

JFKTV

The Kennedy Assassination as Television Programming

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“Orthodoxy means not thinking- not needing to think. Orthodoxy is unconsciousness.”

– George Orwell, *1984*

Read This First

This book can be read as a spoof of JFK research or as non-fiction, your choice. Because none of the radical content of this book is provable beyond a reasonable doubt, there is no reason to insist that what is offered is fact. There are some facts included, but the premise and conclusion herein may seem more like satire than reasoned speculation. I won't hold a gun to your head and insist you believe anything in this volume.

That said, the fact that a half-century of research has not produced a definite answer to the JFK assassination, nor has it brought anyone to justice, it is long overdue to question whether or not the assassination took place at all. And it's reasonable to ask that question in a country that still insists it operates under the rule of law.

With that in mind, divest yourself of all assumptions about how the world works and try to keep your critical faculties engaged at the expense of your emotions. Within this fascist construct we now find ourselves, it is obvious that the faith we have had in "official" history has been misplaced. If history is, in fact, written by the victors, and there have been an endless stream of victors, what has passed for history is very likely a series of revisions building upon previous revisions until all facts are completely buried and beyond recall. But this is the method of conquerors from time immemorial: Separate the conquered from their past and they become a nameless herd to corral.

Faith Based Reality

We have been told since that fateful day in November of 1963 that the assassination of President John F Kennedy was a history-changing event. That concept, that the murder of the President affected history, is one of the common assumptions that feed the ongoing deception. It is assumed that the President of the United States has real power, that his decisions affect life on a global scale. Getting over that hurdle will be the first item of business as it is certain that real power is never seen and that the men who appear to be making decisions regarding public welfare are merely front men, or in the case of Ronald Reagan, a professional actor.

The other primary principle to accept for the sake of argument is that the mainstream corporate media, from which we initially derived our information about the Kennedy assassination, never reflects reality. What they do is present a parallel reality that is close in form but in fact is utter fiction; as an historical novel may utilize the histories of real people and places, so too does mainstream media, primarily television, salt their fictions with period detail to give the false reality a plausible facade.

Another way to conceive of this is that television is by its nature unable to reflect reality or it would be seen as utterly redundant; reality itself would suffice and the public would not be mesmerized by a world they need a television set to experience. Therefore, television must appear to reflect reality but skew the emotional impact of this facade to retain the viewer's interest. To do this the

television reports just enough plausible detail and then contextualizes these details within a prearranged narrative that subtly or even subconsciously sells an agenda that promotes this real time history as the only possible history, that which the unseen powers wish the public to believe is inevitable. This is history written by the victorious.



“And that’s the way we want you to believe it is...”

PART ONE

Society of the Spectacle

On Friday, November 22, 1963, President John F Kennedy was shot and killed at 12:30 pm Central Standard Time while riding in a motorcade through downtown Dallas, Texas.

How do we know this? There is still extant, as of this writing, several grainy home movies, two of which appear to have captured the killing in full. There are numerous photos, professional and amateur, that partially record the events; only two of which appear to capture the President being hit by bullets, only one of which, a Polaroid taken by eyewitness Mary Moorman, shows the President appearing to be hit in the head.

There were eyewitnesses who gave their stories to the news media that day and there were even more witnesses who later testified under oath to the Warren Commission, the special investigative body called for by succeeding President Lyndon Johnson, as to what they saw and heard.

The news media, television especially, broadcast after the fact an uninterrupted three days straight of reports from Dallas as the crime was under investigation. In short order a suspect was apprehended and interrogated and finally charged with not only the murder of the President but a Dallas police officer named JD Tippit, who was shot dead about a half hour after the President. The narrative concluded with that suspect, Lee Harvey Oswald,

himself being shot dead on live TV by a local entrepreneur named Jack Ruby.

Without these media reports, recorded testimonies and the eventual dissemination of the home movies and photographs, the event's veracity would only have been supported by the few close eyewitnesses and the onsite police and Secret Service escorts and the attending doctors at Parkland hospital where the President was taken after the fact.

Without the visuals to go with the narration, the absence of the President after that midmorning tragedy would have confirmed the official story to almost everyone's satisfaction.

Unfortunately, the official narrative and the visuals that purport to back it up have instead instigated innumerable investigations, mostly by private citizens, and two by the government itself. The official narrative that Lee Harvey Oswald acted alone in killing the President and officer Tippit was eventually overturned by the government House Select Committee on Assassinations in the late seventies, concluding that there was a likely conspiracy, though it did nothing to follow up on that conclusion.

Why this ongoing dispute? It's because the visuals cannot support, through known laws of physics, the official line. Even with the eventual conclusion by the government that there was a conspiracy, the particulars of the visuals cannot even align with each other. There is no way to solve this crime with the available forensics evidence. And the reason this crime cannot be solved is

that there was no crime committed on November 22, 1963 in Dealey Plaza, Dallas, Texas at 12:30pm Central Standard Time.

The principle of cognitive dissonance holds that mutually contradictory "facts" cause stress and therefore a change in beliefs regarding said facts results in a restoration or balance of mind. If said facts cannot be reevaluated, a restoring consonance results in misperception, though the now apparent absence of contradictions often requires substantiation from like-minded individuals.

In confounding the laws of physics with their official story, the perpetrators of the assassination hoax relied on the faith the public had in the objectivity of the media that broadcast the official story. In effect, to restore that consonance, the media willingly offered that substantiation which allowed the contradictions to be misperceived by the public.

MORNING PROGRAMMING

Live black and white video broadcast to local Dallas television affiliates that morning from Love Field captured Air Force One landing under clear skies. Color 16-millimeter film also recorded the landing and emergence of the President and First Lady, Jacqueline Kennedy.

Several motion picture cameras, some from the crowd of people waiting to glimpse the President, captured him as he shook hands with his adoring public. This crowd was made up entirely of paid

extras. The Secret Service would never have allowed such unprotected contact, and the President would comply, as he would know there was no actual political hay to be made with any real individual he might shake hands with. They may cast a ballot for him but the ballots aren't actually counted. The game is rigged to a predetermined outcome with each election, and this man of the people maneuver is for the mythmakers in the media to forward the lie that there is in The United States of America a working democracy in effect.



Earlier that day, the President had attended a breakfast in Fort Worth, which was also broadcast on local television. Prior to the President's emergence in the grand ballroom of the Texas Hotel, the commentator described in some detail how a serious breach in security had cost President McKinley his life.

Back at Love Field, nervous commentary by the local television reporter explained what a breach of security it was for the President to defy protocols and spontaneously approach such a large crowd. These two commentaries were subtle preps televised for the public to process at a very subconscious level: that the death of the President was inevitable and largely his own fault.

A Method to The Madness

These commentaries can be described as predictive programming and prepare the viewer at the subconscious level for accepting the seemingly inevitable. This is another clue in determining that this assassination event was scripted well in advance. This also lays the foundation for accepting the contradictions in the evidence by retreating into the prepared consensus to relieve stress. Rather than contest the contradictions of the known facts, the conclusion is there must be facts yet to be discovered and the authorities won't miss them when engaging in a comprehensive investigation. This in turn will provide the authoritative conclusion drawn from that investigation. Any remaining contradictions will simply be ignored. This is magical thinking and is irresistible after such subconscious conditioning; the official conclusion "feels right" coming from an authoritative source. This is the process by which all of the lies television proffers can be accepted by an otherwise rational mind.

The commentaries are also part of the perpetrators method:

They actually state in a variety of ways their intentions.

Through a compliant media they salt print, television and film with subtle admissions that they are going to stage an event. Then they stage the event. Then they confess it. In this fashion they lay the ball in the public's court to respond. When the preconditioned public does not, the perpetrators claim absolution and take no responsibility for the public's reaction, usually one laced with fear and anxiety and a call for more state security.

This is also the strategy of abusers from time immemorial to escape the stress of guilt: a weak-minded public had it coming. They brought it on themselves; or as apologists for the perpetrators often rationalize: the public gets the government it deserves, implying the government in any way shape or form actually represents the people.

It should be stressed here that the perpetrators of these psy-operas don't actually break any laws. Their control model would not work if they did. They may expand the law as, for example, they did to keep the public from seeing nonexistent death certificates of the Sandy Hook "victims" by railroading through a legal waiver to keep records of minors from public scrutiny.

The Nazi project run out of Wall Street and the City of London made sure that within the legal framework of Nazi Germany, all of the alleged oppressions of one minority or another fell within the legalities of the Nuremberg Laws. The maintenance of their

embassies abroad depended upon this legal framework, as well for their internal "security" measures at home.

The reason this all must pass muster legally is because the morals and ethics these elites saddle the common man with, but which they don't impose upon themselves, must be consistent to keep us in our place. They do not want competition and if the common crowd which is indoctrinated by church and state from a young age through compulsory schooling abides by these ethics and morals, that common crowd will literally police themselves long before they realize and accept that there are people apart from them who have absolutely no compunction in acting ruthlessly in their own best interests. Inconsistencies in the enforcement of the law would lead some to chance their own criminal activities as was seen in the wake of Watergate. If enough people did manage to shed these moral chains, the media would ignore it while a legal expansion of state and police authority would allow for a more invasive suppression of any significant dissent*.

In Texas, in 1963, there was no law against firing a weapon at someone if it was loaded with blank cartridges. One must evidence the will to do harm, even in shooting blanks, for the act to be considered a crime. There was no malice of forethought by the "shooters" because they knew there were no bullets.

*Generally speaking, grassroots infiltration of any group is enough to steer potential danger to elitist hegemony over state power away into subdivisions of the ranks and allow for disarmament through internecine strife.

It was not a crime to fake one's own death, even a sitting President's. Trouble arises only if the "deceased" tries to gain financially from the fake death through schemes like fraudulent insurance claims. The Kennedy clan was one of the richest in creation. They didn't need the insurance windfall.

It was not then, nor is it today, a crime to lie on television. One is not under oath and the institution of Standards and Practices that television networks were said to employ as self-policing arms had no constitutional weight. Public outcry could have sparked an investigation by legal bodies such as Congress, at which time sworn oaths under questioning of said bodies would require the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. But the networks were never challenged on this regarding their JFK coverage because in 1963 the public had faith in what they were told was "news" as opposed to clearly labeled "fiction".

The one person who could have been brought up on charges was Rear Admiral George Burkley, JFK's personal physician. The circumstances of Burkley signing the death certificate are assumed as he was said to be with Kennedy throughout the motorcade, medical examination and autopsy. But if he was complicit in knowingly signing a phony death certificate, he could have faced legal penalties. He maintained a pro-conspiracy stance the rest of his life due to what he described regarding the wounds. In theory, Burkley could have breached the legal parameters of the hoax but, if the murder were believed to be real, the public would not question the legitimacy of the certificate.



This concern for security reveals a major clue in the complicity of the President to participate in the faking of his own death: his willful desire to actually breach security. Squeezing a few palms at the risk of his own life makes no sense whatsoever unless you believe the President has actual power and needs public support. These crowd-pleasing gestures also laid the groundwork for absolving the Secret Service and reinforcing the idea that Kennedy was actually killed, and by his own impulsiveness.

As the motorcade assembled and began rolling away from the crowd and onto the highway, Secret Service man Henry Rybka, who was running alongside the Presidential limousine, was called



back by Emory Roberts, the ranking agent in the motorcade. On extant video, Rybka expresses his confusion by turning his palms up, gesturing with his arms, seemingly dismayed by this order to back off. He then dutifully climbs into the Secret Service car trailing the President by a car length. All of this is captured by the live video broadcast with the commentator continuing on with remarks about the difficulty the Secret Service faces when the President appears in public.

Five cars back, the press traveled by bus, unable to see the Presidential limousine. This ineffective positioning was deliberate as the reporters on the ground may have been in the dark regarding the plot to mock stage the assassination- (It wasn't as if they hadn't been vetted earlier by their corporate overlords even as their reports were carefully pruned by editors to keep the sanctioned reality that passes for news on point.) They had to be

documented as too far back from the shooting so that they would not be forced by the public or investigators to tell the truth of what they saw. After all, the only way this ruse would pass muster was if the fiction of an objective press held in the public's mind. If the reporters didn't see anything, they would not be compelled by their masters to lie.



Photographs evidencing a total lack of security were taken at an earlier date with a crowd of crisis actors in a controlled area, just like an on-location movie set. These photos were then discovered years after the fact- the Presidential party having been pasted on.

Out of site of the crowds as they pulled away from Love field and prior to the motorcade approaching the first crowds lining the streets, the switch was made and actors took over as President,

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First Lady, Governor Connelly and his wife, Nellie. An identical limousine with the actors on board positioned itself within the motorcade, likely around a corner, briefly out of view of the press bus and trailing vehicles. The genuine President and his party vanished, surrounded by other vehicles guiding the limo down a cordoned off street devoid of witnesses.

As the motorcade wound its way through the streets of downtown Dallas, cameras rolled. Along with the professional news cameras, many amateur cameras captured parts of the procession. The evidence of an actual motorcade riding through town was established.

As the Presidential limousine approached Dealey Plaza, a Dallas dressmaker named Abraham Zapruder took his position on a short wall to film the President passing by. Zapruder would initially be held up as an innocent bystander but later it would be revealed that he was the former business partner of Jean de Mohrenschildt, wife of George de Mohrenschildt, CIA handler for Lee Harvey Oswald in Dallas.

In the film the limousine makes a slow and difficult left turn onto Elm Street as Zapruder starts burning film. He pans right with his 8-millimeter camera, holding the limousine barely in frame as the bullets whiz by. He gets the money shot of JFK's brains being blown out while the President, already wounded in the throat by the looks of things, is cheek by jowl with his wife who appears startled and confused.



The film continues as Jackie climbs up on the back hood for reasons to this day no one knows why; she is met by Secret Service agent Clint Hill who has run forward from the trailing Secret Service car and grabs onto the handrails of the limousine. Mrs. Kennedy scoots back into the limo as the President lies unconscious across the back bench seat and the limousine speeds away under the triple underpass and on towards nearby Parkland hospital.

Opposite Zapruder on the grass infield of Dealey Plaza stands Orville Nix. He films the scene from farther away and with less detail. Clint Hill again leaps to the running board of the Presidential limo and off they go. The film is relevant to the scam production only in so far as to corroborate the more important Zapruder film and support its veracity, as two films showing the same thing must be showing a real event. Logic.

Many researchers have poured over every frame of the Zapruder film. A sizable number of these researchers have concluded that the film is a forgery. Numerous anomalies appear in the film, from mismatched shadows to the height of some of the scattered bystanders appearing to be over seven feet tall.

Suspected of utilizing traveling mattes to reposition the limo and change its speed to contradict eyewitnesses who claimed the limo came to a brief stop, the film also reveals odd reactions of several bystanders, some of who move faster than humanly possible or seem oblivious to the presence of the limo and its occupants.

One aspect of the film that has received no comment is that if there were multiple shooters, including one forward and to the President's right, situated behind the picket fence atop the grassy knoll, and presumably author of the fatal head shot, did the plotters feel that Mrs. Kennedy was acceptable collateral damage should any of the shooters, especially the one behind the fence, miss and hit the First Lady?

At the time of the event, Jacqueline Kennedy was arguably the most famous, glamorous and sympathetic woman in the world. The trip to Dallas was her first public appearance in America since the death of her infant child several months earlier. The tour through Texas had reinforced her star power and the affection the country had for her, if not her husband's policies. What impact would her wounding or disfigurement or death have on the populace, especially women?



Consider: The President is the titular head of the armed forces. The office is assumed to come with war making powers. He is in some sense a man of violence, even if only vicariously. Receiving regular death threats and being in mortal danger to the point of having a legion of armed guards around him at all times gives the violence aimed at him a certain contextual logic; but a First Lady? She's the homemaker, the child bearer, the teacher, in short, the civilization that the war-mongering husband fights to protect. The deliberate manipulation of the public with this mythic sham sacrifice of the king does not include the death of the queen. She is the element the sacrifice is made to. Her fertility is the survival mechanism that the king's death assures. The proximity of Jackie to Jack's exploding head is another clue that this whole farrago is as phony as the President's power. And it settles the debate as to

whether the Zapruder film is in any way, shape or form depicting spontaneous reality. It most certainly is not.



A recreation of a fiction sold as fact. As with religious figures, the historicity of JFK himself will one day be questioned. This is the mind bender's longest type of con, staging a false reality to seed the false history that follows and that can be demolished at any time, collapsing the fictional paradigm that holds a people together.

As for the other movies taken in immediate proximity to the kill zone, they show almost nothing of interest save the Mark Bell film which ever so briefly captures what appears to be Abraham Zapruder walking away at a calm and even pace, his secretary, Marilyn Sitzman trailing and looking back at the viewer with a certain amount of suspicion.

The rest, including the clips taken earlier on the motorcade route of the actors portraying the Presidential party, serve only to

reinforce the assumption that the four dignitaries in the Presidential limo are in fact who they are alleged to be, including footage surfacing only in the late nineties, a strip of color super 8 that shows both Jack and Jackie indisputably in the limo. Where it had been for thirty-five or so years is a mystery but it looks pristine as to have been developed only a day earlier than its public release. CGI is not just for digitized 70mm 3D IMAX.



Forty plus years later pristine footage of the limousine and its occupants surfaced. This is a standard ploy in such hoaxes completely reliant on photographic evidence to sell the fiction. The grainy originals give way to vibrant new releases to update the lies.

Along with the motion pictures, several still cameras were employed to capture the event. The two most important of these stills are the Altgens number 6 and Moorman Polaroid.

AP photographer James "Ike" Altgens photo number 6



Polaroid photo by Mary Moorman

The photo taken by AP press photographer James "Ike" Altgens, a twenty-five year veteran of the newspaper racket, labeled number 6 of the 9 he had on that film roll, depicts the Presidential limo and trailing Secret Service car heading straight towards the camera. Flanking motorcycle cops to the left and slightly behind the limo also figure prominently in the composition. Of special significance is that the main entrance and steps of the Texas School Book Depository can be seen clearly in the background. Unfortunately, the high contrast of the noonday light and shadows largely obscures the President and party in darkness.

The use of the Zapruder film to coordinate the timing of the photo suggests that at the point of shutter compression, the President had apparently been shot in the neck from a rifle facing the front of the limo and that he is clutching his throat. Another point of interest in the photo includes a man standing in the Depository doorway whom bears a resemblance to Oswald and has been routinely identified as Billy Lovelady, another Depository employee.

The Dal Tex building in the very back of the photo scene shows a dark open window on the second floor, often times thought to be a candidate for a second shooter perch. But despite its voluminous and tantalizing detail, the photo doesn't really show much in the way of useful information. It is a noisy belly flop into the guessed at, but of no concrete value as far as drawing useful conclusions.

The Moorman black and white Polaroid on the other hand has been an object of veneration for many researchers whose claims for the content of the photo borders on divine revelation. From the apparent depression on the top of the President's head to the silhouette of various characters in the background thought to be shooters and/or spotters, the Moorman Polaroid has the implicit power of a medieval icon depicting the death of Christ.

Monikers such as Badge Man and Black Dog Man have been assigned to blobs and specks in the background up behind the picket fence atop the grassy knoll and extending to the edge of the pergola just to the right of Abe Zapruder. Alas, as much or more as a man can study the various shapes, no certainty as to who or what they are can be definitively ascertained.

And when you compare the Moorman Polaroid with the Orville Nix film, a total lack of coordination is apparent in attempting to align these confections to conform to one another. Against the Nix anomalies, the Moorman appears the more accurate and aligned with the apparent contours of Dealey Plaza.

And that it's a Polaroid is one reason the Moorman pic has so long passed as genuine. The events in Dealey Plaza were captured with technology the average citizen was familiar with. To use any recording equipment that would render the assassination in some format beyond the public's comprehension would be alienating and would dampen the emotional impact of the images.

Questioning how an image could be so well rendered beyond the average consumer's understanding would trigger one's critical faculties and distract from the emotional firestorm the images

were designed to stoke. In the intervening years, as film and video technology have improved, and the consumer version of said technology has been in wide spread use, this decommissioned technology, the Polaroid camera (though in the vanguard back in 1963) has allowed the Moorman Polaroid to be given a pass as a quaint reminder of a technology gone by. It's like a last of its kind artifact and its frail condition makes it hard to question what it shows, though what it shows isn't possible to describe.



Moorman's background above and Nix's below. Both can't be correct. The Nix appears to have had the background blacked out suggesting a need to hide something or someone(s) perchance hot footing it out of Dodge. (See Simon Shack's thread at September Clues Forum for the source comparison)

As well, consider how difficult it would have been to get a focused shot with an amateur camera best suited to photographing stationary objects and not a moving vehicle. The limo had to have been stationary if this was an actual on site photo. Best guess is that this photo was taken during a rehearsal days or weeks ahead of the public pantomime on 11/22/63. A car at rest would allow for Moorman's focused image.

And, to add authenticity and damning significance to the images, claims of immediate confiscation by authorities were made by the witnesses who took photographs or movies. Though subsequent claims were made that some cameras were returned with the developed films, some were not. In time, critics of the Warren Report would ask out loud just what did the confiscated images show and why were they not available for public scrutiny?

The truth is, access to the "evidence" for this event was and is controlled by the perpetrators, the same associations that control the media and controlled the scene before, during and after the "assassination". To withhold or leak apparently damaging evidence to the official story accomplishes two things: First, it divides the public. Some believe their government, right or wrong. Some do not and would settle for the truth instead. Either way, the opposing sides are warring with each other and not joining forces to oppose the perpetrators of this ongoing false reality. Second, and more to the point, both sides assume that President Kennedy was actually shot dead. All the doctored or wholly fabricated images in the world can be debated but if no one questions whether the killing actually took place then the scam is a success.

Reel Life

Life magazine was a propaganda tool, nothing more. CD Jackson, Life's publisher, was a spook from way back. Psychological warfare was his métier. Securing the rights to the Zapruder film was a *fait accompli* for Life. In fact, it's very likely that Life was given the task of designing Zapruder's character and his part in the show. The legend of negotiating the price for the film rights was inserted to reinforce the legitimacy of the film's contents. Clearly such an august publication as Life magazine would not fork over so much money for a forgery. In fact, the entire concept of fake pictures, films, witnesses and deaths was not possible to conceive of in that era. In the same way a serf in the muck and mire of the Dark Ages could not conceive of something as common today as air travel, so too the average American media consumer of the early sixties could never have conceived of their government acting as a facade for creators of a completely false reality. Almost no one today in the early twenty first century can wrap his or her addled brain around the concept.

In keeping with the task of controlling both sides, once the Zapruder film began to circulate in the late sixties in the wake of the Jim Garrison led investigation into Clay Shaw's alleged participation in the assassination, doubts started circulating as to the legitimacy of the film. There were clearly missing frames. There was a massive edit near the beginning. And there was no certainty as to the chain of possession. Another sub division of the Warren Commission doubters was created. Those who supported

the film because it appeared to show JFK getting hit from the front battled the detractors who insisted the CIA had intervened in the film's processing and therefore likely tampered with it. Either way, the debate centered on how JFK was killed, from the front or not, not whether he was actually killed or not.

Meanwhile, crisis actors dotted the Plaza and the most photogenic young women in the immediate vicinity of the kill zone stepped forward to recite their lines.

Mary Moorman presented her Polaroid and vague recollections about the direction of the shots but leaned towards the Knoll. Her friend Jean Hill suggested the Knoll as the direction but couldn't be certain, although she said smoke lingered in that area. Beverly Oliver, a party girl in Jack Ruby's orbit, had a ring side seat as the Babushka Lady, so labeled by her appearance in the Zapruder film, and claimed she had filmed the kill shot but a man she took to be an FBI agent wanted to develop the film and he never returned it. And, as an added bonus, Oliver floated the story that she had witnessed Oswald and Ruby together well prior to the assassination.



Mary Moorman/ Jean Hill/ Beverly Oliver

A fusillade of testimony, with all the attendant confusion and contradictions, flew in all directions. A witness named Marie Muchmore, with the same birthday as Mary Moorman, helped provide a good matched set of names to give the apparent randomness a subtle sense of order. This play on the names is a counterintuitive thumbtack of coincidence that helps distinguish these two actors from the rest of the pack; Muchmore because she allegedly recorded the kill shot on film, and Moorman with her ubiquitous Polaroid; and these two items, along with the Nix and Zapruder films, plus the countless repeated testimony of a small band of witnesses, are the foundations upon which the indisputable evidence of the President's murder rests. The fact that careful scrutiny of these items and review of the rather vague recollections of said witnesses, and the accusations that some of this vague testimony was changed by the FBI, charges which serve to deliberately exacerbate anomalies and contradictions within the official conclusions, occupies the attention of the controlled opposition and keeps consideration of the whole event being a hoax out of the paradigmatic corral within which all debate is contained.

A few other actors came forward to attest to the shooting. James Tague, a solid working stiff sort claimed a piece of concrete nicked his cheek, clearly from a stray bullet coming from the direction of the Depository, given Tague's stated location. This missed shot seemed to create a great deal of trouble for the Warren Commission and is one of the deliberately placed charges that

helped in the Commission's prearranged demolition of their own conclusions.

Many years later, a man identifying himself as Gordon Arnold, who on November 22, 1963 was on leave from the Army, came forward to claim he had, from near the top of the knoll, filmed the motorcade when shots rang out right behind him. He dove to the ground until the shooting stopped. He claimed that men identifying themselves as police officers seized his camera and told him to leave immediately. Two days later, Arnold reported for duty in Alaska. His poor acting can be seen in the epic misdirection video from 1988 titled "The Men Who Killed Kennedy" where he recalls his tale of woe, complete with a cascade of tears.

Another witness, Lee Bowers, was up in a railway tower behind and to the right of the Knoll. His recollections included seeing men behind the picket fence and wafting smoke after the shooting stopped. Though Bowers' testimony in front of the Commission adds details that make him sound plausible, his placement of men behind the fence was given a great boost with the story of his subsequent death in 1965. Bowers is one of the most prominent "witnesses" to end up on the "Mysterious Death List", a collection of names that had one small thing or another to do with the assassination narrative and who then died in extremely suspicious circumstances.

(For further source details, see <http://cluesforum.info/> and the JFK hoax threads within)



James Tague/Gordon Arnold/Lee Bowers

This list of dead characters further functions to reinforce the certainty of the President's murder; a tying up of loose ends after a crime is a familiar cinematic trope and as this assassination was made specifically for TV screens, those kinds of pre sold concepts seemed perfectly logical to the public, even the skeptics, which knew only what they saw on television.

A most curious witness, Ed Hoffmann, "says" he was a witness to the shooting, though he was a deaf-mute. His story has expanded and shifted over the years and because of the difficulty in communicating his recollections, he's largely a footnote, a "disputed" witness. His function had been to corroborate the most important details of the Bowers testimony regarding men behind the picket fence without actually being believed. He has remained off the Death List for this reason while Bowers remains critically "dead".

Another group of front row center eyewitnesses were the Newman family, Bill and his wife and two toddler sons, two "new men". This holy family was seen being photographed lying on the grass well to the left of the Knoll. Some of the photos show the

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newsmen photographing the family as the husband and wife lay in a prone position over their two boys. Why the parents did not immediately bundle up their kids and run for cover is a mystery. They seemed to have been lying there, responding to the cameras as if in character as witnesses clearly identifiable rather than hysterical parents sprinting for cover. I don't know how long it took the press bus, five cars back from the President, to offload photographers, but why the Newman's waited for them can only mean they were supposed to.



The Newman "family" posing for the cameras amidst utter chaos. The odds that these people comprised an actual family are slim to none.



Several minutes later, the Newman family sat in front of television cameras at local ABC affiliate WFAA and told news director Jay Watson* their story in a couple of different ways. Watson cozies up to Papa Newman, all of twenty-two years old, and carefully guides him through his story, suggesting the answers and having Newman affirm most of them. The performance is understated and in a weak field one of the more convincing line readings of the day.

The mother is asked for her recollections, but after misremembering her lines, she is excused as being too upset. She returns later, and holding her youngest son who looks to be about 18 months old, projects her story in a more calm and coherent fashion, with more details added by the creepy interviewer Watson.



The Newman's take turns calmly telling their side of the story, complete with toddlers and a generous portion of gory details describing the President's exploding head.

* Presumably the news director of a television station in Dallas at that time would be a well vetted spook as this theater piece was planned well in advance and information controls would be well entrenched. Watson's cool demeanor and casual way with a cigarette would suggest a well-rehearsed actor very much in on it. His emphasis on the image of the President's bloody, wounded head again drives home the certainty that the murder took place. Why would a young father and husband like Newman, with wife and children in tow, lie about something like that? This is another example of an emotional firewall being erected to retard critical thinking. The perpetrators thought nothing of utilizing small children in their deceptions knowing that the first viewers would be housewives, maids and nannies and that their emotional distress would insure the structural integrity of that firewall of emotions should their at work husbands take a moment and try to think things through.

Medical Drama- A Midday Soap Opera Staple

Like many professions of the day, the medical men who rose in rank were inevitably Free Masons. Dealy Plaza is the site of the first Masonic temple in Texas, erected in the mid 19th century. The doctors at Parkland hospital who testified to the press and public as well as the Warren Commission were, almost certainly to a man, poor widow's sons, as Masons are styled. The scripts they read before the cameras detailed the prearranged wound profiles that they claimed to have observed on the President's head, neck and back. The televised press conferences could have been staged at any time prior to the assassination so that all medical witnesses were consistent in their testimony. The actors playing pressmen were of the same class of Masons, as their professional ascent was also contingent upon membership and obedience.

Beyond the testimony of those doctors who did appear before cameras, the remaining elements of the live broadcasts involving the President and Governor Connally were in whole nothing more than press releases written sometime in advance and likely authored by government intelligence assets within the motion picture industry.



Assistant press secretary Malcolm Kilduff breaks the news of the President's death to the press.

It is at the point of the official announcement of the President's death that the public portion of the narrative concludes. From this point forward, all the public will see and hear will come from the collaborating media, from trustworthies like Walter Cronkite and Chet Huntley to field reporters staging man on the street interviews with crisis actors in an attempt to sell the shocked

public that they are not only not alone, but a stoic and resilient front should be maintained in honor of the President's memory and especially with respect to the grieving First Lady. Shouts for action and a critical investigation would be inappropriate at this time. The immediate aftermath of the shooting as far as television and radio were concerned was to focus on emotions and personal feelings and not ask awkward questions, at least until responsible authorities could properly look into it. And provide their spin.



Seasoned white males whose trustworthiness is unchallenged recite the prefabricated narrative that will become cemented in the mass consciousness as actual history.



Actors on the street give their own pre-scripted spin, cuing the viewing public on how to process their emotions while subtly persuading the viewers to avoid engaging their critical faculties.

PART TWO

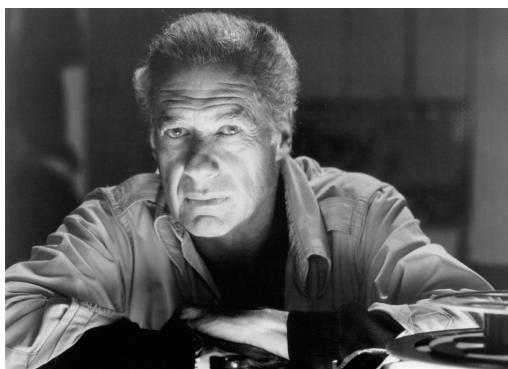
Hollywood Dreamscapes

One of the aspects of this psychological warfare operation that requires careful consideration is the script. Hollywood is by now understood to be another arm of military intelligence. It is also the most prominent and most visible part of the propaganda agencies that speak for the government and those that own and control the government. One does not rise to prominence in such a critical field unless thoroughly vetted to insure cooperation in pushing the controller's agenda.

Along with attendant operations such as money laundering through massive over capitalized budgets, the steering of these feature length commercials for American exceptionalism are never left to unleashed "artists". Feature film directors are very much in lockstep with the agenda or they simply don't get funded.

One individual who seems to fit the bill as the primary creative force in shaping the JFK narrative is the film director John Frankenheimer. Educated at the elite La Salle Military Academy and even more prestigious Williams College, this son of a stockbroker* made his first documentary with an Air Force squadron in Burbank California. We can be quite certain the studio facilities used were both the Disney studios and those facilities located at Lookout Mountain Air Base atop Laurel Canyon in Los Angeles, home to innumerable films commissioned by the military and intelligence services throughout the mid 20th century.

* Oliver Stone, who took over for Frankenheimer as the primary director of the ongoing JFK project, but also wrote and directed the successor hoax to JFK, 911, also had a father who was a fixture on Wall Street; this is not surprising given that Wall Street was reinvented by Joseph Kennedy Sr. at the behest of FDR during the depression. Like Hollywood, another Joe Kennedy reinvention, Wall Street was largely a money laundering scheme for government graft and certainly laden with well vetted spooks in the boardrooms and on the exchange floor.



Spooky Spook, John Frankenheimer

With these military bona fides, Frankenheimer segued into television production at that bastion of pro military propaganda, CBS, operated by a super spook named William Paley, and started a career that lead to the three films that spell out exactly what the JFK hoax entailed: On October 24th, 1962, during the Cuban Missile Crisis Hoax*, Frankenheimer released The Manchurian Candidate with Kennedy camp follower, Frank Sinatra, in the lead role.

* Though touched upon later, there are, in fact, no nuclear weapons. The ever-present threat of global annihilation is the biggest hoax since Armageddon was concocted by Christian mind benders and preached from every pulpit in creation.

The plot involves an American POW in the clutches of the Chinese and Korean communists and the process of programming him through mind control techniques to assassinate the President of the United States.

On the surface the film depicts the combatants of the Cold War at odds with each other, though despite the heroic yet tragic ending, the film is really about how the two sides collaborate to shock the masses into accepting radical change. The POW's mother is a communist collaborator who is depicted as a traitor from the level of the pawn, her son. From the level of world finance, she's a tool to keep the Cold War hot, the common people in stasis with fear and without their critical faculties engaged, thus assuring that military budgets remain bloated. The ending is just a fig leaf to disguise the truth of collaboration at the highest levels.



Mother Angela Landsbury controls her incestuous son, assassin Lawrence Harvey, the "lone nut" in John Frankenheimer's *The Manchurian Candidate*, 1962.

The film was eventually pulled from circulation because of the similarities to the "real" assassination of JFK. A later cover story claimed it was pulled because Sinatra had a dispute over royalties. Well, Sinatra was quite famous at the time but he was well understood to be a stooge of the mafia and its highly doubtful he had the pull to challenge a studio engaged in the most sophisticated of military propaganda. The film had done its job and was shelved for later use.

It was eventually rereleased in 1988, near the twenty-fifth anniversary of the assassination. It is certain that Oliver Stone's production of JFK was long in the planning and the rerelease of The Manchurian Candidate not only stoked people's memories, it was also a test to see if there was sufficient curiosity in the case to effect the coming propaganda push that would result in the creation of the Assassination Records Review Board which would release most of the remaining government files regarding the case. That question was answered by the large public gathering at Dealey Plaza that November 22 which took most media outlets by surprise. If nothing else, it validated the mind bender's investment in Stone's production. There clearly was an audience for more JFK fiction on film.

One more very important component to the hoax process that The Manchurian Candidate provided was what I referred to earlier as the announcement of what is to come. The cover term for this admission of future guilt is referred to as predictive programming, or in some instances requiring specific group behavior, pattern

recognition programming. Sinatra was involved in an example of the latter: In the late forties when the mob and Hollywood selected a scrawny saloon singer from Hoboken to distract a new post war teen audience, girls were paid to scream on the street for Frankie in front of news cameras after a concert. The footage was distributed to movie house newsreels and a pattern of behavior was imbedded in the impressionable minds of the sudden swell of bobby soxers craving Frank's attention. Boys may not have ascertained what the appeal was but if they wanted to be with the girls they had better adopt the Sinatra pose. A decade and a half later the process was repeated verbatim and Beatlemania was launched, conveniently enough just weeks after the stage show in Dealey Plaza.



Staged hysteria- The Skinny Guinea rides on a wave of manufactured consent.

A decade and a half later, British girls were paid in Pound Sterling to lose it over the Mop Tops, kicking off the post assassination distraction, Beatlemania, the first salvo in the controlled demolition of the culture. Once leveled, the culture was rebuilt to grandfather out dissent and fetishize material consumption and militarism.



Complete rubbish. Rental Bobbies hold fast against a tidal wave of Zulu banshees storming the ramparts to get at their quarry, the Intel operation known as The Beatles. The painted backdrop is courtesy of Pinewood Studios.

The second film in the Frankenheimer/JFK trilogy was *Seven Days in May*, a tale of an attempted military coup staged right out of the Pentagon. With *The Manchurian Candidate* stating what they were going to do, *Seven Days in May* purports to show what they actually did do. The military did in fact overthrow the

government. They did not do it on November 22, 1963. They finalized the process on September 18th, 1947 with the implementation of the National Security Act, the final nail in the coffin where America's democracy lay in state. The stagecraft of the JFK assassination was a pantomime, in a cascade of mysticism, of that event from sixteen years earlier.

This Act, as if in a play, is part of the confession of guilt that absolves the perpetrators. The lack of reaction from the public is taken as implicit approval. Any dissenters are herded eagerly into the corral of conspiracy research, ever after searching for a body of evidence that never existed. Within the legal framework of the National Security Act, no criminal guilt is assigned to anyone involved, no trial can be held, no one involved loses any sleep over being found out about a crime that was never committed.



Burt Lancaster as a traitorous General Edwin Walker type in Frankenheimer's *Seven Days in May*, flanked by reluctant good guy, Kirk Douglas; another mythical tale of the rule of law über alles, even at the expense of loyalty oaths to the Masonic cabal known as the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

And this stress free living is the selling point, along with whatever money changes hands. Cortisol secreting into a worried man's blood stream over time can kill as certain as a frangible bullet from a high-powered rifle into the parietal lobe. And recruiting from any number of fraternal orders, be it police, mafia, intelligence agencies, secret societies and/or religious groups is a lot easier and less expensive than asking men to commit a capital crime, especially the cold blooded murder of the President of the United States.

Of course *Seven Days in May* has a cop out ending, just like *The Manchurian Candidate*, but the spectacle that precedes it is the message. The military runs things from behind the curtain, the election circuses are for hoi polloi.

The third film in the trilogy is Frankenheimer's "Seconds" from 1966. It is a further admission that the assassination was a hoax as the question of what happened to Kennedy after he disappeared off the motorcade route is explained.

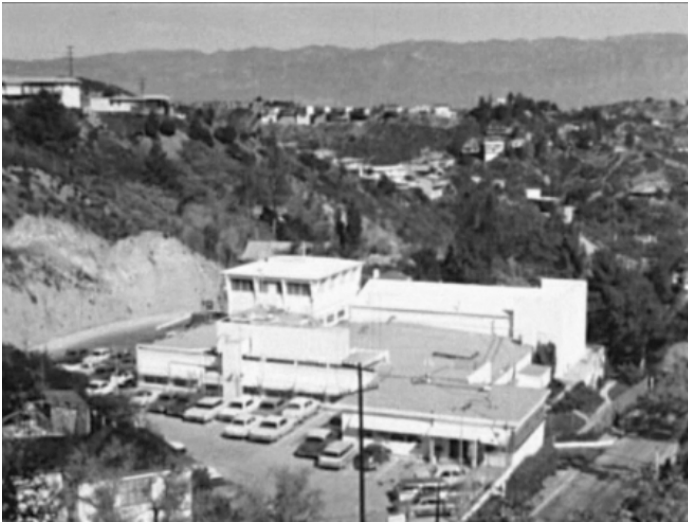
This film is based on a novel with the same title by a Harvard and Oxford educated American named David Ely. It is interesting to note that the novel was released in 1963. Likely Ely, a military veteran with coherent writing skills, was recruited to write for the CIA, especially for this particular novel. It is a pebble dropped in the lake and the film that was based on it is the outlying ripple that reached a much larger public. The fact that Ely lived in Cap Cod, Massachusetts may or may not be of any significance in

relation to the dominant presence of the Kennedy clan in that state.

The film stars the Kennedyesque Rock Hudson, though his character begins the film played by a much different actor, John Randolph. The plot involves the Randolph character willingly undergoing a fake death and radical surgery to come out as a completely different person with a new identity, location and past. This is where Rock Hudson takes over the role as the same man transformed. As with the other two films, the ending shows the ruse as a dead end, but again, the process that precedes the conclusion is the real point, the admission that JFK had been living somewhere else as someone else. The only people privy to the truth were family members vetted by the intelligence services overseeing this project- as to JFK's whereabouts right after the assassination? Think Greece.



Seconds from 1966. Is this Hudson? Kennedy? Tippit maybe?



Lookout Mountain Air Force Base, Laurel Canyon, Los Angeles, California. Thousands of classified films were produced from the early forties right through the Cold War.



If there was a facility to plan and create the narrative and imagery of the Kennedy assassination, it would be here, a facility that likely trained Air Force recruit John Frankenheimer.

Praetorian Guard- The Secret Service

In the literature dealing with the actions and inactions of the Secret Service, the man most cited as suspicious is shift commander Emory Roberts, the man leading the team of agents in the car directly behind the Presidential limousine. In video footage from Love Field he is shown telling agent Henry Rybka to stand down from his perch on the running board behind Kennedy.



Rybka dutifully but frustratingly complies and is summarily ordered to remain at Love Field. This interaction might suggest that some of the Secret Service were not in on the hoax as it unfolded, but it is just as likely that this apparent "innocent" named Rybka was the decoy to lay the blame on the President when postmortem

legends were dispersed that JFK had ordered the Secret Service not to get so close as to block the view of the crowd.

It doesn't really matter what the details are of who knew what and when as the Secret Service's participation in the production likely entailed a recorded run through drill that was integrated into the filmed sequences of the motorcade. Roberts, with Roy Kellerman and William Greer, the two agents in the car with the Presidential party, and Clint Hill, the agent who made the mad dash to the limo to guide Jackie back to her seat, certainly knew what was required of them during the drill and would participate only on a need to know basis. What transpired in front of the scattered few actors posing as witnesses in the kill zone was the real performance but it followed to a T the rehearsals in the days prior to the event.

What James Rowley, the head of the Secret Service, briefed these agents on before and after the live event would include the standard appeal to loyalty that always carried with it an implied threat. It was certain that anything more than a reminder of their oaths so sworn was not needed by these veteran soldiers of the long con known as The Kennedy Assassination.

The urban legends of Robert's complicity, supplemented by tales of a previous night's debauch by some of the attendant agents only further confused the Grassy Knoll Society members trying to implicate the President's immediate security. A revolt of the Praetorian Guard was the meme that has never really taken flight thanks largely to the ever compliant media who pushed the CIA bred conspiracy/not a conspiracy face-off to keep the spotlight

off the possibility of Secret Service complicity. And it should be said that the most vulnerable individuals would be the Secret Service agents right at ground zero of the hoax. The nebulous CIA made a much better media suspect because it isn't at all clear whom one would pursue within the agency. Whom amongst the CIA do the researchers target? Allan Dulles had been fired. That's a great alibi. But the Secret Service agents are named individuals. Keeping the heat off of them would be paramount.

LBJ: Cutout

Cui Bono? Who benefits? The question is inevitably asked when power changes hands. In recent years the Latin phrase has been uttered rhetorically by researchers who vigorously promote the idiotic theory that Lyndon Johnson, Kennedy's successor, was the real architect behind the assassination. For many years prior, LBJ was looked on as just a tool of the Pentagon, giving credence to the idea that the assassination was indeed a military coup d'état. Johnson was ordered to go all in in Vietnam and the ghouls in the Pentagon and their private sector contractors made millions off the spoils of war.

In recent years, however, the Pentagon has been amputated from most theories, leaving the vulgar Texan as the chief manipulator of the deadly events of November 22. The change is easy to understand as the prestige of the military has superseded the civilian government by waging their phony war on terror and overwhelming the debate with the vigorous propaganda used to

sell this phantom war. The idea that the military would be so dishonorable as to kill their commander in chief is no longer one of the most popular conspiracy tropes, despite the lingering presence of Oliver Stone.

LBJ's back story has also been suitably enhanced with a chronology of skulduggery that includes a personal hit man named Mac Wallace tying up several loose ends for Johnson, including an order to kill Johnson's own sister, Josepha. This fetid smoke screen of psychopathology has also excused the Pentagon for the lion's share of blame for the escalated disaster of Vietnam, laying it instead at the feet of the bloodthirsty and racist LBJ and his administration. Despite the utter impossibility of him having the clout to kill his predecessor, this myth is the crowning blow to his reputation, a reputation that has been sacrificed in order to perpetuate the hoax.

As for Texas Governor John Connally and his wounds, this element was added to have a survivor of the shooting be living testimony to the assassination's flesh and blood reality.

Jackie said very little about the details of the gunfire and its effects, and no one was going to be so insensitive as to approach the eternally grieving widow (the grief of which was heavily cited to deliberately keep critical thinking in short supply in the days and weeks that followed) so it was left to Connally's wife, Nellie, to speak for her. And Nellie, like her husband, remained on point to the bitter end.



Five days after the assassination Texas Governor John Connally gave his first interview. For a man in his mid forties who was shot in the back, he moves his head and neck without the slightest wince of discomfort or stiffness. His performance ends in a soliloquy preaching tolerance with a cadence eerily reminiscent of a typical Kennedy speech.

In the intervening years, Jackie was of no help in clarifying what happened that day and why she's depicted in the Zapruder and Nix films as climbing onto the back hood of the limo. She was given a wide berth by the press and spent the rest of her life famous for being famous. The paparazzi chased her around and her image always reverberated the echo of the assassination. Her very existence was all that was required of her to keep the hoax never far from the public's mind.



Whether you like it or not, living on the grid will expose you to the manufactured reality that your corporate masters see fit to suffocate your senses with. Keeping the blinders on will only leave your subconscious vulnerable to further manipulation.

Corporate Propaganda

The corporate media that reported on the events of that day were relentless in displaying proper conduct for the public to emulate, insinuating how to react and how to cope. It is one thing to slay a leader, but if the perpetrators do not have immediate control of the public's response, then they cannot guarantee their ruse will be successful.

The first step was to position the onsite reporters too far back in the motorcade to be able to witness the shooting. As mentioned earlier, the press bus was five cars back from the Presidential limousine and had yet to make the hairpin turn onto Elm Street. Their sight line was blocked by the last vestige of the crowds lining the streets and the trees along the side of the reflecting pool on Houston Street. They were effectively neutralized and had no choice but to feed out of the White House/Pentagon press agency hands like every other news outlet in the country.

The first person on air in Dallas to report the details of the assassination was Jay Watson, as stated, news director of ABC affiliate WFFA in Dallas. WFFA was only two blocks from Dealey Plaza and Watson, who claimed to be at the scene, was able to corral both the Newman family and Abe Zapruder and bring them in front of the cameras.

In his interview, Zapruder indicates with his right hand where the President appeared to be shot, in the area of the right temple, near the parietal bone, which was also indicated in the autopsy report. This would be consistent with what the film named after

him portrays, and given that its construction took place in advance, this Zapruder character could accurately describe what he says he saw through the lens and have his testimony jibe with what was in the prefabricated film.



As the film bearing his name would not be presented to the general public until 1975, Zapruder's description and the few frame reproductions posted in Life Magazine were all anyone had to envision what was contained within those precious 24 seconds of brittle Super 8 home movie film; a film likely constructed at the Jamieson Film Company in Dallas, the military contracted "Hollywood of Texas".

Around the television dial, the network hubs and affiliates ran man on the street features to ostensibly take the temperature of the public. All of the extant footage of these street interviews looks staged. In Chicago, one station gathered several people around in a semicircle to voice their thoughts. The group seemed largely culled from a nearby church, a black Baptist one by the look and sound of it. The line readings of these crisis actors are stilted, almost robotic, the dialogue itself is of the most bathetic sort. In viewing this footage the notion that certain churches may well be intelligence stations and that their congregations are salted with assets seems plausible.



Line readings from the man on the street interviews all sounded rehearsed. Monotone deliveries from crisis actors ape the sense of stasis the viewing public experienced; Neuro-linguistic programming at its most insidious.

The function of these interviews was to further drive home the proper attitude and etiquette in processing the shocking news of the President's demise. The reporters often guide the interviews into personal accounts of previous sightings of the President, whether it was a campaign stop or public function, as well as an appeal to the subject to inventory their feelings. The implication being that emotional responses are the appropriate ones, critical analysis is not.

In one such revolting and obviously staged interview, the execrable Frank Reynolds of ABC cuts short a young man who has wandered off point as he warns against the dangers of viewing this event through the divide of left versus right. It's a specious argument but it is also steering the mood away from the manufactured pathos. Reynolds tries to get back on track with a black lady, but she is too measured and has to be subtly reminded that Jackie's welfare is the most important concern for women and that that concern should be the topic discussed. Both Reynolds and the lady seem frustrated and he's about to send the feed back to the mother ship in Chicago when a young girl is shoved into the picture. She appears to be about eleven years old and Reynolds immediately seizes her and sticks the microphone in her face, asking for her thoughts. Her response is as blatantly coached as the unfortunate kids in the Sandy Hook videos of nearly half a century later. The girl frustratingly admits she has nothing to say and Reynolds agrees that there is nothing to say and sends it back to the anchor's desk. How anyone could watch this and not immediately spot it's completely artificial nature is beyond

comprehension, but such is the trust in the media that even today they can still largely exploit the gullible proles who sit in a catatonic daze and let the damage to their subconscious continue undeterred.



The odious Frank Reynolds sneers at the off screen wrangler of the kid actor who has just blown her lines. The girl smiles nervously, knowing she's screwed the pooch. Reynolds would go on to fame as the original host of ABC's long running Nightline, a late night innovative national news program originally designed to hype to hysteria the Iranian hostage hoax; a hoax that gave the final push to bring American militarism back to respectability in the minds of the gullible public, making perpetual war as routine foreign policy a fait accompli.

The Dallas Police Force

Along with the Secret Service, the Dallas motorcycle cops escorting the President were ordered to remain behind and to the side of the limousine so as not to obstruct the public's view of the President and First Lady. Like the leashed in Secret Service agents, the trailing motorcycle cops gave the shooters an unobstructed view of their target. Again, the opportunity was seized upon to blame the President for his own death. Kennedy's detractors in the postmortem literature have kept up this barrage. Kennedy's apparent reckless disregard for his safety echoed these detractors assertions: that the commie loving traitor had a total disregard for the safety of the nation, to which these claims invariably implied America didn't lose much with Kennedy's murder and almost subconsciously suggested a vote of thanks to the assassins for getting rid of such a dangerous peacenik.

As for the Dallas detectives entrusted with the investigation, one of their ranks was chosen to appear as a sacrificial lamb for the conspiracy crowd. Roger Craig, a sheriff's deputy who was on the scene quickly, maintained to his death that he had witnessed Oswald leave the Book Depository several minutes after the shooting. This of course did not jibe with the Warren Commission who claimed Oswald was confronted on the second floor of the Depository by motorcycle cop Marion Baker a minute and a half after the shots were fired. And Oswald then allegedly left the building and went on his way.

This second Oswald espied by Craig was part of the manufactured backstory put together for the accused, one of the most elaborate elements in the entire hoax.

This sighting by Craig, who would not relent, caused his early dismissal from the department and he eventually had his name added to the Mysterious Death List when he was found dead from an apparent suicide in his father's house. The Second Oswald story that Craig promoted, along with the choreographed harassment and exit from the force, his sad demeanor when interviewed and his unwillingness to see the logic in keeping quiet, all of this made Craig taking the easy way out seem plausible. As with every other faked death, the impenetrable wall of emotion was carefully erected and in this case the conspiracy crowd got to mourn one of their own.

But, please, for just one moment think about it: Craig, a Dallas deputy sheriff; a police officer on the Dallas Sheriff's Department staff; a man who could not achieve such status without swearing oaths of loyalty; who would have been tested and vetted long before the assassination; a man whose patriotism and faith in a Christian god would have to be demonstrated; a man who had proven his willingness to follow orders without question; a man who could strictly observe the esprit decor of an exclusive fraternity; a man of rank in one of the most corrupt police forces in the country. That man is suddenly going to get a conscience and put himself and his family at risk by insisting there were two Oswalds? And insist unto his dying breath? Sorry Grassy Knollers. This Craig character was inserted into the narrative to fan the

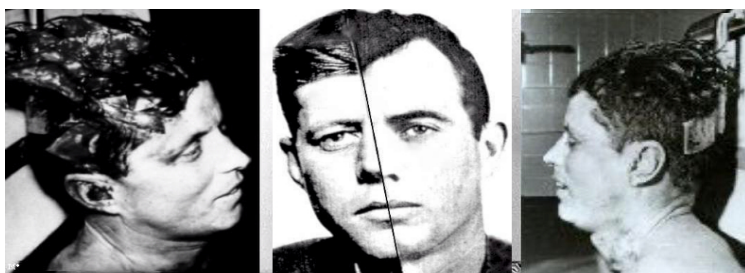
conspiracy flames and once again detract from considering the fact that the assassination never took place.

Then another sacrificed officer, JD Tippit, entered the narrative. He was on patrol well outside of his usual beat and approximately thirty minutes after the assassination someone approached his prowl car. Witnesses said the man appeared to know Tippit and when Tippit got out of his vehicle, he was gunned down at point blank range, dying as he fell.

This "murder" had several purposes. One was to gain sympathy for the force as a whole so that whatever method they used to "solve" the case the public would be in sympathy given one of their own had fallen while hunting down the Presidential assassin. Another reason for the Tippit ploy was to get the entire force behind the charges against Oswald. Not everyone on the Dallas police force knew what was going on, not that there would be a lot of disagreement with their superiors, but cop culture being what it is, every officer knew herd mentality was the operative system and dissent was simply not an option. It was also a fairly sure guarantee that no officer would ask questions over time, at least while they were on the payroll or pensioned. Save for the carefully orchestrated "dissent" of Roger Craig to give the conspiracy crowd a rabbit to chase, no officer wandered away from the official verdict. Such are the protocols of armed gangs.

Thirdly, Tippit was chosen, it is claimed by some of the Grassy Knollers, because of his resemblance to JFK. This alleged resemblance pinned him for use as a body double for Kennedy in

the likelihood that the wounds to Kennedy would not match the 6th floor window origin of the shots that the Warren Commission made claim for. This ghoulish proposal makes absolutely no sense as Tippit would be shot by a handgun from point blank range and not by a distant rifle. Any forensics expert and/or doctor conversant with gunshot wounds would spot the difference. Any ballistics expert could discern between the ammunition of a rifle and a pistol. The only reason Tippit would be shot deliberately in the head after he had fallen, as some witnesses claimed he was, would be to provide a photogenic cadaver that could pass for the corpse of the President. Such gory photos exist which claim to be Kennedy but there is no absolute certainty with a photo. A photograph is an object of a faith-based mindset, not tangible reality. Photographs are not admissible evidence if they can't be authenticated. The chain of possession must be established as well or they are useless as evidence. By that measure, enjoy the autopsy photos at your own risk. They exist as the Zapruder film et al exists: to corroborate the claims by the authorities and the planted witnesses that the assassination actually took place.



JD Tippit/ JFK composite flanked by a wax dummy corpse.

Finally, the Tippit hoax was also staged in order to pay for all of the planted witnesses and crisis actors involved. Donation funds were immediately set up for Tippit's "widow and orphans". Charitable donations from the gullible public have been source funding psychological warfare operations forever. From Tippit to Sandy Hook, money from sympathetic sheeple who live with the certain knowledge that the media is fair and unbiased has been an evergreen resource for paying the willing participants, most of whom don't know anything more than their own role which is handed down from superiors and obeyed without question. Other monies transferred from illegal accounts into these tax free charities also help launder cash from a variety of illegal operations. Whatever the amount that was reported which the Tippit family survivors were said to have received, it certainly did not all go to them. It went to all the participants, which did include the character named Tippit and the character of Mrs. Tippit. What scale pay was for such actors is beyond the scope of this book, but it likely comes in the form of a monthly pension, not a large lump sum. With Tippit having to relocate and change identity, he probably got a lot more initial support than, say, Mary Moorman. We know how Abe Zapruder was paid, but he almost certainly did not receive 50 grand from Life Magazine and his estate no way no how received sixteen (16) million, U.S. in 1999.

Once Oswald was shown to be in police custody, the search for other suspects ceased. He was paraded in front of reporters several times and was even allowed a brief Q and A session with

the press; Captain of Homicide Will Fritz was put in charge of Oswald's interrogation by Chief of Police Jesse Curry. No notes or audio recordings were said to have been made during these interrogations. Within a few hours it was announced that Oswald had been charged with the murder of Officer Tippit and President Kennedy.



The faux Oswald confronts the paparazzi inside Dallas police headquarters.

Outside the interrogation rooms, the press was allowed to cram themselves and bulky television equipment into the narrow hallway. The pressmen were not two feet away from Oswald when he was escorted in and out of these rooms.

Nothing seen on television that day and into the night had ever been allowed during a real police investigation. Nothing of what

was produced for the public and broadcast over the airwaves was legitimate in any way, shape or form. It was television programming, not a police investigation. It was stagecraft, not police procedures being properly observed. No one but defense lawyers would ask themselves why these illegal proceedings were being shown to the nation. No one but defense lawyers would raise an eyebrow as to how anyone could charge a man with capital crimes in such a short time without a confession and/or positive eyewitnesses. And no defense lawyer who wanted to keep his shingle would make a stink about this spectacle to anyone, even a spouse.

The two men handling this end of the farce, Fritz and Curry, were up from the bottom lifelong cops. Curry, the more ambitious of the two, rose to the rank of Chief of Police. Fritz had at one time been offered the job of Police Chief but turned it down. This in effect made the two more or less equals. To handle the public through the pliant press, Curry was far better suited, a man who could say his lines with some conviction but could equivocate when necessary. Fritz appears as a man of a blunt few words and so was put in charge of keeping Oswald away from the other officers and brought out to be inspected by the press periodically so that the viewing public could get a good look at the accused in order to sell this product more easily.



Fritz and Curry on white bread with extra mayo and a vanilla shake to go.

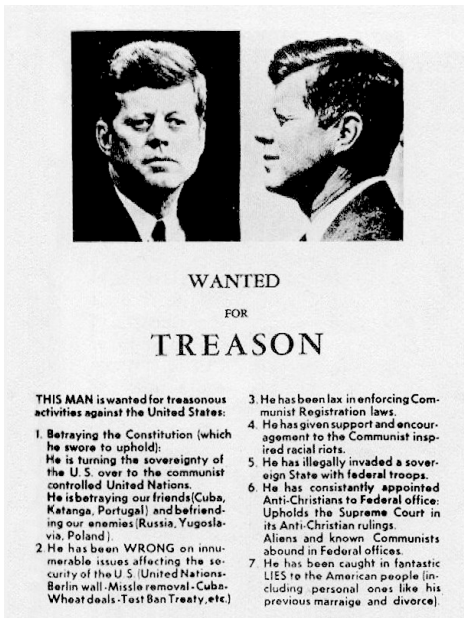


Oaths and Opportunity

Police officers belong to a fraternity. There are female officers but in effect police departments are fraternities. Police are almost always military veterans who have previously belonged to the military fraternity. In Dallas at the time of the assassination, police officers with any ambition or goals within that fraternity were also in the fraternal order of Freemasons: three fraternities, three oaths of loyalty and obedience. There were no strays in the upper ranks of the Dallas PD or Sheriff's Department. There were no rogue elements and no resignations over conscience. These men did what they were told and without question. The oaths of the Freemasons are spoken in service to The Great Working. This is not democracy in action nor is it to "Protect and Serve" the public. The public is subject to law enforcement. Police are under no legal

obligation to help any member of the public. They are bound by law to enforce law. They are bound by their oaths to take orders from superiors without question. Masonry and the police were one and the same in Dallas.

In many professions in 1963, the man on the way up was a Freemason. Business leaders, military commanders, police officials, medical men and politicians were Masons or they weren't promoted. Anyone or anything in Dallas of any significance was controlled by Masonry. And Masonry in Dallas meant an extremely conservative position in all important matters. It meant conservative economics and patrician family values. It meant a cold shoulder to racial integration. Most of all, it meant a complete prohibition on all talk of appeasement with the communist world.



Handbill circulated in Dallas by fascist supporters of defrocked General Edwin A Walker.



Demoted head of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Lyman Lemnitzer, author of Operation Northwoods, the 911 style inside job terrorist attack designed to provoke a retaliatory strike against Cuba. Lemnitzer is occasionally fingered as the prime suspect engineering the murder of his former boss for being soft on the commies.

That Jack Kennedy was pushing against most of this conservative agenda, and was a confessed Catholic to boot, he therefore represented the Mason's worst nightmare. Freemasons had been excommunicated by the pope in the 18th century and were an anathema to the faithful of Kennedy's religion. Anyone analyzing the assassination from this angle could see the interior logic; that powerful Masonic forces had to do him in. This level of influence appears to the naked eye as being capable of regicide and getting away with it. Anyone going down the Masonic rabbit hole will conclude therein lies the primary motivation for the President's murder. And that suits the perps just fine. Masonry is

at some deep level just another front that they hide behind. If the Order is trashed and abandoned by the true believers, so what? Those in the deepest background simply erect a new facade because they never believe the hokum these fronts espouse in the first place. These fraternities are machines of control and they eventually breakdown. It doesn't matter in the long run that many people believe the Masons did it because the myth of Kennedy actually being killed still holds in that scenario.

"The Pentagon designed and executed the plan to kill Kennedy". This was at one time probably the most wildly disseminated answer to the question: "Who Killed Kennedy?" Oliver Stone's film JFK came to that conclusion. Mae Brussell, the doyenne of the first generation of conspiracy researchers, thought the same thing. If life is laid out in script form and events have a beginning, middle and end, a good guy and a bad guy, then, yeah, whoever is still standing year after bloody year, without review or input from the civilians of the greatest democracy on the planet Earth, must have done it: the military, of course. They have the most guns and personnel and they get the most money. Was not Kennedy's stated agenda all about peace? He wasn't talking about enforcing peace at the end of a gun barrel. His Pax Americana speech laid that out in black and white. He spoke openly of bringing those "advisors" home from Vietnam and leaving the people of South East Asia to work out a democracy for themselves. This was not the rhetoric of a man bent on maintaining a war economy. This was not the man that would

spearhead military action that would lead to huge profits for the military and their private sector contractors. The internal logic is there for all to see. The military had to take him out. They had an even more immediate need than the Freemasons. Hell, the top brass in the military were also Masons. They had double the motive!

But wait... We had one of the largest militaries in the world before, during and after Kennedy. No country on earth has been as generous to their military as have the United States government and the gullible public who will believe anything a white man in a suit or uniform says. Woodrow Wilson ran on an isolationist platform and as soon as he won reelection the armaments industry went into full-scale production. He was a tool like any other President. Kennedy was also just as big a tool. Like Wilson and all the rest, Kennedy's words were written for him. They scroll up on a TelePrompTer and the actor-in-chief reads them verbatim.

So why the bait and switch from peacenik JFK to war monger LBJ? To knock the country back on its heels; to slingshot the public from appeasement to confrontation; to leave a dazed and confused America open to suggestion while they cowered in fear at the senselessness of the murder. The idea that a Marxist shot Kennedy was never meant to fly. That myth was just more frosting on the sixth floor windowpane. The logic of attacking the commies specifically because of one whack job pinko was not sufficient motivation. The swift removal of Kennedy, a man who rekindled

youth's enthusiasm for the political process by his manufactured charisma, put the country in stasis. The next guy in would find a disoriented generation of young people who could be used to field an army. They would fight for a world where such senseless violence could no longer occur. Moscow may not have ordered the hit, but they were an inspiration to such violence and that had to be checked on the Ho Chi Men trail.

That the youth earmarked for cannon fodder fought back with enough vigor to chase Johnson out after only one term speaks volumes to just how much LBJ's handlers miscalculated this appeal to patriotism. As the signs of resistance became too obvious to ignore, the youth movement was drowned in drugs and temptations to decadence and this they did not resist. Then special interest groups fractured the anti-war momentum. Black power. Feminists. Homosexuals. All against the war were now fighting for themselves. Divide and conquer. The war lingered for years but its damaging effect on the country was decisive. It would take a generational cycle to start in on a new crop of kids, and it required not dropping out but buying in.

For a time another popular trope dominated conspiracy research: "The mafia did JFK in". That facade held for quite awhile, not the least because it was the actual stated conclusion of the House Select Committee on Assassinations, a congressional committee convened in the wake of the Watergate scandal/controlled demolition of the Nixon regime.

A critical look at the history of the "Mob" will reveal in short order just how intertwined they actually were with the military, overtly during WWII, and covertly afterwards; conjoined with the CIA in facilitating illicit global drug trafficking. Going all the way back to prohibition, one can see the mob cooperating with Wall Street and the banksters in moving vast amounts of undocumented cash behind the back of the Internal Revenue Service. This in turn favored the federal government over states rights as interstate criminal commerce helped ramrod federal laws through congress, spurred on by lurid fictions surrounding wholly owned and operated characters created by the feds. Cartoon characters like Al Capone and Bonnie and Clyde, or John Dillinger and Alvin Creepy Karpis; these headline grabbers were total fabrications of the FBI and the socialist administration of FDR.

The stampede of a quickly expanding federal law enforcement apparatus being able to supersede local authorities bottlenecked interstate investigations and placed national intelligence in the thoroughly compromised hands of arch Mason and closet homosexual J. Edgar Hoover and his personal gang of thugs at the Bureau. All the while Joseph P Kennedy, JFK's father, oft noted as the biggest crook on Wall Street, was commissioned by FDR to regulate that casino/bordello and write the rules for the newly created Securities and Exchange Commission, a further expansion of federal interference in the affairs of the governed.

PART THREE

Oswald the Damned



Once you get past the suffocating and contradictory details of Dealy plaza, the largest amount of time lost is in chasing the elusive character known as Lee Harvey Oswald; it should not surprise you that this fictional creation is named after a cartoon rabbit.

The researcher who chased Oswald the furthest is the author John Armstrong. In his thousand plus page tome, *Harvey and Lee*, Armstrong presents a pair of eleven year old boys, one named Oswald, born in the state of Louisiana, the other one from Eastern Europe, the latter brought into the United States and assimilated into the culture while retaining his ability to speak Russian. This was all part of a false defector program run by the CIA that was

years in the making and finally bore fruit when the second Oswald was able to successfully defect to the Soviet Union in 1959.

Armstrong uses an impressive amount of documentation to track the two Oswalds, from elementary school records to their time in the Marine Corps. He tracks Oswald's brother Robert, his mother(s), his father(s) and wife, the Russian born Marina. He concludes, as do all other researchers who are in print, that Kennedy was indeed killed. He has it that the original Oswald was on the sixth floor of the Book Depository. He explains how the two Oswalds were apprehended in the Texas Theater, the one we all know about from the newsreels was taken out the front (the Eastern European) and the one we aren't supposed to know about, taken out the back (the Louisianan).

In this author's opinion, Armstrong may in fact be right about the false defector program. He may be right about two eleven year olds being tracked for thirteen years. I can live with the idea that the program involved these two young men working as assets, until, of course, their usefulness was up and they went into hiding under different identities. The witness protection program for Intelligence assets is probably a vast and expensive operation, but that's what black budgets are for. Working psychological warfare operations, from planning, to execution and finally to maintenance across the years costs a lot, I imagine. Part of the maintenance of a hoax is keeping "dead" operatives comfortably "dead". These dead tell no tales, either.

My one rather substantial reservation about all of this is that it requires one to accept the Cold War at face value. If one is going

to insist that Kennedy was not killed then what else in this government-sourced reality we see broadcast all day every day is also a sham?



Mock up of the two Oswalds by John Armstrong. Armstrong contends the top row is the original American Oswald and the bottom row depicts the ethnic import. The sliced pics on the right are the two halves of a composite used by both Oswalds as needed.

Sense Certainty

It's very difficult to keep two contradictory thoughts in one's head; the resultant condition is termed cognitive dissonance. And that's the government's point: When confronted with this condition, one is apt to retreat into the safety of consensus. And nowhere is consensus manufactured more compellingly than within the intelligence agencies of the United States government.

It's well documented that Wall Street and the City of London paid for and maintained the communist revolution in Russia. The most accessible source for that claim is the work of Anthony C. Sutton. He shows categorically that the dichotomous split between communism and capitalism was manufactured from the beginning.

The truth is, the republican revolutions of the mid nineteenth century were infiltrated and superseded by the unworkable system of communism, prompted by assets like Karl Marx*. The manufactured conflict of WWI was the opening needed by western bankers to supplant Russia's monarchy with a western funded collectivism that cost millions their lives and made billions for the ghouls that perpetrated it from the bank boardrooms.

The ongoing tension of the Cold War was the unquestioned justification for billions upon billions of dollars being squeezed from the tax base to "defend democracy" from those that don't value life the way we do; Godless communist cannibals that would think nothing of kidnapping and indoctrinating the flower of American youth and use them in slave labor collectives to perpetuate this foul and unholy evil. And if that lie wasn't compelling enough, the hoax of nuclear weapons backed the chanted mantra, "better dead than red!"

*Karl Marx was a western Intelligence asset. He was bankrolled by his uncle on his mother's side, Benjamin Philips, head of one of the richest families in Europe. Marx's own wife, Jenny Von Westphalen, came from old line Prussian aristocracy. In Marx's writings he appears to be advocating the overthrow of all that his family lines hold near and dear until you realize Marx was controlled opposition, and his writings and actions were eternally subdividing liberal factions into useless cadres distracted by infighting over semantics. The emancipation of slaves and

serfs in the nineteenth century was quickly countered by pseudo social scientific principles such as dialectical materialism, a brain drain of collective mental masturbation equaled only by theoretical physics, another manufactured non-reality pushed by the psychologarchs through tax dodging schemes underwriting their academic asylums. (See Miles Mathis' paper: "Reading the Signs- Today's Lesson: Karl Marx" for the source on Marx the Intel tool)

Given how easy it was for Oswald to enter the Soviet Union, as did more than a dozen other American "defectors" within the same year, and how easy it was for Oswald to leave Russia and return to the United States, and with a Russian wife, a niece of a KGB officer to boot, without being arrested for treason, one has to wonder just how much tension there really was between East and West.

Given Sutton's premise that the west carried the Soviet bloc economies, I would conclude that the Cold War had no substance behind it whatsoever, especially given the assertion that there are no nuclear weapons. There may have been a flesh and blood Oswald, but his tour of duty in Russia was playacting. Like the false defector objective of giving Oswald a traceable identity for the KGB to be duped by, the larger objective was to dupe the public into maintaining their fear of nuclear annihilation. Little details like Oswald's idyll in Russia fueled those fears. Though he wasn't eventually portrayed as working for the Soviets, the association was just enough to keep suspicions, and fear, at near stroke levels.



Oswald's mother, the squat, disheveled Marguerite Oswald that was paraded before the cameras, she was the caretaker, according to Armstrong, of the imported Oswald, the one we see Ruby "kill". She was the train wreck that sold the image of a disgruntled lone nut wife beater Oswald to the public: a son who had the damaged personality to murder the President; who she really was, Armstrong doesn't say, but she's definitely nothing like the documented and photographed mother of the genuine Oswald. That Marguerite was nearly six feet tall in heels, had an elegant presentation and was married more than once.





If you have two Oswalds, you need two mothers. On the right is the imposter. On the left is the genuine article. Eyebrow ridges and necks don't match, among other things, such as height.

Armstrong also has Robert Oswald, Lee's older brother, in on it. Robert joined the Marines when Lee was eleven. This enlistment probably kicked off the Oswald project. Without Robert as a corroborating witness, the postmortem legend of Lee would have great difficulty holding for history. As it was, his presence made independent inquiry into just who and what his brother was extremely difficult. Robert became the mouthpiece for the family and the historian of his despised brother. Toward Robert, some sympathy was extended and another brush fire of emotion kept critical thinking at bay.



Robert Oswald confirmed all the worst aspects of his brother's personality in order to sell the con of the lone nut shooter. His book length portrait of Lee affirmed the first official story rendered by the Warren Commission of a single assassin; which inconveniently did not jibe with the later HSCA findings of a conspiracy. That may explain the lack of reprints for his book.

Of course you could say Armstrong is dealing with a paper trail and what's easier to forge than an old document, even so many as he quotes from? It could be done, especially Marine Corp documents. To chase that rabbit you could compare the shoddy work the FBI and certain officials in the US Postal Service did in trying to frame Oswald for the mail order purchase of the Mannlicher-Carcano rifle he allegedly shot the President with. With such a transparent forgery that Armstrong reveals of the mail

order fraud, and the orderly and thorough Marine Corps logs he builds part of his case upon, in such a comparison it is easy enough to make the bad work sell the good.

It doesn't really matter in the end. Oswald's backstory is so rife with potholes and blind alleys one could waste a decade, as Armstrong did, chasing that elusive hare. Given there was no crime committed, Oswald the man is irrelevant. Oswald the icon sticks to the bottom of the researcher's shoe, impossible to shake.

Just one more example of the deliberate goose chase (switching metaphorical species): The Oswald in Mexico trap. This is the biggest pile of time waste in the whole Oswald drama. The story goes that Oswald attempted to defect to Cuba by way of the Mexican embassy. The objective was to show Oswald had some association with Castro and that if the assassination could be laid at Castro's feet, the public would demand an immediate invasion and put an end to the threat of a communist Cuba. Further back from that, the whole affair south of the border was to implicate the CIA in this skulduggery and lay the blame at the Agency's feet. For many researchers, the CIA, or the Pentagon, will always be the leading suspect in the crime of the century. And that is just fine by them if that's where you want to place the blame. Remember, the PRIMARY objective is to sell the hoax of Kennedy actually being shot dead on the streets of Dallas. The CIA is untouchable. There is nothing you can do about that organization even if you blame them. Most people don't take it further than "there probably was a conspiracy". Most people trust the system, if not the people

who run it. The rest don't want to know. If you blame James Jesus Angleton and the CIA, fine. You're blaming someone or some group. That's all the perps want. Blame implies a real murder.

As mentioned earlier, JD Tippit, the officer Oswald allegedly shot, was the initial hook to pull Oswald in. Since no one was immediately caught red handed at the Book Depository, a second crime had to be staged to get the suspect into custody. From there the interrogations would reveal to the police that Oswald was their man in both killings. The fact that Oswald never confessed to anything and was denied legal representation did not matter to the shocked and desperate public. The faster this could be resolved, the better. And no one was questioning what they were seeing and hearing on television.

As a tip to those in the clandestine milieu but not in on this particular operation, several clues were laid out for their benefit that this was all a hoax. The capture of Oswald in a movie theater was one of those clues; the whole operation being nothing more than a stage show.

A larger motif was embedded in the double feature that was playing at the Texas Theater. Both *Cry of Battle* and *War is Hell* are war pictures set in Asia. Both films have a morally ambiguous air to them; the nominal leaders are murderers and rapists, charges that will be leveled at several veterans of Vietnam in the coming years. In particular, *War is Hell* is a tale of suicidal fury on the part of the American leader fighting in Korea. It's as if the films

were presaging the suicidal mission in Vietnam, part of the controlled demolition of the culture at large, that began with the Kennedy assassination show. But the double bill also serves as a "Stand To" order as LBJ is about to engage proactively in South East Asia. The films are subliminals to prep the public for the inevitable. That war is a fluid situation and the larger causes (Stemming the tide of communism, avoiding the domino effect, etc.) are the fixed foci, not the details of the slaughter. But even as a young Oliver Stone is heading *In Country* in 1964, preparing to help televise the war, the staged horrors in the jungle will be hiding the opium production and smuggling that is the primary point of engagement with Charlie.



There is another, more obscure clue in the twinning of Oswald in this act of the play. In ancient mythology a righteous man would often have a divine twin. The mortal man may come to his end through martyrdom while his divine aspect remained eternally alive.

The slow and arduous route that the fictitious figure of Jesus Christ took in his development as the god of the west, from ancient Egyptian mythology as Osiris through the Greek magic of the neo-Pythagoreans to the psychological warfare of Imperial Rome and the Herodian courts selling a pacifist Judaism, and finally to the scribes in Charlemagne's scriptoria who wrote the first identifiable gospels specifically employing the name "Jesus Christ", this mortal/divine duality remained attached to the various Divine Men of sacred literature well into the common era. It was only excised when the formation of a new Holy Roman Empire to follow along the Ancient Roman model codified the pan European religion we know today as Christianity, which by its nature required the presence of a verifiable, named, historical figure, embodying in one person both the human and the divine.

The idea that the assassination was also a fictitious passion play would not be lost on those who could interpret the symbolic gestures. To wit, Kennedy's administration/ministry lasted three years, as did Christ's. Oswald should be seen as Kennedy's twin in this reckoning. Oswald in the Anglo-Saxon means "Divine Ruler". Kennedy in the Gaelic means "ugly head"- "Cinneidigh", referencing the fetish object of Kennedy's blown out head in the Zapruder film and the autopsy photos.

The Catholic Kennedy versus the atheist Marxist Oswald enhances this dichotomy. Kennedy is ambushed along the tine of the triune highway junction, speared on a trident as it were, and surrounded by the trappings of a sham execution of the King. Oswald is taken before the Sanhedrin and ritually disposed of by a Jack Ruby; read: Fake Gem. A "fugazi", which means, alternately, a "fake", and an acronym for "fucked up, got ambushed, zipped in" (Vietnam era speak referring to a full body bag).

The real Oswald is taken out through the back door of the Texas Theater and vanishes from history while the fake Oswald is transported to jail and his sham martyrdom becomes a major point in history, immortalizing his fake name. This ritual appears to destroy the phony Oswald while the real Oswald's identity is eliminated even as he lives.



The fake Oswald hauled out the front doors of the Texas Theater into the waiting viewfinders of the pliant press. Stogie Man tangos with his quarry as the bulbs pop. James Ellroy couldn't have written a better script.

Police Procedural in Black and White

At police headquarters, the press swarmed inside and breathlessly reported on every detail they could pry loose from the men in charge, especially Chief Curry. These encounters with the police took place within the final hours that the public at large would hold police departments in trust. The behavior and statements made by Curry illuminate just how disorganized police departments appeared to be. The gross negligence that allowed Ruby to shoot Oswald would be the final nail in the coffin. Erosion of trust in prestigious institutions started in the basement of the Dallas courthouse. By the time the demolition was completed with the resignation of Richard Nixon, the country would be left in a smoking ruin of a culture. Only the carefully orchestrated rise of the actor Ronald Reagan and the neo conservative cultural values his handlers had him promote would give the culture any reference points upon which to rebuild a coherent cultural progression, and those would be revealed in time to be overtly fascist.

Oswald was shown to the press in the crammed hallway several times. He had been cold cocked by one of the Dallas officers during his arrest in the theater and he sported a nasty shiner and slight hematoma over his left eye. In this he is portraying the stigmatic, bearer of the holy wound. He is brought before the press, an unprecedented move by any police department and probably the main foundation on which he could be granted an acquittal if he had ever gotten to court. But since the script did not

involve this character's survival, this dismissible act went unpunished. In front of the cameras and handcuffed, surrounded by belligerent officers, Oswald is Christ before the Sanhedrin. He speaks his truth, side stepping the presumptions of the press, each reporter playing his part without hesitation. He plants doubts in the public's mind. He remains undeterred, Christ-like in his resolve before a fait accompli.



White Man's Manufactured Burden

All during the three days of television coverage, the only people seen commenting on screen, besides a few black men and women and a few white women who shared their pre-scripted thoughts during man on the street interviews, all of the rest of the speaking roles were held by older white males. All of the

anchormen, all of the onsite reporters and all of the figures of authority were white males. The slain victims were white males, the perpetrators of the three murders, Kennedy and Tippit, and finally Oswald, were white males. It is a good bet that in that era of routine military conscription, all of the men were either in the military at some point or intelligence. If they were deferred it was because they either had well placed connections or were in college during their years of eligibility. If they were prominent in their field, from media to law enforcement, they were likely also sworn to the brotherhood of Freemasonry. With that assumption in place then you must accept that they were all under orders, not just from their immediate superiors who were also certainly oath keepers, but also from their most worshipful masters in the various lodges they were bound to.

This is not to say that this was an exclusively Masonic ritual. It was much more than that. It is this fraternity that rose with the expansion of the British Empire across the globe that was the common enterprise of these men. The perpetrators of this hoax used this already intact network of poor widow's sons to engineer the spectacle. Had it been an exclusively military operation, control of all the components, especially the media figures, may have been more difficult. But with the participation of the lodge members, the effort was seamless.

Use of Masons required then the trappings of ritual. Kennedy could have been "killed" any number of ways, including in his sleep. But the shock and the awe would have been lost and, like FDR's death, a sad resignation would be all that the passing of

this President would have yielded from the public reaction. For a real horror show that would not be too overtly militaristic, a secret society theme was chosen, complete with multiple layers of symbols and interpretive frameworks. And who would be more enthusiastic for such alchemical workings than Masons? Recruitment was probably the easiest part of the pre-production.

Jake the Fake



The character known as Jack Ruby had many hats to wear. As an alleged low life mobster and pimp nightclub owner, Ruby would be in a great position to be a facilitator as well as a gopher; bag man for the cops/mob has been attached to his resume at times. His job at a glance appeared to be a congenial host to the local authorities who wanted to have a bit of fun off the books. One of many confirmed bachelors involved in the charade, he could handle his strippers and prostitutes strictly as product and not as a personal addiction. Getting the dirt on movers and shakers was not on his to do list as the only people that mattered had their

loyalty assured through the aforementioned fraternities. Blackmail threats get far too much credit as a motivational force. Anyone needed for a psychological warfare operation is recruited from within already established loyal communities.



Jack Ruby with some of his chattel from the spook friendly Carousel Club in Dallas, evidently a clearing house for information to and from Dallas' Finest and the denizens of the underworld, as well as a facade of employment for assets with temporary assignments. There's no business like it!

It is said Ruby ran guns for Castro and then, when Castro turned red, ran guns for the anti-Castro factions in the southern states attempting to mount an invasion- if so then that makes him an intelligence asset and in league with the CIA. A man in such a position is not likely to have debts hanging over his head, which would make him susceptible to manipulation by more than just his immediate superiors. The speculation that Ruby shot Oswald to have debts forgiven would reveal recklessness on the part of the CIA. Any number of things could have interfered with Ruby making good on such a deal including simply not having the guts to go through with it. That kind of speculation is manufactured for the rubes who think television scripts reflect anything remotely resembling real life or contain any plausible understanding of human psychology. Jack Ruby, the character in this film noir, is a cartoon. His name may have been Jacob Rubenstein but the persona of Jack Ruby is as fake as his nom de guerre.



Good Time Jack spinning yarns with the press hanging on his every bon mot, offering their mikes in bunches for freebies backstage at the Carousel Club.

What Ruby appeared to be doing was juggling the many actors who took on the persona of Lee Harvey Oswald. Apparently the genuine article was part of Ruby's gun running. This Oswald was said to be seen with Ruby around Dallas and even in Ruby's Night Club. Then there is another Oswald type played by a man named Larry Crafard, who was said to have been close to Ruby leading up to the assassination, even working as a gopher and handy man at Ruby's club.

The Eastern European import, while being filmed in New Orleans handing out Fair Play For Cuba Committee flyers, draws an onlooker who could be Ruby. It's said in some circles that Ruby was in the Texas Theater when the two Oswalds were arrested. If he was Oswald's wrangler, it would make sense that all of the staged public sightings of Oswald would have Ruby somewhere in the vicinity. Selling Oswald's guilt to the public was an extremely important element for the hoax to work and its doubtful the task would be left to a low life gangster with large debts to pay. Such a man would be too risky to entrust with such a task. My conclusion is that Jack Ruby was a fictitious character played by an Intel asset with connections to many nodes of the police/criminal/military-intelligence nexus. A man in that position would be well taken care of while carrying out his orders, and well compensated afterwards. And like so many others, his persona was erased with his apparent death; a death occurring in a secured facility far from public view.



Oswald Extinguished

The "execution" of Oswald on live television is the most obvious hoax in this constellation of fake events. In extant footage from station KLRD in Dallas, one can see the actors playing members of the media in the Dallas County Courthouse garage, milling about their blocked out places, chalk marks on the floor designating who and where the principles will be when the staged act unfolds.

At a certain point these actors part and line up against opposite walls to allow the procession to advance. Oswald is being lead out with a diamond formation of four officers surrounding him. Ahead

of Oswald is Captain Fritz. Oswald is handcuffed to detective Jim Leavelle. As the procession approaches the cameras, a car horn blasts and Fritz moves ahead and to the right of Oswald, leaving the prisoner vulnerable and at that instant Ruby is in place to shove his pistol into Oswald's gut and pull the trigger.

As Fritz backs further away from the group, he spreads out his arms to keep everyone near him from advancing on the ensuing scrum. Ruby lunges down towards Oswald who has hit the floor, but Ruby does not fire a second round. Ruby is gang tackled as Oswald is dragged away behind a nearby door. One tackling officer has the wherewithal to place his cigar in his mouth while grabbing at Ruby with his other hand.



Shortly thereafter, with Ruby apparently taken away, Oswald is wheeled out on a low gurney and bundled into the back of a station wagon that is playing the part of an ambulance. As it drives off mention is made by an eyewitness that the shooter was "a man in a black hat". That description is repeated several times in case the autistically possessed viewers didn't get the allusion.



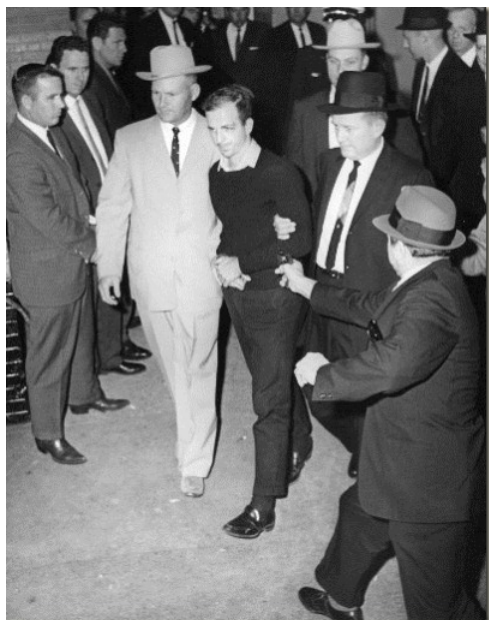
Oswald has been shot! Not one person in the crowd staunches the bleeding, because there is none. Oswald's arm is draped over the area where Ruby stuck his gun so it's not so apparent there is no wound.

The next time we see Oswald is in newsreel footage of him being hauled out of the station wagon ambulance, his right arm dangling off the side of the gurney, his tee shirt and sweater hitched up to reveal his abdomen and where he was allegedly shot in the sternum. Though the glimpse is brief, there is no sign of a wound, no blood, no powder burns. It is, in fact, a blatant demonstration that there was no shooting. This brief reveal is part of the admittance these psychological warfare operations contain in the perpetrator's efforts to absolve themselves through confession. The absence of a response from the public only confirms the belief in their innocence and if the public is feeling grief, then their ignorance is their own fault, not the perpetrators because they showed their handiwork and no one called them on it.



One last glimpse of the fake Oswald and his non-existent wound. This is part of the confession process where punishment meted out by the public is due. There was none insisted upon so the public is at fault, not the perpetrators of these hoaxes. Internal logic of a false premise.

But forget the footage and consider this: Gun shots to the gut can kill quickly, I suppose, but its generally understood that a gut shot takes far more time to kill than a bullet to the head. Why, you might ask, didn't Ruby stick the barrel of his pistol in Oswald's ear or under his chin? Surely an alleged gunrunner knew something about his product and would know a head wound would almost always be fatal. But this wasn't real life, it was a stage play, and if the script carried with it a little poetic license, no one watching was thinking critically. The ancient mind bender Aristotle justified the emotional reaction to stage-managed horror with his principle of catharsis. That form of ancient mind control, where emotions superseded critical reserve, is still in play as the public's collective chain is pulled day after day by the spectacle of synthetic reality offered by the corporate/military media.



To finish off Ruby, a spooky character named Lawrence Schiller produced a tape recording of Ruby on his deathbed in early 1967 wherein Ruby blames himself and no one else for shooting Oswald. Schiller would later work for Norman Mailer whose own books on the assassination have largely been ignored by both sides of the debate. Schiller was also the last person, along with a fellow Hollywood hack writer named Bill Woodfield, to photograph alleged Kennedy brother's mistress Marilyn Monroe before her exit, stage left.

With the "death" of Jack Ruby, the show was handed off to fellow initiate Jim Garrison to attract eager researchers to the honey pot and seed the underground with the irrefutable Zapruder film, the one artifact that consensus accepted as proof the President was indeed murdered in broad Dallas daylight.

PART FOUR

Political Hallucinogens

If JFK was ticketed for an early exit, what was the point of his election at all? His chief rival Richard Nixon was eventually installed, so why didn't the powers that be just install Nixon in 1960? Why wait eight years?

One reason to delay Nixon was that although he was portrayed as electable given how close the votes were reported to be, he also came with a pile of suspicious baggage gathered during his time as Vice President under President Eisenhower. To let Nixon cool his heels for a time would allow the air to clear somewhat. He was destined to be used as a lightening rod of division and his personality was more conducive to riding herd over the systematic dismantling of the culture when the time came. A Nixon implosion in, say, 1966 would be too early to fully decimate the old values that the licentiousness of "the sixties" was to replace. By the time he did implode, the Vietnam war he was ordered to expand and continue as long as possible, as well as the complete breakdown of the family structure that came in the wake of the propagation of the sex, drug, and rock and roll lifestyle, his collapse took the integrity of the government down with him and with that the last signpost that anyone could measure their own civic obligations by crumbled to dust.

In setting up this fall, the youth of America had to become reengaged with the system at its very core. The movie star President and his young, glamorous wife were just the tonic in the

wake of grandpa Ike and his golf clubs. Youth rebellion was an exploitable commodity but it was difficult to control no matter how tightly managed show business might have been at the top. To get some of that youthful energy pointed towards the system of government the public thought they had, a young, witty, handsome actor from a seemingly respectable and successful family was presented to the country almost like a reward.



The Kennedy speechwriters had the actor-in-chief say all the right things, emphasizing progress and celebrating youthfulness and healthy living. When manufactured troubles like The Bay of Pigs or the Cuban Missile Crisis hit the airwaves, the young leader steered the public's emotions carefully toward and then away from

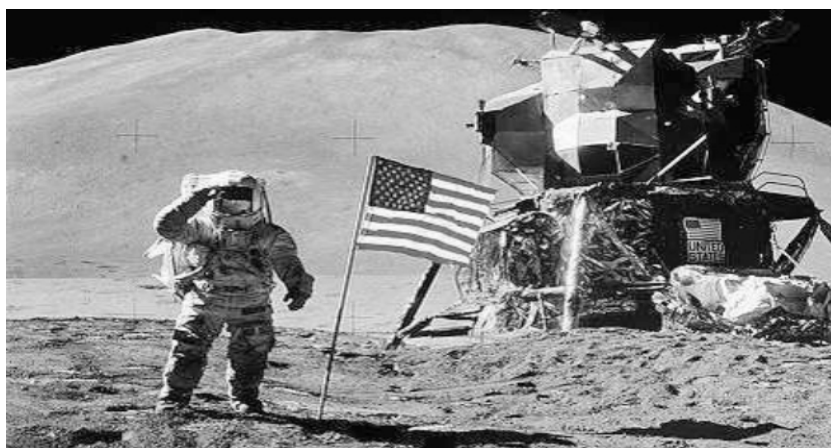
panic and the relief these psychological warfare operations generated only gained him further popularity. If there was any opposition to him personally or his policies, they came from the same elements that play the opposition in all of these phony left/right splits in opinion: the corporate media and their intelligence handlers.

There is a lot written about Kennedy and his concerns over far-flung, resource rich underdeveloped countries and regions like the Congo and Indo China. The only reason any attention is paid to such territories, and they are territories to the powers that be, not actual countries redrawn on a map by the Anglo-American axis powers after each major war, is because those powers want to exploit the resources with as little local resistance as possible. JFK may have had some concern for the Congolese, but there wasn't a thing he could do about saving their nascent democracy. He did not order the hit on legally elected Patrice Lumumba and there certainly wasn't a damn thing he could do to prevent Mobutu from replacing that still born democracy with a brutal dictatorship. The claim that he had ordered a portion of the troops posing as advisors out of Vietnam with the rest leaving after his reelection exists only on classified paper. If there is anything easier to forge than a photograph, it's a typewritten classified memo.

(I remind you again of the initial isolationist position of Woodrow Wilson and add to that the inability of FDR to get the public to back involvement in WWII until the great scam of Pearl Harbor lit the fires of emotion in the public's mind.)

As for the space race and his pleas for cooperation with the Soviets ("we all breathe the same air...") they were likely more a hedge against the Soviets spilling the beans in their Slavishly incompetent way with regards to the fact that space travel was simply not possible, no matter how many Nazi scientists you could buy off.

Without any great digression, we have never visited the moon. The espionage agency known as NASA was a weapons and surveillance development front. DARPA carries on most of the research and development now and NASA is nothing more than an internal government money laundromat. Beyond financing advanced CGI imagery systems to broadcast the illusion of a space program, the rest of the money allocated for phantom projects like the ISS are secretly redirected to earth bound projects/pay offs in other military intelligence agencies.



Shadows on the moon. Close enough for government work.

Power basics

The real power in the world is never seen. The ancient intertwining families that wield power do so through proxies. Might always makes right; control of the military is paramount to these ruling elite and within that institution you see the flashpoint between the hidden power and the public. The military's proxies are the politicians and the intelligence wing of the military often use show business celebrities as assets and mouthpieces. No one in this world gets a public platform unless they can further the agendas of the ruling class, and generally speaking, the genealogies of the glamorous, rich and famous also intertwine.

As in all administrations, the military high command is the real tool of enforcement for the policies of the ruling elite, not the nominal civilian head of the armed forces. Due diligence in maintaining the fraud of democracy requires the periodic appearance of conflict within the executive branch and the Joint Chiefs. Removing a Limnitz from power is a phony threat demonstration by the President to reaffirm the lie that the President is the final arbiter.

The Kennedy handlers made great use of the media, especially television, to further the charade of a liberal, progressive administration. The photogenic First Couple were never off the front pages and off television screens for too long. The White House tour Jackie hosted on CBS in 1962 brought the office of the Presidency out to the public. Television programming is essentially what the Kennedy administration was all about.



First Lady Jacqueline Kennedy takes the nation on a televised tour of the White House. A ratings grabber of the first order, the film was shown world wide and did a great deal in selling the Kennedy mystique during the, ahem, Cold War.

What politics is really for and for whom

In the main, politics is a front and the illusion of public input through the voting system is a form of mass mind control. Like religion, the political process is based on faith. To wit, certain individuals within the political system may be bad, but they aren't the system. The system is neutral, according to the faithful, and discernment when voting for a candidate is the responsibility of the governed. This is belief, not knowledge.

People above the law probably believe the system could not work without some extra legal objectivity, occasionally assessing the flaws in the governance of this neutral system. That is their absolution. It is the lesson of Cincinnatus, the concept of the temporary dictator. Kissinger believed in this kind of thing.

And to get to this level of rationale, you have to be born into it. And you have to be educated in the art of compassionless objectivity. And you cannot be susceptible to the strains of conscience. Vicarious suffering for the trials of the common people that you inflict is not an option. Your responsibilities preclude personal conscience. You are not required to feel the consequences of your action. Absolution is not even required when you get down to the bedrock. You are the neutral system. You are the creation, and you are the creator. You stand beyond cosmic judgment. Your will is all action. There is no potential. There is only now.

Money is also a faith-based phenomenon. You print the money. You assign its value. The stamp on the intrinsically worthless piece of paper is your *nomina sacra*. The bill is infused with your power. You giveth and taketh as you see fit. And in your limitlessness you can assign value to nothing more than a key stroke. Money is not wealth. Money is a tool to herd the sheep. Wealth is the power to wield that tool.

Culture creation in Dallas

Television programming

What happened in Dallas was television programming, nothing more. And Dallas was the place to stage this dog and pony show. It was in the central time zone, half past noon so the entire country would be awake and alert and accessible to the broadcasts. The people would hear the drama unfold live and direct from the major networks. AP, UPI and Reuters, the three largest wire services in the world would control the dispatches to local outlets. Only in Dallas would there be original reports, and as I said, Dallas, one of the most corrupt cities in the world, would be controlled on the ground by the police and the Secret Service. As well, the investigation would be under total control of trusted assets of the intelligence agencies and the military.

The programming day began in Fort Worth where local outlets covered the Presidential breakfast at the Grand Hotel. Jackie was the real star and made her entrance after everyone, including the President, was seated at the dais. The commentator, prior to the First Lady's entrance, had prefaced the President's arrival with a story of President McKinley's assassination, a foreshadowing trick only hack writers would attempt and only for a cheap television drama. It is touches like that one where the hand of the writer/director John Frankenheimer can be seen.



Nellie and Jack pretend LBJ is not a raving psychopath as he is discreetly chastised by Jackie for telling another off color joke about Senator Rayburn's goats.

As she is seated, the commentator swoons over her appearance and it segues nicely into Kennedy's quip about being the man who accompanies the First Lady around the world.

"Nobody asks what Lyndon and I are wearing..." Loud guffaws. In effect the spectacle is like the old breakfast shows from morning radio where a smart couple muse out loud about events of the day to the click of china cups and neat product name drops while the housewives only half listening write out the day's to-do list.

Things take a turn for the horrific when CBS interrupts their soap opera, *As The World Turns*, a few minutes after the shooting. The first viewers to be told of the tragedy were the housewives,

mothers, nannies and maids. The cream of the female domestic crop would get the news before any of their husbands called. Their reactions would be unencumbered by protective male voices and their reactions would be irrevocable. What they felt at that moment would, for almost every one of them, trigger the same sentiment every time they spoke of when they first heard the news. That firewall of emotion would be nigh impossible to breach. When the husbands did call in, and when the news became official, that emotional bonding would carry throughout the entire ordeal and beyond. Critical analysis would in such a situation be almost insulting.



In short order CBS diverts from a soap opera to a bulletin to a coffee commercial featuring a hypnotic pendulum to the most trusted hypnotherapist in America.

By the late afternoon, Dallas time, word would circulate that a suspect was in custody. By nightfall what the viewing audience

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was watching was what they often watched: a police procedural. The cameras invaded Dallas police headquarters and the spectacle of a man being brought to justice unfolded just like any episode of *Dragnet* or *Highway Patrol* or any other farcical clap trap that sold the idea of a benevolent police fraternity to the mesmerized public.

Anchormen opined endlessly about the details that were parceled out sparingly to keep the audience seated in front of their television sets, desperate for more information. In this state of anxiety most individuals with an ounce of compassion were completely vulnerable to suggestion. No one on Earth, even Kennedy's most vocal detractors, would for one instant consider the whole thing a hoax. The television may be a vast wasteland, but when things turned serious and the laugh tracks were muted, everyone assumed truth was being spoken. Once again, the silly stuff by comparison sold the serious stuff as real.



Dallas detectives, including Roger Craig without a hat, are relieved to see the Cowboys game will go on as usual. The fees for their part in the farce were pooled and laid on the Browns to beat the spread.

By Sunday morning the programming had switched to what you would expect on that day and hour: Sunday services. Funeral rites are religious and within the trappings of the secular state lay the Catholic core of the first family. Prayers and invocations were recited in DC. The First Lady clad in black stood stoically with her brother in law who was now the de facto head of the Kennedy clan, even as his power poured away like blood from a head wound.

Meanwhile in Dallas, pagan rites were in preparation for the scapegoat Oswald. The transfer of Oswald from the Dallas police station to the county court house was to interrupt the funeral procession for a few minutes of airtime; the Masonic cluster fuck that followed in the parking garage suddenly jolted the mass subconscious into realizing that this was a pre-planned event. However, nothing made it to the conscious surface and that was by design. Forever after, a near imperceptible doubt would linger just below conscious awareness.





Unconsecrated scripture. The media, local to international, parroted what AP, UPI and Reuters sent out over the wire at the Pentagon's behest. The spectacle emblazoned right across the front pages, too incomprehensible to even question.

The reason for this is simple to understand: If you wish to threaten someone, throwing a rock through their window at night and running away will accomplish nothing. The victim will be puzzled and irritated about the effort and expense of installing a new window, but eventually he will have to chalk it up to random bad luck or some idiot kid out for a night of vandalism. If the threat comes with a clue as to whom might have thrown the rock, then the threat has more resonance. The victim may not be able to tell precisely who did it and why, but a review of his own

circumstances and the possibility he has an enemy will get him into researching just what he did and to whom he did it to. As possibilities mount and details accrue, he may well identify a few plausible candidates.

The problem is he will never be certain. Random vandalism is the simplest solution, but it seemed too deliberate for that. The clues he has acquired suggest a list of suspects but beyond that, without any confession, he will never truly know which, if any, of the suspects are plausible enough to pursue redress. And isn't the window repaired anyway? Why worry?

So it becomes a matter of principle. And that's what rekindles the emotions, although at a simmer. He lives with the idea that someone has it out for him and he can't do anything about it even though the window remains unbroken since its repair. He can pursue the truth as a matter of principle, not as a criminal inquiry that will lead to arrest and prosecution. It becomes a massive waste of time and resources.

This, then, is culture creation.

Culture creation isn't just fads to sell the same useless merchandise in different shapes and sizes. It is behavior modification on a grand scale. Changing the way a person perceives reality will change his behavior. To do this, the creators have to get into the subconscious where it is the eternal present and therefore not subject to memory and the trial and error fueled wisdom to make self-serving decisions. Once inside, the chain pullers can steer their subjects in any direction they please.

Of course not everyone is susceptible to a herd mentality. For those people wandering off the reservation, a manufactured alternative is at the ready: Oswald did it by himself isn't at all plausible so let's try multiple shooters wearing whatever team jersey seems appropriate: Mob, military, intelligence, big oil, big tech, big bank- pick one or all of them. The point is the dissenters still assume that JFK was a gunshot victim.

Culture creation: an overview

Emotional triggers fire ten times faster than an engaged intellect. The presence of a dead innocent in a psychological warfare operation is the best programmed defense the designers have. Normal people are equipped with the ability to compartmentalize their emotions. This ability is crucial in discerning between what's a threat to one's survival and what would allow for a compassionate reaction and potentially helpful action. The death of a fellow human being sets off a series of emotional reactions, even if one thinks the deceased had it coming. This emotional cascade is unavoidable if one does not hold the source of the information that triggers the emotion to scrutiny. Trust of the information source must be assured in order for the hoax to work. In 1963 the mainstream media was not held accountable because they had done such a thorough job in aligning themselves with the elements of society that did enjoy unbridled trust. As those trusted institutions were revealed to be corrupt or compromised, the media has since been held up to examination largely because

they still defend those denounced institutions. Back in 1963 those institutions of authority enjoyed an unchallenged monopoly on trust.

The stranglehold corporate media had on the collective imagination in the post war era is difficult to comprehend in the Internet age. This hegemony allowed those few in control of this apparatus to sell any fairy tale or nightmare they chose.

If you agree that nuclear weapons are a hoax, then Kennedy's performance during the Cuban Missile Crisis identifies him as one of the perpetrators and not a martyr for justice and civil rights. He is one of them and he was born into it. He was no more a traitor to his class than FDR was. These so-called liberal administrations impose a covert socialist agenda. They are the ones who wage war on their own citizens. The hawks and conservatives wage war abroad. Both fronts, domestic and foreign, must be tended to periodically; all the while the rights of the citizen are whittled away in the name of national security. It's one of the oldest cons on the books.



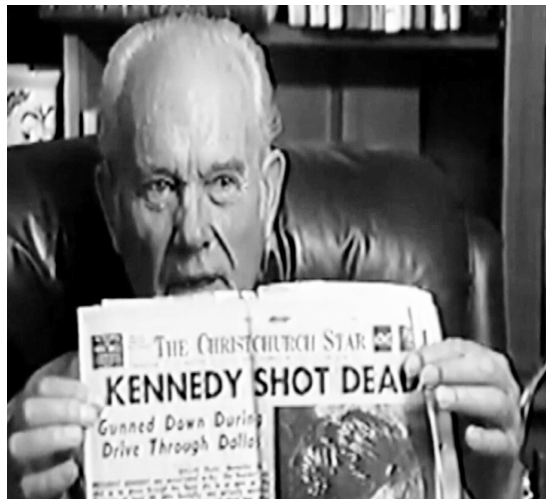
A trusting America where reality was not an option.

PART FOUR

Caretakers of the hoax

Whether dupes, useful idiots or outright assets, the original generation of JFK researchers started right away in assessing the claims of the official narrative. One individual who still posthumously carries a great deal of weight within the Grassy Knoll Society is the character known as Air Force Colonel L. Fletcher Prouty. His shtick in effect was "I was right there in the belly of the beast". He worked in the Pentagon from 1953 to early 1964 as the liaison between the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the intelligence agencies, specifically the CIA.

The Grassy Knollers hold Col. Prouty in high esteem. The spy craft term "limited hang-out"* seems apt here: The parceling out of a certain amount of good information along with some obfuscation to set the researcher down paths to a predetermined conclusion. IE, "Kennedy Shot Dead".



*In Prouty's book, JFK- The CIA, Vietnam, and the Plot to Assassinate John F Kennedy, he tells of a mock invasion of a town in Spain by special forces appearing as insurgents to impress the locals for the need of a constant military presence. A few researchers sympathetic to the premise that JFK was not murdered have suggested that Prouty is leaving a large hint that anything military intelligence reports should be considered suspect, including the JFK assassination. Possibly, but given that he insisted unwaveringly that Kennedy was killed, it could be seen he is making a distinction between the false flag fetish of intelligence and the veracity of the President's assassination.

The first gonfalon-sized red flag is Prouty's CV. Betraying your oaths to tell the "truth", however seemingly ineffectively, is itself a hoax. No one in the position he claims to have been in would have been allowed to say what he said over the years unless he was instructed to do so. No one would have been allowed to publish the material he published without approval from his superiors. And make no mistake: high-ranking officers of the military do not retire to a life of unobstructed candor. The oaths he would have sworn in order to advance as high as he did would be binding for life. Whatever he did reveal, it was in the past tense and therefore largely harmless, as making a case in an incorruptible military court of law is simply impossible. Taking any of his claims to civilian criminal courts is equally impossible. The military is not prosecutable save for their own internal machinations and putting their own policies on trial is not ever going to happen. Concomitant to that, the investigative powers of the Congress of the United States, history has shown, are completely ineffective in policing both the military forces and the intelligence apparatus. These two elements of the government are out of reach of the

judicial system imposed on American civilians. Should they do harm to those civilians they will get away with it.

Likewise, corporate media will never betray these twin towers of deception and fraud. They are in fact a central support of this dual system: they elide the complicity of these two institutions in willful deceit and they reinforce the morals and ethics that the civilian population is encumbered by but which the government and their masters never impose upon themselves.

Another gatekeeper of the assassination myth was the eccentric and sometimes incoherent Mae Brussell. A revered matronly figure of the first generation of researchers, she was often marginalized by the official dissenters of which Mark Lane was the most prominent. Another disadvantage was her inability to publish a comprehensive volume outlying her hypothesis: to wit, Nazis clandestinely brought in to the US government and military by the OSS/CIA had been behind the assassination.

For more than seventeen years, beginning in 1971, she aired an hour-long radio broadcast outlining in detail and in real time how the JFK assassination and the political murders that followed were symptomatic of this deliberate Nazification of America. This hypothesis did not often sit well with her fellow researchers, giving her in hindsight, in the wake of the admittance of the existence of Operation Paperclip, seemingly more credibility than her detractors. Her scope was too wide for the average researcher to keep up with. Her reliance on the mainstream media for information and her occasional denunciation of same made her

arguments seem occasionally contradictory. Likewise, her raspy voice and rapid-fire delivery, along with her difficulty in articulating names, made her broadcasts hard to follow. Yet with all those handicaps, her ability to read the auguries and predict the next wave of scandal made her a mesmerizing presence.

Trouble is, she may have been an outright dupe. She was born of wealth and privilege in an influential family and had the confidence to get close to individuals and organizations and absorb the information they conveyed, whether straight to her or by proximity. Her ability to predict in 1968 the rise of Ronald Reagan all the way to the White House and to also predict the day before he was shot at that he was in grave danger from the Bush faction, gave her a real sense of credibility. In the end, though, political chicanery drove right on by, never missing a beat, and though her efforts inspired a new generation of skeptics, the failure of any real prosecutions beyond the dog and pony show of Watergate never clued her in that it might all just be for show. That the real game was far more insidious and hidden from view than her ideological presumptions regarding democracy could allow her to see.

Her "death" at 66 in 1988 from a mysterious cancer had Jack Ruby written all over it. Why she was retired into the celebrity protection program at that time was for several reasons: First, her bête noir Ronnie Reagan had left political life. Bush the First, another level up the food chain from Reagan, was to engage the military in the first step to perpetual war in Iraq and Mae's nit picking would likely turn up some inconvenient truths. She would

have had to go all in on attacking the Bush administration and a watered down Mae Brussell would have brought suspicion on the accuracy and genuineness of her previous work, research that above all else reinforced the myth of Dealey Plaza.

She would also be retired because a younger and far more articulate dupe, one of her most prominent protégés, Dave Emory, was ready for prime time on the alt research circuit. He was in fact the watered down yet recalcitrant version of the Mae Brussell model that provided the steam release that kept the research community from any real insight into the ongoing system of deception.

Finally, after twenty five years in the game, she probably thought she had earned a nice retirement and being true to their word is good for future recruitment drives and a dead celebrity shown secretly to be alive and quite well off is awful tempting to those who respond to a "higher calling".

From Radio to Internet "Radio"

Today, the most prominent JFK researchers are to found on the Internet radio program, Black Op Radio, out of Vancouver, Canada, hosted by Len Osanic, the caretaker of the L. Fletcher Prouty archive. This show, beginning in the year 2000, originally featured Jim Fetzer as a near weekly regular: but he was eventually displaced by Jim Di Eugenio, a high school teacher from Los Angeles, Fetzer going off to start his own podcast.

Fetzer in his avuncular way is almost as grating as Mae Brussell in his vocal delivery. He claims intellectual authority from his military experience and his academic career as a philosopher of science. In many ways his CV would make his role as a gatekeeper almost transparent as his qualifications align perfectly with first hand knowledge of ballistics as well as claiming to form coherent and unassailable arguments. Of course he does nothing of the sort and when even he hears the internal logic of his arguments challenged he overwhelms his guests with an oft repeated litany of "facts" about JFK's gunshot murder, bellows a life affirming guffaw and cues a Beatles song as an outro to commercial. By the time the dust settles the show is over and the guest, if allowed a word in edgewise to challenge some aspects of Fetzer's arguments, is met with only a "that's truly astonishing" and a quick segue back into the Fetzer narrative corral.

Di Eugenio on the other hand is articulate, well paced and thoroughly fact based in his analysis of the evidence. Of course that evidence is second hand and so he is also running a filter, though he may not be aware of it. Fetzer truly is avoiding any information that contradicts his thesis. Di Eugenio sounds much more open-minded but the structure of his appearances does not allow for debate. The best he will offer is to read submitted questions, and will occasionally concede he doesn't know the answer. Still, he assumes JFK was shot dead and despite the introduction to the show claiming its the program NSA doesn't want you to hear, as long as he and the host promote a murdered Kennedy, it is exactly what the NSA want you to hear. Of course it

doesn't matter that they finger the usual suspects, especially the CIA, because, again, that outfit can't be touched. And honestly, if the NSA didn't want you to hear this stuff, you wouldn't.

Over two thousand books have been published about the Kennedy assassination by large presses and small. Though what I am proposing here as a hoax itself and may be considered fiction, if my premise is true then this is the first nonfiction account in which the President survives.

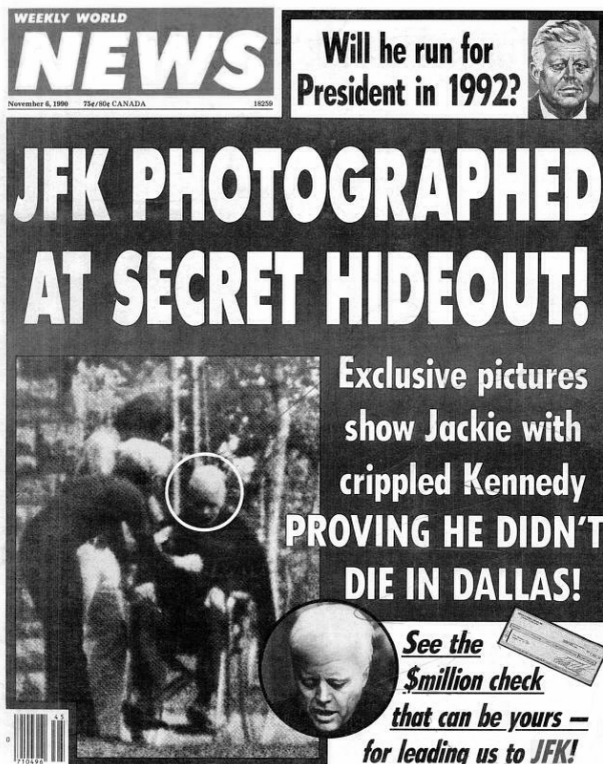
By now, though, the Internet is blanketed with conspiracy research and conspiracy theories. It's difficult to find consensus on anything using the nets. Sense certainty may have a window here in the speculation dump that the Internet has become. As Fetzer says: Anything is possible, nothing is known. In this environment, the idea that reality is only what your experience is just might grip the collective consciousness. Should that happen to social animals such as ourselves, the will to find consensus as part of the instinctual need to belong could leave us vulnerable to an even more opaque blockade of reality than what we experience now. It is possible that the avalanche of facts suffocating us will leave us immune to fact. We will no longer be willing to accept anything as real and assume it's all satire. Without the gravitational pull of consensus, we may spin off this wobbling disk into the void.

Where they go when they "die"

I never would have considered this hypothesis if I couldn't give a decent answer to the inevitable question: Where did he go after he left the motorcade, Dallas and the presidency? The best guess, and it aligns with the assertion made earlier that they do show you everything if you know what to look for, is Greece, specifically the island of Skorprios in the Ionian Sea. That island was the central compound for the empire of Greek shipping magnate Aristotle Onassis.

In early October of 1963, the international press was allowed seemingly blanket coverage of Jackie's trip to Skorprios to meet Onassis who was at the time rumored to be sleeping with Jackie's sister, Lee Radziwill, who was also there. By this volume's reckoning, the trip was also an eleventh hour review of the plot to secrete JFK onto the island, which was impenetrable by anyone outside the small circle of abettors.

This scenario also makes sense regarding the sham marriage in 1968 between Jackie and Onassis. From that point on, no one would be suspicious of Jackie O! hanging out in Greece. No one would suspect that Jackie's kids were actually with their father. In time, tall tales of a JFK survival, brain damaged and propped up in a wheel chair, held captive by Onassis who was said to be behind the hit in Dallas, would make the tabloid circuit.



See! It WAS all a hoax! That \$million dollars is rightfully mine!

Kennedy at one point was apparently an eyewitness to another of Onassis rival's burial at sea: Howard Hughes, in 1971

Onassis: King of the Underworld. Too scary to approach, he made the perfect cover story until his job was up in 1975. He had the security apparatus to make his "guest" invisible but mobile. He and Jackie had several different dwellings, one of which was a horse farm in New Jersey; the best candidate for where JFK hid upon his return to the states, likely in '75 after Onassis possibly did die.



Another case of power being an overwhelming aphrodisiac, at least according to the mind benders who peddle such absurdities as Jackie still needing to be enthralled by wealth and influence to the point she would consent to an arranged marriage with this homunculus. One may well wonder if the public sightings were the only time they spent together, dutifully posing for photographs and then going their separate ways.

In 1988, twenty-five years after the assassination, *The Manchurian Candidate* was finally rereleased to theaters. I suspect that sometime not too long before the decision was made to rerelease the film, JFK did finally die at age seventy-one and the rerelease was a signal to operators of just that and that a new stage of the hoax would now commence.

The response to *The Manchurian Candidate* indicated that the public would respond to a film about JFK's assassination: Oliver Stone's film, *JFK*, is built around the reopening of the case by Jim Garrison, district attorney of New Orleans. Garrison of course was a military veteran, a former FBI agent and almost certainly a Mason. There is no other way to explain the case he brought against a brother mason Clay Shaw than as an opportunity to refresh the case in the public's mind and prep the masses for the RFK "assassination".



Harvard grad and Al Gore frat brother, Tommy Lee Jones as Clay Shaw in Oliver Stone's, *JFK*. For whatever reason, Jones essays the butch Shaw as an effete. Shaw was another of the confirmed bachelors that salted the assassination cast with men who channeled their latency into institutional hostility. Right wing politics is rife with latent sexuality from both genders.

Likewise, Oliver Stone was just the man to make the assassination reach apotheosis and forever fix the event in stone as real history. Stone's CV screams SPOOK!!! He was raised Episcopalian, the denominational choice of the wasp

establishment in America. It is the American arm of the Church of England. He attended two of the most exclusive schools in the country, Trinity School at the corner of Wall Street where his father plied his trade as a stockbroker, and then was packed off to The Hill School, a boarding school in Pennsylvania. From there he was accepted into Yale, the *née plus ultra* of spy schools. As per the drill of a budding spook, Stone dropped out after a year and found himself teaching high school kids in South Vietnam. God knows what he was really doing out there but this whole scenario reads like an intelligence asset making the rounds. He returned to Yale after working as a wiper in the merchant marines, a nice way to return anonymously and under protection. He then inexplicably dropped out again and enlisted, specifically asking for combat duty. It's hard to imagine a young man with his pedigree and experience doing something like that. It reads as a cover story. The term "sheep dipped" again seems appropriate. I suspect the ruse was to allow him to appear to have the authority to make films about the Vietnam War and the entire Kennedy/Nixon era.

JFK the film itself is a maelstrom of films stocks and edits that swirl around one brittle strip of 8mm home movie, the Zapruder film. Trying to contain this hypnogogic fluttering is a theatrical courtroom drama, a murder mystery and a family soap opera. The film is such an ambitious mess that it stops in the middle and Donald Sutherland appears as L. Fletcher Prouty, sort of, to explain to the audience what they have been watching. That ten minute interlude is all you need to see, largely because the

automaton labeled Kevin Costner keeps his California surfer dude attempt at a Bayou flavored accent quiet.



Donald Sutherland as X (pseudo-Prouty) sorts out Stone's movie for the audience while Kevin Costner scribbles a cheat sheet. The myth of government operators being naive about the machinery of government and their crusading attitude to make right the wrongs of a few bad apples is on full display. Implicit is the claim that this system is workable if everyone, especially the wealthy elites, play fair, though the oaths of fraternity these two brothers honor supersede the demands of the so-called rule of law.

Other Dead Kennedys

After JFK's scenes concluded, the next up was Bobby. The aisle had to be cleared for Nixon and selling Tricky as more popular than Bobby was impossible at that point. But then JFK's "death" guaranteed Bobby's "demise" as Nixon was the play all along.

On the night of June 4th, 1968, Robert Kennedy, then a Senator for New York, was driven from the Malibu home of his good

friend.... John Frankenheimer, where he had spent the day relaxing, the last day he would be Robert F Kennedy. Once again Frankenheimer was tapped to direct a Kennedy Assassination Show, though with less flash, a smaller scaled production befitting the lesser rank RFK held vis a vis his brother.

As always, a lone nut character was groomed for the role of assassin to act as the initial culprit. Rigged into the plot would be the second level of conspirators, the old rugged CIA, thus once again dividing those who would take an interest in the "evidence" and try to draw their own conclusions.

This time the killing ground would be a large hotel, The Ambassador Hotel near Beverly Hills. The script called for Kennedy to give a speech at the end of the night to the huge crowd packed into the main ballroom. Two other campaign victory parties were also going on in the vast and crowded hotel. When Kennedy and party headed downstairs from their fifth floor suites, Frankenheimer was apparently outside, approaching his car. He was to take Kennedy to another party after the speech. He claims he heard about the shooting on his car radio. The point is he wasn't involved in the murder scene. This is something the director of a movie would do: stay out of the picture. The man left in charge of the scene was a football player and actor, Rosey Grier, defensive lineman for the Los Angeles Rams and card-carrying member of the Screen Actor's Guild.

Grier and another large actor/athlete, decathlon gold medalist Rafer Johnson, were assigned as bodyguards for Kennedy. At the time, the Secret Service did not provide security for candidates

other than the incumbent President. Also on Kennedy's defensive line was a former FBI agent, one William Barry and nearby was the actor/writer, George Plimpton.

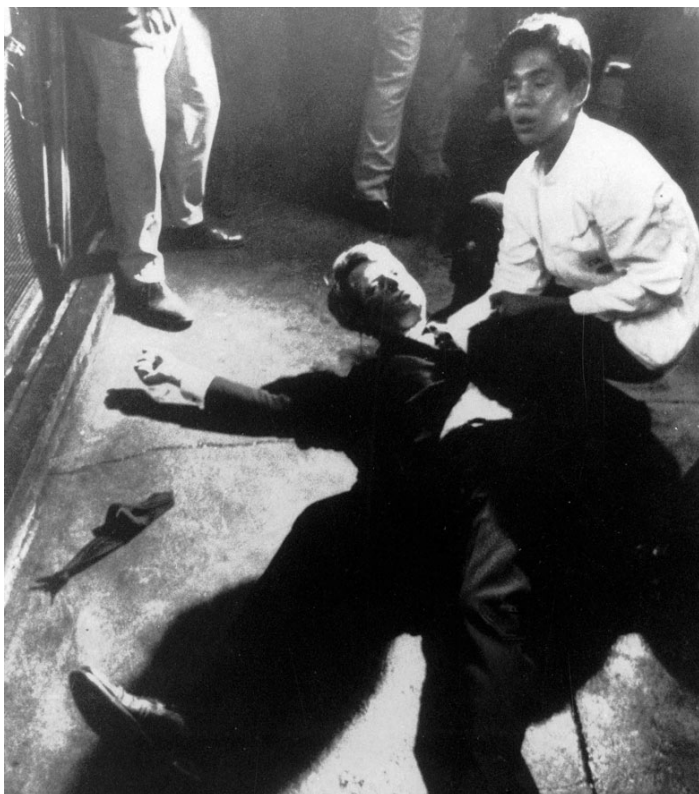
"The Thing With Two Heads" co-starring Oscar winner Ray Milland is Grier's most enduring screen credit. The schizoid nature of politics and the fable-thin tropes of B movies go hand in hand in selling lies to the lowest common denominator. The only difference between ancient archetypes and modern political theater is the local color.



The plan was to get Kennedy into the kitchen pantry where Sirhan Sirhan, an anti-Israeli Palestinian, the designated lone nut, would be waiting to shoot the "pro Israeli" candidate. That was the

cover story Frankenheimer and his writers had come up with. Psychological warfare operations always have add-ons. To remove Kennedy and fan the flames of the Middle East conflict was classic psy-opery. Like Cuba hovering over the fears of the public in the JFK Show, Israel and its surrounding enemies would be the political context for this kill. And an Arab doing in the yarmulke wearing RFK on Hollywood's doorstep was just the right touch of overkill to drive the locals crazy and not look with a critical eye at the absurdity of it all.

The official narrative has it that Kennedy was overwhelmed by the crowd in the hallway leading to the swinging doors of the kitchen. He detached from former agent Barry and followed maitre d'hôtel Karl Ueker through a side entrance and into the pantry. This shift to the side entry is where RFK slips out of the crowd, the hotel and history. The pandemonium that followed in the pantry was likely already in the film cans and the attending cops, who were ordered supposedly by Kennedy himself to keep their distance as police were held in low regard by Kennedy's base of support, the young and the poor, then moved in and secured the pantry. The Intelligence unit from the LAPD immediately took over the scene along with planted CIA assets and, like JFK being rushed to Parkland Hospital, everything hereafter about the "assassination" of RFK was tightly controlled by press releases issued by officialdom in the know.



RFK down! A badly arranged composite photo with mismatched shadows. For all the dramatic photos of RFK on the pantry floor, not one photo has surfaced of the shooting as it happened, even though shutters were going off all around the subject. The LAPD was labeled the culprit for the cover-up and removal from view of the actual shooting photos. Therefore, the logic goes, absent photographic evidence, there must have been a shooting.



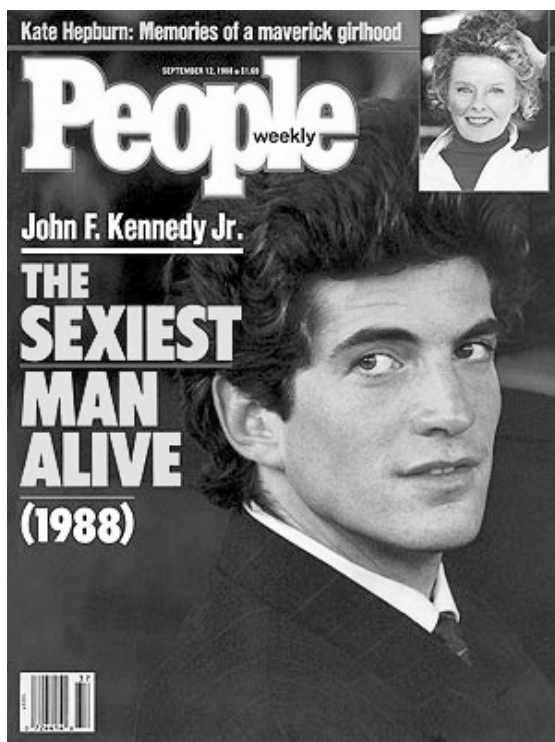
Another cut and paste job with "Bobby" inserted where needed. Campaigns are traveling circuses with doubles waiving to crowds or television cameras, images stitched together before during and after the fact to tell a story, not to report on real-time events.



The first ten of eleven children of RFK and wife Ethel. David and Max either died or joined their father and uncle in the Political Protection Program where they continue to manage the affairs of their fellow invisibles. The donation to the Kennedy deposit behind the veil numbers at least seven over time and has likely monopolized the Irish-American contribution to the unseen web of oligarchical control that defines human perception.

The final chapter in the Kennedy clan's era of prominence closed with the death of JFK's only acknowledged* son John Jr. in a private plane crash in the Atlantic Ocean just off Martha's Vineyard in Massachusetts on July 16th, 1999. This crash mirrored the crash of Junior's oldest uncle, Joe Jr. 55 years earlier when allegedly a test pilot for the Navy. Along for the ride and "dying" with JFK Jr. were his wife Carolyn Bessette and her sister Lauren.

As with his father and uncle, Junior was saddled with the blame for his demise as "pilot error" was the official conclusion made by the FAA. It was also reported that Junior had declined a flight instructor's assistance in flying that night, Junior wanting to do it himself, so said the instructor. This postmortem blame echoed the blame of his father supposedly keeping the Secret Service off the limousine running boards in Dallas and RFK not wanting the LAPD anywhere near him and his aides in the Ambassador Hotel.



The twist here is that Junior takes his wife along and she gets a sister to buy in as well. The marriage was said to be rocky and Carolyn having a lieutenant at hand was likely a non-negotiable demand.

In short order the conspiracy theories began making the rounds. A bomb detonation is the most popular theory but the death of Junior had an exhausted public shrug- a dead Kennedy, so what else is new?

Why Junior, though? Likely because he would be asked to enter politics and eventually run for President. He would be asked to get the country back to pre-Vietnam prominence and prestige and finish the work his father had started. He would be one gigantic Do-Over and enough of the aging population would feel a spasm of youthful hope again. As well, he would be tasked by global public demand to solve his father and uncle's murders once and for all and that could not happen. He was as complicit as his parents in the hoax by never betraying it and if he did ascend to the Oval Office, he would be thoroughly compromised by anyone willing to hold his silence to ransom. He was too big a risk for players on every side on the inside. Protecting the phony history was the most important job they all had, besides looting the store.

Likewise his mother was sick from years of fashionable smoking. To pitch Junior into the drink before her death would deflect the inquiries of foul play and instead allow the media's attention to focus on her grief. An emotional firewall erected once again to impede critical thinking.



* JFK had another son, Patrick, who died days after his birth in the summer of '63. Or so they say. Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis smoked herself to an early grave. It's quite possible Patrick was a victim of bad prenatal care. Or hidden away to take a place behind the curtain from birth. That would be one strategy for increasing the hidden yield by having natives of the deception never know their public origins; another possibility in the drive to accelerate the Irish-American Kennedy clan within the hidden oligarchic power structure: have this son simply breed more Kennedys without the encumbrance of public scrutiny. This form of Lebensborn may have appealed to Nazi sympathizer Joe sr. It is also said in certain circles that JFK had a previous wife in the late forties which Joe senior forced to annulment. Did that union produce issue? Was that why it was properly, if discreetly, annulled?

The Heir Apparent

Legend has it that Joseph P. Kennedy Jr. was groomed from the womb to be president. The first of nine children sired by Joe Senior, Wall Street maven and government gadfly.

The whopper we are asked to believe is that Junior died in an accident while flying a proto-drone during World War II. Aside from the fact that the uber-wealthy do not put their children in harm's way during wars they help to create, a quick glance at the circumstances of that alleged flight and you can see where the switch was made and Junior vanishes from history and assumes a new name and life, probably joining the biggest and most invisible spook squad in the world. We read that a Lt. Willy pulls rank and replaces Ensign Simpson, Junior's regular co-pilot at the last minute before take off. It's as "Simpson" (sim-son, or simulated son) that Junior assumes his new identity and role off the books.

This vanishing act via air disaster is also a test run for Katherine Kennedy, the second oldest sister, who "dies" in a plane crash in 1948 after marrying and surviving the death of her husband, the heir to the Dukedom of Devonshire; the Duke to be, like Joe Jr., "died" under fire while fighting in a war that his father and the peerage helped organize and execute.



The duke and duchess to be with Joe Jr. in tow: People beyond wealthy don't expose their children to danger. The myth of the Dead Kennedys and the supposed family curse is one ploy to keep critical thinking at bay regarding this invisible wing of oligarchs.

So why have all these prominent Kennedys participated in this regular ruse of "dying" on the front page of the popular culture? One answer might put people off by claiming its high conspiracy: it's a plot by the Jesuits. Consider that marriage of Kathleen Kennedy and the Marquis of Hartington. The interface between two apparent rivals is always a feint to keep hoi polloi and even some members of each court in the dark regarding the fact that both sides are controlled by the same invisible hands. The ostensibly Catholic Kennedys marrying into the Anglican British Royal family does not on the surface appear to be a perfect fit. But



the Anglo- American alliance of which Joe Sr. was a key lynch pin would make the union otherwise advantageous for both parties.

Wither the Jesuits? One must realize and accept the fact that the Jesuits are a creation of the ostensibly Roman Catholic Venetian oligarchs who founded not only Protestantism but also the British Empire. That organization would be the agency to arrange and maintain such secret operations of which the Kennedy/Crown was but one. Playing both sides allows the dialectic to favor you. You create the problem and the solution. The old cliché' of good versus evil is exactly that, both being subjective opinion at root. The morals and ethics imposed on us Common-folk do not apply to the elites. That is the method by

by which they split good and evil. They make us believe our servitude is a moral obligation, and they run the evil opposition themselves. There are never any bad guys save for what their storytellers in the media describe. Those bad guys are created by military intelligence and fed to the housebroken press. The emotional chain around the people's neck is yanked this way and that way until the desired course is attained and the people then take that path without being pulled. They believe they have taken the moral high road despite the fact they may have lost everything for one so-called cause or another.

Men kill and are killed for a piece of ribbon

The short course on who runs things: Portable wealth in the form of precious metals stamped with a symbol (coins) replaced the tangible, localized wealth of the state (silos of grain) and allowed cross-border trading. The temples were also the original banks for the coinage had to have a transcendent aspect to it: the context of the agreed upon value of each stamp had to carry with it the same moral weight of the icons depicting the gods, or the king, the emissary of the gods on Earth. These symbols spoke for the veracity of the state, its trustworthiness. This spiritual authority implied in the design of the coins far increased the value of the coin beyond its actual weight in, say, gold. With this assurance, the coins, where accepted, carried the promise of the state where they were issued from to agree to full value in collateral. The

problems arose immediately as the production of the coins were completely separate from the local fungible wealth of the state. Therefore a class of minters arose to oversee the production of coins. To manage this production, slaves were needed to mine the ore, militaries were needed to capture slaves, and money was needed to pay the armies. This monopoly by these proto bankers gave them great sway over the debtor nations that employed this portable system of wealth. This in turn gave them great sway over foreign policy (who needs to be attacked for slave harvesting and conscription of natural resources, ie. precious metals) This stateless class of bankers held allegiance to their profits and no one else. They intermarried and infiltrated all aspects of society either through marriage or by proxy through secret societies they engineered to recruit loyal agents.

In maintaining hegemony over the perceived value of each resource needed to maintain the structural and moral integrity of any state, they needed to infiltrate the mass mind field of the governed. This was achieved through religious schemes, and in recent times, through the development of scientism, a more convincing set of myths for the enforced materialism of today. Whenever a critical mass of clarity into the nature of the scam was reached, co-optation of the methods and, especially, the nomenclature of the clarification process were achieved and these occasional periods of enlightenment were carefully steered back into mystification. Just listen to the bishops of high finance today explain themselves and they might as well be reciting the old Latin liturgy.

Why the plane crashes like the one that took out Kathleen? It's what can be described as a "spectacle", a hoax designed to distract and send investigators down the wrong path. And pause for a moment regarding this largely forgotten chapter of the "Kennedy Curse" and consider that it is utterly preposterous for a Marquis to expose himself in battle. William Cavendish, Kathleen's husband, was not shot while fighting the Hun. Oligarchs and royals pay and coerce and cajole others to do the fighting for them. Cavendish was written out of the script in order to keep the Kennedy/Catholic and Royal/Anglican bond intact. No matter if the couple appeared deceased; the families know and the bloodlines continue. The children produced secretly simply are integrated into the public branches of the family. (Did Rose and Ethel really sire 9 (!) and 11 (!!)) kids respectively?) All it takes is a press release to announce another unseen birth. And the two "ghosts" continue whatever invisible machinations assigned to them.

Likewise we read that Joe Jr. died in a plane crash on a secret mission in 1944. Again, the heirs to the fortunes and power of oligarchs and royalty, and the families that serve them best, do not expose their heirs to such dangers. The Kennedy kids slipped quietly off stage right while the fiery wrecks of each spectacular disaster pulled the public's attention to the left side of the stage.

And what of Teddy? A public position in the Senate was the perfect slot for the family and their allies to keep the myth of the Kennedy curse alive. The completely fabricated Chappiquidick hoax kept the presidential elimination game from reaching farcical

levels, but it also allowed Teddy to appear too tightly leashed to mount the investigation into his brother's murders that were always in demand by the researchers. And from his Senate seat he could continue the myth of a liberal Massachusetts dynasty while behind the scenes the same clan participated in the ongoing swindle that informs these parasitic families.

So what is the role of these "ghosts"? Why these Kennedy vanishing acts?

The only guess I can conjure up is that these ghosts become part of the unseen power structure. Once they leave their public personas in an empty grave or scattered at sea, they take their seat at the adult's table and continue the tradition of protecting the group's interests. How many Roman Catholics from America were involved at this level is hard to say. Harvesting members of one large family in order to, in effect, allow the Irish-American interests to play catch up would be one way*.

*America did not welcome the Irish with open arms. Wealth and privilege were a long time coming. The idea that a member family of Irish-Americans was lately allowed to create wealth of the magnitude of the Kennedy clan was consistent with the Venetian reticence to allow an expansion of families into the oligarchic collective. The fact that house Kennedy was surrounded by Protestant back bay Boston Brahmins who had been working for the crown as far back as the late 18th century through the East India Company was certainly no coincidence and implies the subordinate role the Kennedys played, having to engage in so many public "sacrifices" to make their bones, so to speak.

It's impossible to stress enough how important familial ties are at this level. The intermarriage of British royalty with the Kennedy clan would give the Kennedy heirs an accelerated legitimacy, as well as bind them submissively to arguably the most important family line in the West.

So too, the loyal opposition of the Vatican would be well represented on American soil. After all, priests don't reproduce, at least officially. While Catholics behind the scenes were plentiful, America was slow to integrate Irish Catholics into the weave of power. By the post war period, where America would be set up as the spear carrier for the "free world", having a loyal Catholic contingent properly integrated by marriage would be seen as vital.

Does this woman look dangerous?

Rosemary Kennedy, the oldest daughter and third oldest child of Joe Sr. is said to have been close to a half wit and when grown to a young woman had been subject to fits of moodiness and violent tendencies. The story is that she was lobotomized in 1941 and left a vegetable. This could be true or it could be that as a stumbling half-wit she was used as a beta test for the disappearing acts of her siblings that were to follow. By the time JFK was in the White



House, the excuses that Rosie was a recluse or a devoted teacher of the mentally slow gave way to the lie that she was mentally retarded.



So much of what is said to have happened to the Kennedy children reads like pulp fiction. A daughter is ghoulishly operated on and becomes a vegetable, a forgotten ghost locked away in an insane asylum, the dashing heir apparent crashing an experimental aircraft in a ball of fire, a debutant marries a Duke and follows her royal love to the grave in a fiery plane crash, the movie star handsome president

gunned down in broad daylight by a mad killer, the crusading younger brother gunned down by a mad killer as he grabs hold of the presidential campaign, the surviving brother pitches his car into the drink, killing a pretty young campaign worker, the grandson and last best hope for the family goes down in yet another plane crash, taking his model-like wife with him. All the while, the dowager of the clan outlasts almost everyone, stoically living through a century of tragedy and loss: War stories, horror stories, crime melodrama, scandal sheet favorites every one of them. Only a pulp paperback would tell such a whopper.

EPILOGUE

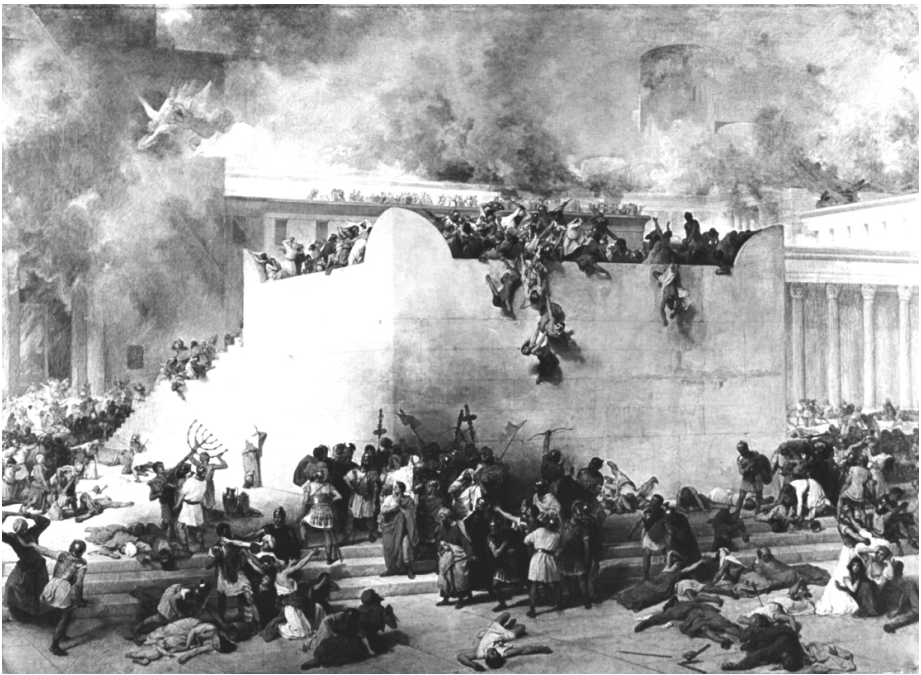
History is bunk

There is a fine line between history and tradition. It is often difficult to distinguish between the two. When information is deliberately bottlenecked by legal restrictions, when reliable information is unavailable to the public and power is concentrated, the so-called victors can write any history they want. Given that conflict has raged from time immemorial, there is no possible way to give a true account of the histories written by endless victors.

The traditions can be found in the morality of surviving literature. Time and place may be disputed, but the moral tone is what the victors are most concerned with. Battles are barbaric affairs for both sides no matter the excuse to fight, so the moral foundation of the cause becomes the most important element of victorious histories. Where information is scarce, whole lives and traditions can be invented from the unreachable past to justify the manufactured cause of the present.

When an occupying force enters the defeated gates of the vanquished, the first order of business is to control the media. In ancient times, the media were the roads. Control of the roads controlled access to the victors and to the redesigned histories they enforced on the collective consciousness. The longer they held power, the further from the truth the conquered drifted. These distorted or fictional histories, repeated generation after generation, became in time, tradition.

In the age of literacy, once the roads were secured, the libraries of the defeated were burned. Besides the texts of guiding morality, genealogical records were also destroyed, along with the traditional histories of the newly defeated. Displaced refugees were now displaced in history. A people's traditions went up in flames along with their family legacies.



The destruction of Jerusalem and the Temple by Rome was so thorough that no one can say who has descended from whom. Genealogical records are one of the first things to burn when a civilization is overturned. The victors can then start rewriting history to their favor and the dissenting views either survive in some corrupted oral tradition or give way to expedience in assimilation. In time, Rome was treated to the same process and what remains of that great empire is largely guess work.

The entire history of the ancient world, at least in text, is a wild guess. The disintegration of the Western Roman Empire left only fragments of information. Modern archeology is still rooted to a degree in the prejudices of the last great empire, Great Britain. What the broken tablets and architectural ruins have to tell us today is still hidden behind unverifiable claims of the victors. The multi generational indoctrination of academia has maintained this veil of obfuscation so that these prejudices and outright lies can be sustained.

Take Christianity as a prime example of the long con of official history. There is no archeological record of Christ during the stated time period of his alleged corporeal existence. The claims of said existence in the first century CE resides only in the textual tradition of which there is no mention of his name formally in print until the Middle Ages, specifically from texts produced at the scriptorium at the monastery of St. Gall in Switzerland at the behest of Charlemagne, circa 800 CE.

Of course there have been many attempts to back date unearthed textual fragments to the time of Christ, or at least within a generation or two of his ministry, but these attempts never gather anything close to consensus approval. The long stretch of Christian presumption has thoroughly indoctrinated even dispassionate non-believers who, though they reject the claims of an historic Christ, still assume without reflection that there was a Christian movement and therefore a documented Christian history.

All of the claims of this documented history through commentators like Origen or Eusebius are based on texts written centuries after the alleged existence of these "church doctors". These characters like Eusebius and Augustine and Tertullian are as fictitious as Christ. Their very existence is wholly dependent upon texts composed in the early ninth century CE at the earliest, centuries after the "fact" of their existence.



The Egyptian ankh, the Greek Tau Rho, the Chi Rho of Constantine, and the Christian Cross; Syncretic sequencing from Ptolemaic magic to medieval Christian backdating, each claiming historical truth in a series of renovated lies. Science has overturned the miraculous and with it has allegedly ended the concept of faith. Yes, the ignorant masses could be persuaded with myth posing as fact, but not today: seeing is believing, see, even if you only see it on a television screen. You don't need faith to watch the news because it's not "magic", you see...

Via Media

Control the media and you control "truth". You control history, however you want to tell it. Take one more example of consensus rising from utterly distorted ideology. The French Revolution's crowning moment, the execution of Marie Antoinette in front of a

crowd in broad daylight has certain parallels with the "execution" of JFK.

Ask yourself a question: Would anyone who really thinks it through believe the most powerful alliance in the western world, the Bourbon-Hapsburg, would be so naive as to not see the changes coming and make provisions for avoiding what history claims happened to them? If you are objectively engaged then the idea that the demolition of the ancient regime was deliberate makes sense, where radicals and malcontents were flooded into the void and lopped everyone's head off, thus creating another void allowing for a proxy king, or emperor if you prefer, whose despotism lead within half a generation to a restoration where the nobles lost little of their reputations and gained immense wealth in plunder. Does this sound like history written with lightening or a carefully controlled thinning of the radical herd? Call them out to identify themselves, abet agent provocateurs to pit one anti-royalist side against another, and cap the boiling pot with a manufactured demigod.

It's impossible to believe a professional army would conquer Europe in the name of an inbred clan of syphilitic royals still hanging onto the scientifically unviable principle of Divine Right. But an amateur army guided by the notion of advancement through merit just might fight for such principles, and for a leader of relatively low birth, practically a commoner.

Napoleon is often sighted as a beta version of the dictators of the twentieth century and in one respect he is: He is the template for Hitler in that he, like Hitler, was just a front man for the

common man to relate to. The new pomp and ceremony reflected ideals that any true patriot could take to heart, regardless of rank or birth. A nationalist collective marched across Europe behind both Hitler and Napoleon. But neither leader was anything more than a hollow idol from which the words and ideas of the unseen blew through their mouthpiece.

Ask yourself another question: We are told that Marie Antoinette was brought before the mob, head shaved and in sack cloth, riding on a donkey cart up to the scaffold where the guillotine awaited her and sent to the grave the last vestiges of the ancient abuses. The question is this: Had anyone within sight of this woman ever laid eyes on her before this public spectacle? And without a wig and powder and paint, could anyone, even at court, recognize her? Had anyone in that bloodthirsty mob ever been up to Versailles to scrutinize any of the numerous portraits of the deposed Queen? Answer: Of course not! No one in that mosh pit screaming for her blood would ever be able to tell between the Queen and a dressed down harlot willing to participate in the stage trick beheading that the assembled would be fooled by just as theater patrons are fooled by magicians and special effects. Add a controlled media reporting on the spectacle, and that could be anyone's wax effigy in the basket. Sit Madame Tussaud, a court favorite, in the docket to explain how to render a convincing replica of the beheaded Queen.



Jaques Louis David's potboiler depicting the deposed Queen, Marie Antoinette, as a martyr, illumined by the light of God, a reworking of the martyrdom of Jeanne d'Arc. Not exactly the Zapruder film, but effective propaganda nonetheless. An emotional firewall erected to sell the public on her actual verifiable undeniable historically accurate death at the hands of the people. The revolution is a real thing. The King and Queen are really dead. Now do your duty and loot Europe. We'll be back when you've had enough liberty, equality and, um... What was the other one? Right, fraternity- Ah ha! Masons!!!

What we know about the assassination of President Kennedy rests upon a few eyewitnesses whose testimony came first through the corporate/state-controlled media and then through sworn testimony at an extra-legal government commission hearing.

The chain of possession of the surviving photographs and movies which in fact do not reinforce the particulars of that testimony cannot be substantiated and therefore have no admissible value. Upon this scaffold of cards rests the claim that JFK was murdered in Dealy Plaza on November 22, 1963 CE.

The concept of faith

Belief is not knowledge. Knowledge is predicated on previous experience. From that experience one can make inferences great and small that will theoretically prove out. One does not have to jump off a tall building to "know" that they will splatter on the ground. That is an inference drawn from a small jump into the air from a standing position and perhaps adding a leap from a diving board into a swimming pool. Extrapolating from that data would be sufficient to draw a knowledgeable conclusion about the effects of leaping from a tall building.

To conclude that almost everything else we sense is predicated on belief would be too simplistic and therefore unhelpful at drawing certain conclusions about events only partially perceived and requiring a certain amount of speculation. The remedy is to assign plausibility to conclusions that have been extrapolated from an incomplete collection of facts, an index to list which conclusions appear closer to a truth based on reliable knowledge, or common sense, if you will. This process of indexing plausibility requires a fully unencumbered set of critical faculties, faculties unresponsive to the blandishments of ideology.

Ideology acts like a metal compressor to facts. The essence of the fact may be present, but its shape has been forcibly altered to fit a prearranged context. The fact then changes its nature and becomes wholly integrated into the false premise the context supports. For example: The United State government does not murder its leaders, therefore a lone nut shot the President; absent a complete list of facts, those facts that are available change context. The premise of an innocent government can only lead to the conclusion a lone did it; in time additional facts emerge changing the context again. The government does indeed extra legally change duly elected leaders and therefore the facts indicating multiple shooters is the revised premise.

Replacing a demonstrably false premise with a more plausible one based on the additional facts sells the new premise at the expense of the old. The most plausible premise, given the facts available to the public if they care to look critically, that he was complicit in his fake murder and disappearance from public life, is never considered because the “facts” are distorted by a false premise: the President was, of course you idiot, murdered!

As this volume is being composed, atheism is on the rise. This shedding of faith in God(s) that have held sway over mankind for millennia is part and parcel of the collapse in trust for the institutions of authority that promoted this faith-based way of perceiving reality. This collapse was inevitable as the deceptions, legal though they may be, were never defensible in any moral reckoning. Only the execrable Ayn Rand would approve of this

control by any technically legal means necessary, which may be why she's pushed so hard by the free marketeers.

Parallel to this demise of religion is the grilling its secular cousin, scientism, is now enduring. In many ways, orthodox science is just another faith-based system of perception, complete with hierarchies, heresies, and mystical workings. In the twentieth century, the high Middle Ages of science, an apocalyptic set of prophecies were devised around the concept of global annihilation via nuclear weapons. With a handful of military produced films from good old Lookout Mountain Studios and a terrified, unquestioning academia to embed the Jeremiads in the mass consciousness, the whole of America fell for the ruse of nuclear weapons and that they were necessary to ward off the atheistic demons in the east.

The supreme irony is that a contemporary St. Jerome, the doctrinaire atheist Christopher Hitchens, espoused before his date with eternal non being, that Party of God berserkers in jihadist Iran were now the caretakers of the nuclear threat. I never heard him say anything about how the godless commies used to harbor the same desires. And certainly nothing at all about the Nazis we employed to allegedly create this technology.

Seeing is not believing

Even as digital technology is being outed as a highly malleable source of deception, by inference this computer graphic interfacing is making the grainy emulsion based imagery of the

Kennedy assassination seem legitimate by comparison. This is not to say that CGI was developed to defend the Zapruder film. It is just a side effect of the research being done by those individuals who can no longer return to the state of trust State authority used to enjoy.

What has helped with this breakthrough in outing corporate media as a tool of government intelligence is the replacement of religious dogma with flexible imagination. If there ever was a divine spark in the essence of man, it is his imagination, and his twin sister, intuition. In the long history of abuse and imprisonment of the mind of man by religious and statist presumption, this emancipation of the imagination is the most profound. To be able to imagine another possibility for the outcome of history and to guard against implementation of another, altogether different but equally limited and exploitative single historical inevitability is the greatest challenge and greatest triumph of the modern era. To maintain that freedom of imagination will be the single most important task for now and the future.

Credit where it's due-

I would not have even entertained the possibility that the JFK assassination was a hoax without stumbling over the online September Clues Forum. And stumble I did; as with all sleepwalkers, I had my eyes shut and my brain offline regarding the media and its interdependence on military intelligence agencies. I rather quickly embraced the forum member's work regarding 911, as initially proposed by their fearless leader, Simon Shack, nee Hytten. But I had a quarrel with a few of their other research topics, the JFK assassination being the primary issue of disagreement.

I am not a member of the more rigorously policed Clues Forum, but the Clues Forum sister site, Fakeologist.com, lead by the mysterious, and mysteriously laid back, Ab Irato, provided me with the venue wherein I could air out various opinions; and its there that I dropped my resistance to the JFK murder as hoax proposal. However, I told myself I would only pursue that line if I could come up with a reasonably plausible answer for where JFK went after he disappeared from public view.

Having an epiphany one night on the commute home, I realized it had to be Greece, and upon accepting the challenge I had made, this book is the result.

I would also like to mention one of the most compelling researchers out there, Miles Mathis. He posted online a long paper dealing with the exact same topic: JFK's murder was staged, just after the second draft of this book was finished. I read

it eagerly, and while his main conclusion stands apart from mine, and he provides additional analysis of the RFK “shooting” which is invaluable, I make no claim as to being affected by his paper. When speculating on media provided by suspect organizations, the quite normal subjectivity of perception can lead to many different conclusions. Mine is just one proposal; the one that for me sits atop the plausibility index I use to sort out the endless stream of truths, half-truths and non-truths that bombard the average media consumer. If there is an invisible kingdom run by the Kennedy’s, well, so be it- I say oligarchs, you say tomahto.

There is one other “researcher” I should mention for the record: The infamous Dallas Gold Bug. His one compelling contribution to the JFK as hoax proposal is his analysis of the KRLB news footage in the Dallas jailhouse garage where the shooting of Oswald scene played out. DGB’s other “work” is almost completely useless, save for an occasional laugh. If you are truly desperate to know how far beyond common sense this alternative research can go, DGB is your guy, but bring a clothespin for your nose because you will be holding your sides as you roll around on the floor in tears.

Yes, clowns like this entity theoretically poison the well of good alternative reality research, but as I have learned the hard way, a change in perception has to come from within. If a little humor can open one up to the possibility the media is (always) selling you a bill of goods, that’s a step in the right direction...

People to read:

Miles Mathis*

Simon Shack/Hoi Polloi at Clues Forum.info where forensics analysis keeps speculation to a bare minimum-

Joseph P Farrell on his banking histories (Take his Cosmic Wars and JFK research with a sea's worth of salt, though to the good Doctor's credit, he clearly identifies his copious speculations)

John Bartram at Google+ on his Origins of Christianity

Fakeologist.com, where speculation is allowed quite liberally, and for good reason- Wild concepts need a place to forge into better research via the call and response of a well tended forum where reasonable debate stays civil-

* Mathis' paper on Karl Marx, which I cited earlier, I did read before finishing the second draft and recommend highly.