



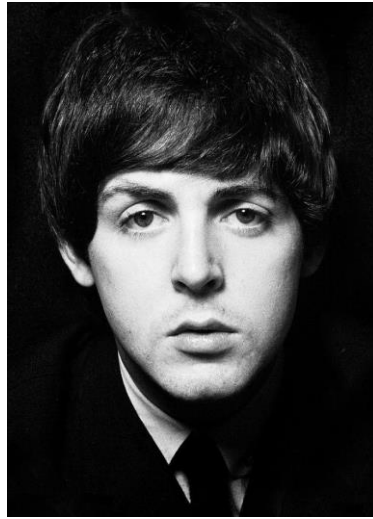
The Walrus *Was* Paul

By Noel Joshua Hadley

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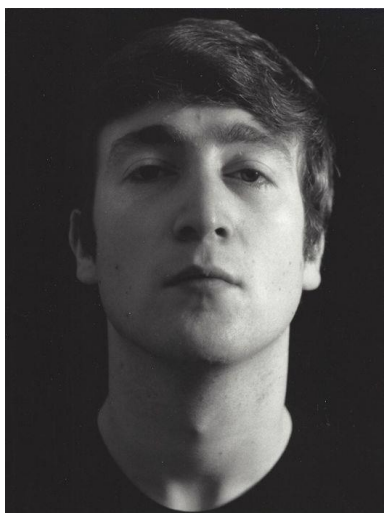


ADMIT it. You probably only agreed to read this paper because you're wondering if *I believe Paul McCartney* is alive or dead. I'm only two sentences in and already you're accusing me of "beating around the bush." *Hop to it, Noel.* How you feel about me as a 'conspiracy realist' or whatever awaits in my response, which I'm apparently slow in getting at. What if I told you that **John Lennon** is still alive? *Ob,* John Lennon is most certainly still alive, by my estimation. I'd even go so far as to say it's a missing ingredient to the 'Paul is dead' controversy. The question you will be asking yourself before this is over is if Lennon actually realizes it yet or not.

The 'Paul is dead' rumor remains one of the oldest conspiracies still readily available or discussed among theorists today, and *no,* I haven't arrived to have you open your mouth and say '*ab*' while I spoon feed the same dribble. As of *this* publication, the *original* Paul McCartney is getting along in his years, but he is still very much alive, like Lennon. That's not to say everyone who subscribes to the 'Paul is dead' conspiracy is outright wrong. Something is clearly off about Paul McCartney. Intel planted a trail of breadcrumbs long ago, and they're worth following. The problem everyone is having is they often seem to confuse the esoteric with the exoteric. Paul McCartney really did die, but only symbolically. The purpose of this paper is to show you how and why.

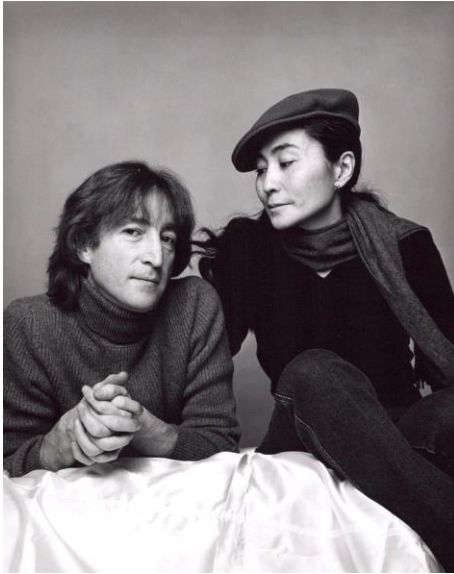
The foundation for the 'Paul is dead' argument begins like *this*. On the early hours of Wednesday, **November 19, 1966**, a vicious fight between Paul McCartney and **Ringo Starr** ended with McCartney storming out of the studio and driving off in his Austin Healey. Along the way he picked up a hitchhiker. Her name was Rita. Neither made it home. Paul McCartney of Liverpool was decapitated.

During the sunset of The Sixties, Paul's gruesome death was the sort of rumor which might be spread among subscribers of back-alley conspirator newsletters or by gleaning the latest gossip on the marijuana train. I don't say any of this to discredit the fact. Indeed, I've pondered over the Beatles subliminal messaging for years. I've actually been trying to figure out if I can add anything new to the discussion. Well, I believe I can. And as already stated, it involves John Lennon.



Part of the equation is something called a '**dissociative identity disorder**', which describes Lennon well. Mind you, I am not a doctor. The Media however tells us the Beatle likely struggled his entire life with mental illness, DID in particular. Someone with DID has multiple, distinct personalities, each of whom control that person's behavior. It is usually caused by past trauma, but you and I know this has something and probably everything to do with the **MK-Ultra program**. It certainly does

not take a leap of imagination by any means to finger **Yoko Ono** as his handler. Rock musicians need government spooks like a cocaine addict needs his dealer. She was probably his leash bearer from the very beginning. Yoko Ono breaking up the Beatles is only a half truth when in fact the most obvious conclusion to make is that The Beatles were the product of Intel. Indeed, it was the Boys down at the Lab which broke up the Beatles.



I mean, it's pretty obvious by this point. You'd have to be asleep while listening to Yoko Ono's orgasmic-induced war chants not to notice. Who set Lennon up with Yoko's assistant, **May Pang**? Yoko did. It was Yoko who sent him home to Pang's apartment, advising that she bed with him. It was her suggestion that Pang move into the Dakota while she was away in Chicago for a feminist convention. And when Lennon and Pang moved to Los Angeles together—Yoko *again*. I haven't the faintest clue which of Lennon's split personalities became a 'born-again believer' in 1977, but Yoko put a stop to that. Yoko was pulling the strings all along.

Another common observation is that Yoko seemed much happier after Lennon's death. She paraded her lover **Sam Havadtoy** around New York, dressed in Lennon's old clothes, and then exploited his memory for

her own gain. She even successfully rewrote the Beatles mythology to some extent, transforming Lennon into the musical Wizard while McCartney wore the dunce cap.

At this point in my research, I'm not even entirely positive that Lennon was *in* on his own *faked* death when **Mark David Chapman** pulled the trigger in front of the Dakota building in December of 1980. **Mark Stayer** may not have been born that very moment, where dissociative identity disorder is concerned, but it is also not beyond the realm of possibilities that Lennon's doppelganger took over his psyche while Chapman sat down to read 'Catcher in the Rye'—or soon thereafter. Yoko Ono was a Wizard of performance art, and this just may prove to be her greatest act of witchery yet.



Who is that man in the picture? We are told Mark Stayer. Looks an awful lot like Lennon, don't he? He's a spitting image, if ever I've seen one. That's why I'm going out on a limb and claiming that Mark Stayer is one of Lennon's personalities, which means John Lennon *the person* is still very much alive. Just know that a death certificate is representative of a fictitious person. More specifically, a legal entity which has been terminated. A death certificate has little to do with a flesh and blood person. Therefore, it would be correct to say the Corporate Lennon is

very much dead while Mark Staycer indeed lives. And at any rate, the question we are supposed to be asking is if Mark Staycer even knows he *is* John Lennon—or in the very least *was* at one time.

Staycer's introduction to the world coincided with a low-budget indie Canadian mockumentary titled 'Let Him Be'. Its story revolves around a young man who discovers a Super 8 camera with a home movie still inside. Its contents involve a children's birthday party and someone singing and playing guitar who has an uncanny resemblance to *you know who*. He soon sets out in search of Lennon's doppelganger.

Intel screwed up big time. They had probably intended to shove the *real* John Lennon in our face and beckon us to deny that reality, so as to help the cognitive dissonance sink even deeper down, when in fact too many people witnessed a film about a man playing someone who is advertised to us as John Lennon and then concluded: "Wait a second—I think he *is* John Lennon." Its why the film was quietly released in 2009, nearly 30 years after Lennon's assassination, and then pulled from theaters and festivals almost immediately afterwards. Even the professional actors who appear in the film do not identify their involvement on IMDB pages. But even before that, **Peter McNamee**, its director, received Telefilm funding, despite having no previous track record in the directing department. I'll say it again. Intel slips up at times, and in the decade since, they've practically scrubbed it from the Intel-Net.

The actor playing John Lennon of course is Mark Staycer. Only in the movie, and as an added dimension, he goes by the name of Lennon impersonator **Noel Snow**, reminding us once again of Lennon's dissociative identity disorder. For the record, the *real* Mark Staycer is a lifelong imitator of John Lennon, just as Snow is in the movie. He looks *exactly* like Lennon. Same eyes. Same nose. Same ears. Same chin. Same teeth. Same lips. Same fingers. Even the mole under his right eye is identical. Everything about him is an exact and perfect match. Though apparently born and raised in Michigan, his American is spotty while his Liverpool accent is spot on—even while singing. Track down a copy and you will also find that it's difficult getting a direct shot of Staycer in practically any scene, as if director Peter McNamee went to great lengths to camouflage him. Why would Mark Staycer need camouflaged? Because

he is in every sense of the word the man he is attempting to impersonate. John Lennon.



Some will argue that Mark Staycer *knows* he is John Lennon and only roughhousing us up a bit, but I don't see it that way. John Lennon may have been a trickster, but actors fill the frame of the MK-Ultra program, and Lennon is one such casualty. Reader's discretion: I cannot pretend to fully comprehend the intricate inner workings of the split psyche fluttering around in the soul of a monarch butterfly. What I am suggesting however is that the psyche of John Lennon was murdered whereas any number of his MK-Ultra personalities remained. The padded identity of Noel Snow plays into my theory. Mark Staycer is *no longer* actor John Lennon, just as Noel Snow is *no longer* actor Mark Staycer in the movie. Staycer can only induce visions of grandeur and pretend to be John Lennon. He can prove one hell of a good John Lennon, but at the end of the day John Lennon the legal entity is dead, and he will always thusly be Mark Staycer.



The very name Noel Snow once again plays into the split-psyche scenario. It's an anagram. Look to the bottom left corner of the John Lennon and Yoko Ono 'Double Fantasy' LP released in 1980. What do you see? **LENONO Music**. NOELSNOW contains all the same letters LENONO but with an added 'W'. Noel Snow is none other than the Lennon/Ono record label. At one point in the movie, Noel Snow is seen in his recording studio with odd equipment for a small time Lennon impersonator. An AKAI GX-635D reel to reel with six VU's. Vintage mixing consoles. As well as an extremely rare Crumar Roadrunner II keyboard, circa 1980. That's John Lennon's recording equipment. It's there to help serve the anagram.

With 'Let Him Be', we are given one anomaly after another. Even its very title is an interesting turn of phrase. Get it? Let *him* be. Let *n/bo* be, exactly? I would be doing you a disservice if I neglected to add that Mark Stayer playing Noel Snow doesn't simply perform Lennon on par. He writes his own songs too. And they're purely Lennon. Songs like 'Still Here I Am' sound like Lennon, alright. A broken-down Lennon who wishes the past would simply leave him alone. *Out of sight is out of mind.*

His next song, 'I Was There,' eerily details the moment when David Chapman entered his life. Point is, they're entirely Lennon songs about himself. Here is a sample of the song lyrics.

“Let’s have the truth and lose the lies.
Are you listening FBI?”

There we go with the FBI narrative again. If Lennon truly did believe the Nixon Administration was after him, wiretapping his phone calls and all that, as biographical claims insist, then it was only so that the MK-Ultra slave could taste the psychodrama. In turn, Lennon might struggle to stay alive and defeat his handler, thereby succeeding in splitting his psyche. *Mark Staycer*. Which is the same thing as saying his Controller has won. The MK-Ultra program is a gripe, ain't it?



Take another look at Mark Staycer sitting alone in a dark room and tell me that's not John Lennon. An aged Mark Staycer desperately attempting to look like the man he is impersonating in the final hours before an assassination ceremony, but John Lennon none the less. Here are a few more of Mark Staycer's lyrics to chew on.

“I am who I was once
I am as you see
You make it make sense now”

—Mark Staycer



THE WIFE was away in California visiting her sister and the thought occurred to me to give Netflix the old college try—*again*. You probably needn't pull out your deerstalker cap to deduce that I went with 'John & Yoko: Above Us Only Sky' rather than 'Tiger King' which, as it turns out, is just another re-edit of the original John and Yoko 'Imagine' movie. We are handed additional commentary by its aging participants this time around, half a century later, some of whom are accredited as **actors**, but no matter how you slice and dice the fifty-year-old footage, Yoko Ono *still* sits around like a creeper in the shadows.

Look! *There's Yoko*. She's sitting on the floor while John fiddles with his latest arrangement on the white piano. What is she doing? Writing lyrics. Sometimes telling dearest how to properly sing the lyrics she wrote. But most of the time, she's simply *watching*. Because John Lennon has been a bad boy, you see, and somebody needs to make sure he's walking the line proper. And now Yoko is in a paper bag with a microphone or something. Who the She'ol knows what she's really up to. No—not strange at all. You will tell me Yoko Ono was a performance artist and that she was simply showcasing her latest. She was, indeed. Yoko Ono was waving that wand of hers even when nobody else was watching. Her project was John. As if

to erase any of my doubts, we see footage of *handler* **Phil Spector** at the controls. Turning knobs. Pushing buttons and stuff.



If you watch the trailer, you'll see **Dan Richter** saying: "Those are Yoko's words. She was speaking *through* him. The language that you see from John moving forward is Yoko's language. She taught him this language." I always hate it when the trailer spoils the movie. And so, I'm sorry to say, its plot has just been given away. Lennon was a creation of Yoko Ono. Fascinating confession, no? It brings new clarity to Lennon's lyrics:

"I don't believe in Beatles.
I just believe in me. Yoko and me.
The dream is over."

Lennon's handler, indeed. Did Lennon pen these words with a gun to his head or was Yoko in the corner making witchy war cries in a potato sack? We may never know.

At the time of his casting in 2001, Richter was unknown, working mainly as a mime, leading a troupe in London. Kubrick made him largely responsible for choreographing the "Dawn of Man" sequence, believing Richter could take the film away from Hollywood clichés of men in monkey suits. Richter and his troupe spent hours watching apes in the London zoo, particularly the especially popular *Guy the Gorilla*, followed by hours of rehearsal mimicking their movements. After 2001, Richter appeared in the film *The Revolutionary*.^[1] In 2002, Richter published a book about his experiences entitled *Moonwatcher's Memoir: A Diary of 2001: A Space Odyssey*.^[2]

Richter's Wikipedia article lists him as an American mime and actor. Stanley Kubrick made him personally responsible for choreographing the "Dawn of Man" sequence in *2001: A Space Odyssey*, in which Richter played the leader of the ape-men tribe, Moonwatcher. In order to prepare for the part, we are told Richter studied Guy the Gorilla for hours on end at the London Zoo. So, you figure if anybody knew about mime work and mimicking, it was Richter. Understand though, the purpose of '2001' was a preparation for NASA's Apollo 11 moon landing, and in a multitude of ways. I'm not prepared to go over all of those now. In brief though, NASA needed to develop the practical effects necessary as well as finding a capable director and the public furthermore needed primed for the lies that were coming their way. Richter had a part to play in that. There are far more layers to him than a monkey suit though. Sir Arthur C. Clarke once described him as "the most famous unknown actor in the world." Curiouser and curiouser. The following Wiki paragraph presents even more curiosities.

Richter went on to work and live with John Lennon and Yoko Ono, appearing in their 1972 *Imagine* video at Tittenhurst Park. His memoir of this time, "The Dream Is Over", was released in 2012. In a 2019 article at the *Salon* website, Richter told of how in 1969 he supplied heroin to Yoko and John Lennon while the Beatles were working in the studio.^[3]

He was a heroin dealer. Not your average monkey suit movie maker then. It's so nice of Yoko to invite their dealer back into the documentary some fifty years later. Curiosity got the better of me and I wanted to know how Richter became an acquaintance of Lennon. I'll give you the short and the quick. Their acquaintance came through Yoko. Richter and Ono were friends. *Of course*, they were. How could I miss it? In his words, Richter was "her personal assistant, confidant, and dope buddy." It's becoming more apparent by the minute that everybody staring in the mythmaking Yoko Ono documentary about John Lennon also happened to be one of his captors, holding him hostage to his grand white piano.



That is only the short answer though. For the longer, you will need to read [The Jim Morrison Intel Project](#), and if not, I will do the best to deliver the cliff notes. Come to find out, Dan Richter also happened to be

acquaintances of **Allen Ginsberg** and **John Dunbar**. Ginsberg as you hopefully know by now was one of the most flamboyant and obvious spooks in Intel's western catalogue. He had to have been the worst poet in the history of poetry and that says a lot. Dunbar though. *Oh boy*. If you did happen to read the Jim Morrison Intel Project, then you'll likely recall the weight of that breath. Dunbar was married to the one and only **Marianne Faithfull** and, *oh boy*, was she a piece of work. Faithfull was the child of a **British Intel officer**, though even her mother's family was in the same line of work. Her Sixties connections begin with **Mick Jagger** and The Stones but seemingly Faithfull wraps her legs around several interconnected circles. One such boy toy of hers was **Jean de Breteuil**, the French Newspaper heir who also happened to be a leading **heroin dealer** in the music industry. That right there likely binds Richter to Breteuil, through the **CIA** and the Moroccan **French Connection**. And let us not forget, Breteuil not only personally delivered the heroin to **Janis Joplin** which she quote-unquote "OD'd on," he personally delivered the same goods to **Jim Morrison** in Paris on the night he followed the naked Indian to the airport. And guess who was beside him? Marianne Faithfull was.

Well, getting back to John Dunbar for a second, he not only ran the Indica Gallery which sponsored Yoko's work, he introduced John to her. You will want to take the following quote then with a Titan sized saltshaker when Dan Richter claims: "In the end, I was just John's butler."



And then there is **Tariq Ali**, the offspring of the Pakistani Establishment and who, after utilizing an entire lifetime attempting to convince you he's a people's man and in no way connected with British Intel, devotes his screen time in the John and Yoko movie defending Yoko, as if that's not suspicious. Look, I'm getting to the point, but there's a few noteworthy nuggets to pull out of this endeavor. We then learn that Yoko came from an extraordinary, privileged upbringing in Japan—a banking family. *Go figure*. So nice to know the bankers sent the happy little artist to Abbey Road using Dunbar as her point of contact. Perhaps I am just slow at latching onto these things, but it was about *when* that it finally occurred to me: the entire movie is Yoko Ono propaganda.



Remember that homeless guy who shows up at the doorstep of Tittenhurst Park? His arrival was part of the original 'Imagine' project. Well, he rears his dirty face for the Yoko Ono damage control movie.

The original Imagine movie not only starred John and Yoko, but it was also directed by them too. That's what the poster reads. Technically, Dan Richter served as director of photography, but John and Yoko are *credited* as directors. Therefore, we can only assume it was up to ~~Yoko~~ the two of them to decide who was *cast* into the production. Above Us Only Sky was directed by somebody named **Michael Epstein**, but you and I know who had a hand in it.

The homeless man is listed on **IMDb** as a certain **Cyrt Claudio**. We are told he is appearing as himself, when in fact he is clearly *playing*, in Richter's own words, "a shell-shocked Vietnam veteran" who had only recently been released from a hospital in the San Francisco area. *Mm-hmm*, coming straight to you from the City of Psyop. Perhaps he is one of **Colonel Louis West**'s hippie *actors*. Difficult to tell. The catch here is that Cyrt Claudio thought he was John Lennon while recovering in the

hospital, but only half of the time, and wrote Lennon letters regularly declaring the fact. So, we're going with a Ken Kesey plotline.

How many letters do you suppose Lennon received from his fan base? How nice of him to take the time to read Claudio's and then tell the police to *stand down* when they wanted to arrest him. John Lennon may have owned a Georgian country mansion on a 72-acre estate in the English countryside, you see, and in little time, a posh multi-million-dollar penthouse in the Dakota building, where he stared down upon the locusts of the earth like a god, but he was an organic self-made revolutionary like you and me. Certainly *not* a CIA project. Claudio, on the other hand.



A little later on in the movie, we are treated to a scene in New York City where Yoko whispers into **actor Jack Palance**'s ear. Jack Palance then whispers into John's ear. What are they saying? You'd like to know, wouldn't you? Telling *secrets*, I shouldn't wonder. The *unutterable* kind. **Dick Cavett** then whispers into John's ear. What did he whisper? We are not told. The Manson Family murders were faked, and Sharon Tate lives on, for all I know. Even Yoko whispers into Cavett's ear. So many whispers attempting to keep up with the lies. But it got me thinking. Didn't Dick Cavett interview John and Yoko during their filming session for 'Imagine'? *They did.*

My wife was still in California' and I had nothing better to do. Might as well turn to the Intel-net while the Yoko Ono propaganda piece was still fresh in my noggin. I managed to track down the Dick Cavett interview on YouTube and, believe it or not, I learned something. Cyrt Claudio was in the audience. I know, right?



The moment happens well over an hour into their interview when Dick Cavett points up to an audience member. Apparently, it's question and answer time with John and Yoko. Once again, with the camera firmly pressed upon him. Claudio is the one posing the questions. This time he brings up an article he read in *Ramparts* regarding Lennon being a socialist revolutionary. Gotta' promote *spook* literature, I guess. I would have wanted to know what John and Dick were whispering about. So many lost opportunities. Also, if Claudio happens to believe he's John Lennon on *this* given day, we are not told.

Lennon responds by bringing up **Jerry Rubin** and **Abbie Hoffman** of the Chicago Seven. *More* product placement. He even calls what they're doing "Theater in court revolution," as if that's not suspicious. Pretty much sums it up, right there. Kind of like the John and Yoko movie or the Dick Cavett show. It's all theater. He even thinks to mention the **Black Panthers** in his response to Claudio. So nice of Lennon, to promote CIA side projects like that.



Oh, that's Claudio, alright. Cleans up *real* nice. Same nose. Same eyes and mouth. Even talks the same. A shower and a blow-dryer at the local Hilton can do wonders to the hair. *So voluptuous*. I wonder how much his

all-expense paid vacation from San Francisco to London and then New York set John and Yoko back or if Apple Corps split the tab.

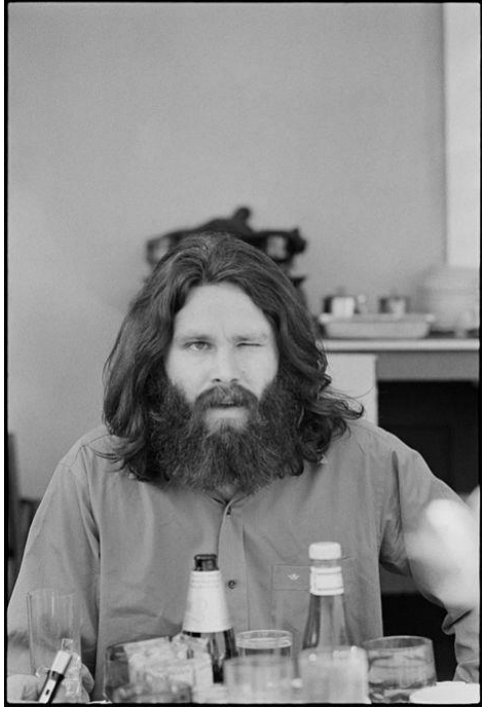
You'd think John and Yoko would recognize a cast member from their own movie—but no. I'm sure they offered shell-shocked Vietnam veterans interviews all the time at Tittenhurst Park, *fresh* out of the MK-Ultra cuckoo's nest. Even when the cameras were off. An entire rotunda of homeless reporters, because that's the sort of guy that Beatle John really was. Probably couldn't keep the common folk straight anymore. Can't really blame him. *That*—or Claudio was cast as a different character this time around. But that's probably none of my business. So much for the old college try.



AT THIS very moment, you're probably wondering why you just scrolled past a picture of The Doors front-man **Jim Morrison** when in fact we're supposed to be returning to the subject off Billy Shears, *aka* William Campbell. "Noel's beating around the bush again. Never can answer a *direct* question." See, we've established by this point that Lennon is

Staycer. But if you've been reading this book in a chronological order, then you'll understand full well that Morrison was pimped out by his father. This may require *more* reading.

One of these days, I half expect to receive a link to some clip from the channel 9 evening news in Ann Arbor or Albuquerque or some obscure college town. The segment I'm imagining is pulled from a surviving VHS recording during the sleepy hours of 2002, when post-September 11 propaganda went into hyper overdrive and our Slave Masters needed the cognitive dissonance to really dig in. It devotes an entire minute to detailing some old fat man who looks exactly like Santa Clause. But on second glance, Jim Morrison. Come to think of it, everything about him *screams* The Doors leading man. Only he goes now by two first names, **Fred Todd** or **Cory Roger**—or if Intel was feeling especially frisky, **Morris Jim**.



Understand, the segment isn't about ~~Jim Morrison~~ Fred Todd. No, it's about the popularity of poetry reading night at Fact and Fiction, an independent bookstore only a block or two from the local University. But as the story unfolds, we hear the store owner talk about Fred Todd's obsession with poetry. He's been arriving to poetry reading night every Wednesday for ten years, never missing a beat, and everyone who works in the bookstore knows it. We hear a lyric or two from Fred Todd's work. It involves an Indian and a snake deity. He delivers the line like a spiritual shaman. We further learn that he's obsessed with singing songs from The Doors and, come to think of it, they're the only songs he knows. *Mm-hmm*, Jim Morrison lives. [EDIT: And his name very well may be **Chevy Chase**.]

Sure, Fred Todd and the channel 9 evening news entire segment is only a figment of my imagination, but hang with me here, because there's a point to this. Need I remind you that this is precisely what the CIA *would* do. If you're still hung up on the fact that I invented a scenario whereas an old fuddy-duddy showed up in the Media in 2002 right after the latest episode of Jeopardy, then you're failing to recognize the reality of the ongoing psyop. It's spooks who not only run the independent bookstore, they're also responsible for releasing it onto The YouTube fifteen years later. For all we know, the bookstore never actually existed, and the segment failed to run. Also, that Jim Morrison poster you hung up over your bed as an emblem of free thinking was purchased at your local shopping mall because spooks ensured a poster stand would sell their products (Freddy Mercury, Elvis Presley, Tupac Shakur, Marilyn Monroe, Steve McQueen, JFK, Prince) halfway between the glorified bra boutique and the food court.

Also, rock n' roll was an Intel psyop. But you knew that already.



I TAKE IT everyone is familiar with the *Abbey Road* cover, yes? John the angel. Ringo the minister. Paul the barefooted dead soul. George the grave digger. No conversation in the 'Paul is dead' psyop is complete without it. The far more stunning evidence however isn't the masterful art piece

engraved seemingly effortlessly on a 1969 LP, but George Harrison's own admission in his first solo album, 'All Things Must Pass', released in 1970.

The song is titled, 'It's Johnny's Birthday', and just so we're clear, he's speaking about John Lennon.

More specifically, Lennon's *birthday*.

Anton LaVey (*I know*) said birthdays are "the highest of all holidays in the Satanic religion." And he's absolutely correct about that. If the term *Satanic* seems too superficial or mainstream for you (and it is), then just replace it with the word *Mystery*. As in, the Babylonian Mystery religion. I am reminded of a paper I wrote which pulled just about everyone's panties in a twist, and the brunt of it is *this*. Birthday celebrations ultimately originated in the Mystery religions, because the esoteric point to the divine hieroglyph is the neophyte coming to the knowledge that he is also divine. And so, *naturally*, he must come to worship the elohiym within. The ancient world of Egypt, Greece, Rome, Babylon, and Persia celebrated the birthdays of divine beings and kings. If birthdays became popular for the common man, it's probably only because Plato's role was to initiate everyone into the Mystery religions *via* the immortal soul doctrine. *Hence*, everyone was now immortal by their own intellect know-how and disciplinary willpower—if they wanted to be. Birthdays, let the worship of the *self*-commence.

Just so we're clear, LaVey was a spook. A dressed-up mannequin in the store front window display. A Langley operation. And *also*, a nerd. So, you can only imagine my *sigh* when I quote his fuller discourse on the birthday celebration, which can be found in The Satanic Bible, and it goes as *follows*:

"The highest of all holidays in the Satanic religion is the date of one's own birthday. This is in direct contradiction to the holy of holy days of other religions, which deify a particular god who has been created in an anthropomorphic form of their own image, thereby showing that the ego is not really buried. The Satanist feels: 'Why not really be honest and if you are going to create a god in your image, why not create that god as yourself.'" Every man is a god if he chooses to recognize

himself as one. **So, the Satanist celebrates his own birthday as the most important holiday of the year.**

After all, aren't you happier about the fact that you were born than you are about the birth of someone you have never even met? Or for that matter, aside from religious holidays, why pay higher tribute to the birthday of a president or to a date in history than we do to the day we were brought into this greatest of all worlds? Despite the fact that some of us may not have been wanted, or at least were not particularly planned, we're glad, even if no one else is, that we're here! **You should give yourself a pat on the back, buy yourself whatever you want, treat yourself like the king (or god) that you are, and generally celebrate your birthday with as much pomp and ceremony as possible."**

Harrison chose a song deifying John Lennon on his highest of *holy* days to execute his Thelemic craft. *Oh*, haven't you heard? **Aleister Crowley** is another important puzzle piece to the 'Paul is dead' narrative. Hang with me here, because we're essentially dealing with a *split psyche*, and the Beast Master Crowley did appear on the cover of Sgt. Pepper.

First released in 1913, *Magick (Book 4)* is widely considered to be occultist Aleister Crowley's magnum opus. In it, Crowley insisted that his disciples "train himself to think *backwards* by external means." He was furthermore instructed to write and talk backwards, but also to "listen to phonograph records, reversed." We have a word for that. *Backtracking*. And though this may be argued by some, nobody backtracked quite like the Beatles.

The Beatles had already sung about the birthday celebration on their 1968 White Album. Practically everything McCartney wrote was garbage, according to Lennon, of which 'Birthday' was no exception. On the same album, John even went so far as to cast Paul in the role of a Lewis Carroll figure. The song was titled 'Glass Onion', and the walrus, as you already know, was Paul. In 'Through the Looking Glass', the walrus was an imposter, coercing the oysters into his belly. The comparison seems harsh, but the Beatles were all about manipulation from the very beginning. Media manipulation among the gullible masses who placed their trust in a product. Corporate manipulation of its own eager shoppers, standing

outside in the cold and waiting for its doors to open. The Beatles were both Media *and* Corporate. They're not even hiding that fact anymore. They manipulated their own fans, and everybody loves them for it.

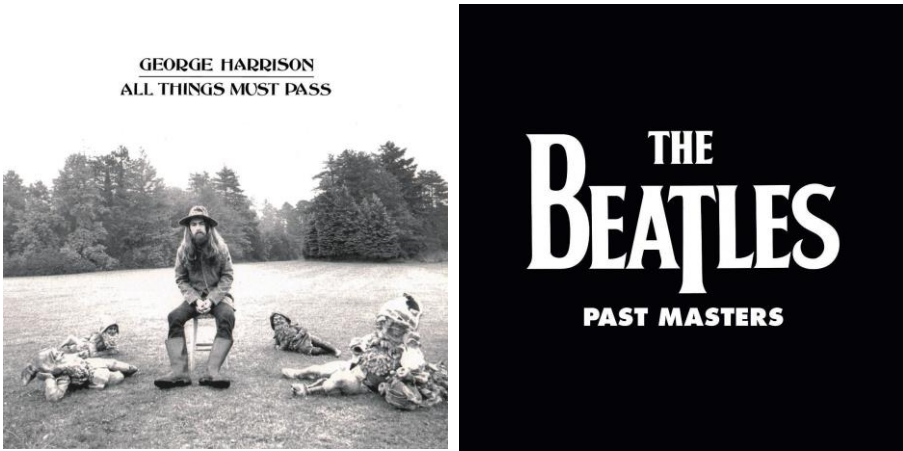
In large part they were a major contributor to the birth of the teenager, which has already been covered in a past paper. In the happenstance that you need a refresher, it had to do with screaming. Also, *wet* seats. *Yeah*, it took a janitor to clean that mess up. Total emotional manipulation.

Before you tell me that Beatles publicist **Derek Taylor** or their manager **Brian Epstein** couldn't have possibly hired the girls needed to scream their lungs out, need I remind you that **Frank Sinatra's** publicist **George Evans** did indeed hire girls in the front row, because screaming was *not* a thing. It worked for Sinatra. Presley too. Women *everywhere* fed off of that energy. The Ed Sullivan Show was broadcast into nearly every television in America. The Corporate media essentially created a ground swell with sub-psychodramas, whereas somebody would get married, and all the girls who wanted Paul or Ringo or John [fill in the blank] would have their imagined boyfriend snatched away from them, and the depression would set in.



Even the Beatles breakup played into the psychodrama. It is *so* ironic that John Lennon officially broke up the Beatles while staying at the Polynesian Resort in Walt Disney World, literally staring at the **Magic Kingdom**. Walt Disney World has already been covered elsewhere as a CIA operation—another psychodrama. The manipulation of their own listeners emotions would later be played out by Lennon and McCartney's war of words, particularly on their early solo albums. And it's so *obviously* mimicking the sort of abusive relationship one might find among the Mk-Ultra slave with his handler. Many insist that John was attempting to expose an imposter Paul, but I see the situation in reverse. The abusive Controller relationship may have been Paul's design the entire time. And

anyways, the psyop played out on the subconscious level is mass engineering on everyone.



Anywho, we're still on the topic of 'It's Johnny's Birthday.' The lyrics go something as follows.

"...and we would like to wish him all the very best."

Backtrack *that* on the turntable, and this is what we're left with.

"He never wore his shoes; we all know he was dead."

I ask you to *pause* here and attempt to grasp what Harrison is ultimately saying. By drawing out attention to the cover of Abbey Road, he's not simply *talking* backwards. He's *walking* backwards too. That's precisely what an adept of Thelma is instructed to do. And I know what you might probably already be thinking. The Beatles didn't study rigorously to become practitioners of Thelma magick simply to reach out to backmasking pot heads and confess that their dear friend had died, as if they were being held hostage and couldn't say anything through the Media. There's a reason why John and Paul's two posthumous Beatles albums, a catalogue of A-side and B-side singles, were called 'Past Masters'. In Freemason terms they had achieved their status as Grand Wizards. Musicians covet the Beatles. It's not simply because they want

to become a Beatle, historically speaking. They want to cast the sort of spell on the world which the Beatles seemed to effortlessly achieve.

If you're still following, then my 'Paul is dead' theory seems to line up with nearly everything else I've been researching and goes something-something as *follows*.

During an undisclosed period of The Sixties, Paul McCartney died. *Sort of*. The Beatles then replaced him with **Billy Shears**, aka **William Campbell**. If you recall, Billy Shears had a heavy hand in penning the 'Sgt. Pepper' album. Then again, like Lennon, Paul McCartney never *really* died—genetically speaking. And we're talking merely on a biological level. That's because William Campbell *is* McCartney.

Also, the Walrus was Paul.



Perhaps the earliest reference I can find to the 'Paul is dead' narrative involves the cover to the Beatles 'Yesterday and Today' LP which, as you might recall, replaced a far more blatant baby murdering Moloch cover. Both worship death. The second did so however in a far more deviously subtle way. They put McCartney in something resembling a coffin. Baby sacrificing as a means of immortalizing the infant soul can be traced back to Homeric literature. Then again, burying the mortal initiate *cries out* Templar shrouds, a practice which still dominates Freemasonry, as well as the coffins of Skull and Bones, a rite that takes us back to the mummies

of Egypt, *via* the Mysteries of Isis. It's literally in the title. 'Yesterday and Today.'

You will tell me this is *proof* that Paul McCartney is dead. *Wrong*. 'Yesterday and Today' was released in June of 1966. Yes, the cover was replaced, but it was quickly done, and Paul McCartney would not be decapitated until November 16, nearly half a year later. Some will move McCartney's mortal wound a month or so earlier, but either way, 'Yesterday and Today' pre-exists every purported death date. The swap is right before our eyes, Paul McCartney to William Campbell, with Campbell playing the part of Grand Master **Jacques de Molay** and *showing us* the way. The man in the shroud of Turin *is* the holy grail, you see.



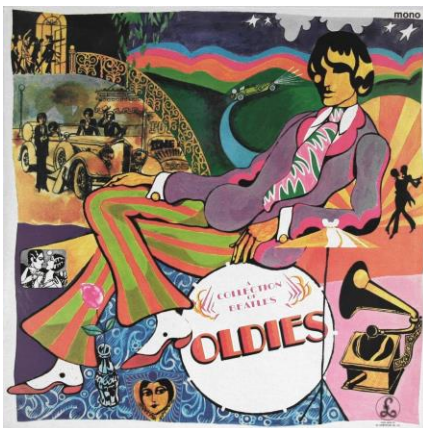
If it's a November 19 ceremony you're after however, then 'Strawberry Fields Forever' would be the first outing for Paul's replacement, wherein all members of the Fab Four are present together, and it doesn't disappoint. At the end of the song John Lennon appears to be singing, "**I buried Paul**." Lennon later claimed in interviews that he was attempting to pronounce 'cranberry sauce,' but that's not what most of us hear. His attempts at dismissing such blatant death imagery throughout their entire catalogue is half-assed and never heartfelt.

Let me take you down
'Cause I'm going to strawberry fields
Nothing is real
And nothing to get hung about
Strawberry fields forever

Those are the lyrics to ‘Strawberry Fields Forever’. Tell me again that’s strictly about an orphanage in Liverpool, as advertised. No, it can’t be. Especially since Strawberry Fields may *also* be a graveyard. It certainly invokes the imagery of one. I will argue that they are both, reflections upon a graveside funeral *and* a lonely house for orphans, in that order. We are given a double meaning, though the lyrics work best when John’s invitation is brought into view—that he takes us as a tour guide to the world below, where Paul is buried.



There are likewise multiple clues to be found in the Strawberry Fields music video. Again, this was the first time when youthful audiences saw The Beatles with post-accident Paul. You will have to search them out for yourself. Here are a couple to look for though. In one scene, the camera is strategically placed to make it seem as though Paul has been hit in the head with a car. The same occurrence is replayed again for the musical sequence in ‘I Am the Walrus’. Also, a piano is strung to a tree with a hanging traffic light, thereby directing our subconscious attention to the scene of an accident. Paul’s head once again looks to be decapitated.



There is one clue which follows the death of Paul, but which predates Strawberry Fields Forever. It can be seen on the cover of ‘A Collection of Beatles Oldies’, which was released on the 10th of December 1966, to make up for the lack of new material at Christmas. An Aston Martin can be seen driving towards the head of a man. Its headlights are on, reminding us that the head injury

which is about to occur happens at night. Everything about this release is so odd and out of character.



Death imagery is everywhere in the Beatles catalogue. The icing on the cake however is 'Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band', the *first* LP of fresh material following Paul's incident. It's loaded, bro. Never mind the fact that 12 noted **Freemasons** are shown on the cover. Probably every one of them was a spook. Many will tell you that we happen to be observing a graveside funeral, but that's only the half-truth. It's more-so a celebration. A resurrection ceremony, and colorful one at that, which is most apparent in the fact that the Beatles are depicted twice.

The mop-top crew in black look sad as lifeless wax figures. But then look where their gaze is cast. It is fixed upon the plot of freshly turned dirt, inscribed with BEATLES in red flowers. A trophy can be found between the 'L' and the 'E' in their name and looks like an 'P'. If it is included in the spelling of their name, then we are left with BEAT-LIES. The flowers are hyacinth. They are protruding from the grave, as if the life circle continues. Why hyacinth though? The answer before us can be found in the archives of Greek mythology.

One day, Apollo was teaching him the game of [quoits](#). They decided to have a friendly competition by taking turns to throw the discus. Apollo threw first, with a strength so great that the discus split the clouds in the sky. Eager to retrieve the discus, Hyacinthus ran behind it to catch it. But as it hit the ground, the discus bounced back, hitting Hyacinthus' head and wounding him fatally.^{[2][14]} An

The Wikipedia reminds us of the tragic death of [Hyacinthus](#), gay lover of [Apollo](#), by which the flowers are named. After throwing a discus which split the clouds in the sky, Hyacinthus proved he was still unskilled in the craft of the game when attempting to retrieve it, as it bounced off the ground and landed upon his head, cracking it wide open. The wound was fatal. Skipping a few lines, we read the *following*.

could not cure the wound inflicted by the [Fates](#).^[17] When Hyacinthus perished, Apollo wept, saying he would have become a mortal and join his lover in his death if he were able to.^[14] That being unachievable, Apollo promised that he would always remind himself of Hyacinthus through his songs and the music of his [lyre](#). From Hyacinth's spilled blood, he created a flower, the [hyacinth](#), and on its petals inscribed the words of lamentation, "Al Al" – "alas".^[14]

Apollo was capable of remembering Hyacinthus through song and music. And with that, we come to the birth of the hyacinth flower, which was said to have been created from the soil where the blood of Hyacinthus was spilled, much like the funeral procession on Sgt. Pepper. Everything that is written certainly seems to suggest that Paul died, but only if hieroglyphs are chiseled on walls for the exoteric scholar. Greek mythology, as well as mystery school literature, is told in the exact same esoteric manner. Read a little further down. Here is what everyone seems to miss.

Hyacinthus was eventually resurrected by Apollo and attained immortality.

Something certainly went wrong with Hyacinthus the neophyte, but he was resurrected as an immortal. Secret society stuff. There is more to the story as well. **Thamyris** was a Thracian singer and is notable for reportedly being a gay lover of Hyacinth, before Apollo, and thus noted to have been the first male to have loved another male in Greek mythology. It is not the songs of Thracian however who won the love of Apollo, but Hyacinthus. Seems like a lot was going on between Paul and John and their craving for the gods. Paul was chosen. But in a little while, so would John.

Getting back to the patch of earth, it is Shiva, symbol of death and resurrection, whom we see with two outstretched arms. One is pointing to the Beatles in black. The other to the musical Masters. The number 5 can be seen written in red flowers to the left of their band name, hinting at the swap of a person, whereas the yellow flowers underneath appear to depict a left-handed bassist guitar. Who was the bassist but left-handed Paul? But then look who has resurrected in the middle. *Yes*, it is John, Ringo, Paul, and George in the flesh.

Pay attention as to who is truly resurrected in the band though. A hand is pronounced over the head of Paul McCartney head, indicating a blessing. The others are huddled around him. Among all four bandmates, McCartney is the only one not holding a golden instrument. His is black, indicating death.



And then there is the matter of the drumskin. Placing a straight-edged mirror flat against the middle of the drum kit reveals the following

message: 1ONE1X HE ^ DIE. The date of his death. And where is the arrow pointing but to Paul?

The statue without a torso looks a lot like **Nikola Tesla**. That’s just a side note though. To the right of him is a television is turned off, indicating a Media blackout. To the right of the television is a **Shirley Temple** doll. She sits upon an old woman, whom some have suspected is a corpse. Imprinted on Temple’s sweater are the words: “WELCOME THE ROLLING STONES.” Pressed against her legs is the model of an Aston-Martin, the car driven by Paul during his fatal accident. Its interior is red, indicating blood. Even more telling is the blood-stained driving glove which the old woman is wearing. But then notice the opening between the Shirley Temple doll and the wax model, **Diana Dors**. The fern forms two tusks, prompting us to the image of a walrus. It’s a doorway, by the way. Both Shirley Temple and Diana Dors are used as stand-ins for the pillars of Freemasonry. Even their names suggest “Masonic Temple Doors.” The path between, in case you didn’t know, is immortality.



The back cover of Sgt. Pepper isn’t nearly so detailed visually but is just as telling. Do remember that this was the first LP in rock history to contain printed lyrics. It is in those lyrics that the world was introduced to Billy Shears. In this way, the Beatles labor as a mirror for his fictional

band. Once again, Paul is visually disproportionate from his band members, with his back turned to the camera. It's almost as if we're staring into his Looking Glass image, something which directs us not to Lewis Carroll's literature so much as Monarch Butterfly. The Beatles are telling us of a split psyche. McCartney has successfully dislocated himself from the Alice peeping into the rabbit hole *above* with the Alice figure he has become *below*. He has journeyed through the mirror into the land of the looking glass. In Oz-ian terms, he has transformed from Dorothy to Ozma. Billy Shears wrote Sgt. Pepper.

Before the album comes to its swift and stunning close, we listen in as John reads the morning paper in 'A Day in the Life' and quips:

I saw the photograph
He blew his mind out in a car
He didn't notice that the lights had changed
A crowd of people stood and stared
They'd seen his face before
Nobody was really sure
If he was from the House of Lords

Most people seem to find the parallel between Paul McCartney's reported car wreck and John's melancholy words and to be the most disturbing part of the song. I on the other hand have always been both intrigued and bothered by the sudden tonal shift when McCartney himself interrupts Lennon's musings with news of his own personal and seemingly meaningless existence. McCartney sings:

Woke up, fell out of bed
Dragged a comb across my head
Found my way downstairs and drank a cup
And looking up I noticed I was late
Found my coat and grabbed my hat
Made the bus in seconds' flat
Found my way upstairs and had a smoke
And somebody spoke and I went into a dream

Is McCartney, or rather his William Campbell doppelganger, telling us of his own experiences leading up to and immediately after Paul's car wreck?

On one hand, Campbell may have been going about his own measly existence when Intel selected him as McCartney's physical replacement. That is, in a 'Paul is dead' scenario. Others might claim it is McCartney's final hours. But the 'somebody who spoke' can just as easily be read as McCartney's MK-Ultra controller. The dream he enters is his *other* psyche.

Other curiosities continue in 'A Day in the Life.' There are 24 counts to the end of the song, which just so happens to line up with how old McCartney was on the day of his mortal wreck. If you're as intimately familiar with the song as I am, then you can hear it even now. George Martin leads the orchestra. The chorus builds and builds, quickly, seemingly escalating in one unifying voice. And then the crash happens. Paul McCartney is dead.

The clues certainly don't end there. Playing the record backwards was encouraged rather immediately upon its release in 1967. Consider what messages might be relayed in its Crowleyan approach to magick. When played in reverse, 'Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band (reprise)' claims the following words:

"I know that he's dead, really, really dead. Paul is dead.
Fellas bring him back, bring him back... take it to the fans
for your answer."

Again, I will ask, do you really believe the Beatles were succumbing to the insanely disciplined measures of Crowley's ceremonial magic in hopes of relaying a desperate message to their fanbase? Crowley was Intel. Everybody knows that. All indications point to a carefully crafted 'Paul is dead' narrative which went far above the incapable drug-fused mind of Lennon, one which was relegated to spook work. If Paul really did die and John, George, and Ringo were conscious of the message being crafted by their controllers, then they would have likely been pushing it out while being held hostage. The far more likely scenario is the MK-Ultra program was being pushed out on everybody, but on a subconscious level.



ON JUNE 4, 2007, Paul McCartney released an album titled ‘*Memory Almost Full*,’ in which he sings of his *gratitude* for everything he’s been given. Once again, the Aleister Crowley disciple backtracks the intended spell. He sings:

Who is this now....?
I was William Campbell.

Some of you are dead set on your convictions and I know what you’re probably thinking. If you’re thinking Paul is *dead*, no matter how esoteric I take our conversation, then you’re *dead* wrong. This isn’t a confession by some Canadian who won a look-alike contest. Rather, William Campbell, who perhaps also played the part of Billy Shears (yet another persona), was ritualistically *split* from the psyche of Paul McCartney, and then played out as an alchemical psychodrama but on the subconscious level. The only difference with Mark Staycer’s *split* from John Lennon is that the psychodrama was intended on an exoteric level and for the worldwide stage, whereas McCartney’s conversion strictly remained within the esoteric. The Beatles were wizards in *every sense* of the word.



THE FINAL *tip off* came after stumbling upon an article titled “Paul is dead” on The Wikipedia, the brunt of which emphasizes how Paul’s alleged death among fans has become “the subject of analysis in the fields of sociology, psychology and communications.” Roughly translated, if you’re putting any credibility to the “Paul is dead” conspiracy, *hence* the very reason you clicked onto their article, then *you* have psychological issues. There’s some gaslighting for you. Spooks created Billy Shears as surely as they created the Beatles. They threw breadcrumbs in the way of album art and lyrics from the very *get-go*, and it’s a loaded cow, because several decades later they’re still milking that tit. They then went on to write articles in *Rolling Stone* and The Wikipedia calling you psychologically imbalanced for picking up on the finer details of their psyop.

Sometime in 1967, Paul McCartney, or was it Billy Shears, recorded the *following* words.

**“But the fool on the hill
Sees the sun going down
And the eyes in his head
See the world spinning ’round”**

Excuse my French, but who *the hell* writes lyrics like that? Certainly, nobody who's drunk the K-Aide. 'The Fool on the Hill' was released in November of 1967. We're in the thick of the Cold War. America is pressed to the space race against Soviet Russia, only two years away from the Apollo moon landing hoax, and Beatle Paul is dropping lyrics that openly insinuates you're a fool for believing the Copernican Revolution. *Also*, you're psychologically ill for noticing. You've just been gaslighted.

Before you accuse me of reading ~~Billy Shears~~ Paul McCartney wrong, do remember that *The Who* openly spoke of the Copernican-revolution hoax only two months beforehand. 'I Can See for Miles' was released in September of 1967, and it goes like this:

I know you've deceived me, now here's a surprise
I know that you have 'cause there's magic in my eyes
I can see for miles and miles and miles and miles
and miles

Again, I ask, who *the hell* writes lyrics like that? Controllers do. It is Mk-Ultras slave puppets who sing them.

In the final months before John Lennon bowed out at the hands of Mark David Chapman, *via* split psyche, the former Beatle recorded the *following* lyrics:

People say I'm crazy
Doing what I'm doing
Well, they give me all kinds of warnings
To save me from ruin
When I say that I'm okay, well they look at me kinda
strange
"Surely, you're not happy now, you no longer play the
game"
People say I'm lazy
Dreaming my life away
Well, they give me all kinds of advice
Designed to enlighten me
When I tell them that I'm doing fine watching shadows
on the wall

“Don’t you miss the big-time boy, you’re **no longer on the ball?**”

I’m just sitting here watching the wheels go round and round

I really love to watch them roll

No longer riding on the merry-go-round

I just had to let it go.”

Yeah, *um*, that’s interesting.

This is precisely what our Slave Masters do. They dangle the Truth right there in front of you. *Like* a block of cheese on a string. Because you’re a rat. In a cage. And they *created* the maze. Just the other day Skynet sent me an article which actually read along the lines of: If you see pictures of celebrities everywhere throwing their allegiance up to Horus, then you’ve got a psychological problem. Get it...? The jokes on you for seeing the obvious. *Mm-hmm*, that’s gas-lighting.



Speaking of which... If you *see* McCartney throwing up his allegiance in—I don’t know—*say*, the picture right in front of you, which derives from a recent issue of GQ, then you’re probably psychologically ill for noticing.