



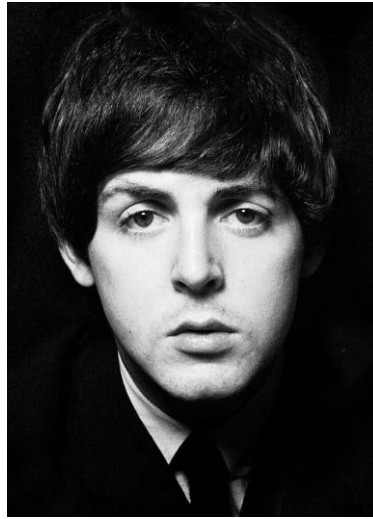
The Walrus *Was* Paul

By Noel Joshua Hadley

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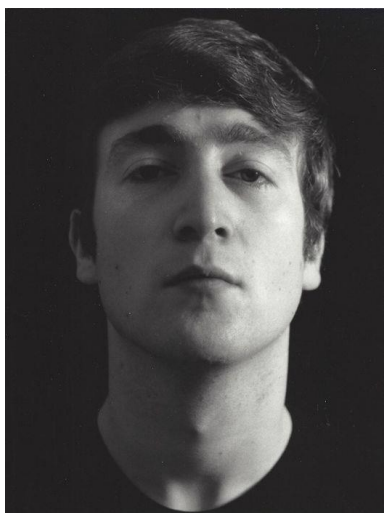


ADMIT it. You probably only agreed to read this paper because you're wondering if *I believe Paul McCartney* is alive or dead. I'm only two sentences in and already you're accusing me of "beating around the bush." *Hop to it, Noel.* How you feel about me as a 'conspiracy realist' or whatever awaits in 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.

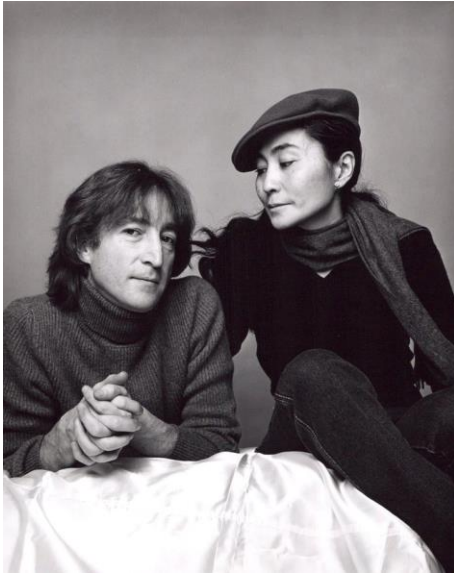
The foundation for the 'Paul is dead' argument begins like *this*. On the early hours of Wednesday, **November 19, 1966**, a vicious fight between Paul McCartney and **Ringo Starr** ended with McCartney storming out of the studio and driving off in his Austin Healey. Along the way he picked up a hitchhiker. 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