinet that she pushed in front of a linen closet is another oddity, as is the handwritten note which only Rosemary discovers and reads. It claims: "I can no longer associate myself." *Mmm-hmm*, Mrs. Gardenia has become the victim of an Intel project. It's okay. You can say it. MK-Ultra.

Another observation that has already been overlooked, it is while venturing through the courtyard of the Bramford, in route to inspect the apartment, that their landlord asks if Guy is a doctor. In fact, the question is poised as the very first line of dialogue in the movie. Rosemary proudly responds that he is an actor. Their landlord then wants to know if he's seen him in anything. Rosemary fills him in on those details. "He was in *Luther* and *Nobody Loves an Albatross* and a lot of TV commercials." Their landlord *still* doesn't recognize him, but seems inspired by the commercial aspect of his career. From this brief conversation we can deduce a couple of things. The Bramford is an apartment for the wealthy, which Guy and Rosemary are not. And *secondly*, that Guy is an *unsuccessful* actor, if we are to gauge success by fame and recognition and the money that accompanies it, which *Rosemary Baby* does. But he wants to be. More importantly, he *plans* to be.

After learning of their desire to move into the Bramford, combined with the hope of starting a family there, Rosemary's friend Hutch attempts to warn them over dinner of its dark past involving witchcraft and murder. While cutting into their steaks, Hutch's own sense of confidence grows as he elaborates about the dietary experiments of the Trench sisters and the parties of Keith Kennedy to no avail. Somebody named Adrian Marcato lived there too. Neither Guy nor Rosemary seem to wrap their heads around the seriousness of his claims, and so Hutch adds: "The Trench sisters were two Victorian ladies. They ate young children." There is even talk of a baby found in the basement wrapped in newspaper.

"You really rouse my appetite," Guy says.

"Have some more wine!" Hutch exclaims.

The couple disregard the warnings of an old conspiracy theorist, always pressed to his needless research, and promptly move in.



IN the basement of the Bramford, Rosemary meets Terry Gionoffrio. The two are initially occupied with their laundry (a typical scene from the big city, I suppose), but soon the childlike charms of Rosemary initiates conversation, perhaps even a blossoming friendship, after she *purposefully* mistakes Terry for "Victoria Vetri, the actress." Though Terry says lots of people mistake her for Victoria Vetri, Rosemary has used the flattering misidentification as a natural bridge to once again volunteer the work of her husband, telling us she is proud of his career and where it promises to take him. Despite the fact that he's in "lots of TV," Terry *still* hasn't heard of him. See? *Still* not successful. All Guy needs is that big *break*.

Terry describes herself as a recovering drug addict whom Minnie and Roman Castevet have plucked from the sidewalk and taken in. The Castevet's just so happen to be the Woodhouse's neighbors. The same neighbors who Rosemary could overhear playing strange chant-like recordings from her bed. At first, Terry admits, "I thought they wanted me for sex, but they're like real grandparents." This tells us that sex is involved in their relationship. We *also* learn another clue to the death of Mrs. Gardenia, as Terry knows about her love for herbs, adding that Mrs. Castevet grows them too. And haven't you heard? The pendant, which she proudly wears around her neck, is a gift from Mrs. Castevet.

"It's supposed to be good luck. It's got some stuff inside," Terry says. Tell us more about this *stuff*, Terry.

Rosemary finds it beautiful, but its smell is redundant.

"I'm not mad about the smell either," Terry admits. "I hope it works."



APPARENTLY, it worked *too* well. When *next* Rosemary meets Terry, Kensington gore splatters the sidewalk. Terry has taken a leap from the window and made a bloody mess of the street. *Still* wearing the foul-smelling pendant around her neck though. I might as well just *say* it now, because some of you *know* it's on my mind. Roman Polanski had a penchant for the consistently crimson qualities of theatrical blood. We will see it again during his follow-up production, *Sharon's Baby*. Too soon? Moving on.



OUR first *official* introduction to Roman and Minnie Castevet arrives on the very sidewalk where Terry's fate has only moments earlier been decided. The couple emerge from the lamplight, never turning up a moment too soon or late in the production, and gaze upon the tangled mess of the young woman who had stayed for a time as their houseguest. The heavy-handed apathy in their sympathy doesn't go unnoticed.

On the following day, Guy returns from an audition and announces that somebody named Donald Baumgar got the part in his stead. It was a *bad* part anyways, he adds. His mood is further hampered once coming to learn that Minnie Castevet had earlier dropped by for a visit, and more importantly, that she'd invited the two of them over for dinner.

"They sound lonely," Rosemary insists.

To which her husband replies: "We get friendly with them and we'll never get rid of them." It takes very little arm pulling however to get Guy to agree. "Be my good deed for the day," he says.

Later that evening, Roman Castevet greets the couple carrying a tray of vodka blushes and then immediately offers some important details about his own life. He's been *everywhere*.

Rosemary asks: "Do you come from Australia?"

"*Oh*, no, I'm from right here in New York. I've been there, though. I've been everywhere. You name a place and I've been there. Go ahead, name a place."

"Fairbanks, Alaska!"

“I’ve been there, all over Alaska...Fairbanks, Juneau, Anchorage, Nome, Sitka, Seward.” *Sure*, rub it in our faces, Castevet. “Went there in ‘38.” We get it. You were there before anyone else.

Rosemary then asks if he travels for business.

To which Castevet replies: “*Both*. I’m 79, and I’ve been going one place or another since I was 10.” See what I mean? The same *Secret Societies* run operations on every continent. *Also*, he was born into it.



IN short time, Guy’s mood changes towards the Castevet’s, taking a particular liking to Roman. When he announces a return trip to their apartment, it is Rosemary who shrugs off a second get-together, preferring an evening alone on the couch, reading from Sammy Davis Jr’s. book. **Sammy Davis Jr.** was a Satanist, by the way. It’s the *little* details.

Not that Rosemary gets very far. Minnie Castevet once again knocks on the door, promptly inviting herself in. Rosemary grudgingly puts up with the intrusion, a common theme in the movie. She then offers up a very private detail. Rosemary chose to remain home, she explains, because she had only earlier in the day started her period. *Mm-hmm*, pull out the calendar Minnie.

It is during this same visit that Minnie Castevet offers her the very charm necklace that Terry was wearing when she took a leap. Still smells awful too. It has something called Tannis root in it. Rosemary once again grudgingly accepts, choosing to wear it around her neck. This is the part in the commentary where I often hear women claim they’d *never* accept

nor hang an artifact of witchcraft around their neck, by which I respond: When was the last time you visited the pharmacy for your shot? Vaccinate your children yet? It's all *pharmakeia*. Witchcraft.

Meanwhile, Guy's friendship with Roman pays off. Very soon thereafter, Guy gets a call from Broadway. Remember that guy who won the leading part? He's inexplicably gone blind now. Congratulations, Guy. You're our new leading man.



IT has often been commented upon that nothing supernatural happens in this movie. In fact, Polanski has made a point of stating that fact. Except of course in Rosemary's dreams. That is where Satan appears. You are probably delirious of my constant *insistence* that Intel designs the floorboards and the rooftop of our manufactured Construct, and are therefore hovering over the toilet as we speak, ready to hurl. But it is for these two very reasons that *Rosemary's Baby* finds its effectiveness, by grounding everyone involved in our own *perceived* reality and then pulling back the curtain.

When was the last time that you watched our political Slave Masters, as depicted in Illuminati written history books and the Media, and perceived with your own eyes what the writers of Scripture saw? The Beast. *Exactly*. We romanticize the gift of democracy while they saw the sort of creature which was hurled into the Lake of Fire. Before you tell me the *spirit* of 1776 is something new and therefore not to be compared with the politics of old, recall that Judah had been Hellenized long before John wrote Revelation. Satan most assuredly rules over humanity. He is the Master

Architect of both the *left* and the *right* hand of the political infrastructure, while it expected of Secret Society members to become the proprietors of the illusion and rule over us.

From our side of reality, we cannot perceive the spiritual realm but in the creative juices of our own subconscious. In that way, the occult needs both sides of our brain. Such is the case with Rosemary. We only ever *perceive* the eyes of Satan, delivered to us through Rosemary's drug-fueled hallucination. *Also*, a sideways glance at his arms as he *thrusts* into her.

The scene unfolds as follows.

On the night when Guy and Rosemary plan to conceive their first child, the always intrusive Minnie Castevet interrupts their romantic candlelit dinner, which Rosemary has prepared, by delivering two individual cups of chocolate mousse for their consumption. Rosemary isn't interested. Guy *insists*. Rosemary grudgingly complies, complaining that hers has a chalky under taste. In retaliation, Guy criticizes her ungrateful attitude. Rosemary consumes a bit more to mollify him, but then dumps the remainder into her napkin when his back is turned and convinces her husband she's wolfed it down.

Dizziness soon sets in. The walls look—*slanted*.

“We have to make a baby,” Rosemary insists, barely clinging to cognition.

Tomorrow. There's plenty of time.

Rosemary passes out.

From her bed, Rosemary dreams of drifting out to sea while confined and bound on her back to the mattress. The sleep paralysis has set in—telling us a spiritual entity is present. She hallucinates of many things. One minute she is in a bikini. The *next* she is uncomfortably naked on someone else's yacht. The mattress is converted into a scaffold, and Rosemary finds herself staring up at the Sistine Chapel, much as Michelangelo would. Soon a gathering of elderly folks surrounds her. Whos' apartment is this? Guy and the Castevet's are present, and they're all naked.

When Satan is finally manifested, presumably through her *third* eye, Rosemary insists that this isn't a dream. The coven smothers her with a pillow. With her vision darkened, the *deed* may continue. Even the Pope makes an appearance offering forgiveness of her sin, telling us who he is ultimately working for.



ROSEMARY wakes on the following morning without a shred of clothing, *further* assuring her that the imagery hadn't simply been a bad trip, and scratches dominate her upper torso.

Guy is there to explain it away. "I didn't want to miss baby night."

"While I was out? We could've done it this morning. Last night wasn't the only time."

"It was fun, in a necrophile sort of way."

"I dreamed someone was...raping me. I don't know, someone *inhuman*."

"Thanks a lot!"



THE TIMING of Rosemary's conception assures us that her pregnancy will peak at fruition in the last week of June. 06-66. *Again*, how adorable. After an appointment with her own OB/GYN, Dr. Hill, the elated Castevet's insist that she go with their very close friend, Dr. Abraham Sapirstein, whom we are assured is a very prominent obstetrician. *Of course*, he is. Dr. Hill is a nobody. A bland commercial knock-off. Contrarily, the sons of Cain are all prominent.

Sapirstein even plays the part of the Ministry of Truth, as he "fact checks" pregnancy myths by insisting that she take his expert advice and not read any of those *other* books. Rosemary is furthermore assured that her maternity is different from all the others on the basis that no two pregnancies are alike. Sapirstein, you see, is a respectable man of Science. He's got diplomas and shit. Probably written up in some medical mag too. Everything else is a conspiracy.



MOST movie commentators advertise Saperstein's role as being symbolic of patriarchal society, which is *true*. Certainly, that element exists. By 1968, feminism was on the rise, and *Rosemary's Baby* became a conscious springboard to that effect. But even that entire bra burning episode is a Langley creation, aimed at tipping the balance of their own Construct.

The character of Rosemary begins her journey with the gullible innocence of a child, purposed with transforming her goth apartment into a fairy-tale haven. Though Rosemary believes she is in control of her world, it is everyone around her who is ultimately conditioning her for the inevitable. Anyone standing in the way will be removed from the picture. Over the

following few months, we see Rosemary in excruciating agony, and we're not simply talking about morning sickness. She suffers severe abdominal pain while increasingly losing weight, and to an almost dehumanizing degree. Her only advocate comes by way of her old friend Hutch, who is alarmed at her gaunt appearance. But more on Hutch in a moment, because the Patriarchal Society of Rosemary's world discredits any notion that she should have control of her body, as Saperstein's subscription of *unique* pills is purposely mixed with a daily regimen of Tannis-root laced drinks, supplied by the Castevet's.

Rosemary *does* attempt to declare her own independence at one point or another. Her cutting of hair is a rebellious act and a cry for help which will never be commented favorably upon.

Guy takes one look at her new look and asks: "What's that?"

"It's Vidal Sassoon," she quips.

Funny—because **Vidal Sassoon** actually cut her hair for the movie. *Also*, because Polanski knew or thing or two about including hair stylists in an Intel psyop, as **Jay Sebring** was a hairstylist *murdered* by another hairdresser, **Tex Watson**.

Guy responds: "Don't tell me you paid for that."



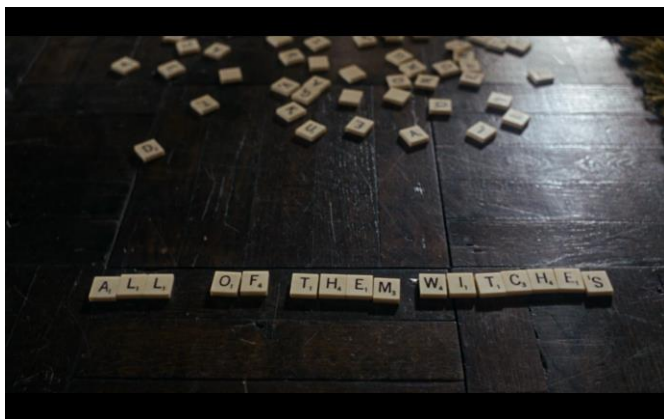
THE HANDWRITTEN note concerning Mrs. Gardenia's disassociation from *the self* can now be said true of Rosemary. Pregnancy cravings encourage an eating of raw meat, like some kind of animal. While braving midtown Manhattan, hoping for a secret meeting with Hutch, Minnie Castevet *happens* upon her. She claims to be Christmas shopping but that

much is an obvious lie, as the nosy neighbor has craftily remained in her shadow until now—always playing the part of the Controller. Eventually, Rosemary haphazardly wanders across the busy avenue, paying no mind whatsoever to the onslaught of taxis. Her conditioning is almost complete.

There is only one obtrusive outside obstacle, and that is her old friend. Hutch has been sticking his nose where it doesn't belong, researching the troubled history of Bramford. Minnie Castevet of course intercepts their meeting, and before Hutch can ultimately share his findings with Rosemary, he succumbs to a mysterious coma—just like Mrs. Gardenia.

After Rosemary's friends encourage her to take control of her body again (at a party thrown by Rosemary in yet another obtrusive act of independence) even going so far as to forcibly remove her husband from the kitchen while they engage in girl talk, Guy calls them *bitches*. Unable to withstand the pain any longer, Rosemary insists on seeing Dr. Hill. Guy argues against it, insisting, just as he had with the Castevet's chocolate mousse, that Dr. Sapirstein will be offended. As they argue, the entity within her seemingly wakes to consciousness. For the first time in months, the pain suddenly stops and Rosemary feels the baby move.

Crisis diverted.



THAT is, *until* Hutch's funeral.

The final *hiccup* to the conspirators' plan arrives with Hutch's post mortem warning. At his funeral, a woman named Grace Cardiff, who is identified as Hutch's daughter, delivers a book into Rosemary's hands. Its title reads:

All of Them Witches. Apparently, Hutch had come out of his coma just long enough to give his final wishes and tell the doctor that the book was intended for Rosemary as an anagram.

“The name of the book?” Rosemary asks.

“Apparently,” Grace shrugs.

Back at her Bramford apartment, Rosemary pours through its pages and learns more about this Adrian Marcato individual, whom Hutch had earlier attempted to warn her about. Born in 1846. Devoted to Satanism. Called *forth* Satan in 1896, and at their very Bramford building too. *Got it.* She then dumps her Scrabble bag onto the floor and gets to work rearranging its pieces. From the book title she is able to decode the following messages: COMES WITH THE FALL as well as ELF, SHOT, CAME, WITCH. The big revelation however comes with the name ADRAN MARCATO. It *also* spells out ROMAN CASTEVET.

Roman Castevet is the *son* of Satanist Adrian Marcato.



AFTER Guy learns of her little *research project*, the *now* successful actor discounts her suspicions and promptly throws away the book. He justifies his actions in that he doesn't want to further upset her pregnancy, even commenting upon the fact that her hands are shaking. His total disregard for her own intuition however finally fills in the missing pieces, as she is now convinced that her own husband is conspiring with them.

Terrified, and with seemingly no one left to turn to, Rosemary flees to a nearby phone booth, hoping to nab Dr. Hill's attention.

"All of them. All of them. All of them in it together. *All of them.* All of them witches," Rosemary repeats to herself while waiting upon Hill's office to return her call. She then speaks to her unborn child: "Don't worry, little Andy or Jenny, I'll kill them before I let them touch you."

When Dr. Hill finally calls, Rosemary accelerates full speed into her wild rants and ravings, just as anyone might who has only recently discovered the paper-thin reality of the world around them. "I can't stay too long here. They'll be coming, looking for me. Dr Hill? Dr Hill, there's a plot... I know that sounds crazy. You're probably thinking, 'This girl has *flipped*,' but I haven't flipped, Dr Hill, I swear, by all the saints. There are plots against people, aren't there?"

The voice on the other end seems to shrug.

"I suppose there are."

"There's one against me and my baby," Rosemary insists.

"Come see me tomorrow after five," Hill says.

Rosemary fears she'll never survive that long.

"Now! Right now."

A strange old man hovers outside the phone booth smoking a stogy. Rosemary does not notice him until after she hangs up the phone. How long has he been standing there listening in? She can't be certain. Is he Intel? *Probably.* They're always listening. Watching. Smiling and waving—just to screw with your head.



IN Dr. Hill's office, Rosemary's rants and ravings continue at a queasy pace. Unless that is you're a veteran conspiracy theorist and know how to keep up.

“He lied to you. He said we were going to Hollywood. The worst thing of all, he's involved with them as well. He sleeps in pajamas now. He never used to before. He's probably hiding a mark. You know they give you marks when you join. All sorts of rituals. They hold Sabbaths there. You could hear them singing through the walls.... *Um*, they're very clever people. They planned everything right from the beginning. They probably made some sort of deal with Guy. They gave him success, and he promised them our baby to use in their rituals. I know this sounds crazy, but I've—I've got books here. *Look.*”

Rosemary then describes the terrible pain she was in, the drink spiked with tannis root (the witches book called it Devil's Pepper), and how her husband Guy had a part to play in the comma which the coven of witches forced upon him by stealing one of his gloves and putting a curse upon it. Finally concluding, she says: “Maybe all this is coincidence, but one thing is for sure, they have a coven and want my baby.”

Dr. Hill cautiously replies: “Certainly seems that way.”

What way—the part where she said the coven wanted her baby or that all of this may have been a coincidence? We are not told. Dr. Hill is the

everyday man when presented with conspiracy. He is neither conspirator nor theorist. He can therefore *choose* to believe the conspiracy, as delivered by the theorist, or the seemingly more pragmatic approach of its *fact checking* conspirators, the later of whom openly promote the very paradigm which he wishes to inhabit.

Rosemary smiles with delirious relief: "I was afraid you wouldn't believe me."

"I don't believe in witchcraft," Dr. Hill *insists*, "but there are plenty of maniacs and crazy people in this city."

Seems like a practical compromise. Honor the woman's belief system, even if he doesn't adhere to it. He then asks for the doctor's name.

The doctor's name is *Sapirstein*, she says.

Dr. Hill looks up, somewhat jostled. "*Abraham* Sapirstein?"

"Yeah. Do you know him?"

"I've met him once or twice."

"To look at him you wouldn't think..."

"No, you wouldn't. Not in a million years."

Hill certainly *tries* to listen in upon the needs of his patient, but what happens when the theory becomes impractical to the globular Construct he wishes to inhabit? He chooses to hand over the conspiracy theorist to the conspirator. In this way, and no matter how much he convinces himself the he's far too sophisticated to believe in something so primal as witchcraft, he benefits from the effects of the spell. While Rosemary sleeps on the examination table, Hill makes a few phone calls. She awakes to find Dr. Sapirstein and Guy entering the room with Hill. The *common* man has offered her up as a sacrifice in order that he might remain in the illusion.



BACK at Bramford, the *coven* gives Rosemary a “mild sedative” to calm her down. The Government likes it like that. A daily dosage of blue pills goes a long way.



The true horror offered to us is of the psychological nature. It is only now in the movie when we finally and fully realize that Rosemary is not in control of her own body. She never has been. For the drug they feed her, you see, was not simply poisonous to her health; it held magical components intended to outmuscle her mind. Despite her desire to keep those nosy neighbors out of her apartment, their watchful eye was nearly omnipresent, even preordained from the very beginning. In the intervening months, she was denied information and furthermore mocked at every turn, simply for desiring to research and read the sort of truth

which might be found in dusty old books and help to inform her own decision.

After Terry jumped from the window, Rosemary still *chose* to wear the necklace, even though doing so challenged her own instincts. Today people take The Government *enforced* VAX and hate it, but they roll up their sleeve anyways, partly out of fear and for a *so-called* love of the greater good, but mostly because the Intel community has convinced them it was their own idea—as well as the loving thing to do—all along.

Anyhow, they hold her down and deliver medicine, that Rosemary might be a good little girl. She *also* goes into labor.



WHEN next she awakens, the baby is reported *dead*, and Guy is already speaking of their new life with Paramount studios and Universal and all that, living in some big fancy mansion in Beverly Hills complete with a swimming pool. *So*, you're saying this is a biography on acting? Apparently. Rosemary however is convinced that her baby is alive, particularly since members of the Castevet's entourage are going out of their way to pump her breastmilk and keep it sterile. There's also the matter of a baby's cry which only she admits to hearing.

Recalling the linen closet, which Mrs. Gardenia had pushed a cabinet in front of, Rosemary discovers a hidden door leading into Roman and Minnie Castevet's apartment. It is there—under the dominant portrait of Adrian Marcato—where she interrupts her husband with numerous

coven members, congregating around a bassinet draped in black. Dr. Saperstein arrives, as does some sort of foreign dignitary. Probably a member of the United Nations. Because everyone who's anyone is in on it.

Peering inside, a horrified Rosemary demands to know what is wrong with her baby's eyes.

Roman Castevet proudly declares: "He has his father's eyes."



The entire room erupts with cries of "Hail Satan!" while simultaneously quoting from Nietzsche and *spook* literature like TIME Magazine. You know, *God is dead* and all that. His name is Adrian, by the way. Roman encourages Rosemary to mother her son, and *here* she has an important decision to make. Will she leave or will she stay? She knows *too much*, obviously. If she leaves, she *dies*. If she stays, she prolongs her life only so much that she dies a slow death. Guy attempts to calm her, promising a slice of the pie and a child of their own, to which she spits in his face. *So*, she chooses to leave then? *Not quite*. And that is because Rosemary has been conditioned by everyone. After hearing the infant's cries, Rosemary chooses her fate and gently rocks the cradle. Deal with the Lake of Fire another day then.

Rosemary's Baby is a Masterful horror film, particularly because of its accuracy. The Secret Societies who run our world see every one of us as a Rosemary. Her disassociation is intended for all of humanity. Our reality

is an illusion—the result of interwoven spells—and should we *choose* to accept or go along with the agenda, as Rosemary has, our end result is becoming transformed into a *certain* Beast image. In this manner, even Dr. Hill will experience the same fate. Satan isn't simply seeking for one solitary son of Cain to rule the world. He wants his seed in *everyone*. You want Satanism?

There's your Satanism.



10050 Cielo Drive: Sharon Tate Was Murdered in a *Movie* Set

MANY ATTRIBUTE the creation of the miniskirt and hotpants to London-based mod fashion designer **Mary Quant**. The point I am trying to make here is that **Sharon Tate** had the legs that both pieces of fabric were imagined for. In 1969, at 26 years of age, the Colonel's daughter was up to \$125,000 per picture, and many called her the most beautiful woman in Hollywood. Upon arriving at their hilltop home in the days following her murder, *director* **Roman Polanski** told the **LIFE** Magazine staff writer who joined him, "This must be the world-famous *orgy* house." He then set about to find clues in her murder.

The very *first* question you should be asking is, why was there a LIFE Magazine staff writer there to take a house tour with him? Actually, there was a LIFE photographer as well. And as you hopefully know by now, LIFE is the very best kind of *spook* literature in that people paid subscriptions for Intel to advertise their latest psyop in the mailbox week after week, *via* photojournalism, hot off the press. Photojournalism informing every manner of their lives. More on the photographer in a moment, because the name of the journalist was **Thomas Thompson**, and already he had "the distinction" of covering the **JFK** assassination,

becoming the first writer to locate the home of *patsy* **Lee Harvey Oswald** and his wife. Another task he was *selected* for was covering the making of the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* album, in which he revealed the group's extensive drug use. In hindsight, you should easily be able to see why Thompson's Big Reveal was so instrumental to the counterculture Intel project. Knowledge of **Frank Sinatra's** mafia ties is *also* accredited to Thompson. Every Intel project I've just mentioned comes into the present narrative.

Roman Polanski's return home was *featured* in LIFE's August 29 episode, some three weeks after the Manson family murders. The killer's identities would not be revealed for another few months, and *already* the Media was pushing a Satanic occult-based narrative. Just about every publication, it seems, was adding some clever spin to the story, but the Satanic occult was consistent with everyone. LIFE Magazine taking the horror director on a tour of his blood-stained home is one of those unique twists. In the *same* issue we're treated to the Apollo 11 and Woodstock, so *yeah*, 1969 was a blockbuster summer for Intel. By the way, the Woodstock photographs were provided by **Bill Eppridge**, whom we had earlier seen at Robert Kennedy's side when **Sirhan Sirhan** emerged from behind a tray stacker. *Mm-hmm*, Woodstock, space, and 10050 Cielo Drive all share the same issue. Am I giddy? Yes, but only a little.

In this chapter, we will finally enter the 10050 Cielo Drive house and take a closer look at the only photos provided to us. They depict murder, but they're the same *cheap* special effects which derive from the horror movie genre. Here's a preview of what I'm talking about. The coroner was a Hollywood forger and the blood was *fake*. Therefore, we will be looking at pictures of bodies and the blood we are told derived from those bodies. They're likely not as bad as you once recall, or nearly so graphic as you're probably imagining. Still, you have been warned. If watching horror movies make you squeamish, or in this case, *exposing* a horror newsreel as a scripted documentary, then proceed no further. Their death scene may spring upon you at any given moment.

THE HOUSE at 10050 Cielo Drive was designed by architect **Robert Byrd** and completed in 1944 for French *actress* **Michèle Morgan**, who

featured *the house* which Morgan was living in, *via* various costume changes. The house itself, and that is most definitely *the house*, was being entered into the catalogue of collective consciousness. We can clearly see Morgan showing off the iconic ladder in the very room where Tate would later be murdered. In what appears to be the same photo session, she stood by the Dutch door which would soon be smeared in Tate's blood. Sharon Tate would *also* pose before that very door, but unlike Michèle Morgan, Tate totally owned it.

After The War, Morgan returned to France. The property was then sold to somebody named **Dr. Hartley Dewey**. I decided to take a closer look at Dewey and quickly came to learn that he was good friends with **Walt Disney**. How good of friends—you ask? They often vacationed together. And who distributed Walt Disney's cartoons at the time but RKO Pictures? In 1946, American *actress* **Lillian Gish** moved in, but only briefly. Another tenant during the Dewey era was **Baroness Philippine de Rothschild**. She was an actress who went by the stage name **Philippine Pasca**, but she was *also* a **Rothschild**, and the apple does not fall far from the tree.

Here's something else I learned along the way. Byrd designed a doppelgänger house which sat on its own plateau directly below 10050. *Mm-hmm*, the Roman Polanski house had a twin brother or sister. 10048 Cielo Drive is rarely ever commented upon, but Intelligence *looks* for twins. Mostly with people, like **Aron** and **Elvis Aron Presley**, but twin houses will *also* do. While I am not claiming that the *faked* murders actually took place at 10048 Cielo Drive, I see little reason as to why it wasn't a contender. Consider the address. The number **50** represents the Universe being expressed by individual lives. It is "the holiest and the most natural of numbers, because it equals to the sum of the squares numbers 9+16+25 constructed on the sacred triangle of Pythagoras (3, 4 and 5) and also to the product of 5 x 10 of the pentad and the decade, numbers of the generating Life and the World-Harmony, the Microcosm and the Macrocosm." **50** is also associated with the fourteenth Arcane of the Tarot: the solar Angel, which is generally interpreted as "the sign of the change, the mutations and the metamorphoses."

If you're not catching on, then that's *okay*. It's why I'm here. 10050 Cielo Drive was an Intel project from the very laying of its cornerstone. For

example, soon after Lillian Gish and Rothschild's departure, we then read on some *bio* sites: "**After that period the ownership of the property is pretty sketchy.**" How does ownership of a property get sketchy? Were police investigators not able to track down previous owners? Was there no paperwork? Intel, it appears, pulled the chemical bleach from under the kitchen sink and got to scrubbing.

"However, *it is known,*" we then learn, "that music and film **talent manager Rudolph Altobelli** bought the house for \$86,000 in the early 1960s and then rented the property out." In 1969, Altobelli still lived in his own residence at southernmost portion of the grounds, but had conveniently left his house and several dogs in the care of **William Garretson**, his houseboy.

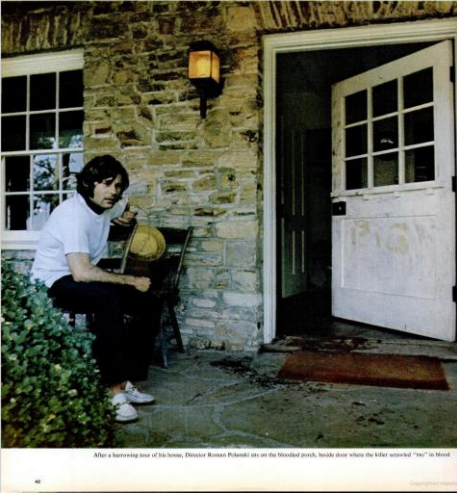
Whom did the Hollywood talent manager rent his house out to? I'm glad you asked. I wanted to know the same thing. **Cary Grant** and **Dyan Cannon** spent their honeymoon there in 1965, which is odd, since Grant was a flaming homosexual who wore nylon stockings under his slacks. **Henry Fonda** paid rent for a time. Another person who lived in the house was *actor* **George Chakiris**. You will recall that Sharon Tate had a summer fling with **Richard Beymer** while still living under her father's roof, *via* Operation Gladio. Beymer had already acted out his starring role in *West Side Story* as the leader of the Jets gang. Tate later won her first Hollywood contract through Beymer's agent. *Well*, Chakiris played the leader of the Sharks gang, opposite of Beymer. Coincidence? Probably not. Soon thereafter, **Mark Lindsay** paid Altobelli rent, as well as members of his band, *Paul Revere & The Raiders*. **Terry Melcher** and **Candice Bergman**, we already know about, which brings us up to the present.

Roman Polanski's return home.

THE VERY FIRST picture which LIFE Magazine shows us is of Roman Polanski sitting out front, staring at the blood-stained porch and the blood-stained door, where the killer spelled *PIG*, presumably with the blood of his wife. I have been trying to figure out if the graffiti artist intended a lower case "i" or uppercase "I" in the spelling, but have settled

Roman Polanski comes home to the scene of the Sharon Tate murders

A Tragic Trip to the House on



After a harrowing year of the Stones, Director Roman Polanski sits on the bloodstained porch, inside door where the killer attacked "100" in Head

on PIG for the remainder of this article—all capitals. It appears as though he is speaking into a recorder, taking notes while vying for clues, which is to say, the entire scene is being passed off to us as organic. And yet, nothing could be further from the truth. Look at his nice shoes and his nice shirt and his nice pants. His shoes are white and spotless, like his shirt. That's a rich man sitting outside of a rich man's house. You shall see why the *inside* stage sharply contrasts the **Jooish** director in a moment, but here's a preview. Polanski and Tate's London house included

two side-by-side busts—one of Napoleon, the other of Polanski. From there, they entertained the Stones and the Beatles and **Victor Lownes** of the **Playboy Club**, making orgy-fueled home movies with countless recognizable faces. Faces like **Jane Fonda**. Probably for the purposes of blackmail.

You will argue that Roman Polanski was a Polish-French director, not Jooish. And yet how could I have missed it? This is the problem with simply *assuming*. LIFE Magazine has decided to pass notes in class, and in this article, Thomas Thompson pointedly mentions that his father wore the yellow **Star of David** armband during The War. The story goes as *follows*. Polanski's mother disappeared one day and ended up at a place called Auschwitz. And then, on a totally different day, his father took him to the edge of the ghetto, cut the barbed-wire fence, and told him to *run*.

Thomas Thompson made a point to mention the blood on the front porch as belonging to *actor* Voytek Frykowski. We must assume that such knowledge originated from an investigative police report already made public, as there were otherwise no witnesses. He wrote that the blood had "dried and darkened to a mahogany brown and strewn about the flagstones like a **Jackson Pollock** painting." As if one Intel reference is not enough (*cough*, Pollock, *cough*), he then describes the living room, *next*

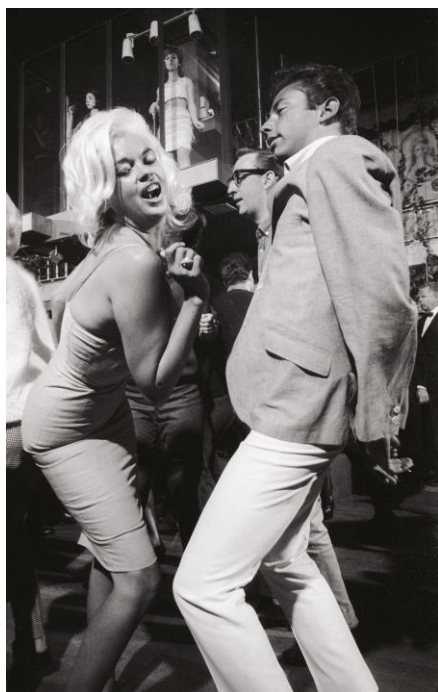
sentence, as “the dark side of the moon.” *Ridiculous*. Unlike documented photos of the murder victims, the blood here *looks* real. I’ll give them that. In fact, it *is* real. Does it match up with the blood *on* the victims? No, it does not.

The *P Word* had already been scribbled in blood at the house of murder victim **Gary Hinman**, which was a sort of *Hobbit* prequel to the Main Event, whereas Manson played the part of Gollum and one ring would rule them all. The scriptwriters were looking to tie *Helter Skelter* and *Pig* with The Beatles *White Album* Intel project, as even *Sexy Sadie* is a John Lennon ditty and *Piggies* a **George Harrison** original. Members of the Manson family later attempted to frame the Black Panthers and identify *Pig* with another P Word, *Police*, but which is it? The irony here is that the Black Panthers were another Intel project. So, more cross referencing. The earliest reference to the police being associated with *PIGS*, that I can find, stems from ***The New York Times***, in a February 18, 1965 article describing the signs carried by protesters during an anti-war march. *The NY Times* is a hands-down Intel run paper. Before you claim they were simply reporting on pork hungry hippies, need I remind you that we’ve been over this before. The Media only really cares about actors. Intel dressed actors up as hippies all the time. They even dictated their music



and their fashion and then fueled them with drugs before having the Media make it a matter of social consciousness.

In review, why did police become synonymous with pigs in The Sixties? Because actors played the part and a Langley sponsored newspaper reported on it. Intel invests in their own projects by playing the part of the second witness, and *this* is one of them. The blood is real, but only so much as they're wagging the Truth in plane/plain sight. Spooks left their calling card with the goo of an actual pig.



The name of the photographer who documented Polanski reading the *PIG* message is listed by LIFE Magazine as a certain **Julian Wasser**. It only took a moment, typing his name into The Matrix, to learn that we're dealing with a high-profile Hollywood man. But *first*, Wasser started his career as an officer in the US **Navy**. Intelligence? That's the running theme, isn't it? And get this. Wasser was in the *same* hotel with Bill Eppridge on the night of Bobby Kennedy's assassination. What are the odds? Slim to none. Several years earlier, Wasser is seen photographing **Jane Mansfield** at the *Whiskey-a-Go-Go* in 1964, which takes us back to America's first

hippie, **Vito Paulekas**. And remember that time when I told you about how the CIA not only financed but created art, particularly abstract expressionism? Wasser is the photographer who documented **Marcel Duchamp** playing chess in Pasadena with the naked girl and "the urinal that changed art forever." If the boys down at Langley needed a photographer, they had Wasser's number.

Wasser is documented behind the lens photographing **Marilyn Monroe** at an awards show. **Steve McQueen** on the set of *Love with the Proper Stranger*, which he starred in with **Natalie Wood** in 1963. Pay attention to

those first three names, because they're all connected. **John Travolta** on the set of *Saturday Night Fever*. **Andy Warhol** with **Dennis Hopper**, also connected. **George Lucas** standing around in a parking lot with **Martin Scorsese**. Like *Eptridge*, he's capturing *a day in the life* for **Barbra Streisand**. But he can also be found going deep undercover while **Hugh Hefner** roller skates with bunnies. And before this is over, we'll turn to Wasser's treatment of **Jodie Foster** in order to better understand the true nature of deception. So, understand, the distraught Polanski isn't reacting for random members of the press. The question you should be asking is *why* Polanski would pose for a high-profile Hollywood photographer and JFK assassination journalist, passing it off like an organic moment in time. *Simple*. Because Polanski may have been a director, but he was also an actor, and the horror writer liked to make cameos in his own movies—that's why.

Roman Polanski is sitting on a movie set and taking part in a photo-shoot.

TURN THE PAGE and LIFE Magazine's journalism gets even stranger. Thompson and Wasser carry the viewer into the living room to encounter somebody identified as **Peter Hurkos**. Hurkos is squatting alone on the x-marks the spot, where the body of Sharon Tate once lay. His bio goes something as *follows*. After a freak comic book accident involving a ladder, 30-year-old Peter Hurkos awoke from his coma in a Dutch hospital and found he could identify one fellow patient as a thief and another as a British agent about

to be killed by the Gestapo. *Oh*, take my money Hollywood and tell me *more!* Hurkos brought his manifested extrasensory perception, or ESP for



The sudden stillness of their swinging world

CONTINUED

stones on the hearth, baby grand piano, a scattering of chairs in its usual look as a place of warmth and comfort—and as the eye looked almost imperceptibly toward the living room on the white Dutch floor—had the living room on the dark side of the moon.

Here was a spacious, wonderful room—white walls and white beams, an open hall crisscrossed with a richwood ladder leading to a big bedroom with smooth and wenge-

lac canals with a black-on-white Japanese instruction kit, a massive bedroom slipper, a bed, an oval and children's. Sharon's first baby would have been born within the month. Doctors took it from her body, but the perfectly formed infant was laid with it from her.

Roman speaks English well, even though he learned it just four years ago, but when he is tired the words come out with difficulty, each one separate, each one painfully focused, each very pronounced.

"Why?" he said, and he said it again and again and again. And, after a long while, "Sharon . . . was . . . the supreme moment . . . of my life. . . I knew it would not . . . last."

Eighteen months ago, in a London registry office, Sharon Tate married Roman Polanski. She wore a white minidress, he a Regency suit with a white cravat. It was the union of two different worlds.

CONTINUED

short, to the United States in 1959 for the purposes of psychic experimentation, but mostly to become a television entertainer. And there you have it. Peter Hurkos is on the case.

Hurkos had earlier demonstrated his psychic know-how during the **Boston Strangler** psyop and claimed to have located the stolen **Stone of Scone**. His arrival at the Polanski-Tate house, apparently at the same moment in which Polanski is taking a tour, is explained by the fact that the television psychic's attorney had told him that Jay Sebring was dead. I *could* be asking why Hurkos had a thing for hair stylists, but if you've been paying attention, then you already know the answer to that. Hurkos recalled: "All I remembered about Sebring was that he had once given me a \$25 haircut and charged me \$50." We have just been given an admission. Before August of 1969, you didn't brag about Jay Sebring "giving you a haircut" unless you were working for Intel.

Don't believe me? *Here*, I'll give you another example. In 1964, Hurkos was put on trial on the charge of impersonating a federal agent. Apparently, he posed as an officer in order to gather information that he could later claim to be psychic revelations. All they are saying here is that Hurkos was a fake psychic who posed as an entertainer but was working for brass all along.

One of the entertainer's notable psychic claims, contrary to popular belief at the time, was that **Adolf Hitler** was alive and doing well in **Argentina**. *Yet* another admission. Peter Hurkos is a character actor, playing the same part but in different movies. Knowing that the Boston Strangler was an Intel project, like Son of Sam and the Zodiac Killer, I'm willing to bet now that the stolen Stone of Scone was another lousy movie on par with the stolen Mona Lisa heist movie. Hurkos also serves the role of controlled opposition, and that is because Adolf Hitler most likely made the trek to South America. Who else fled to Argentina? Sharon Tate did.

MOST AMERICANS probably didn't even know *who* director Roman Polanski or actress Sharon Tate were in the summer of 1969. Associating Polanski with *Rosemary's Baby* and Tate with fashion photos would be easy, but with Jay Sebring, they would have a lot of catching up to do. LIFE

Magazine gives Sebring an entire page spread and really screws up here. I mean, they slather the butter on pretty thick, don't you think? Jay Sebring has Chinese food in London with Tate and Polanski. Jay Sebring *often* accompanies Polanski to the Brands Hatch racing course, where afterwards, they stand around congratulating each other on their wicked driving skills. That's some seriously thick gravy. Why not just show a picture of Sebring in his hair studio and call it the day?

I can understand inviting the hair stylist to your kids' bar mitzvah, but how was Jay Sebring capable of traveling

with Tate and Polanski to London for Chinese food? I *thought* Sebring was a hairstylist. Hairstylists have schedules and books to log their appointments in. He sculpted **Frank Sinatra**, **Henry Fonda**, **Steve McQueen**, and **Jim Morrison's** hair, often on set. And now we have come to learn that he sculpted Peter Hurkos too. I don't know about you, but I barely have time to research, write and turn out a new paper each week, let alone international cuisine hoping. I skipped a trip to the local frozen yogurt bar just to finish this one.

Did you know that Jay Sebring was also a music record label exec? I didn't. This information has been scrubbed. Try to find it. You *won't*. Except for a singular article which remains, more-so a snap shot of a past article clipping, claiming his executive status. In other words, we have a photo of the article for proof, but I have yet to find any such source article. Amazing, how easy it is for them to erase our reality. I did however dig up another connection to Sebring and the music industry. **Quincy Jones**.



Woman and Sharon invited 25 people for dinner in London at a Chinese restaurant last autumn, and dined on lobster (above). Sebring (standing by the Polanski) was a frequent house guest, and often went with Roman to the Brands Hatch racing course where they congratulated each other (right) on their driving skill.



In the bloodstained living room (left) where bodies of Miss Tate and Sebring were found beside coach, chauffeur Peter Hurkos, who worked on Boston Strangler case, studies scene.

The music producer and future Michael Jackson handler was a friend of Jay Sebring, because *who* wasn't? Did they know each other through his past gig as a record label exec, or did Sebring simply trim Jones hair too? Again, we are not told. At any rate, Jones had planned to join him for dinner on the night of the murder. **Steve McQueen** however had asked Jones and Sebring to view a rough edit of his movie *Bullitt* earlier that day. After watching the movie, Quincy Jones forgot about their meeting at Tate's house. Wait, now he's viewing rough cuts of Steve McQueen movies? *Right*.



I decided to check and see if McQueen was expected to arrive at the Polanski-Tate house later that night, and I wasn't let down. He *was* expected. McQueen's former wife, **Neile Adams**, who was married to him at the time, told the *National Post* in 2017 that the actor had planned to hang with his favorite hair stylist but he "ran into a *chickie* and decided to go off with her instead." She then added, having sex with another woman saved his lie.

Jay Sebring. International man of mystery.

LIFE THEN shows a picture of a pregnant Sharon Tate standing next to a Rolls-Royce. *Her* Rolls-Royce. A caption reads that it was gifted to her from the husband as a wedding anniversary nod. Give it a *closer* look. There's a rich girl outside her rich home standing next to her rich car. Sharon Tate has just set the bar for *every* army brat and daughter of a deep undercover CIA operative in existence, not that I would know anything about that. She had already been driving a red Ferrari around town. Polanski *also* had a Ferrari, as well as his own Rolls Royce. You know who drives Rolls-Royce's? People with nice furniture. You don't shop at IKEA and then drive home in a Rolls.

Have you seen photos of the inside of their home? It's filled with poor mans' furniture. I bought the August 29 edition of LIFE Magazine on eBay and then read the entire article, and so I can tell you that Thomas Thompson flouts their wealth while purposely overlooking this little important detail. They were apparently struggling for money, if their furniture is anything to go by. Take a look at the Peter Hurkos spread again. There's a granny rocking chair in the back of the room. Is that shag carpeting? No, it is just cheap knock-off carpeting.

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Futile search for a missing thread

CONTINUED

Roman walked now through the living room into the master bedroom. "Sharon must have been asleep then again." In said. "Look, there, the pillows—she always put there that way when I was gone." The big double bed with the gaily printed lime-green and orange sheets had been slept on one side only two big pillows cut in half, rather like a handball board. "She begged the pillows instead of me," he said softly.

His eyes caught the shattered door leading to the pool. There were dried spots of blood there and the black grimé left when police dust for fingerprints. "The man had been awakened by the noise and got up. . . . Roman followed a path through the hall into the living room. "They, but her here. . . . He went back into the bedroom. "The maid is get out that door. . . . He returned to the hall and pointed to tiny drops of blood backing the husband. "And they dragged her into the living room and did. . . ."

He went into the second bathroom where Frakowski and Miss Folger did a significant inspection but "I should have shown him out when he ran over Sharon's dog," he said. Sharon had owned a Yorkshire named Supertan (after the woman who owned it) and did.

How long had Vostyok and Miss Folger been house guests here? "Too long, I guess," he pronounced.

Roman's visitors in the West was a beacon to many creative friends in Poland. Several of his generation managed to leave the Communist country and, in most cases, their first letters and calls went to Roman Polanski.

"Roman became sort of a Polish Y. M. H. A. in America," says a friend. "He loaned them money, he even borrowed money to loan them money, he read their scripts and got them jobs, and it didn't matter how some of them had no talent and no promise. What was important was that they were Polish. There was this incredible bond."

Roman promised through his house as the afternoon wore on. "There is something here," he said. "I can feel it. Something the police missed. I must find the thread."

All week long he had tried to put some of the pieces together. He heard the Hollywood gossip: that the killers were devil-worshippers, that it was a Mao-Mao eye-slaughter. Drugs! "We smoked pot at my house," said Roman. "But I don't think I've ever been to a Hollywood party where it was." (One film figure wryly noted a few days after the crime, "Folger are finishing all over Beverly Hills, the entire Lennox never parties is open.") Roman learned from John Phillips, the rock composer and co-founder of the now disbanded Mamas and the Papas, that Frakowski was reportedly "into a harder drug scene than just pot."

Sharon and Roman spent most of this spring in Europe, she doing a film in Rome, he preparing several new films in London, in her absence. Frakowski and Miss Folger had stayed in the house—at Roman's request. They remained there after Sharon returned, keeping her company until Roman could join her.

"Roman didn't know what the hell was going on at his house," says a friend. "All he knew was that one of his beloved Poles was

staying there. Sharon probably knew, she had to, but she was too nice or dumb to show him out. If any creeps and weirdos went up, it wasn't Sharon's invitation."

Roman found a smudged lantern in the flower bed near the front porch. He held it for a minute, wondering if the police had overlooked it, if it was perhaps a clue. He looked at it and said to the front door where it had once hung. He threw it back to the flower bed.

He was drawn back once again to the bedroom. He opened the door of an armoire, and baby things almost tumbled out. There were stacks of blankets, diapers, formula bottles and wipers, baby soap, books—"Among You Baby, Let's Have Healthy Children, How To Tread Your Baby To Sleep."

He saw across a stack of public photos of Sharon, posing in the front yard, the spectacular view behind her, below her. And he cried for quite a long while.

In the driveway, Roman stopped to examine briefly the black Porsche of Jay Sching and the yellow Finch of Miss Folger. Then he got into his car and hurried out. The trip down the hill was much quicker than the trip up.



For her wedding anniversary Sharon missed Ruth-Rose from husband

From the outside, where Tate famously poised herself in the Dutch doorway, like a rich girl living in a rich country house, you'd never know that the actress was into thrift store bargains. You open that door only to enter a poor mans' house. What a letdown. Why would Quincy Jones and Steve McQueen even entertain the notion of hanging out in a bargain bin? What if **John Lennon** or **Mick Jagger** showed up in town? The inside looks like a pad belonging to poor hipsters attempting to spice up the college dorm. *Sure*, the zebra rug was sprayed with blood, but that was probably a gift from some royal diplomat of Rothschild dignity who went to Africa on a hunting safari and Polanski hated it. Now he finally had an excuse the next time Duke of Earl or whomever came over for dinner and asked of its whereabouts. *Blame Charlie*.

No wonder why Polanski went on a tour of his own house with LIFE Magazine. He wanted to see the final set-up. Intel was obviously guarding the piggy bank when it came to the props department, and for the record, Tate's Rolls-Royce wasn't one of them. Am I saying somebody moved

Roman Polanski's *real* furniture out and installed cheap carpeting before the murders? That's *exactly* what I'm saying. In every single picture I can find of Sharon Tate and Roman Polanski in 1968 and the spring of that year, they're surrounded by the sort of antiques reserved for white slavers. Just not in their own home. At least, not in the summer of 69. And why ruin perfectly good furniture with fake blood? What this means is, Folger may have personally served as set designer. LIFE Magazine screws up again when Thompson personally mentions that Jay Sebring drove a black Porsche, Folger a yellow Firebird. Remember when **Charlie Manson** and **Abigail Folger** were seen driving a red Ferrari in July? The Ferrari belonged to Sharon Tate. For all I know, they were celebrating a job well done.



To this very day, you will not have any trouble tracking down a picture of the *PIG* door. Intel is proud of this little plot twist. Here we have one such close-up of the *PIG* door, shot from the inside of the house. But what happens if we zoom out? You will have trouble tracking down such a

photo. I was however capable of accomplishing that task. The results are telling. You can thank me later.

What happens....?

The movie set is exposed.

Do you see it? Look *closer*. Take as long as you need.

Aside from more junk furniture and a pair of trunks, the carpet ends an inch or two from the wall.



Busted. Somebody simply rolled cheap carpeting over a hard wood floor in order to make the cleanup less messy. You may also notice the stickers and tickets attached to the trunks. Story has it that they arrived from London the day *before* the murder. Remember when agent **Abraham Zapruder** posed with his 8 mm Bell & Howell Zoomatic movie camera before the Big Day in Dallas? This is like that. The arrival of the trunks was most likely director Polanski's coded way of telling the film crew: *We're rolling!*



THE RICH PEOPLE driving wealthy automobiles around town in European designer clothing, but who furnish their rich home with crappy carpet and thrift appliances theme trudges on while Roman Polanski gives us a tour of Sharon Tate's bedroom. Polanski is wearing the same white shirt that he'd earlier posed in, and what appears to be the same pants, though only his shoes have been traded in for the sort of sandals reserved for a sword and sand epic. And keep in mind, this is the *same* Julian Wasser photo-shoot. Thompson and Wasser both accompanied him into the room, but never mentioned anything about changing his shoes in the article. What this tells us is that Roman Polanski liked shoes to the point that he couldn't decide which ones to wear.

Polanski just sits there, staring at cleverly stashed blow-up photos of Tate in the bottom drawer of her dresser, reminding us that Sharon Tate was a model, and pictures of herself were more important than clothing or whatever. He then sits upon the bed and works himself into tears for the camera. Does that look like the bedroom of an international renowned model? *Nope.* More crappy carpet. No bed boards. Her box spring mattress doesn't even have any sheets. Meanwhile, Folger and Frykowski's guest bedroom down the hall had a bed with bed boards. And here's a fact which nearly slipped by me. That's not even a queen or king-sized bed. Thompson slipped up when he pointedly described Tate's big

“double bed.” But if you look closely, the film crew simply had two single mattresses slid up together. *Ridiculous*. Didn’t that girl have any clothes? No wardrobe. No shoe racks. No hat racks. You’d think that dresser would be jam packed with hotpants and short skirts. A rotating rotunda of swimsuits. Panties for every occasion. A hat for every outfit. Rain boots for a stormy day. And more recently, the most fashionable maternity clothing. Where is the bathing suit that Tate wore during her last day on *globe* Earth? Shouldn’t that be hung out to dry?

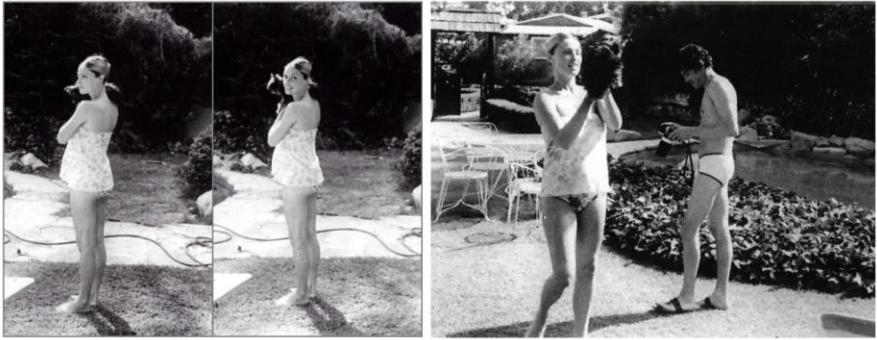
Look at the thrift store artwork. Those frames probably cost her a quarter each. The big one might have been a splurge. Two quarters and a nickel, maybe an added dime. Can you imagine **Andy Warhol** stepping into that room? I can’t either. He’d have a hernia. If you tell me the mattress had been stripped of its bedding in the hours after Tate’s murder, *via* the house maid, then you have failed to purchase a copy on eBay and stand around the mailbox, waiting to read the article, as I have. Polanski points out for Thompson and Wasser precisely where she had slept on the night of the murder. The sheets are still crinkled. The pillow which Tate hugged in the center of the bed is still visible. The house cleaner touched *nothing*.

I’ll say this again. Sharon Tate was a model. We’ve repeatedly seen how she dressed. She was a pretty girl with a bombshell body, complete with fabric to match. We know Polanski liked shoes. Sharon did too. Perhaps those four walls *really* were Sharon Tate’s bedroom at one time, but that’s not her furniture. And that is because Intel made sure that Sharon Tate felt right at home in South America.

Another photo taken by Julian Wasser shows what appears to be Sharon Tate’s nightstand, presumably by her *movie prop* bed. Here we find a Polanski-Tate wedding photo, which was easily planted seconds earlier with the hugging pillow. *Cheap* propaganda. We can also see hair pins and a set of keys, which aims to reinforce the idea that Tate never drove off anywhere in her Ferrari or Rolls-Royce. But what else is that I see? It’s a book. Meanwhile, I can’t find a single bookshelf in their house. Did she



chuck books in the garbage after reading them, just as she must have done with each shoe and bathing suit and maternity dress? [EDIT: According to Thompson, books were kept over the hearth, right next to the **movie scripts**.] I can't read the title. My eyesight isn't that good. But its cover depicts a griffin. Is that a clue? I think it is. Are we headed to the last Tartarian stronghold? Who really knows? Sharon Tate didn't need the Rolls. Charlie Manson is a mythological creation and she was carried away to the hidden land of the Ascended Masters.



WE ALSO come to learn in Thompson's article that the wishing well in the backyard was *fake*, but are you really surprised? Nothing about a movie set is real. Another stunning revelation is that Polanski regretted not throwing Frykowski to the curb after he ran over Sharon Tate's dog. That's news to me. The Yorkshire was named **Dr. Sapirstein** after the sinister obstetrician in *Rosemary's Baby*. That then begs the *next* question. When Thompson asked the director why he made so many horror movies, Polanski apathetically responded: "What is horror to you, may not be horror to me."

Polanski's attitude is *perfectly* captured in the final pictures before Sharon Tate left the stage. They are sold to us in the same manner as any horror film in so much as they play out like a sex-crazed drug-fused scene involving rich white people with rich white people problems and with nothing better to do than lounge around the pool before the killer arrives. In one photo, it's so obvious that Sebring has set down his camera in order to hold a beer bottle like a prop. And the mere fact that black and white and color rolls of film were used exemplifies the fact that we're witnessing a photo-shoot. Just look at them, laughing it up. They *knew* the killers were coming their way, but that's not why they're laughing. They're laughing because they *knew* that you'd be fooled by it. See you in Brazil, baby.

I decided to do a little detective work on Tate's latest dog. Its name was **Prudence**. Is that another Beatles White Album song? It *is*. Oh dear. Apparently, Polanski never told her that Dr. Sapirstein had been killed under the wheel of Folger's Thunderbird, but that he simply ran away. I was able to track down a photo of Prudence at the crime scene. It appears as though she was being carried away by an officer as potential evidence. We are then told that Sharon Tate's younger sister **Debra** adopted the pooch. About ten years later, Debra ran over Prudence with her car. Poor Prudence.



THE FIRST MANSON movie remake would come in 1976 with the release of *Helter Skelter*, which was based upon *The New York Times* bestseller by **Vincent Bugliosi**. I attempted to track down a copy online and only managed a DVD. What is *this*, the early 2000's? A DVD would have to do. The movie claims to tell “the true *story*, the *whole* story,” and yet manages to botch just about everything. Seriously, it's so bad that you have to wonder how people are still buying this ham-rigmarole, let alone in 1976. Well, technically, I did *buy* a copy, but you get my drift. In the remake movie *Helter Skelter*, Roman Polanski's assistant happens to look like Roman Polanski's doppelganger, which is weird. He's escorted into the murder scene, but this time he walks into a rich man's house with rich man's furniture—see what I mean? They're covering up for a rookie mistake.

Also, I couldn't help but notice that the room itself was mirrored. In the real 10050 Cielo Drive home, Roman Polanski (or his twin assistant or whatever) would have entered through the PIG door and turned *left* to enter the living room, but in *Helter Skelter*, he turns to the *right*. It's as if

we're gazing into one of Alice's looking glass houses, taking us deeper into the depths of our unconsciousness. Twins. Opposites. It's a CIA MK-Ultra thing.

The murdered image of Sharon Tate is only given to us for a split second. This was probably done so that nobody had time to notice how many details were *dead* wrong. The one thing they did get right however was the blood and the body. Notice how red the blood is. *Still* crimson. They call that Kensington Gore. It's first and foremost a pun on the London street, but in this context, it's another name for theatrical blood. And that is because, in the movies, they don't use the real thing. They will sometimes tell you it's for moral reasons, but that's *rich*, coming from Hollywood. In actuality, blood coagulates and solidifies rather quickly, making multiple takes a pain in the ass for the make-up department. You see, the iron in hemoglobin oxidizes after contacting the air, quickly turning a bright red blood flow into the same color as rust. Some women notice black or brown blood during their period. Darker toned menstrual blood simply means that the blood is flowing out of the body at a slower rate, which is to say that the blood isn't nearly so fresh as a swift flowing current.

And another thing, the flesh on the actress playing Sharon Tate *glistens*. We know it glistens because she's only an actress playing the part of a dead woman. But they got the detail right, all the same.

We are having this discussion *now* before examining pictures of the *original* murder scene. You are free to turn around, but I will remind you again that we are simply watching a performance attempting to pass itself off as the real thing. Chocolate syrup, something so simple as Bosco or Hershey's applied from a squirt bottle, was used in black-and-white film, as it made for a starker contrast. With color film, they turned to a mixture of corny syrup, non-dairy creamer, and food coloring. The longer-lasting viscosity of stage blood makes it far easier for an actor to work on the set, because as you will see, it doesn't coagulate.

Are you ready?

I am.

Don't tell me that I didn't warn you.

Turn the page.... *Wait* for it.

Now.



FINDING a halfway decent quality copy of the Sharon Tate *and* Jay Sebring murder photo freely floating in The Intel-net isn't as easy as I'd hoped, but they are *still* available here or there. This is the best that I've found, and it's not good. Perhaps the performance is being systematically scrubbed. The more likely scenario however is that there were never any good images to begin with. The Manson murders transpired nearly a quarter of a century before the Intel-net. Intel probably never imagined a scenario where their work would be dissected beyond thumbnail images in an Encyclopedia. If this were a *real* high profile Hollywood murder scene, you would expect the police chief to hand the forensic photographer his camera and tell him to *light em' up*. You know, capture every possible angle, sparing no expense with all twenty rolls of film—but *no*. We are given the sort of angle which conveniently masks Sharon Tate's face from her viewers and left with a cloth which covers Jay Sebring's head, so as not to identify either one of them.

I actually held off looking at Sharon Tate's corpse because I had *assumed* she was naked and that is the reason a photo is so difficult to track down, which actually goes against logic, now that I think about it. A naked Tate would be all over the Intel-net. What I came to learn is, she was

photographed naked but *also* with her top on. At the crime scene she has her top on, but not on the coroner's table. Actually, there are two versions of Sharon Tate on the coroner's table. Top and no top. Most readers will immediately argue that the coroner decided to undress Tate and photograph her again, but I can't help but wonder if they attempted both scenarios, one wherein Tate died in the nude before quickly settling on the R rated version. In either adaptation of the script, Jay Sebring kept his clothes on. Apparently, the coroner decided to undress Tate for a close-up of her areolas, whereas, from what I've been able to uncover, nobody cared to photograph Sebring's nipples, and isn't that strange?

Just so you know, I won't be sharing the areola shots here. It's a shame though, because the nudie photo is the fakest of them all. The head is too large in proportion to her body, and the neck is stretched out far beyond what is natural. It's a fake. A composite image. Name any victim. In nearly every photo I can find that contains a face and a body, the face is a different exposure than the body, and again, isn't that strange? I'd say so. The tag even says "R. Wilson" on it, which is Intel's way of telling you the body belongs to a completely different woman. *Who*, you ask? Somebody named **R. Wilson**. *Obviously*.

You're probable first thought is how gross the *above* picture looks. That may be, but take a closer glance at Sharon Tate again. The murders happened around midnight. The first police photos could not have been snapped before 10am, though probably later. Does that look like the corpse of someone ten or twelve hours after their death—at the earliest? No, it does not. Rigor mortis would already have set in, dictating the natural stiffening of body muscles, a raised arm or a foot. But Sharon Tate, as well as Jay Sebring, are far too relaxed. Nothing about them seems to float. Even their postures are comfortably languid. Resting in peace doesn't mean you're murdered in a sleeping posture. The pools of blood don't exactly describe the struggle which **Susan Atkins**, **Leslie Van Houten**, **Patricia Krenwinkel** and **Tex Watson** would later describe, either. But that is because Watson, Atkins, Houten, and Krenwinkel never were at the house to begin with.

Again, you will argue that we should really back up a few hours, before rigor set in. But we're in no way seeing corpses displaying **primary flaccidity** either, as one would expect soon after death, wherein eyelids

lose their tension, the pupils dilate, and the jaw might fall open. No wonder why they didn't photograph *either* face. With the loss of tension in the muscles, the skin will sag, causing prominent joints and bones in the body, which again, we're not seeing.

Take another attentive glance at Tate again. Look at the plush coloring of her skin. Livor mortis refers to the staining of skin where blood has pooled in the vessels. Because blood remains as a fluid following death. With Sharon Tate, we are given no indication of that. She looks like a comfortably pregnant woman playing dead. As further evidence, her left leg and arm are *glistening*. Livor mortis? Nope. That's due to moisture, and it's a problem. In the *Helter Skelter* remake, the actress who played Sharon Tate glistens just the same, and we *know* she's not dead. We can go on and on speculating as to why there's still moisture some ten to twelve hours after her death. I mean, a rookie police detective might have spit up his glass of water over the victim. But one thing's for certain, her muscles haven't loosened, her joints haven't stiffened, and her skin looks like it's been sun tanning. The blood's *still* fresh.



The only other posthumous photos we are given of Sharon Tate comes by way of her autopsy report, and she's *smiling*. Unless Sharon Tate was killed by the Joker, then that's a problem. Sorry to be the one to tell you, but smiling isn't a symptom of rigor mortis. Women don't commit suicide with a gun in the mouth because they're concerned with how pretty they'll look after their body is discovered. And why did they move her body in

the first place? Why not just photograph her from different angles. It's sloppy police work, as expected. Sloppy police work is legendary with the Manson murders.

They were obviously going for a morbid look, but were incapable of pulling off the intended effect on the movie set. It's probably why we were paraded for years with the overdeveloped image (*on the left*), whereas Tate radiates in a saturated bath of red filtering, courtesy of the Lab, rather than the actual photo (*on the right*). This was probably done so as to give Tate the bloody look of someone already effected by livor mortis. If you need this spelled out, the photo is manipulated in order to make her skin look like a corpse, because the real photo gives the appearance of a dead woman who's attempting to look pretty. A **doctored photo** should immediately plant a Buzz Aldrin moon flag in your skull. They faked it. They faked it. They faked it. And they're trying to hide that fact.

If this *is* an autopsy photo, though I'm starting to think we're looking at a *behind the scenes* make-up test, I have yet to see one with the killer's weapon *still* stuck to the body. The nylon rope, approximately 3/4 inches in diameter, according to the police report, remains wrapped around her neck. How strange. If they wanted closer detail of the murder, why not just try multiple angles in the living room? They left the rope on her neck because the wardrobe department was insecure in their ability to successfully pull off the injuries left behind from a typical hanging. Sharon Tate *was* hung. A coroner testified to those findings. Therefore, in a picture such as this one, you would think the coroner would be interested in documenting such markings, but no. Someone was kind enough to lay her head upon a pillow. Trying to make a pregnant woman comfortable, *hmmmm?*



By the looks of Jay Sebring's make-up test or autopsy photo or whatever, you would think he was lynched by Ma and Pa and the mob. Unlike Tate, Sebring wasn't hung, and yet they left the rope tangled around his neck, apparently because the movie set photographer forgot to lift the towel covering his face and make a point of it. This time, they draped the towel over his knee cap. The noose is an added problem, since the police report explicitly states that Tate and Sebring were tied to opposite ends of the same rope. Did they bring the two bundled up together? You'd never know from these photos. Only one body bag came out on the gurney at a time. Perhaps they loosened the rope and then tied it back to each victim accordingly, who really knows? We are told this is the look of someone who was shot, kicked repeatedly in the face, stabbed seven times, and then tied with a rope for effect. The Wiki furthermore claims that he "died from blood loss caused by his stab wounds." Admittedly, they went light on the blood.

Jay Sebring was 35 years old in 1969. I'll ask you: does that look like a 35-year-old? Where are the wrinkles surrounding his eyes? When do you figure he'd shaven last? Because the final photos taken of Sebring show something akin to a five o'clock shadow. Those same photos of Jay Sebring and Sharon Tate standing around in their undies by the poolside looks like a man in the body of a 35-year-old, but this just looks like a kid.

A kid who's graduated beyond spots but still isn't capable of a solid shave. Jay Sebring was somewhat of a looker. He could confidently strut around the wishing well in a speedo and show a body with definition. His hair had a Beatle-esque look, encroaching upon his eyebrows. The boy's hair is just too curly. His body simply too untested. Perhaps his understudy? You tell me. No wonder why they threw the towel over his face.



THE CORONER was someone named **Thomas Noguchi**, and wouldn't you know it, he has been nicknamed "coroner to the **stars**." *Stars* is just a stand-in word for Ascended Masters. It's a Mystery religion thing. The logo for Paramount Pictures deals out the Truth in plane/plain sight by depicting the Watchers descend upon Mount Hermon. In death and resurrection, the neophyte can attain the rank of immortal, but you know this already. Anyways,

his very first *star* autopsy was **Marilyn Monroe**. Are you not entertained? When commenting upon the mysterious circumstances surrounding her death, Noguchi would often quote the Latin poet **Petrarch**, wherein we read:

"She closed her eyes; and in the sweet slumber lying
her spirit tiptoed from its lodging place.
It's folly to shrink in fear, if this is dying;
for death looked lovely in her face."

Mm-hmm. Just as I suspected. In 1962, Marilyn lived on.

On May 5, 1968, soon after becoming Chief Medical Examiner-Coroner for the County of Los Angeles, Noguchi was enlisted for his next big profile case with the death of **Albert Dekker**. The *actor* was found dead

in his Hollywood home, “naked, kneeling in the bathtub, with a noose tightly wrapped around his neck and looped around the shower curtain rod. He was blindfolded, his wrists were handcuffed, there was a ball gag in his mouth, and two hypodermic needles were inserted in one arm. His body was covered in explicit words and drawings in red lipstick.” He was discovered by his fiancée **Jeraldine Saunders**, who went on to become the creator of *Love Boat*. Death was ruled as auto-erotic asphyxiation which, if you recall, is the exact same way in which **Robin Williams** exited the world stage.

Other celebrity corpses whom Noguchi oversaw include **Robert F. Kennedy**, **Janis Joplin**, **Inger Stevens**, **David Janssen**, **Gia Scala**, **William Holden**, Natalie Wood, and **John Belushi**, *most* if not all of which are extremely suspicious. In short, Noguchi explains why Kennedy was killed in Los Angeles and not Chicago. If you’re going to exit the world stage *via* assassination *hoax*, then you need to know the right people. Specifically, you need your coroner bought and paid for.



THE CORPSE of Abigail Folger is the most convincing. Even the police report thinks so. Her left hand seems to float while her fingers tighten into talons, giving us the portrait of rigor. But the blood is all wrong. We are told she was stabbed twenty-eight times, furthermore indicating that she bled out. Why is the grass not soaked in crimson? Problem here is that she looks like the make-up artist had painted her only moments earlier. Her blood is red like hippie tai-dai, fresh off the Hog Farm. A little *too* Hollywood red.

Remember what I told you about real blood coagulating and solidifying rather quickly, making multiple takes a pain in the ass for the make-up department. *This* is why.

Why are we furthermore only shown blurry pictures? You simply can't find a good forensic or Hollywood photographer when you need one. Perhaps Julian Wasser and Bill Eppridge were booked solid that day. But there's something else I want you to notice here. We generally find two crime scene photos depicting Folger. She can be seen lying on her back, illuminated by the sunlight. The dark outline of trees surrounds her, and in both pictures, their shadows match up. *Whoop-de-dew*, right?

Now look to the background. That's Folger's boyfriend **Wojciech Frykowski**. He's lying under the shade of a tree. In fact, it would take the sun several hours to move at such an angle as to cast him in the spotlight.

THE CLOSE-UP of Frykowski is once again blurry, telling us Intel has something to hide. Seriously, could you identify the man? I couldn't. Not even in a police lineup. Nobody could. Did the *real* Frykowski already skip the country? And like everybody but the girlfriend, he positioned himself in a comfortable sleeping posture, using his arm as a pillow.



This is why the blood is fake, because they had to lay there for *so* long. Applauds to Abigail Folger. The biggest red flag however is that Frykowski is no longer in the shade. Well, technically he *is* in the shade. But somebody down at the lab decided he played victim in the wrong place and therefore needed some additional post-edit work.

Look *again*. The grass is bleached out around him. He's surrounded by a halo, and there's nothing natural about that. You should be able to see some of the resulting baloney because his left hand is grossly distorted.

Far more glaringly, a shadow can also be seen under his right leg, with another falling directly behind his left wrist. The flash of a bulb did not cause this. He looks cut and pasted. His hairline is the big giveaway. Are we looking at a composite? Photography already lies more often than a lawyer, but when you encounter tampering like this, you can be sure the breeze smells foul. *Mm-hmm*, I think we're looking at a composite.

WHAT STRUCK me about the LIFE article is how much emphasis Polanski put on *personally* investigating the murders, searching for clues. An example is given when Polanski picks up a broken pot and wonders out loud if the police had tagged it as a clue before apathetically chucking it back into the garden. What Polanski wanted the world to know is that he in fact didn't know anything, because he had an alibi, but that he was also determined to get to the bottom of it. We call this overcompensating. Polanski is good director but a terrible actor.

Thompson describes the scene as follows:

His [Polanski's] eyes caught the shuttered door leading to the pool. There were dried sots of blood there and the black grime left when police dust for fingerprints. "She must have been awakened by the noise and got up..." Roman followed a path through the hall into the living room. "They hit her here..." He went back into the bedroom. "She tried to get out that door..." He returned to the hall and pointed to tiny drops of blood flecking the baseboard. "And they dragged her into the living room and did.... it...."

The director was rehearsing a scene from his movie. If Susan Atkins hadn't been delivered a script yet, then she was probably taking notes. "Hit her *there* and then drag her into the living room. Got it." We are expected to believe however that none of this is a performance. This is *also* where Polanski's part in the narrative veers into a **Blake Edwards–Peter Sellers** comedy, *so* buckle up.

Inspector Polanski wandered through L.A.'s ritzy neighborhoods late at night, hoping to solve the crime. *Wait*, didn't Tate's father do the exact same thing? *Oh*, never mind. Let's just go with it. Apparently, Polanski snuck into the driveways of friends, hunting for blood in their Porsches and Lamborghinis.



He furthermore spent \$2,500 to analyze producer **William Castle's** handwriting, hoping it might match the bloody PIG lettering on his door. Finally, after discovering a pair of prescription glasses at the crime scene, he apprehended **Bruce Lee** in the Paramount Studios gym because, if you will recall, it is Sebring who introduced the martial artist to Hollywood. In turn, Lee confessed that he had indeed lost his glasses and needed to replace them. Polanski then took Lee to the ophthalmologist for a replacement pair, only to learn that the prescriptions did not match. *Oh*, relief.

Feel any dumber for having read that? I do. My best guess is that Intel was smoking weed around the writer's table, and we are veering in upon a scrapped scenario wherein Shaggy, Scooby and the gang would have unmasked Bruce Lee as the ghost who was attempting to put hippies and Hollywood out of business, simultaneously clogging the toilets in every celebrity neighborhood with cocaine. In the end, they went with an even crazier plot. They decided to kill Lee off and transform him into **Michio Kaku**.

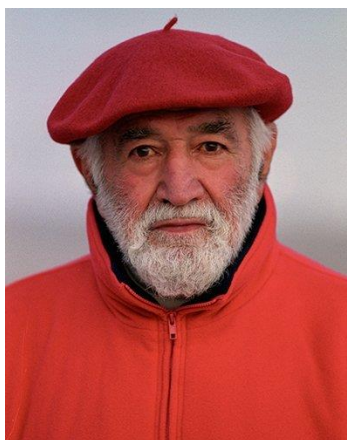
Speaking of ghosts, **Larry Larsen**, a former LA County deputy who assisted the investigation into the assassination of **RFK**, blamed an unidentified and mysterious English Satanic group who had migrated to Los Angeles under the cover of night on the murders. *See*, Intel really wanted to push for the Satanic Panic theme, but they weren't ready to cash in yet on their other Langley project, **Anton LaVey**, even though Manson murderess **Susan Atkins** was photographed emerging from one of his coffins. *Right*. According to Larsen, the Satanists recruited Manson

to murder Tate because of information she had learned about RFK's assassination. You mean she found out that it was a *hoax* too? Oh man, I'm screwed.

It went down like *this*. The English cult had earlier recruited patsy Sirhan Sirhan and then invited him to participate in Hollywood parties, including one at Polanski's residence, where sexual and ritualistic rites and heavy drug use occurred. It is there, we are told, that Sharon Tate heard something she wasn't supposed to. *Uh-oh*.

After Bruce Lee didn't work out, Polanski turned on Papa **John Phillips**. Phillips told **Bob Costas** in a 1990 interview that he was "good friends" with everyone murdered. Of course, he was. The two were cooking dinner together when Polanski asked: "Why did you kill my wife?"

He then held a meat cleaver to his Adam's apple before throwing it across the room. Phillips confessed it was just like a scene from one of his movies—and why am I not surprised?



A CLOSE FRIEND of Sharon Tate worth mentioning is Iranian photographer **Shahrokh Hatami**. He confessed to encountering Charlie Manson on the 10050 Cielo Drive property the very day before she departed for Rome. Manson actually showed up a second time that evening in order to speak with Altobelli.

At any rate, on August 9, the police weren't notified of the killings until 9am. They wouldn't show up to the property for nearly another hour. The person who made the call was **Winifred Chapman**, the Polanski family house cleaner. Shahrokh Hatami however had been informed of the murders at 7a.m., 90 minutes before their bodies were even found. Who called him? Not the house cleaner. Somebody named **Reve Whitson** called him. What makes Whitson

particularly interesting is that **Vincent Bugliosi** avoids any mention of him in his 1974 book, *Helter Skelter*, and yet Whitson appears to have known every key player in the murders. Why would the Los Angeles District Attorney's office overlook that fact? We're not simply talking about Polanski or Sebring either. He was even acquainted with Beach Boy **Dennis Wilson**. Hatami described Whitson as a "mystery man," and in fact Whitson's own family, including his ex-wife and daughter, all agreed that he was some kind of spy working either for the CIA or some front organization. Worst spy ever, if you ask me. Or was the script simply set up that way?

Even stranger still, a close friend and confidant, **Neil Cummings** (technically, his lawyer), later said that Whitson had Manson under surveillance at the time. Actually, it was Cummings belief that Reve Whitson and Charlie Manson personally arrived at the Tate house to **stage things** for the police. His words, not mine.

Only **Colonel Paul Tate** thought to mention Whitson in his unpublished manuscript, *Five Down on Cielo Drive*.

I WAS LOOKING for an **Andy Warhol** connection to the Sharon Tate psyop, and can you believe it? I found one. There are likely multiple Warhol links, but **Isabelle Collin Dufresne**, aka **Ultra Violet**, is perhaps the most notable. Dufresne had earlier become **Salvador Dali's** "muse" in 1954, which is to say, his studio assistant and pupil, but above all else his lover. Her introduction to Andy Warhol came through Dali in 1963, which then resulted with



Dufresne moving into Warhol's Intel project, dubbed "The Factory." As it turns out, Dufresne was passed around often. **Edward Ruscha** was a pop artist akin to Warhol, whom she called lover. Another lover was

Czech filmmaker **Milos Forman**. Lover boy **Rudolf Nureyev** is still regarded as the greatest male ballet dancer of his generation. Other celebrities in her lifetime entourage included **John Lennon**, **Yoko Ono**, **Pablo Picasso**, **Howard Hughes**, and **Richard Nixon**, as if that isn't suspicious.

The name Ultra Violet apparently came about the year after her pairing with Warhol, and by his suggestion. We quickly find her becoming an *actor*, because Warhol had connections or whatever, playing multiple roles in over a dozen films between 1965 and 1974, and this doesn't even include numerous film projects made at the Factory. In 1969, the year of the Manson psyop, she was finally dethroned as Warhol's primary muse by someone named **Viva**.

And now, *here's* the connection.



Steven Brandt was a Hollywood movie gossip columnist who chronicled Sharon Tate's murder for *Photoplay* magazine. He was *also* an intimate friend of both Tate and Polanski, having been the couple's witness when they were married in London. He can be seen standing behind the couple in several of their wedding day pictures, when Sharon Tate wore a taffeta mini-dress and Polanski a Regency suit with a white cravat. Brandt wore something along the same lines. On a Friday morning in November, 1969, Brandt was found dead on the floor of his room in The Chelsea Hotel. The cause—an overdose of sleeping pills. Are you surprised? I'm not.

It is Ultra Violet whom the media turns to in order to appease any thoughts of foul play. On the evening prior, she claims, the two had been to a *Rolling Stones* concert together. Brandt had apparently left the rock show early because “the concert was so lively... so opposite himself,” she told the press. Afterwards, she called the hotel to check in on his mood. “When he answered the phone, he sounded very, very weak, and he told me he'd taken **22** pills.” Why **22**? Because Ultra Violet's message is a

coded one, for those *in the know*. The number **22** relates to us the Master Builder and expressly announces *creation*. She then called the night clerk, who in turn found Brandt and notified the police.

Ultra Violet is the only first-person in the media to relay the story that Brandt had committed suicide. But did he, really? If you *think* I'm insinuating that Brandt needed silenced and that Ultra Violet was in on it, then you're wrong. Oh *sure*, Ultra Violet was in on it. But more than likely, Brandt needed to exit the stage in order to continue on with his rich friends in South America. Did they dine with **Adolf Hitler** in Argentina and, just as importantly, did Jay Sebring trim his stache? We are not told.

ANOTHER CLOSE friend of Polanski and Tate, and a rising actor at the time, was somebody named **Iain Quarrier**. He had actually begun his career in two films directed by Polanski. *Cul-de-Sac* and *Fearless Vampire Killers*. Regardless, we find very few pictures of him online. One photo attest to the fact that he was hanging out with **Mia Farrow** and **Freemason Peter Sellers**, and *who* exactly gets to hang out with them again? I have chosen however to go with the picture which shows Quarrier only an arm's length away from Steven Brandt. Remind me, who swims in the same circle? *Spooks* do.



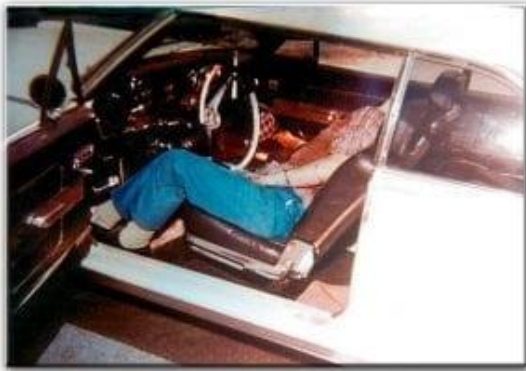
On August 8, 1969, the night of the Tate-Manson psyop, we are *told* that Quarrier had been invited by Tate to her house. How many invites went out again? Papa John Phillips... Van Dyke Parks.... Steve McQueen.... Quincey Jones.... He was delayed however while filming a movie in the California desert, by which he was a “creative consultant.” No joke, the movie is called *Vanishing Point*. In an either/or moment, Quarrier decided upon the wrap party instead. Technically, his last film role was in 1968's *Wonderwall*. There's your other *Beatles* connection. **George Harrison** scored that movie. Sharon Tate's murder led to Quarrier wanting to quit

the movie business altogether. He then suffered a mental breakdown in 1972.

If you ask me, somebody gave him a firm shaking.

In October 2008, Quarrier pleaded guilty to the attempted abduction of a five-year-old girl in a busy West London supermarket. Two weeks prior to the incident, he had attempted to purchase a nine-year-old girl in the same place of business. If Quarrier was kidnapping girls, it's because he was into some deep shit. At that old age, the far likelier probability is that this wasn't his first attempt, and he'd had a part to play in the milk carton kids. *Yeab*, Quarrier had seen stuff. Done stuff. Probably blackmailed the right people. And he *also* knew the sort of people who made people go away. When it came to Tate, Sebring, Folger and company, he may have even been the one to do it.

QUARRIER'S WORK reminds me of the last victim. **Steve Parent.** Like any sex romp slasher film, the often-forgotten victim is treated as the sad sap who ended up in the wrong place at the wrong time, probably as a result



of indiscreet gay sex with the house boy, but that much is only implied. More than likely, he knew the *right* people and wanted *out*. Or perhaps he was simply a CIA agent in training, with his next mission finding him in Bolivia or Chile, perhaps East Berlin. How many times do you think he was murdered in his career? The Wikipedia doesn't say.

Parent was shot in his Rambler while trying to exit the premises on the driveway. More fake blood. You will notice there is no broken glass on his body. Tex Watson, or *rather* the person playing the "hair stylist" Tex Watson, was able to reach through the window and squeeze out four

rounds. I only bring this up because, if I had to play a dead man for the crime photographer, I think I'd prefer a scenario where the window had already been rolled down.



BEFORE CLOSING this paper out I wanted to take another closer look at *photographer* Julian Wasser. Here we can plainly see that Wasser is invited into **Jack Nicholson's** home in order to capture candid moments with **Anjelica Huston**. They tell us the year is 1971. The way she is unceremoniously manhandling those vinyl records should be deemed criminal, as they are probably streaked with scratches. You'd think Roman Polanski and Sharon Tate would have listened to records, but they probably already shipped those off to London or their meet-up point.

If Anjelica Huston is living in Nicholson's house, then that can only mean one thing. **Mama Michelle Phillips** is no longer in the picture. In the weeks before her murder, Mama Michelle is said to have had a brief affair with Roman Polanski in London while Tate was occupied in Rome, but Michelle lifting her skirt was probably a way to identify a who's-who among celebrity spooks. In 1970, Mama Michelle was then passed off to

Jack Nicholson, who apparently kept a hammer under his pillow while the two slept together.

It was in 1977 when a 13-year-old **Samantha Geimer** was pimped out to Roman Polanski by her mother, **Susan Geimer**, so that the nudie director could take private topless photos of her in Nicholson's house. The residence was *still* occupied at the time by Huston. And if we're being specific, Huston was *in* the house while the photos were taken. *Also*, the house had an underground tunnel which led to the nearby Playboy Mansion. From there, girls could be trafficked in an out of Hugh Hefner's MK-Ultra beehive. Did Wasser hang out with everyone mentioned? Why *yes*, he did. But it only gets worse. Whether Geimer was simply an MK-Ultra sex slave *used* to normalize a *certain* narrative, like the **Bill Cosby** case some four decades later, or her story was never intended to be leaked, you can see that Polanski was protected in such a way as to be carted off to France. Hopefully, you are seeing how this is all an elaborately interconnected script.



Another promise I aim to keep is Julian Wasser's photograph of Jodie Foster, and *here* it is. The year is 1973. I ask you to take a moment and contemplate the implications of a 14-year-old *girl* in bed. If you feel I'm reading too much into this, then you probably haven't zeroed in upon the

neon sign which reads: ACTORS PAY IN ADVANCE. They were slapping pedophilia in our faces in The Seventies. But that's not the worst of it. Look at the picture again. Do you see it? I do. But what about you—no?

Sorry to be the one to *tell you*, but Wasser wasn't simply slapping pedophilia in our faces. Jodie's dressed in boys' clothes for a reason. And so is the elephant. If you need this spelled out, actors weren't paying in advance for a girl. And *now* you know.

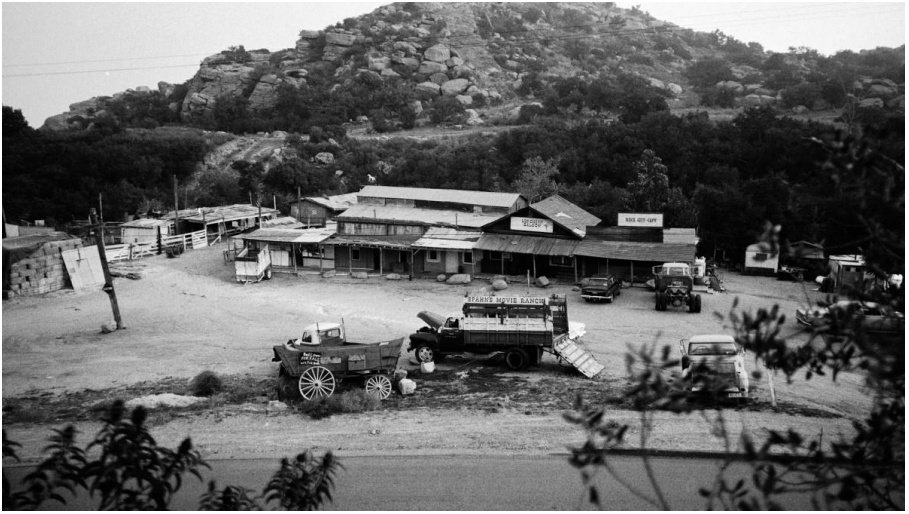
ALTOBELLI MOVED into the Polanski house just three weeks after the murders and resided there for the next twenty years. *Actor* Christopher Jones, a lover of Sharon Tate's, then moved into the backhouse once occupied by Altobelli. You would think that his current girlfriend, **Olivia Hussey**, who had played Juliet in the 1968 movie adaptation of *Rome and Juliet*, would find his obsession with a former lover rather odd. It is there in the back house, Hussey later claimed, that Christopher Jones brutally raped her.



The house on the hill was sold for \$1.6 million in 1989. Its final resident was non-other than **Trent Reznor** of *Nine Inch Nails*. The living room, just beyond the Dutch door, was converted into a recording studio and given the title "PIG," or "Le Pig" for short. **Marilyn Manson** recorded his debut album there, *Portrait of an American Family*, but are you really surprised? 10050 Cielo Drive was used for Intel projects up until the very moment of its demolition. In 1994, the address was changed to 10066 Cielo Drive and sold to **Jeff Franklin**, the creator of *Full House*, who demolished the house and turned its property into a 20,000-square-foot behemoth complete with a museum dedicated to Elvis Presley. It *never* ends.



Destroyed—but not before Trent Reznor pulled the *PIG* door from its hinges and set it up as the entrance to his new recording studio. Today it can *still* be found in New Orleans.



Spahn Ranch: Remember When Charles Manson Lived on a Movie Set?

“Total paranoia is just total awareness.”

Charles Manson

WHEN THE FAMILY said, “Let’s go *Creepy Crawling*,” they were referring to a game which involved sneaking into people’s homes at night and rearranging the furniture while they slept. *Sure*, the Manson’s reportedly committed the deed, but that’s just Intel’s way of telling us that spooks do it all the time. Today, they have the Intel-net. But that’s not to say they still won’t enter your home and reposition a book or two on your shelf just to screw with your head, perhaps turn the thermostat up a few notches. Let you sweat your *nap-nap* out. If Intel is feeling especially frisky, they’ll swap out your kids’ goldfish. Don’t say I didn’t tell you so.



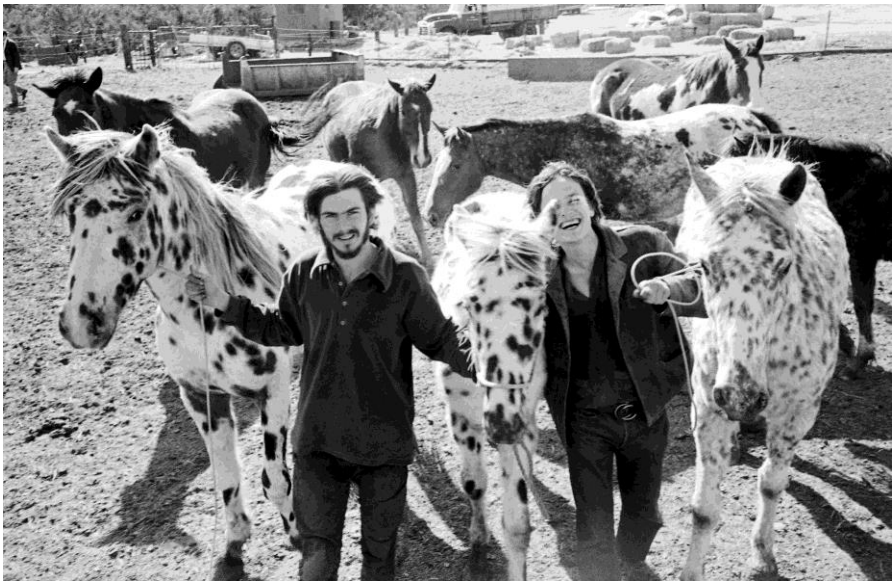
Claiming the Manson's played *creepy crawling* in the Bel Air home of Papa **John** and Mama **Michelle Phillips** is comparable to FBI Director **J Edgar Hoover** hiding in **Clyde Anderson Tolson's** closet, his second in command, and breathing heavily while dressed in women's clothing, just to prank him. That is to say, they're all *spooks*. The home of **Doris Day** is another *whoop-de-dew*. According to numerous reports, Crazy **Suzy Atkins** and company *creepy crawled* into Day's Malibu home, where **Terry Melcher** and **Candice Bergen** had gone to live after leaving their Benedict Canyon house on Cielo Drive. Like everyone else, Melcher was in on it.



Another story that comes our way involves **Donna Greenberg**, a mystery Hollywood woman who is described to us as “not being in the business,” but who was “cleaver, wealthy, attractive,” and “influenced by hippie culture.” One beautiful sunny Sunday morning during the summer of 1969, she was eating breakfast on the deck of her beachfront home with her husband, children, and house maid, when “the most frightening group of hippies” she ever saw walked onto their patio like a pack of LSD-laced zombies, stared at them for a time, and then freely entered their home. They gathered around the piano, peered at the numerous framed pictures of family members and loved ones, and then left just as mysteriously as they came, barely a word spoken. When authorities apprehended them on the beach, Greenberg persuaded the police that the hippies were her house guests. The punchline is that this was the Manson family. *Also*, the name Greenberg is of **Ashkenazi Yiddish** origin.

Greenberg was a close friend of **Bob Rafelson**, which once again brings us around full circle—as always. Rafelson had formed the musical group called *The Monkees* in 1966, and by 1969, he had only recently finished filming their plotless, stream of consciousness film, *Head*, with **Jack Nicholson**. Rafelson was a New York City born **Joo**. I checked. **Bert Schneider**, his *Monkees* co-founder, **was too**. The film bombed, partly because hatred towards the *fabricated* band had already fermented. The irony here is that the Truth was being shoved in everyone’s pimply face, that auditioning actors were simply playing the part of musicians, intended to manipulate the emotions of girls and younger audiences for a televised Corporation, and that they were created by **Joos**, when everyone simply blamed *The Monkees* for making it so obvious. Rafelson and Schneider’s next project, *Easy Rider*, which starred *spooks* Nicholson, **Peter Fonda**, and **Dennis Hopper**, was released only one month before the Manson Family murders. The movie involves drug dealers, an LSD trip, and the murder of the American hippie.

FACT: We already know that Mama Michelle shagged Papa John, **Roman Polanski**, Dennis Hopper, and then Jack Nicholson, in that order. But did you *also* know that **Candice Bergen** dated Bert Schneider for a few years starting in 1971? Coincidence? *Nope*.



Some reports claim the creepy crawls were crazy Sadie's invention, whereas others insist Charlie Manson was initiating his followers into the larger agenda through a nightly regiment. But again, we know it was more of a matter of the make-up department rearranging a prop here or there on the sound stage. "Ha, ha! that's very funny guys!" Donna Greenberg's story doesn't match any other story we are given. Before escalating to the *dramatic* murder of Sharon Tate and company, the Manson's apparently played *creepy-crawly* in the Roman Polanski house. That too was a movie set, but you know that already. This isn't our first rodeo, which is essentially to say, the entire episode was a hoax and an Intel production.

YOU KNOW what *else* was a movie set? Spahn Ranch was a movie set, and Charlie Manson and company lived on it. Try to argue yourself out of that one. You can't. Because it *was* a movie set, and everyone who lived there was good looking and talented at one thing. *Theatrics*. They just love shoving these truths in your face and then watching you obstinately deny it. The *official* narrative even claims that the Family had in their possession an NBC movie truck stocked with movie equipment. More creepy-crawly. *Oh sure*, the truck was apparently stolen, looted of its goods, and then dumped into a ravine or whatever. But already, you're missing the point. Mansonite **Barbara Hoyt** said every day was something different. They'd get all dolled up and *play* because what else are actors expected to do on a movie set? Exactly.

What kind of movies were they making—you ask. Fantasy films. Movies about cowboys and Indians. Peter Pan and the Pirates *perhaps*. Passion plays. Skin flicks. *Also*, Snuff films. Just so we're clear, a snuff film is a movie in which someone is killed for other peoples' pleasure, not the killers. The persistent rumor is that they recorded the murders of Sharon Tate and company. But if so, why were the trials highly publicized and yet the tapes never shown? I have absolutely no reason for believing that Tex Watson or the girls ever showed up to the 10050 Cielo Drive home. It's why their own account of the murders differ from the actual crime scene photos.

The *other* rumor is that they re-enacted the crimes at Spahn Ranch. If you tell me that Manson would be an idiot to criminalize himself, I will remind

you of the Nixon White House tapes and Watergate. Then again, why were the Manson *rehearsal* tapes not released? *Simple*. The tapes were so bad that Intel sent them over to Lookout Mountain for post-editing work, but not even Lookout Mountain could doctor them up to something salvageable. If the Manson tapes have never seen the light of day, it's because they would have *proven* that the murders were staged by actors, and we can't have that.

Wait, I take that back. We are given *one* commercial. It was apparently filmed at Spahn Ranch (it was after all a movie set, *dub*) and starred the Manson girls. What sort of commercial—you ask? A gun commercial.



In it, we are treated to **Nancy Pittman**, **Lynette Fromme** and **Sandra Good**, all brandishing rifles.

First, Nancy Pitman says: “Charlie has all the fear. Everybody has given their fear to Charlie.



The camera then turns to Lynette Fromme as she strokes her rifle. “You have to make love with it. You have to know it. *Uhhhh*. You have to know *every* part of it. And to know you know it, is to know it, so that you can pick it up any second and shoot.” *Thanks* for the philosophy lesson, Lynette.

We then see Good, claiming: “Everybody is afraid of death. And that’s what’s holding things up. Nobody’s content right now with the world they’ve created if they’re all locked by a fear of death.”

All three girls then break into a terrible rendition of the Beatles, *singing*: “If you want it, come and get it.” If that doesn’t sell guns, then I don’t know what will.

Today, The Wikipedia has a page on Spahn Ranch, and it’s ever evolving. It used to say, and I quote:

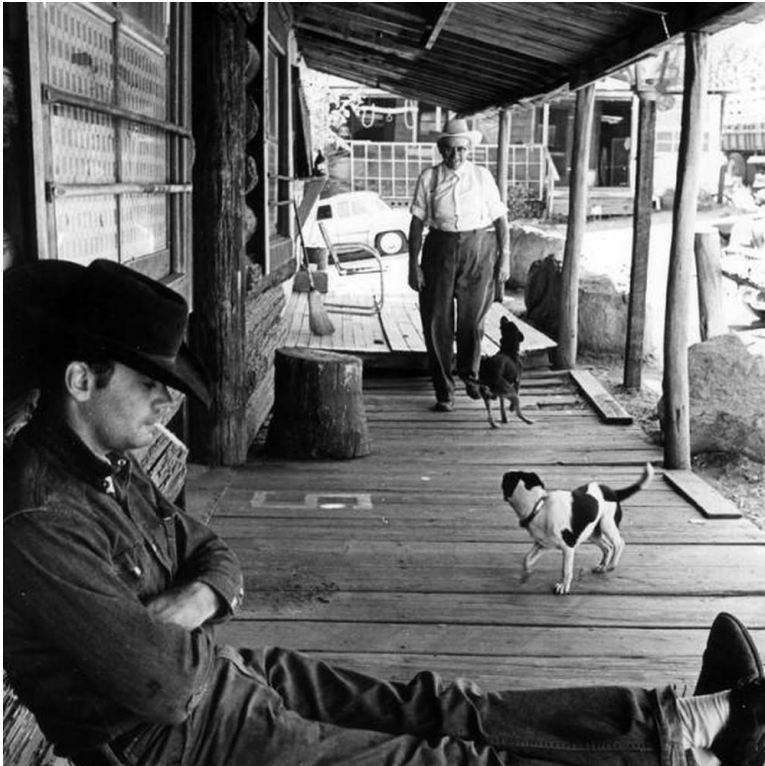
“Spahn Ranch, also known as the Spahn **Movie Ranch**, was a 500-acre (2.0 km²) movie ranch *used* for filming **generally** Western-themed movies and television programs. With mountainous terrain, boulder-strewn scenery, and an ‘old Western town’ set, Spahn Ranch was a **versatile filming site for many scripts.**”

Apparently, too many people have been catching onto the fact that the Manson Family lived on the sort of movie set that came alive only when versatile filming scripts were doled out, because The Wikipedia rearranged a few choice words, making Spahn Ranch seem less conspicuous, but not before multiple websites showed documented proof of their blunder.

THE 55-ACRE PROPERTY was purchased in 1953 in hopes of catching the rampant wave of western productions, both on television and the big screen. *The Lone Ranger* was filmed there during owner **George Spahn**’s tenure, as well as episodes of *Bonanza*. *The Creeping Terror*, a 1964 horror science fiction film about an extraterrestrial, slug-like creature that attacks and eats people whole in a small American town, is generally regarded as one of the worst movies all time, and



that was filmed there. We have just covered the *last* commercial filmed there. In 1968, decaying structures with faded signs welcomed the Manson family. Clearly, her glory days had passed, and a bankrupt George Spahn was in need of a good paycheck. My guess is, Spahn received one. An offer he couldn't refuse.



Have you ever seen a picture of George Spahn, the old milk farmer? He looks *exactly* like the sort of individual who'd hand his ranch over to a bunch of free shagging, hairy legged hippies, rent free. But not really. We are *told* that George Spahn was blind, and that he needed Manson's girls to act as seeing eye guides, but I'm calling him and **Stevie Wonder** out. He certainly had little problem finding his way up Lynette Fromme's skirt. We'll have to save the Stevie Wonder blind *boax* for another time, because when it comes to Spahn, Intel is simply telling us that America is blind as a bat for not recognizing actors on a movie set when we're shown them.

Adding insult to injury, George Spahn even had a part in the script. We are further told that he *named* the actors, christening such beloved characters as **Squeaky**, **Sadie Mae**, **Tex** and **Ouisch** (pronounced *Ob-weesh!*). For example, Lynette Fromme received her nickname *Squeaky* because of the sound she made whenever Spahn, the old blind bat, ran his dirty hand up her thigh. He named Charles Watson *Tex* due to his Texan accent. *Ouisch* because of the many catcalls sent her way by random dads who showed up to rent horses for the day with their wife and kids. You notice how Spahn didn't listen to the Beatles? What a relief.



WHAT, YOU don't believe me, that George Spahn was paid off for his part in the production? Intel gives some of those details away by allowing the mystery woman **Juanita Wildebush**, or by some accounts, Joan Wildebush, to enter the narrative. Either way it doesn't matter, as Wildebush is a made-up name. Remember when MI6 *spook* **Ian Fleming** had **Sean**

Connery cross paths with **Pussy Galore**? Wildebush might as well be a Bond girl. If you struggle with the meaning of her name when aligned with mental imagery, Mansonite **Paul Watkins** claims she told him on their first introduction that Mexican men were the best, because they knew how to perform south of the boarder.

Sometime in 1969, the obscure character Wildebush picked up anywhere from one to three or maybe four hitchhikers in the whereabouts of San Jose, California. Included among them were **Tex Watson**, Susan Atkins, **T.J. Wallerman**, or simply Paul Watkins, if you prefer to believe his version of the story. Her account completely excludes Paul Watkins, whereas Watkins casts himself in the starring role while completely snubbing the other three. It seems like everyone can agree however

[**EDIT:** *mostly* everyone] that she had a “fiancée” in Mexico, apparently well financed. Betrothed to the State, *hmmmm?* Watkins version has the two of them arriving at Spahn Ranch later that night while Manson sits on a porch fiddling or diddling with a stick or whatever—I can only assume with his clothes on. Then there’s another retelling, *her* retelling, which has Wildebush arriving with three hitchhikers at night, wherein everyone begins chanting: “Let’s wake up Charlie!” Charlie then appears in the nude, same porch though, apparently interrupted by a tutoring session with **Catherine Share**, *aka* **Gypsy**.

Rather than continuing on to Mexico to meet her financier, I *mean* fiancée, who I’m beginning to think is Jan Brady’s fictional boyfriend, George Glass, Wildebush dropped acid and had group sex with the Family. *Also*, upon meeting her, either while fiddling with a stick or standing in the nude, Manson pointedly said her name was poetic. That’s simply a spooks way of telling another spook that the boys down at Langley gave her a kick ass character name and that he was so totally jealous. Afterwards, she signed over \$10,000 worth of trust funds, or by some accounts, \$16,000, in order to fill George Spahn’s pocket, and then went away grateful. *Right*.



ON the morning of August 16, precisely one week after Sharon Tate’s murder, more than 100 deputized officers were reported by *The Los Angeles Times* as having descended upon Spahn Ranch. At the time, it was **the largest police raid in the history of Los Angeles County**, and isn’t that something? They brought along a film crew, as you would expect on any movie set, just not during a police raid. We can only assume that they raided the wardrobe in the make-up department hours before their arrival,

because dozens of pictures will attest to officers wearing the same helmets but different shirts, pants, and shoes. A female officer arrived in a mini dress.



One dude showed up in combat boots and paratrooper pants, and even the Sheriff had his uniform confused. A few others apparently decided they'd ride into the arrest without any uniform at all. We even have what appears to be the film crew hanging out in the back of a van. Only the Chips looked completely put together.

The raid is advertised to us as the conclusive investigation into an auto theft ring. *The Times* reported that seven rifles, a 43-caliber automatic pistol and a 9 mm machine gun were confiscated. How did the Manson girls manage to round up rifles for a gun commercial a little later on? They couldn't possibly have already filmed it, as their hair hadn't been shaven yet.

The group of eleven men and fifteen women furthermore included "several members of a motorcycle gang called Satan's Slaves," who were "stealing Volkswagen's, dismantling them and converting them into dune buggies." Officers found automobile parts strewn over the property. Several juveniles, including four infants, were taken into custody and turned over to juvenile authorities. The ultimate purpose of course was to further ferment Charlie Manson and his Family into the American consciousness without identifying them yet as the killer. Probably *also* why the film crew made certain to frame the Spahn Movie Ranch sign in the background, just to have everyone deny the fact that this was a production. It's those little spoonfuls of sugar that help the cognitive dissonance go down.

According to *The Times*, Spahn told the police that he knew there were people living on the set, but was otherwise unaware of their activities. He furthermore explained that he couldn't get around and was afraid of them. *Sure*, let's go with that. Read on.

AMONG the underage girls mentioned in *The LA Times* raid article was Ouish, aka **Ruth Ann Moorehouse**, only 15 years-old when she was arrested and placed in juvenile hall. Who



was she released to? George Spahn. Kind of odd, don't you think? I

thought Spahn wanted those damn hippies off his lawn. You'd think the court would redirect Moorehouse as far away from dumpster diving hippies as is humanly possible—but no. Apparently, the dirty old blind man who had sex with underage girls and named this one in particular after a catcall made for the perfect caretaker. “Spahn was unaware of their activities.” *Right*. Before you start up with excuses again, the court was well aware of the fact that Spahn Ranch sold drugs, stocked weapons, stole cars, harbored underage girls, pimped them out for sex, hosted orgies, and fraternized with biker gangs. I mean, she *was* arrested during a raid—no? It's not like her father, **Deane Moorehouse**, wasn't in the picture, either. The *official* narrative has it that the former pastor spent time with the Family, and practically worshiped at Manson's feet. Are you buying it? If *so*, then keep reading.

Ruth Ann Moorehouse's story goes as *follows*. **Deane** and **Audrey Moorehouse** were living with their son and three daughters in San Jose, California. It was the summer of 1967 when Deane picked up a scruffy hitchhiker named *you know who*. Because Intel really wanted to milk these hitchhiking stories. Charlie and Deane started talking about the Bible, and Moorehouse soon invited his passenger over to their house for dinner, where Manson was preached to. In little time, **Lynette Fromme** and **Mary Brunner** showed up, a storyboard which would be recycled again with *Beach Boy* **Dennis Wilson**, because Intel only agreed on so many plot devices around the writer's table. *See*, this is precisely why you should never pick up a hitchhiker. You'll get into a conversation about the Bible, and before you know it, you'll pimp out your 14-year-old daughter.

For whatever reason, we are told that Deane Moorehouse *first* offered the hitchhiker his piano, and why wouldn't he? Perfect stocking stuffer, if you ask me. In the real world, you offer a hitchhiker a guitar or a harmonica. Throw in a back-scrubber and a washcloth and call it a day. But how in the world is he supposed to haul a piano down the highway? Never one to decline the gratuitous gifts that are thrown at him, Manson conversed with one of Moorehouse's neighbors and successfully traded the piano in for a Volkswagen microbus. *Hub?*

If you think the origins of Manson's psychedelic shag-wagon sounds terribly unconvincing, then keep reading, because the plot points only get worse. Audrey Moorehouse was so upset over the homeless kids who had

invaded her house that she promptly moved out. Rather than pursuing his wife, Moorehouse chose the couch surfing hippies. Charlie then drove off with his youngest daughter, Ruth Ann, and took her some 200 miles northbound to Mendocino. When Deane Moorehouse found out, he vowed to kill Manson. However, Manson was capable of changing his mind after introducing Moorehouse to LSD. *Sure.*

Aside from having a dirty old blind man for a caretaker, the State didn't seem to mind that Ruth Ann Moorehouse hung outside the courthouse throughout the duration of the Manson Family trial, either. And that is because the girl wasn't simply pimped out by her father. Intel needed props, and Ruth Ann Moorehouse was one of them.

WE FINALLY have our Intel connection to the **Hog Farm** in the person of **Dianne Lake**. Like Moorehouse, she too was underage. I can find little to nothing about her parents, which is odd considering how the Hog Farm is served to us on the sort of platter which might be doubly employed with a carnival act. The mere fact that Hog Farm was the media's go-to, or their heavy-handed presence at Woodstock, should remind us of *who* they were ultimately working for.



Here is what we're *told*. At some point during The Sixties, **Shirley and Clarence Lake** decided to turn their backs on Santa Monica society in favor of donning hippie clothes and ingesting an LSD, sex-fueled lifestyle, all while living on **Wavy Gravy's** commune. The problem however was their pubescent daughter, who had become jail-bait for other Hog Farm members. For this reason, we are furthermore told that Wavy Gravy *personally* instructed the 14-year-old girl to leave the farm, and that her parents simply signed a permission note. Is that a red flag? Why *yes*, it is.



Mm-hmm. Just *look* at **Wavy Gravy** at Woodstock with its founder, **Michael Lang**. The two of them are laughing it up. Probably giving him the insider's scoop to the up-and-coming Manson psyop.



Since you're here and I already have your attention, I might as well point *this* out. The **Hog** Farm gives us another Intel connection to the fake pig blood of Sharon Tate, which we have already seen scribbled on the Dutch door. **PIG**. But so does Clarence Lake's hippie bread truck which he

drove around in. He called it **The Big Pig**.

Lake is usually explained to us as having met Manson at a party in Topanga Canyon, apparently at the Spiral Staircase house in 1967, and being immediately intrigued. And yet, by Lake's own account, her parents had already met Manson before she did. Her mother even dropped acid with Manson and then handed over the little girls' photo, telling him to look after her. *Wait*, what...? Slathering the Don Juan charms on Manson kind of thick, don't you think? And at any rate, we are assured that these two instances are simply coincidence. Assuming that Dianne Lake only had Los Angeles at her disposal, she still managed to end up in Manson's lap. *Still* not believable. The trade-off happened through a couple called **Richard** and **Allegra**, whom she lived with for a week. That's the glue that holds this paper-thin narrative together, Richard and Allegra. But let's be real here. What they're ultimately telling us is that Lake was **pimped out** to the Intel community.



RANDOM PHOTOS of the Manson family which depict their *final* days on the Spahn movie set can still be seen floating around in the Matrix; when the LSD and the crack-cocaine and the demons emanating from Charlie Manson were supposed to have already rewired them into the trance of MK-Ultra knife-wielding robots rather than patsies. The resulting images are quite telling. They look like actors. Actors—auditioning for a television sitcom akin to *The Partridge Family* or *The Brady Bunch*, when we are expected to believe they have already been seduced into launching a *Helter Skelter* race war, intended to turn black people against white people and ignite the apocalypse, by which they alone would survive.

Look *closer*. There's **Danny DeCarlo**, Catherine Share, **Mary Theresa Brunner**, Ruth Ann Moorehouse, and Lynnette Fromme. In reality, we

see no hippies. Only commie-hating patriots pretending to be hippies. But mostly, pimped out children of Intel parents wanting more than anything to make Daddy proud.

THE AWARD for the most *obvious* actor in the bunch goes to Lynette Fromme. Squeaky was no stranger to awards. She grew up in post-war suburbia in the backyard of Hollywood, where **drama**, poetry, and dancing filled her adolescent hours. As a child, Fromme performed with a popular dance group called the Westchester Lariats, which began touring the United States and Europe in the late 1950s, and appeared on *The Lawrence Welk Show* and at the White House. Perfect sort of talent pool for recruiting, as we have seen in past papers concerning **Shirley Temple** and



Judy Garland. She dated a guy named **Bill Siddons**, who went on to manage a group called *The Doors*, but that's probably none of my business.

Since I brought him up, it is through Siddons that we learn how her father, an aeronautical engineer, stopped speaking to her for three years, starting at the age of 13. Of course, Bill Siddons was so much more than a manager to *The Doors*, as he was one of the few men who saw the corpse of **Jim Morrison** before it was laid to rest. *Sure*, Morrison's girlfriend **Pamela Courson** saw the corpse. The examining doctor saw the corpse. And a couple of fire and police officials, whose identities were immediately forgotten, saw the corpse. But nobody else saw the corpse. Point is, Lynette Fromme's former boyfriend was *in the know*. Now you know the sort of actors whom Manson was working with.

Fromme was the *second* Manson girl, falling in line directly behind Linda Kasabian. She was sitting on a curb in Venice, California, the way *most* of

these Manson stories start, straddling the **33** parallel, when a bus drove up. A man got out and he said: “Your parents threw you out, didn’t they?”

“How did you know that?” she asked.

Come on, Fromme. He’d read the script. That’s how.



LIFE Magazine photographer **Ralph Crane** showed up at Spahn Ranch on August 29, 1969 for a photo-shoot, taking great care to document the exterior locale but *also* the Family’s interior sleeping quarters, as if that’s not suspicious. Seems like just about everyone was gifting Manson with cars, pianos, America’s daughters, trust funds, Mommy and Daddy’s credit cards, or Dennis Wilson’s gold record. I get the fact that female hippies weren’t into bras or razor blades, but how could the Manson Family not afford bed sheets again? And at any rate, members of the Manson Family would not even be implicated for the murder of Sharon Tate and company until December of that year. Crane would go on to become the leading photographer for the duration of the Manson trial, telling us that he was already *selected* for the role.

Afterwards, a wildfire completely destroyed George Spahn's movie set in 1970, preventing investigators from performing any further forensic work there, and isn't that a shame?

ANOTHER THEME I've noticed is how attractive members of the Manson Family were. You *heard* me. Bobby Beausoleil, Charles Watson, and Paul Watkins were all lookers. Nancy Pitman, Rachel Morse,

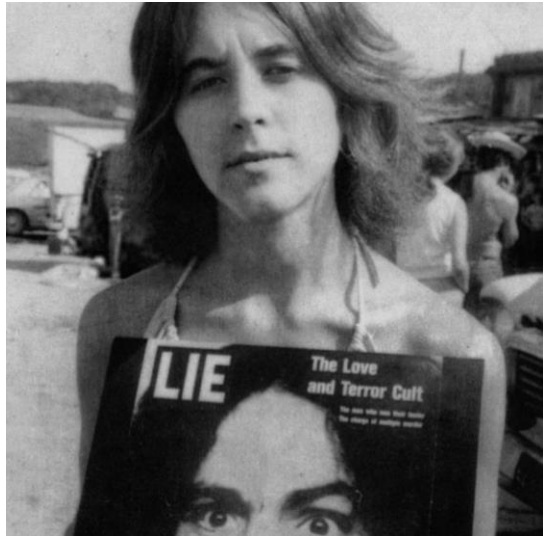


Sandra Good weren't so bad looking themselves. And nobody carried a screen presence quite like Susan Atkins. *Now* you know what Intel was going for when they repeatedly claimed how Manson took in America's daughters.

Even in her mug shot, **Barbara Hoyt** was a looker. She was cast into the role of the pretty girl hiding behind a pair of glasses, just waiting for Jock-boy to lift them from her nose and learn that there is so much more to her than book smart. Really, her mugshot is a doozy. It was taken after the Los Angeles Police Department's raid at the Spahn Ranch movie set on August 16, 1969. Do you notice something? Look *closely*. Aside from the fact that girls don't smile like that after getting pulled from the floor boards they were squatting on and then booked downtown, her mugshot is scratched out at the bottom, and why do you think that is? I couldn't ultimately say. Except for one thing. She's wearing a *different* blouse in each photo. Blink and you'll miss it. The one on the left is lighter in color. Did the police give her time to put on lipstick before hauling her ass out of bed? No wonder why she's smiling. Nothing would make a girl happier than the L.A.P.D. allowing for a costume change before turning ninety-degrees for her side profile.

The Angela Lansbury Connection

THERE IS a photo floating around on the Intel-net which depicts Mansonite Nancy Pitman at Spahn Ranch, holding up the December 19, 1969 edition of LIFE Magazine, the catch here being that it has now been transformed into a vinyl record. I can only assume to house Charlie Manson's songs. Its cover depicts the devilish wide-eyed and raised eyebrow stare of Manson, complete with the caption: *The Love and Terror Cult*. The Magazine has been altered to read **LIE**. How adorable. Simply adorable. Because it's true. The pot is *outing* the kettle as black.



Nancy Pitman was introduced to the Manson family through **Deirdre Shaw**. You have to dig for the information, but it's there. Recognize the name? Probably not. She's the daughter of **Peter Shaw**. Her mother would go on to star in *Bedknobs and Broomsticks* the following year. *Mmm*, **Angela Lansbury**. In a later decade, she would play the role of a woman who is repeatedly thrust into murders every which way she turns, so that she can write bestselling stories about them. *Convenient*. You have to wonder if her best idea derived from the Manson murders. You see, Dierdre Lansbury was a Mansonite for a time—a card-carrying Member of the Family—but it's *okay*, because Lansbury gave her daughter a permission note.

Dierdre's great-grandfather **George Lansbury** was a British politician who led the Labour Party from 1932 to 1935. But even before that, he helped to establish the *Daily Herald* newspaper, becoming its editor while simultaneously supporting the **Bolshevik Revolution**, reminding us that Intel plays both sides of the narrative. His son **Edgar Lansbury** followed



in his father's footsteps, *first* in politics, but *also* becoming a member of the **Communist Party of Great Britain**. The apples do not fall far from the tree, because another of George Lansbury's daughters, **Violet**, became an active **CPGB** member in the 1920's, moved to Moscow, and married **Palme Dutt**, the brother of the **Marxist** intellectual **Rajani Palme Dutt**.

Edgar Lansbury married Irish actress **Moyna Macgill** and the two parented Angela Lansbury. During The War, and while still a teenager, a teenage Lansbury moved with her mother to **Laurel Canyon**, where The Wikipedia will have us know that she attended lectures by **Jiddu Krishnamurti**. If you're unaware of his significance, Theosophist founder **Helena Blavatsky** had publicly declared as early as 1889 that the purpose of establishing the Society was to prepare humanity for the reception of a *World Teacher*. Krishnamurti was being groomed for that role. The Wiki *also* goes out of its way to state that Lansbury met **Aldous Huxley** while skimping on the juicy details. You figure an actress like Lansbury met hundreds of important people at one Hollywood party or another, so why make such an effort to line her up with obvious spooks?

Two important roles worth mentioning is that Lansbury appeared in the 1944 Intel film *Gaslight*, which starred **Ingrid Bergman**, and then went on to star in *The Manchurian Candidate* in 1962. After marrying a homosexual in 1945, hoping to set him straight [it didn't work], they divorced after a year. His name was actor **Richard Cromwell**. She then went on to marry Peter Shaw, who had signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in the late 1940's. Shaw soon found himself seated in an executive position at the studio and later landed a career with **the William Morris Agency**, where he represented such talent as **Katharine Hepburn** and **Robert Mitchum**. In 1964 he returned to MGM as assistant head of production, and then once more rejoined the William Morris Agency as an international business manager.

We are told that the Manson Family went on shopping sprees using Shaw's credit cards and then, when Shaw and Lansbury got wind of it, they cut the cards off and moved the family to Ireland. It is remotely possible that Lansbury learned that her daughter had been cast in a *certain* part and split the scene, but the more likely scenario is that Shaw, a WMA talent manager, helped to cast young aspiring actresses for their respective roles and then helped funnel money into the production, having already planned their exit strategy.

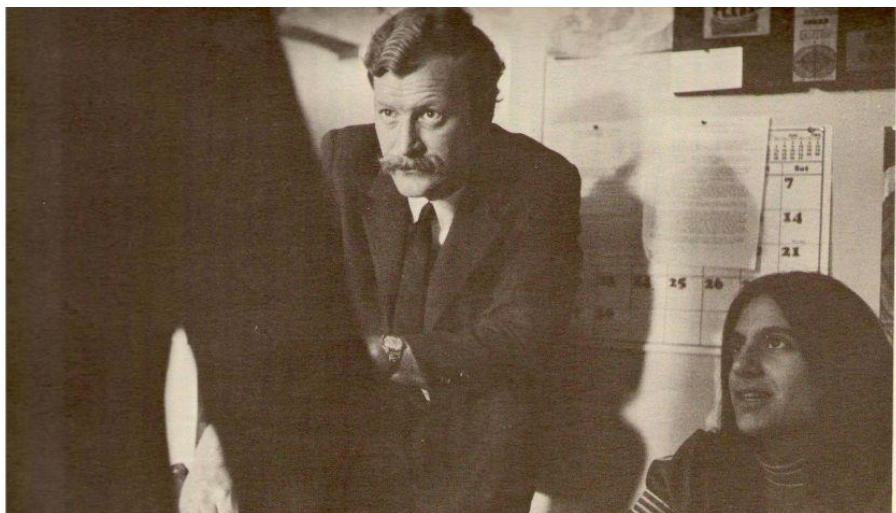
It *truly* is incredible what you'll find when you plop random names down into The Matrix and then hitch a ride on the search engine. *Sure*, the Ministry of Truth is falsifying information. But all you really need to know is how someone who dabbles in the art of Orwellian language *thinks*. Propaganda



in the Lansbury family knows no ends. You'll love this. Deidre's grandmother **Moyna Macgill** appeared in an April 6, 1962 episode of *The Twilight Zone*, titled *Four O'clock*, and the plot goes as *follows*.

Oliver Crangle is described as an "insane fanatic" who lives alone in an apartment with his parrot Pete. He maintains records of Elite people whom he believes to be engaged in a worldwide conspiracy involving a takeover of Washington. Unsatisfied with his attempts to expose them, Crangle settles upon the idea of shrinking all evil people to two feet tall at four o'clock in the afternoon. While his scheme unfolds, Pete the Parrot periodically calls out "nut," which Crangle takes to mean he wants a nut to eat, rather than the alternative. After the FBI shows up at his door to assure him the law is on their side and that they don't need his help, Crangle accuses them of being in on the conspiracy. When four o'clock finally rolls around, Crangle is horrified to find that he alone has been shrunk down. In the radio drama adaptation, the ending was slightly altered so that Pete the parrot mistook Crangle for a nut.

Does the plot-line really need spelled out? I thought not. It's pretty obvious, *hub?* Mind you, this is several years before the CIA coined the phrase "conspiracy theorist." If we push just beyond the obvious indoctrination, what **Rod Serling** and company are telling us here is that the government has been feeding a select few the Truth all along, but more importantly, gaslighting them for knowing it. That's how they make the Truth look crazy, you know. In the end, we are told our fate. They will simply turn the conspiracy right back in upon the conspirator. Our demise has already been plotted long ago.



NO SURPRISE. Despite a cache of semiautomatic weapons, dismantled cars, and an arsenal of stolen credit cards, authorities allowed Charlie Manson and his Family to glissade back out into the spotlight, like pretty little ice-skating princesses, center stage. They were released without charge. According to **Vincent Bugliosi** in *Helter Skelter*, the largest bust in Los Angeles history was bungled because of a simple clerical error. The warrant was dated for August 13, when in fact the shakedown didn't happen until the 16th. Bugliosi however is only feeding us misinformation, as the warrant was valid for 10 days.

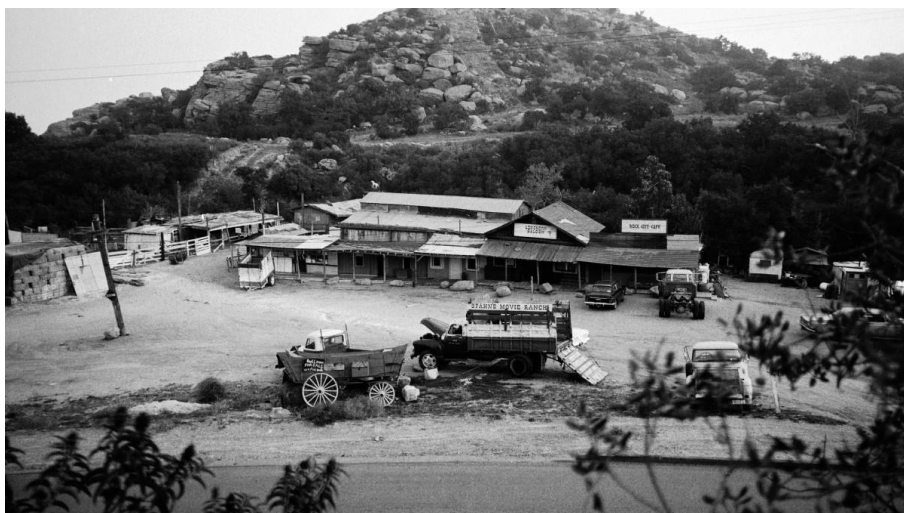
Manson skated, but it wasn't the first time. Already, we have established the fact that Charlie Manson left Terminal Island and headed up to San

Francisco. But what I had neglected to mention is that he failed to notify the parole board. In layman's terms, that's a naughty *no-no*. His parole officer was somebody named **Roger Smith**, probably just a cover. *Sure*, he may have been a grad student finishing up his criminology doctorate, but in The Sixties, Smith was *also* part of two federally funded studies. **The San Francisco Project** focused upon parole practices, while the **Amphetamine Research Project**, or ARP for short, studied the effects of speed on violent behavior in street gangs. What this means is, they were handing out street drugs. Sound familiar? If not, then here's where you may want to grab hold of something. Both of these projects were funded through the National Institute for Mental Health, a **CIA front** during the **MK-Ultra program**.

Still struggling with doubts? *Here*, I'll put them to rest. By the end of Smith's rather short career as a parole officer, Manson was **his only client**. His job was in keeping Manson and members of his Family out of prison. FUN FACT: ARP had Smith studying drug trafficking in Mexico. He *also* unsuccessfully attempted to ship Manson to Mexico. Apparently, Intel had other plans. Did Smith succeed in sending Manson to San Francisco? Most assuredly. *Again*, no surprise, Smith's ARP study was being run out of the **Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic**, where Manson and his Family frequented. According to two former doctors, the clinic was burglarized and only the files for Smith's ARP study were stolen. That story however is *lame*, as the Clinic only offered free services because its operators were committed to federally funded research. If you need this spelled out for you, the HAFMC was sponsored by the **CIA**, and just so happened to be the office of Colonel **Louis West**, **MK-Ultra** provocateur. West probably burglarized his own file cabinet.

Smith's only client called him by another name. **Jubal** was based upon the character from a science fiction novel called *Stranger in a Strange Land*, and whose plot centers upon a Martian who starts a sex cult. Its author, **Robert Heinlein**, started his career in the **United States Naval Academy** at Annapolis. Knowing what we do of the Manson psyop and how often spooks referred to the other, Heinlein had probably been funneled through Intel. By the way, Jubal is the character who acts as the main character's protector.

In his doctoral thesis, presented as part of his ARP study, Smith wrote about the importance of shielding test subjects from prosecution. We can easily deduce that he was referring to his only client. It is Smith who spoke to the judge and had the girls released. *Now* we're getting somewhere. Leading *actress* Susan Atkins was personally handed over to Smith. Manson was afforded total immunity while he recruited his Family and carried out his operations.





American Theater: The Manson Murder Trial *Was* a Hoax

“I can't judge any of you. I have no malice against you and no ribbons for you. But I think that it is high time that you all start looking at yourselves, and judging the lie that you live in.”

Charles Manson

APOLOGIES if you thought this would be a one or *two*-part paper. I did too. After several months of hinting at the Manson murders *hoax*, what are we on now, chapters six or seven? I've lost count. Point being, it has taken a book.

There's much more that can be said, but does there really need to be? We have already looked at the various *actors* involved. Sharon Tate's father was *Intel*. The murder photos were *faked*. The list of celebrities invited to the Polanski house on the night of the murders is essentially a *who's-who* laundry list in the spook community. Even the Beach Boys were in on it. And while I won't speak for the nervous reader who's presently rocking back and forth this very moment, hugging a globe in their lap, I have

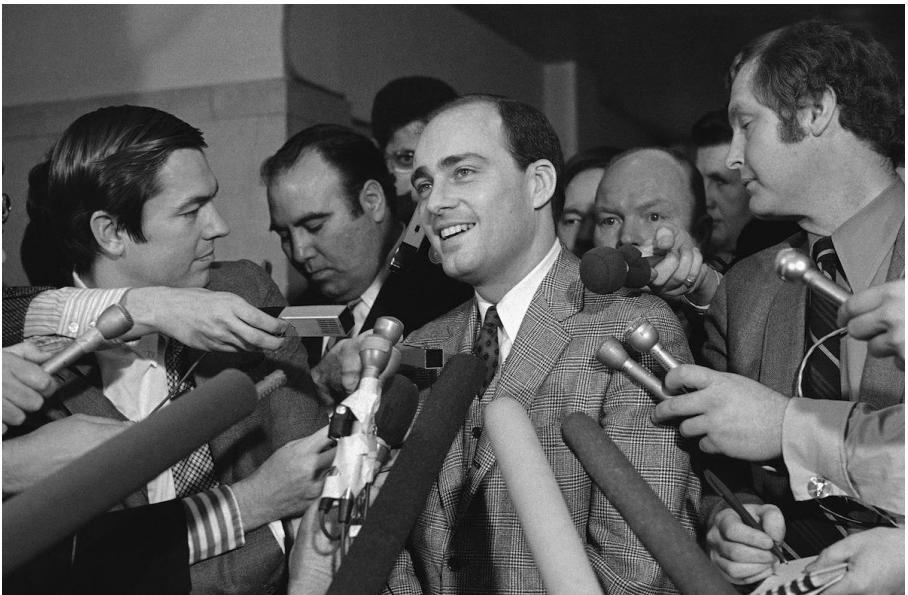
satisfactory concluded that the Charlie Manson Intel project was not only scripted out in advance, it went down on a movie set.



Still, where the collective consciousness is involved, it is the 1970 trial, *via* television, where the mass Mind took shape. Inside and outside the courtroom, Intel was pulling out all the stops, sparing no expense. **Jerry Rubin** of Chicago Seven fame called Manson a hero, and *Rolling Stone* head **Jean Wenner** wanted to publish a cover story proclaiming Manson's innocence. Both were **Joos**. As has already been established, the purpose here was to *destroy* the hippie. But Intel had every perfect right to do so. For they created the hippie, you see. Not enough people were frightened of them by the summer of 1970, and so they made a remake of the Manson murder movie in 1976 and called it *Helter Skelter*. Television *again*. I am told that scared the chicken *shapoo* out of far more viewers than the original trial. Just goes to show that people have a penchant for performance. Fantasy is preferred over reality, especially when they tell you it's only acting but based upon a true performance story, as is the case with *Helter Skelter*.

More than likely, we're looking at two *separate* movies. There is everything leading up to the murder at the Roman Polanski house, which we have already dutifully covered, and then there is the trial of Charlie Manson,

both of which were released successively in 1969 and then 1970 respectively. Different cast. Different directors. *Mostly*. Only Manson landed a spot in both films, as he was *said* to hang out with Laurel Canyon royalty, but even that is based upon hearsay. Just as we would expect of any sequel with something to prove, the second movie hammed it up to the point that your typical understudy like Susan Atkins was capable of out performing Sharon Tate. Shortly before he died in 2017, aged 83, Manson told one reporter over the phone: “I’m the most famous human being, not only that is alive, but the most famous human being that has ever lived,” reminding us again *what* he and the crew were going for.



In the half-century *since*, we have seen other sham trials, but in 1970, and with a \$3 million price tag, the media amusement park called *Manson* proved to be one of the most expensive trials in American history. District Attorney **Vincent Bugliosi** even bragged about that fact on camera. Just *look* at Bugliosi standing before the press. Enjoying ourselves a little too much, are we, *hmmm?* This little fact put Manson up as a direct competitor to the **Charles Lindbergh Jr.** kidnapping case, the **Sam Sheppard** murder trial, the Monkey **Scopes** trial, and the Chicago Seven. All of

them, Intel run. I encourage you to take another look at Manson trial media coverage with *woken* eyes. Yeah, it's *that* bad.

Where was all that money being funneled to—Bugliosi? It couldn't have been Manson's *back* attorney, **Irving Kanarek**. And certainly not Leslie Van Houten's attorney, **Ronald Hughes**. Manson had earlier been prevented from cross examining each witness, despite requesting to represent himself, and Kanarek later declined to do the same. There was no evidence ever brought against Manson, and the jury was excused when he was finally brought to the witness stand. The defense rested without calling a *single* witness. What this means is, Manson was not allowed to make a defense, and *why* do you think that is? *Hold* that thought.



And *speaking* of incompetence, **Ronald Hughes** was a “hippie lawyer” who failed the bar three times. He had never even been in a courtroom until the trial, furthermore arriving in shirt sleeves, telling Judge **Charles Older** that his one jacket was at the cleaners. The 250-pound Hughes then borrowed a jacket from a newsman half his size. The next day, he wore a suit worn by **Raymond Burr** when playing Perry Mason on TV, picked up at a **movie auction** for \$5. Meanwhile, **Daye Shinn**, attorney

for Susan Atkins, was sentenced to three nights in jail for contempt of court. Do any of those plot points sound vaguely familiar? They were both recycled for the Joe Pesci comedy, *My Cousin Vinny*. The bonus here is that the *official* narrative reminds us how Hughes was an expert in counterculture recreational practices like drugs and matters of witchcraft. *So*, the defense had that going for them.

I might as well mention it *now*. Hughes disappeared on November 27, 1970 while on a ten-day recess. He was camping near Sespe Hot Springs. His decomposed body, wedged between two boulders in a gorge, wouldn't be discovered by “two fishermen” until March 29, 1971, *conveniently* the very day in which the jury returned death penalty verdicts

against Manson and his girls. What are the chances? Hughes had been attempting to get the girls sentences reduced by pushing the narrative that they were under Manson's spell. It didn't reduce anything, but his narrative is still upheld today. Perhaps he was simply trying to do his job too well, or he had stumbled upon something that he wasn't supposed to see. You tell me. The *official* narrative has repeatedly pushed the idea that the Manson family bumped him off, but that's ridiculous, as a bunch of kids playing hippies actually had a real-life hippie on their side. Most likely, he had absolutely no experience as a lawyer because he was just another *actor* like Joe Pesci.



Ub-ob. IS THAT a picture of Susan Atkins giving the 666 sign to the media? I think so. Go ahead, laugh it up, Krenwinkle. It almost seems shocking, in this day and age, how *so many* pictures of Atkins are strewn across the Internet, thanking her employment. Doesn't *everyone* know about the *sign* of success by now? I suppose not. But that's how Intel wants it, easily

accessible for your viewing pleasure. They like to lay it on thick. Somebody has to pass notes in class, letting the neophyte in on their little scheme while simultaneously mocking the rest of us. It's *also* how they encourage us to push the cognitive dissonance even deeper.



You should be asking yourself why every cult member involved, and we're talking dozens of them, were all so photogenic. Don't cults attract unattractive girls? *Sure*, Krenwinkle was a character actor, but that's not to say she couldn't make the cheerleading squad. And then Atkins and Kasabian, *come on*. They even aged well in prison, *exceptionally* well, which tells us "the Studio" was trying to downplay how attractive these girls really were. **Nancy Pitman**, **Rachel Morse**, and **Sandra Good** carried an on-screen presence. All *lookers*. Lynette Fromme is no contest. Not overlooking Mr. Tall, Dark, & Handsome in the flesh, **Charles Watson**, as well as

Bobby Beausoleil and **Paul Watkins**. *Hot stuff* coming through. Only 5'2" Charlie was expected to defy our common sense (when it came to the art of sexual deception). Did Manson seduce America? *No*, he did not. How in the world then did he manage several jocks and the Glee Club?

I *dare* you to watch footage again of Atkins, Kasabian, and Krenwinkle orbiting the *globe* while walking the exceptionally lit hallway, in route to trial. *Look* at them, perfectly framed like a trio of spoon-fed LSD zombies, playing the part of the Wayward Sisters while singing the songs which Hollywood music executives had rejected for movie cameras. *Theatrics*. Atkins later claimed in a 1976 interview that her performance was due to LSD, but *who* was offering the chemicals to them: the police officer with the blond wig or the one suspiciously sporting the neck of a runway model? Am I expected to believe that all three hadn't splashed down from

orbit yet? According to Atkins in her 1976 interview, *yes*. That is precisely the *look* they were going for.



Like everything else we've *already* covered, even the courtroom was a movie set. I'll just go right out and quote **Miles Mathis** *here*. "Tell me that doesn't look like a scene from a play." Where did those girls buy their clothes? The director of this movie wants you to *think* hippies dressed that way, but only *actor* hippies pulling from the actors' trunk dressed like that. Not even **Vito Paulekas** hippie clothing boutique looked that bad. Don't tell me their prison cell came with a sewing table. If anything, it looks like they played creepy-crawly in Grandma's reject scrap pile. To quote from Miles Mathis again, "Van Houten looks like she was dressed from the wardrobe of *Star Trek*." And why wouldn't she be? We know Hughes pulled his coat from Perry Mason's closet.

DURING ONE stunning moment in August of 1970, Manson held up a front page of *The Los Angeles Times* for the jury, which read in bold print:



“MANSON GUILTY, NIXON DECLARES.”

How did Manson even manage to slip *The Times* into the courtroom? **Paul Tate** was the first witness called to testify at the trial, but before entering the courtroom, we are told, he was thoroughly searched because the bailiffs were concerned that he'd sneak in a weapon and kill Charlie. Ridiculous, I know. Especially since Paul Tate may have been Manson's handler. And yet, Manson managed the front-page news. Did Mother Manson bake him a cake with a file in it too?

We are *told* this nearly resulted in mistrial. *Oh dear*. Never mind the fact that Judge Older allowed Magazine articles from **LIFE** Magazine, which had already judged Manson's guilt and were probably somehow tied to the scriptwriters in this psychodrama, into the courtroom as evidence. The judge simply asked how each juror *felt* about what they saw when Manson flashed *The Times*, and they assured him they weren't influenced by anything which President Nixon had said. How *adorable*. In yet another twist of irony, Juror No. 2, **Shirley Evans**, said the Nixon headline didn't affect her in the slightest, as she had deduced the President's words to be fake news. They just love rubbing your face in it, don't they?

Mind you, Manson held up another sign on the day after Nixon's statement which read: NIXON GUILTY. This is simply Intel's way of telling you who was behind the psyop, and that is the Nixon administration. Ironic, isn't it? We're often told how Nixon lost the 1960 election to Kennedy because it was the first televised debate, and yet nobody owned television quite so effectively as Nixon calling **Neil Armstrong** on the moon from a landline telephone.

DECADES LATER, during a September 2, 2009 episode of *Larry King Live*, Vincent Bugliosi called **Linda Kasabian** the only *real* hippie among the Charlie Manson crew, essentially outing everyone else out as *fake* hippies. To celebrate the 50th anniversary of the psyop, Kasabian appeared alongside Bugliosi wearing sunglasses and a wig, letting us know that even *then* she was acting while doing a very terrible job at it. Nowadays she lives alone in an undisclosed location, but that's because she's tired of playing the part. Bugliosi did most of the talking for Kasabian, probably due to the fact that Kasabian hadn't acted in decades, and her lines were sloppy. Somebody needed to make sure she got her story straight, and who better

than the ringleader? But in 1970, nobody could keep Kasabian's mouth shut. That was her role. *Chatterbox*. Her babbling is legendary, as Linda "The Mouth" Kasabian had so much to say that her courtroom testimony lasted for **18** days, nearly as long as she spent living with the Family. Kasabian was simply Intel's way of tying up as many loose ends as possible. Without Linda Kasabian, as Bugliosi has repeatedly reminded us, Manson would have walked.



Kasabian is given the *same* profile as those of her other Manson Family Troupe Members. Her father abandoned her while she was but a child. Her stepfather mistreated her. Friends, neighbors, and teachers described her as a good student but "starry-eyed romantic" who was "forced to grow up too soon." She dropped out of high school at the age of sixteen and fled west "looking for God." Your typical D.A.R.E. commercial. She found LSD and Charlie.

Her introduction to Manson apparently came in July of 1969, a little over a month *before* the murders. The story we are given is that Kasabian was handed off to **Catherine Gypsy Share** by somebody named **Charles Blackbeard Melton**, a friend of **Paul Watkins** but *also* a friend of her estranged husband, **Robert Kasabian**, while he and Melton left on what has been described to us as a "South American sailing adventure." Gypsy

told Kasabian about “an idyllic ranch outside Los Angeles where a group of hippies were establishing a ‘hole in the earth’ paradise to escape an anticipated race war which they referred to as *Helter Skelter*” and Kasabian thought this was *neat* because it reminded her of Hopi legends she’d read as a child, furthermore telling us where Intel was drawing inspiration. Kasabian had *also* reportedly landed in the Haight, looking for “Jesus.” What are the odds? Was she one of Colonel Louis West’s hippie actors? We are not told.

She then sat in the car on the night of the Roman Polanski house murders, and *again* on the following night during the murders of **Leno** and **Rosemary LaBianca**. We are told that she only drove the murderers to their respective movie set destinations, but I have little reason to believe that she drove anywhere except to the courtroom.

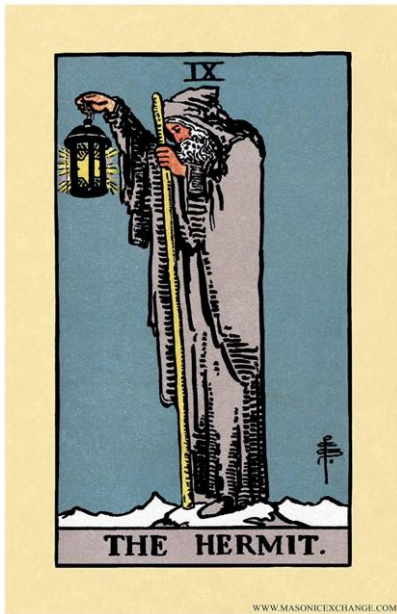


I should probably *stop* beating around the bush, as you have probably noticed by this point how I have afforded *zero* effort whatsoever upon disproving the LaBianca’s murder. There is a *huge* difference between the two murder scenes, and that is because the LaBianca’s were probably *really*

murdered, thereby bringing credibility to the entire narrative. Not that the Manson family had anything to do with it. The LaBianca homicides were a mob hit, thinly disguised as a copycat killing, and *easily* orchestrated by top brass. Kasabian and her fellow actors' members were simply handed a revised script and told what to say.

Why wouldn't Kasabian confess to driving to the LaBianca's? It's not like she drove to the Polanski house either. Had Intel invested in enough actors for a *third* murder scene, she would have confessed to that too. There were **25 unidentified fingerprints** at the Polanski house. How *embarrassing*. I should have mentioned that little detail earlier. It's somewhat awkward that I've waited this long to bring it up, but better late than never. 25 unidentified fingerprints are a clear sign of the presence of *the boys* down at the Lab setting up the crime scene.

On the same night as the LaBianca killings, Manson ordered Kasabian to kill a Lebanese actor named **Saladin Nader**, whom Kasabian had met a few days earlier while hitchhiking with fellow Mansonite **Sandra Good**. *Mm-hmm*, another hitchhiking story. Tired of them yet? I am.



Unfortunately, there's more to come. Saladin Nader picked them up along the side of the road and then drove them back to his **Venice Beach** apartment for *milk and cookies*, as Dennis Wilson called it. **33** parallel *again*. During the early morning hours of August 9, Kasabian claims she purposely led **Susan Atkins** and **Steve Grogan** to the wrong door, but Sexy Sadie seems out of character here, as she wasn't the kind of girl to back down from a challenge—especially where *creepy-crawly* is involved. Manson furthermore instructed that all three return to the ranch *via* more hitchhiking. *Who* picked them up in the dead of night? Your guess is as good as

mine.

Again, Linda Kasabian's courtroom testimony lasted for **18** days. In Tarot, the number 18 is *The Hermit*, telling us that we have arrived at the end of something. The number 18 is all about retrospective searching. We are presented with a lantern in the dark of night, and instructed to turn around and look back to see if one can make any sense of it. Bugliosi has *insisted* that there would be no success Manson murder trial without Kasabian. Her testimony is the lantern in the dark of night, as the entire narrative is told *through* her. In conclusion, Linda Kasabian is the Hermit.

WHEN last we met **Barbara Hoyt**, she was an L.A.P.D. mugshot fashion model. In the time since, and while staying at Baker Ranch, Hoyt overheard Susan Atkins tell **Ruth Ann Moorehouse** that she killed Sharon Tate. Afterwards, she fled their Death Valley compound with **Sherry Cooper**. We are told that Manson later caught up with them at a diner in the town of Ballarat, but it was only to give the pair money and send them on their way. How nice of him.



In September of 1970, Intel needed to keep America invested in their fake trial. It's why three Manson girls, Catherine *Gypsy* Share, Lynette *Squeaky* Fromme, and Ruth Ann *Onisch* Moorehouse, along with Steve *Clem* Crogan and some guy named **Dennis Rice**, were accused of conspiracy to murder—all in hopes of keeping Hoyt from the witness stand.

Now, every so often a sitcom likes to go on vacation. *The Brady Bunch* went on location to the Grand Canyon, and later Hawaii. This is like that. The ridiculous story we are given is that Moorehouse lured Hoyt to Honolulu and then offered her a hamburger laced with LSD. What is this, amateur hour? *Sure*, lure the fat girl to her death with a hamburger. Did

Moorehouse lure Hughes with a slice of LSD cake too? How prosecution would ever allow their star witness to skip the state for a Pacific island party with the Manson fan club is beyond me. Wasn't Moorehouse under the care of George Spahn? If an underage girl managed to purchase a plane ticket and book a vacation on Honolulu, then either Angela Lansbury or Langley must have been her sponsor. *Clearly*, Intel was scrapping the bottom of the barrel on ideas. Probably a discarded plot to an un-filmed episode of *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*. For all I know, Polanski was pitched the idea and rejected it just as soundly as that American color version of *Knife in the Water*.

The Manson Bunch each served 90-day sentences in the Los Angeles County Jail for their attempt, except for *Ouisb*. The explanation we are given is that Moorehouse never served her sentence because she *chose* not to appear at the sentencing hearing. The Government let that one slide. *Sure*. Let's go with that.

I *checked*. As of *last* night, you can still catch footage online of Barbara Hoyt being interviewed by the media. The date is stamped September 9, 1971, which pits us right up against the LSD hamburger incident.

After one member of the press asks Hoyt who gave her the hamburger, she looks to her handler, a black woman, and asks: "Am I supposed to say that?"

Her handler returns fire into her ear. Hard to tell, but it sounds like the woman instructs her: "She's kind of cool it."

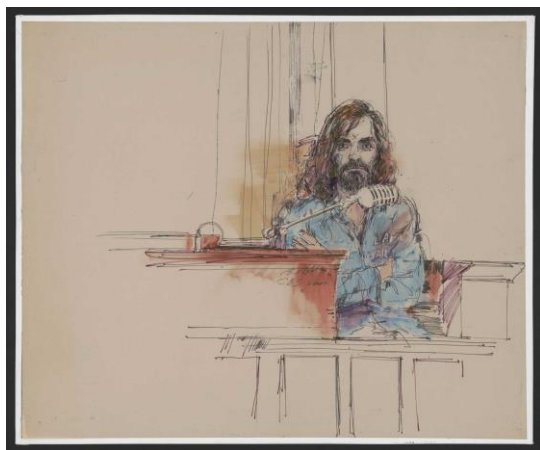
I know, doesn't make any sense to me either. I asked my readers what they thought and one responded, "she canna coo." Fellow writer Pauly Hart responded that she "sounds Caribbean. Jamaica lowlands maybe."

Hoyt asks, "Huh?"

Her handler *repeats*, slightly louder this time: "She's kind of cool it." Or is it: "She canna coo." You tell me.

Hoyt then tells the media: "She says 'I can't say.'"

The conversation goes on, and *there-in* lies the problem. Barbara Hoyt continues expounding upon her courtroom testimony for television cameras. They want their scoop on what she *knows* about Susan Atkins. Hoyt delivers. What footage remains of this interview has been severely hacked up and edited, telling us there was much more originally spoken. Remember, this is the biggest courtroom drama in American history. To protect their case, the District Attorney's office wouldn't have their key witnesses speak to the media, or else chance having everything compromised. And it's not like Hoyt isn't absent of her "legal representative." Why not just haul every Manson girl out to the press room, one at a time, to give their testimony and set the record straight? You know they'd glisten like sparkly Monarch butterflies in the spotlight. *Especially* Susan Atkins. If this were reality, Hoyt's babbling would be cause for a mistrial.



THE MAN who called himself the devil *and* Christ was not given a fair trial because he *could not* be given a fair trial, if the performance was to work its intended spell. Understand, the Manson trial wasn't simply *good* television. It was theater. *American* theater. Babylonian witchcraft. Manson never intended to represent himself. He never intended to do anything but put on a phenomenal performance. It's *why* Bugliosi and Manson needed to meet privately. Did their meeting go against the consent of Manson's counsel? *Yup*. Was it a grave violation of Manson's Miranda rights? Most certainly. But Manson and Bugliosi were the two ringleaders who needed to compare notes. When Manson carved an *x* into his forehead, his followers passed around a note outside the courthouse and

carved an x into theirs. Even the Wayward Sisters were going off of notes. The entire trial was scripted. But that is not to say the lie could be revealed, lest the entire system be exposed.

Remember how the jury was excused while Manson gave his closing defense? His choice words, for those who were *allowed* to hear it, are *indeed* brilliant. Before you accuse me of praising Manson, let me remind you that Manson *is* evil, just not in the same way which we are expected to believe he is evil. Everyone involved—every actor *in the know*—was standing on the wrong side of history and evil. Tate and Polanski were evil, just as Bugliosi was evil. Though I prefer the word *wicked*. Which is to say, they received their slice of the pie in the kingdom which Jezebel once ruled, by way of magic. When Atkins, Kasabian, and Krenwinkle were given a chance to express remorse from the stand, they had none to give, *hence* wicked, but only because they were speaking on the part of Intel. And that is why Manson’s critique is so brilliant. Consider his closing words:

“These children that come at you with knives—they are your children. You taught them. I didn't teach them. I just tried to help them stand up.”

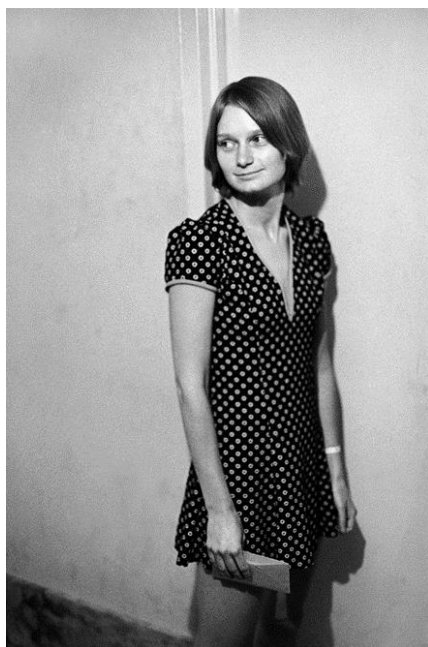
Exactly. Just swap out *you* and *I* for *Intel*, and it all makes sense. Manson taught a dualism whereas he was a devil just as much as he is a god, but more importantly, that he is only what lives in each and every one of us. It is ultimately a doctrine borrowed from the Mystery religions, not overlooking just about every Hollywood film, so try to hold off on the moral outrage. But more than anything, Manson was letting us know that our Slave Masters play both sides. So *again*, for all you voters and stars and stripes saluters out there, try to hold off on the moral outrage.

The Government created Vietnam, a war which Manson claimed Nixon was guilty of, and they created the hippie, by which Manson was accused of playing. It is *they* who play both the devil and god and then *accuse* us of being one or the other. Where the *official* narrative is concerned, we are only ever given the illusion of choice. The media is set up in no other way. Manson stated as much when he said we needed to stop blaming our children and start blaming ourselves for what we’ve become. Or what we’ve allowed the Children of Cain to make of us (my words)—by our

own consent. Unto his dying day, Manson was undoubtedly one of the greatest showmen who ever lived.

The media made certain of it.

IS IT any coincidence that the California death penalty was suspended in 1972? The actors involved were sentenced to death but had never been intended to die. There were so many characters involved that Intel intended to milk their cow for the following half century. Their first spin-off transpired within months of the guilty verdict, and it involved the **Berkeley** librarian who had met Charlie Manson somewhere near the corners of Haight-Ashbury. Probably one of Colonel Louis West's hippie actors. In time, **Mary Brunner** would come to be known



Mother Mary. The Wikipedia pointedly mentions that they met while Manson was **33** years-old. Why stress the number? Perhaps because Brunner was selected to mother his child.

Brunner resurfaced on August 21, 1971, while the Manson trial was still *hot* on the back burner, but in an episode even more ridiculous than Barbara Hoyt's LSD Burger.

The plotline has Mary Manson driving a white van to a Hawthorne, California Western Surplus Store in order to steal **143** rifles and hijack a Boeing 747, thereby threatening to kill one passenger every hour until Manson and fellow Family members were released from prison. What is this, a Jerry Bruckheimer movie? She was of course accompanied by several other Family members. Catherine Share, Dennis Rice, Charles Lovett, Larry Bailey, and Kenneth Como. But when police arrived, it was

Brunner who lobbied off the first of 20 rounds. Hawthorne police responded by drilling more than 50 rounds into Brunner's white van. I can't help but wonder if Intel had actually intended this little exercise to go further, and have the Boeing 747 make news, but somebody along the way screwed up. *Oh well*. Lost opportunities, I guess.

Why **143**? Because 143 represents the idea of material acquisition with a goal of self-reliance. It is imbued with a sense of independence, of exploring new ways of doing things, of reaching for the previously unreachd. Its energy is furthermore described to us as something balanced in that its sense of duty to society is about equal to its sense of duty to ensure its own abundance.

Brunner received a sentence of 20 years to life. She was sent to the California Institute for Women where Atkins and Krenwinkel were serving their sentences. After her parole in 1977, Brunner completely disappeared from the public eye. Where she disappeared to is anybody's best guess. I was however able to find a quote from Brunner's child (Baby Manson grown up?), who is quoted to have said: "We're closer than we've ever been. She lives for the day. She's very active and enjoying life, **enjoying her retirement.**" We are expected to be *unclear* as to what she retired from, but you and I *know*. Her acting days are long behind her.

IN 1975, Intel was *still* milking the tits of the Manson cow. Because on September 5, Lynette Fromme, *aka* Squeaky, stood a little more than an arm's length from **President Gerald Ford** in Sacramento, California, and pointed an M1911 pistol at him. *Ridiculous*. Were they going with the MK-Ultra sub-genre? Hard to tell. How a

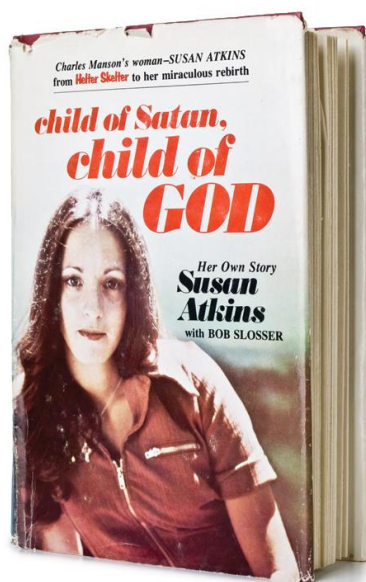


Mansonite den mother with little or no firearm experience was able to wiggle her way up to the president, we are not told. But more importantly,

she hadn't chambered a round. The gun was *blank*. Why would Fromme go to all that trouble to take a picture for the media of the gun strapped to her leg while intentionally refusing a single bullet in the chamber? She said the message was for Charlie, but *also* for the world's tallest trees, which needed to be saved. *If only* the trees watched television. Are you really buying it? I'm not. Intel was simply cross-pollinating franchises.

Also, Lynette Fromme broke out of prison in 1987. *More* cow milking. Fromme may have known her way around George Spahn's "kitchen," but escape from prison? Come on. She couldn't even load a gun properly. Nice try, Langley.

CHRISTIANITY *inspired* Susan Atkins at **33** years of age, according to news broadcasts in 1981. Whether she actually became a "Christian" at 32 or 34 isn't nearly so important as the media letting you know that she was **33**, and did you know she became a Christian while she was **33** years-old? Kind of like how the 55-acre Spahn Ranch was reportedly **33** acres, according to a December 3, 1969 article in the Long Beach *Press Telegram*. Did **Paul Tate** read from the *Press Telegram*? Probably. Passing notes in class. Look, if you're going to give inaccurate information, why not say the movie set was 42 or 57 or 39 acres? They wouldn't, because the **33** was intended to convey a message.



The person selected to co-author Atkins book, "*Child of Satan, Child of God*," (more *duality*) was somebody named **Bob Slosser**, who went on to launch the news department of **Pat Robertson's** Christian Broadcasting Network.

1981 was *also* the year that Atkins married **Donald Lee Lai\$ure**, a self-described Marines Corps. officer, professional Texan, and billionaire heir to an oil business. And if you missed it the third or the fourth time, did you hear how Atkins was **33** years old? *Also*, it was the same year, aged **33**, in which she disavowed her former confession of killing. At **33** years of age, Susan Atkins said she'd lied and declared her innocence. As you can probably tell, Lai\$ure used a dollar sign when signing his name. He furthermore claimed to have close connections with Castro. *Uh-huh*, I knew it. CIA. Meanwhile, he had supposedly already been married 28 times, and lived in a single apartment. Media footage of his car shows that it was riddled with bumper stickers advertising his "billionaire" status, but perhaps more importantly, displayed a picture of Sexy Sadie next to the symbol of a Playboy bunny. *Exactly*. The CIA narrative is *still* believable.

Even their meeting is a plot recycled. What are the odds that Lai\$ure would have encountered Atkins years earlier on the side of a California highway? You know what she was up to, don't you? *Mm-hmm*, Sexy Sadie was hitchhiking.



Milk a *Tate* for Everything It's Worth

“Sometimes you just have to turn shit into ice cream.”

Doris Tate

TAKE AWAY a writer's pen, send him walking in any given direction into the wilderness, and should he stub his toe on a suspiciously placed rock, his job remains the same. He will *dig* at the discovery. Perhaps he has only stumbled upon a hewn stone from some lost civilization, discarded by its maker. Then again, what if it is not a singular stone below his feet, but an entire city? The shoveler cannot possibly know what he has found until he starts digging. And *so*, here we are. If you have been following along then you will hopefully agree that I've found a city. The murder of Sharon Tate was a hoax, and dozens upon dozens of actors were in on it.

The resulting write-up has taken me several months, after which I had *fully* intended to walk away from whole thing. But *alas*, I made the mistake of standing over the grave marker of Sharon Tate (while on another reconnaissance mission in the Intel-net), and I noticed something. Sharon had a sister. A *certain Patricia Tate*. *Hub...?*



Debra Tate, I knew about. But who's this Patricia Tate? It says she was born in 1957 and died in 2000. That would make her eleven or twelve at the time of the murder, and no more than 43 at the time of her death. Never heard of her, and *why* is that? I must have missed something, I thought to myself. And *indeed*, I had.

The *following* is my report.

BEFORE SITTING down to write *this* paper, I had given **Doris Tate**, the *mother* inscribed on the grave marker, the benefit of the doubt. As the wife of an Intel operative in Italy, you figure Doris knew her husband was into some deep shit, and yet never imagined he'd be so serpentine as to mastermind and ultimately beguile the entire world into the very misery which defined their family, but *no*. I was wrong. Turns out, Paul and Sharon Tate weren't the only Tate's going around shoveling wheelbarrows of chicken droppings.



It was after yet another reconnaissance mission in the Intel-net that I ultimately confessed my wrong, having unexpectedly discovered archival footage of Doris Tate on the **Phil Donahue** show in 1986. Before reporting *here* what I witnessed with my own eyes, I knew I needed to retrieve that shovel and dig into her bio. The Tate family Matriarch was described as a folksy grandmother, capable of turning up the Texan draw to get what she wanted, who baked cookies for people she liked and employed *choice* four-letter words for those she didn't. A rather odd fact I learned is that she was the very *first* member of a victim's family to speak at a parole hearing in California. You will tell me that's all happenstance, and that her ability to *woo* the crowd with a fully loaded Southern accent or to flirtatiously call politicians '*Hun*' for her personal advantage is simply cute. Then know *this*.

By 1985, Tate was a board member for *Citizens for Truth, Justice for Homicide Victims*, the *California Justice Committee*, and *Believe the Children*. Was the CIA funneling money into any one of these organizations? I'd *bet* on it. She also founded the *Coalition for Victim's Equal Rights* and volunteered with the *Victim Offender Reconciliation Group*. Busy girl.

As a bit of historical context, the victims' rights movement, which focuses upon the legal rights of crime victims, really began making headway under

the Reagan administration. And who was governor in California during the Manson murders again? Reagan. In 1982, the president's task force on *Victims of Crime* released its final report which detailed the concerns of victims' rights advocates, claiming that "the innocent victims of crime have been overlooked, their pleas for justice have gone unheeded, and their wounds—personal, emotional, financial—have gone unattended." Doris Tate essentially became a billboard for the Federally sponsored victims' rights movement. Putting a Tate to good use, I guess.

Tate was *also* the first person in the state to make a victim impact statement. Another historic accomplishment for the movement. "What about my family?" she asked Tex Watson in his 1984 parole hearing. "When will Sharon come up for parole? When will I come up for parole? Can you tell me that?" *Cue* the Texan drawl.

While at yet another parole hearing for Tex Watson in 1990, **Suzan LaBerge**, the daughter of **Leno** and **Rosemary LaBianca**, argued for leniency on behalf of Watson—reminding us once again that the LaBianca's were *really* murdered. LaBerge, a devout Christian and an innocent in the psyop, believed that Watson was sincerely repentant and deserved another chance. Never mind the fact that her parents' killer was never found—by design. Doris Tate was notably furious. A victim impact statement was not *designed* to advocate for criminals. Somebody needed set straight. Tate reportedly confronted LaBerge in the parking lot immediately following the parole board hearing and told her: "You know, your mother is probably rolling in her grave because of what you did today."

Tate then took her campaign against the LaBianca family to television. When the interviewer asked her: "If Suzan LaBerge were here in this room, what would you say?" Tate snapped back: "*You dumb shit.* That's what I'd probably say to her."

Tell us how you *really* feel, Mrs. Tate.

That just about brings us up to *present*. In 1986, *agent* Tate went on *The Phil Donabue Show* to lobby against **Rose Elizabeth Bird**, the first female chief justice of the California Supreme Court. Problem with Bird was, she consistently overturned death penalty verdicts. See how The Government

plays *both* sides? “One thing is certain,” Tate told Donahue while working her drawl, “The death penalty will cut down on recidivism because the guy that goes to the gas chamber, well, my dear, he’s one less we have to worry about.”

At some point during the episode, an *unidentified* man stands up in the



crowd and says regarding the murder of Sharon: “This was a very, very unusual crime. This is not a traditional motive. These people were not criminals. They were extremely peaceable. They were extremely loving, caring people.” Here the audience gasps in disapproval, some in disgust. Someone pronounces *murderer*. “I realize—I realize, people are not fully aware of the details. It sounds contradictory, but....”

It is *here* where Tate cuts him off. “Sir, I know that they killed her, okay? I know that the girls held her down. And I know that Watson stabbed her to death.”

Oh, tell us more of *what* you know, Mrs. Tate.

A morally outraged woman wearing a purple blouse with shoulder pads, *also* unidentified, then stands up and asks the man, rather dramatically: “Are you a member of the group... of the Charles Manson family?”

The stranger pauses for effect. He slowly rolls his eyes in her direction, and answers: “Yes, I was associated with them.”

“I figured so!”

Who is this mystery man? We are not told. Nobody thought it important to jot down his name. *Ridiculous*. The entire interaction is fake. Even the morally outraged woman was an actor. Tate later told an interviewer: “He looked at me, and I looked back, and I knew—I *knew*—that he had to be involved with this gang in some way. And it didn’t surprise me at all when he spoke up.” *Sure*, let’s go with that.

Doris Tate was another actor. A terrible actor—but *still* an actor. It’s farses like Donahue which just goes to show that Tate was *in the know*, and in case you were wondering, the short of it is *this*. Mrs. Tate gave birth to two biological daughters. But before she died in 1992, she’d have the world believing there was a *third*.



AND WOULDN’T you know it, there are *very few* pictures of Patti Tate in *The Matrix*. *Too few*. There are a generous assortment of photographs depicting Doris Tate at all ages of life, as we would expect. Sister Debra Tate is all over the place. Debra Tate is another can of worms, as there’s far *too much* of her. You shall see what I mean by that in a moment. Meanwhile, there are—rather shockingly—far more pictures of Intel operative Paul Tate than there are of Patti Tate. I am certainly not the first to make that observation. Your very first thought will likely be that she was what you might call a private figure. If so, it was mine too. And then I stumbled upon *this* picture, provided *above*. Patti Tate is standing alongside a picture of sister Sharon and doing a very good job of looking like her. *Exactly* like her.

Now, why would Patti do that? You will tell me Patti was simply having fun with the fact that she and her sister looked a lot alike and something

about how there's nothing wrong with that. It's okay, you can say it. *Identical*. They look identical, don't they? *Same* nose. *Same* chin. *Same* lips. *Same* ears. We'll get to the ears a little further down the road, as they're not given much clarity here. There are actually a few variations of this photo, telling us that the photographer attempted multiple poses hoping to get it right and convey a *certain* message.

Considering how Patti labored to keep out of the spotlight, pictures like this are completely out of character. I *also* was incapable of finding a high-resolution image. Probably because the media has decided it doesn't play well into their propaganda after all. There are literally hundreds of pictures of Sharon. Dozens upon dozens of Debra. Nearly zero of Patti. So, why this one? Because they're telling you everything you need to know and hoping the cognitive dissonance sets in.

Patti *is* Sharon.

WE HAVE no record of Patti Tate before 1969. To be more specific, we have *no* birth certificate. Does Sharon and Debra have a birth certificate? *Yes*. But not Patti. And that's a problem. As evidence, we are sometimes shown a picture of Sharon Tate doing girl stuff, like polishing her toe nails, with a much younger girl whom we are often *told* is Patti Tate. But if she was born in 1957 and Sharon died in 1969, then she couldn't be any older than eleven or twelve here.



You will tell me *big deal*, so what if Patti Tate is just entering womanhood? *Firstly*, that does not look like an eleven-year-old girl, but at the moment, that's beside the point. Did Sharon Tate look like that at eleven or twelve years old? The answer is, *no*. Sharon looked nothing like that at eleven or twelve or any other age. We have already established the fact that Sharon and Patti might as well be twin sisters. Are you going to tell me that an

eleven or twelve-year-old girl who looks nothing like Sharon Tate somehow managed to grow up and look like a mirror image? I'll *wait*.



Here we see two more pictures of the *same* mystery girl at Sharon Tate's funeral. In the *first*, Roman Polanski and Doris Tate are easily recognized. Again, we are *told* the young woman in the shawl is Patti Tate. In the *second* photo, the shawl is removed, but we can easily identify the mystery girl wearing the same dress. Notice the member of the press with the video camera. It is *still* the day of the funeral. Who is that standing in front of *supposed* Patti but Sharon's documented sister, Debra Tate? Another logistical problem, since Debra Tate was born in 1952 while *again*, *supposed* Patti was born in 1957. That would make Debra Tate 16 years old in 1969. Tell me *again* that the mystery girl is eleven or twelve. They both look to be about the same age.

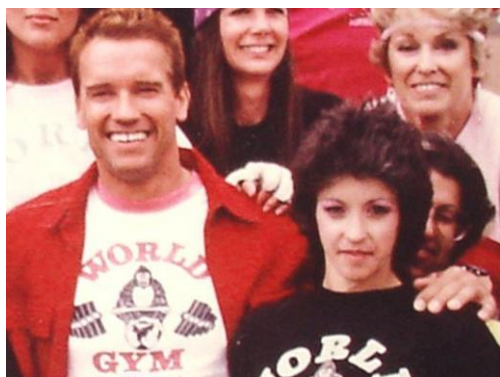
There are numerous other pictures of *supposed* Patti at the funeral, often close to Polanski and Doris Tate, or walking nearby Debra Tate, but why beat a dead horse? She is easily recognized as the very individual who sat by Sharon Tate while she polished her nails. And besides, the picture of Debra and the mystery girl show that they are very close in age, not six years apart. Did Patti mature quickly and then quickly slowdown in aging?

Now take a look at Susan Atkins' parole hearing in 2008. That's Sharon and Debra Tate's niece, **Pam Turner**. Same girl? *Mm-hmm*. We have an *exact* match. I would say the Tate family really screwed up by allowing Pam Turner to show up at a parole hearing, but both Paul and Doris were dead by this point, as was Patti. The controllers had probably moved on. It's a problem, you see, because now we have no one who matches a description of Patti Tate at the funeral of Sharon Tate in 1969. No birth certificate. And in case you were wondering, no death certificate. We are only given a grave marker.



Patti Tate is a phantom.

IF YOU read my paper on the RFK assassination *hoax*, then you will recall **Arnold Schwarzenegger's** rather odd connections to the Kennedy's, long *before* his eventual marriage to **Maria Shriver**. In 1977, we saw him playing tennis with **Roosevelt Grier**,

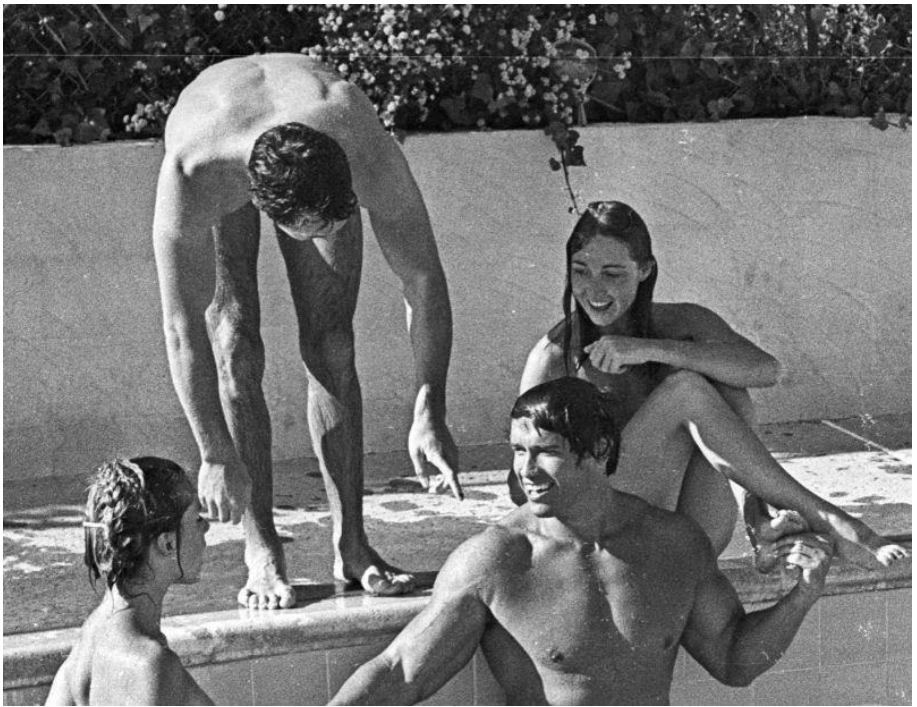


the *actor* bodyguard who stood at Bobby's side when **Sirhan Sirhan** emerged from behind the tray stacker in 1968. Strangely, I found *two* Schwarzenegger connections to the Charlie Manson mythos. I wasn't really sure what to do with them, or where to place them, and even considered leaving them behind in my notes. That is, until I stumbled upon the grave marker.

Our *first* photo, the reward of another random scouting mission in The Matrix, reveals Kindergarten Cop standing next to Susan Atkins in the California Institute for Women. Presumably, during the **George H.W. Bush** administration. You will tell me there is nothing odd about that whatsoever, as Atkins was simply pushing her own fitness program in

prison, and Schwarzenegger arrived to congratulate her. *Fine*. But your open window of possibilities will be quickly narrowed in our *next* photo.

Now, as a policy, I don't show *booby* pictures on *Cosmology*. It's why I left out the topless Sharon Tate areola autopsy photo, despite the fact that it lent even further evidence to the murders being faked. Therefore, *this* is the best that I can offer up. The picture before you is pulled from an entire series of photographs, probably a roll of film, taken by the one and only Michael Ochs in Los Angeles, 1976. Only this one has been angled in such a way and then furthermore cropped so as to get my point across.



The *Los Angeles Times* called Ochs “America's preeminent rock ‘n’ roll photo archivist.” Commit to your own Internet search and you will see Ochs photographing all of our old favorites. **Marilyn Monroe. Jim Morrison. Steve McQueen. Michael Jackson. Elvis Presley. Dennis Wilson. Bruce Lee. Audrey Hepburn.** So *yeah*, this guy had discovered the bunny hole and was in deep. Probably already played a game of croquet with the Queen of Hearts.

Here we can clearly see the *future* California Governorator in a pool with another dude and two topless girls. Schwarzenegger needs no introduction. The identity of the *second* man is hidden here but can be identified in other more revealing photos from the same series as **Johnny Crawford**. Crawford got his start in Hollywood as a first-generation **Mouseketeer** in 1955, right alongside classmates **Bobby Burgess** and **Annette Funicello**.

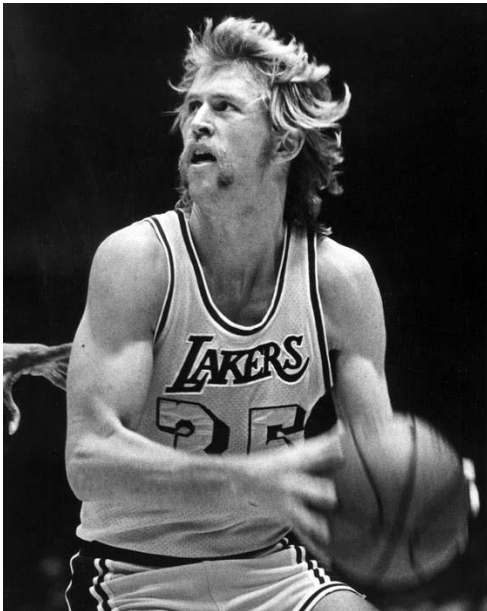
The more important face however can be seen directly behind Schwarzenegger. Are you ready for this? That young woman would be **Debra Tate**. Continuing on in the family business, *hmmm?* Still, unlike big sister, Debra holds no Hollywood credentials. Sharon earned her merit badges and Debra never got around to it. So why is she hanging out with a future Kennedy? *Simple*. Because the Tate's are an Intel family, and Schwarzenegger knew how to rise through the degrees one girl at a time.

BUT GETTING back to that grave marker. The most recent picture I can find shows the entered remains of Sharon Tate (1943-1969), Doris Tate, (1924-1992), Patti Tate (1957-2000), and the *unborn* **Paul Richard Polanski**. There is no mention anywhere however of Colonel Paul Tate, the father, and why is that? I *checked*. Paul Tate wanted to be buried next to his wife and daughter. And yet, he's *not*. He died in 2005, so what gives? Turns out, Tate's remaining friends flew out for his funeral. It was intended as a military funeral. But his ashes never arrived. And that is because Debra Tate left her father's remains at the mortuary for several weeks, refusing to offer up payment. Eventually, the Tate estate settled the finances, which is to say, the money didn't come from Debra, as she had already been written out of the will.

We are told that Colonel Tate didn't like that his *second* daughter started baring all for the camera, but what does the *official* narrative know about anything? Sharon had already shown off the *whole* Tate well over a decade earlier, and Daddy didn't mind. We have already established that fact. Pornography is nothing more or less than Intel's love child. Therefore, Tate topless in the pool with Mr. Olympia and a photographer listed as Hollywood royalty was probably only the beginning of what Daddy had intended for her.

Then again, how do we even know Sharon Tate was on good terms with her father? We don't. Both daughters may very well have *hated* their pimp father. It only makes sense that they would. And at any rate, Debra then went on to bare the whole Tate for *Oui* in 1977. The Tate clan may have been preparing for a sequel that never came to fruition. It happens all the time in Hollywood. Schwarzenegger fell into other Intel projects, namely **James Cameron**, the Kennedy's, and the whole Hollywood scene. He became too valuable of a property. If Debra let her father down, it's more than likely because she could never live up to Sharon's performance. Perhaps she really did attempt to stick the landing, but only managed to end up in Sharon's shadows.

And anyways, how is it that Debra *still* ended up with Paul Tate's ashes? She didn't pay for them. She's not in the will. To this very day, the Tate family has absolutely no knowledge of what Debra did with them, or so they claim. The only explanation I've yet to read is that Colonel Tate didn't fill out the right form, and so his ashes went on by default to next of kin, Debra. *Ludicrous*. Call it free will if you must. More like predestination. But all we're really seeing is Debra Tate trying to defeat her handler, even after his death. The psychodrama continues on. Even without their clothing, the Tate girls carry some serious baggage. Daddy Tate would be proud.



DESPITE NOT bothering to show up to Sharon Tate's funeral, you will tell me that Patti Tate *does* have a bio. *Yeah*, I've read it too. We see Patti marrying **Don Ford** in 1978, while he was still playing for the *Lakers*. The Wiki simply writes: "Ford was married to Sharon Tate's sister Patti, with whom he had three children." That's it.

Not much to go on. We see not one photo of Patti Tate and Don Ford together. Ford was a basketball player and Patti was a

Tate who happened to be an identical twin of her older sister. You would think somewhere down the line the paparazzi would take notice, but *no*. Even if Sharon had already *become* Patti, it appears as though that life has been scrubbed from the public consciousness.

We then read that Patti had a couple of lesbian lovers. The first is someone named Robin Olson. We find another in **Alisa Statman**. Like Polanski, Statman is listed as a writer and assistant director in film and television. You can look up her involvement in Hollywood for yourself. After Patti's death, Statman wrote a book on Sharon Tate called *Restless Souls*, co-authored by **Brie Tate**. Because a Tate never falls far from the Tate tree. I sat on their love affair for several days, thinking little of it, until I stumbled upon a CNN article where Statman explains the origins of their relationship. You may want to hold onto something.

In 1990, Statman was a young Hollywood padawan who had just been ~~initiated~~ accepted into the **Director's Guild** when she noticed that 10050 Cielo Drive was up for lease. *Oh gee*. That house again? She was unpacking boxes when she realized a producer named **Bill Nelson** was filming on the property. He was apparently "given the blessing" by Doris Tate to be there, as if that's not suspicious. Statman and Nelson then ventured out together to the home of an *unidentified* detective, where she claims to have stolen two blue boxes of photos, slides and negatives never before seen by the public.

From here, we have an admission. Statman was so furious to learn of these unseen pictures that she was determined to return them to the right person. That person was Patti Tate. Statman told CNN how "the pair went on to strike up a romantic relationship."

Wait, time out.

Patti Tate was offering up the *whole* Tate with another woman in the very house that Sharon Tate was murdered in? Did I read that right? Did that *just* happen? Appears so. Small world. And apparently, not odd at all.



Nope. Goodnight, folks.

Remember when I told you that the house at 10050 Cielo Drive was completed in 1944 for actress **Michèle Morgan**, and that she said it was haunted? She was right. It *was* haunted, alright. Sharon Tate was still occupying the residence in the 1990's, and nobody but Alisa Statman took notice. Truth in plane/plain site.



THE YEAR of Doris Tate's death is right about *when* we see Patti Tate making her grand appearance. And before you claim Sharon pulled a fast one on Mother by waiting for the funeral, here we can see a picture of Doris Tate with **President George H.W. Bush** and her two daughters. I am not a swearing man, but let's be honest, I'm getting too old for this *shit*. Remember who it was that had JFK *go away*. Bush. They're telling us in this photo *who* is responsible for *birthing*

Patti from the ashes of Sharon Tate, and that is the Grand Master of the CIA.

Notice how the photo is taken on the tarmac. It's as if they knew Doris was dying, and there was too little time for a proper family reunion. If biology means anything to you, then here the caption *should* read, "George H.W. Bush, Doris Tate, Debra Tate, and Sharon Tate," but *no*.



THERE are some things which cannot be faked, and ears are one of them. I *get* it. Some siblings look the same. But the ears? *No*. And besides, eye color is like hair dye in that contacts can do wonders. Even if Sharon and Patti's eyes are the slightest shade of dissimilar, which they're *not*, they could have colored them red and called it a day. Their hair is an exact match. Sharon Tate often covered her ears. Beginning in the whereabouts of 1992, Patti did too. The ears of Sharon Tate had an elvish quality to them. That is why she may have blanketed them with her hair—to hide that fact. Even if Patti covered her ears due to the same insecurities, there's likely another reason, and you already know *why*. She didn't want anyone to know her ears were Sharon's.



Still, if Sharon was free to be Sharon, then by contractual obligation, Patti was *always* in costume. Sharon had the ability to alternate between wearing her hair up or down, as this interview photo will attest to. Patti simply chose to wear it down. If you study footage of her yourself then you will see that she was *almost* always hiding her ears. I stress *almost*.



In 1994, as part of the Intel communities 25th anniversary celebration of the Manson psyop, ~~Sharon~~ Patti Tate wore her hair back, exposing both ears. Clearly, she slipped up. And it's clear by her posture that she *knew* she slipped up. Patti awkwardly faces her interviewer, only exposing her right side. *Mostly*. Even the camera crew seemed privy to her mistake. What on-stage studio interview only shows one side of a person's face?

Complications arise when ~~Sharon~~ Patti coughs. It happens twice in the interview. Just *twice*. And both times, it corresponds with her mention of Manson.

The *first* time ~~Sharon~~ Patti says: "I don't think Manson will ever get out of prison." *Cough*. And then again: "He is not a man that will ever be turned loose on free society. He's just too dangerous." *Cough*.

As recap, it is *only* in the mention of Manson that ~~Sharon~~ Patti coughs. If you tell me Manson was a murderer and thus rightly uncomfortable for a girl to mention, I will remind you that she had little problem having a lesbian lover in the very house her sister was murdered in. But in the house, she could at least be herself. Sharon/Patti, same difference. On stage she *lied*. It is only then that she turns just enough to expose her left ear. The elvish ear is Sharon's.

THE WOMAN whom Tex Watson stabbed 16 times would have been 57 years of age in 2000, when Patti Tate is said to have died. Contrarily, Patti was somewhere around **33** years of age when Statman conjured Sharon's ghost at 10050 Cielo Drive. Considering her various interviews in the early 1990's, you will tell me that no 50-year-old could possibly look that good. And if so, I will let you in on a little secret. You only thought that hot looking woman reaching for the same VHS rental as you in the now defunct Blockbuster video was 35 or 40. Did Sharon Tate really die this time?



Just so we're clear, there very well may have been a presence of Patti Tate before 1992, but if so, it appears scrubbed. Before 1992, Patti feels like a dummy strung up on the beach during Operation Fortitude, designed to fool us just long enough until the real operation went down, but which never really matured to fruition. It seems to me that a phantom Patti was created in 1969 or the whereabouts, likely thought up *after* the fact, in order that Sharon might one day wear the shoes of another backstory. Somebody must have slipped on a bar of soap, allowing Pam Turner into Atkins' parole hearing. I almost get the impression that Paul Tate had *high* expectations for the second go-around. But nobody, not Deborah, not even Sharon this time, stuck the landing. Happens all the time in Hollywood.

On a September 2, 2009 episode of *Larry King Live*, Debra Tate gave no degree of confidence while speaking of her sister, and in doing so, she nearly took her mask off. *Oh yes, I have.... another* sister. See what I mean? By the way, I *checked*. Debra Tate was yet another person who was supposed to attend Sharon Tate's party on the night of the murder. Why

did Debra Tate not arrive? Her boyfriend hurt his ankle in a Frisbee accident. Was his name George Glass too?

Tate told Larry King that she had spent all summer in the Polanski house, and was even referred to as the Lady of the House. Jay Sebring, she said, was a dear friend and like an older brother. “I lost my entire support team that evening.” In review, everyone in Hollywood *minus* Cecil B DeMille and a few others were expect to arrive. Saying you were expected to arrive is probably just code word for the fact that you’re *in the know*, because even spooks have to pass notes in class.

She then went on to question whether or not Susan Atkins actually had brain cancer during her last parole meeting, once again reminding us that everything we’re witnessing is a production. Not even Debra Tate believed it was true. And anyways, case in point. Aside from a grave marker, nobody who goes by the name of Patricia G. Ford is listed as having died in the year 2000.