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Bob Dylan's

real link to

the Rolling Stones



by Miles Mathis

First published January 29, 2015

Some readers apparently believe I enjoy yanking the rug out from under anything and everything, but the truth is these papers are as hard for me to write as they are for you to read. Although I do enjoy learning the truth—whatever form it may take—that doesn't make the loss any easier. I grew up in the same world you did and took as gospel most of things you did. Despite [my recent paper on the Beatles](#), I still own—on vintage vinyl—most of their records. I also own several of Dylan's early records. I thought a lot of the lyrics were brilliant and I still do. I no longer believe Dylan wrote them, but that doesn't change my opinion of the lyrics. His early performances are also often very good, and nothing will take that from him. I will show you a lot of leading evidence here, but none of it leads us to the idea he lip-synced. What would be the point of that? Like John Lennon and T. S. Eliot and some of the others I have exposed, Dylan was not without talent. But also like them, he is not who you thought he was.

The latest clues we have of that are very recent, and rather than start at the beginning, I will start at the end, with them. In 2012, Dylan was given a medal by President Obama. He accepted it with a grin. The Dylan we were sold in the 60's wouldn't have done that. You will say that he got old and lost his ideals, and I wish that were so. It isn't. He is the same person now he always was, he just lost his pretty face and his lyricists. The same can be said of Joan Baez, pictured above. She is still an Obama supporter. She has kept up the fake-liberal façade a lot better than Bob, but she is the same person she was back then. That is to say, a controller of the opposition. A phony. An actor. A person hired to play a part.

Even more recently, Dylan has been doing Chrysler commercials. Don't blame me for tearing out your heart with this paper, when your heart should have already been bled dry by watching those commercials. It is sort of like watching Gandhi as the spokesman for Monsanto, or Martin Luther King schlepping pharmaceuticals for Pfizer.

But let's go back to the beginning, when Dylan was supposed to be the voice of his generation. Once again, the evidence is pretty easy to compile. As usual, Wikipedia—which you would expect to be totally whitewashed—is full of red flags. All you have to do is open your eyes. Most people know Dylan was born Robert Zimmerman, to a prominent Jewish family in Duluth, Minnesota. Most don't realize how prominent they really were. I didn't know until recently, when [I read that](#) his “uncles and great grandfather owned movie theaters around Hibbing.” With more research, that fact grew:

His great-grandfather and uncles owned the *biggest* movie theaters in Hibbing, Minnesota, allowing a young Dylan to watch films for free.

Hibbing had a population of only 17,000 in 1960, so maybe that still isn't saying much. But it isn't the size that is the first red flag, it is the business. They were Jews in the *movie* business. No, they weren't making the movies in Hollywood (as far as we know), but they were still selling *fiction*. One of the fictions they are still selling is the one above, about Dylan's great-grandfather. The lie can be spotted by any clear eye at Wikipedia, where they also tell us

Dylan's paternal grandparents, Zigman and Anna Zimmerman, emigrated from [Odessa](#) in the [Russian Empire](#) now [Ukraine](#), to the United States following anti-Semitic [pogroms of 1905](#).^[6] His maternal grandparents, Ben and Florence Stone, were [Lithuanian Jews](#) who arrived in the United States in 1902.

Do you see it? His four grandparents didn't arrive in the US until 1902 and 1905, so his *great*-grandparents must have been back in Odessa and Lithuania. And yet 55 years later, his great-grandfather is supposed to co-own movie theaters in Hibbing? [We are told](#) that Zigman Zimmerman was born in 1875, so his father would have been born around 1855. That would make him 100 years old in 1955. The dates don't work.

You will say the great-grandfather in question was on the *other* side, but the dates don't work there, either. You can see that generation is too old to have owned anything when Bob was old enough to be going to movies. It was B. H. Edelstein who was supposed to own the theater, but he should have been almost as old as Zigman's father. Bob's mother Beatty was born in 1915, so she was 26 when Bob was born—not young for the time. She was just four years younger than Bob's father, who was born in 1911. So if we put Zigman's father's birth at 1855, we can put B. H.'s birth at around 1860. The dates simply don't work. *My* great-grandfather might have still owned a business in the 1950's, but Bob Dylan is 22 years older than I am. My guess is they are trying to downplay the Zimmerman holdings and influence in that part of Minnesota by moving it back a couple of generations and telling you only a partial truth. Given Dylan's career, it is clear the Zimmerman's were extraordinarily well-connected, and not just in Hibbing or Duluth. They had already created Bob's welcome in New York long before he got there.

[**Addendum February 11, 2019:** in the research for [my later Titanic paper](#), I tripped across billionaire Eugene Zimmerman of Cincinnati, railroad tycoon who was on the board of Standard Oil. His [daughter Helene](#) became the Duchess of Manchester (Montagu), and Zimmerman not only arranged the marriage but bought the entire Dukedom, including castles and lands.



Helena is now called the real Downton Abbey heiress, since the BBC show was based in part on her life. {Also remember that in *Downton Abbey*, Elizabeth McGovern's character is named Cora **Levinson**.} Helena later divorced Montagu and married **Keith-Falconer**, Earl of Kintore. This links us to my paper on Ben Franklin (See Governor Keith). Helena's son the 10th Duke married Sydney Vere **Stead**, a close relation of British spook William Stead. Eugene Zimmerman also worked with Marconi, alleged inventor of the radio (although we now know it was really Tesla).

Given the misdirection we already found concerning Bob Dylan's paternal grandparents, I would say they have scrubbed the link between Dylan and Eugene Zimmerman. For proof of that, see below, where we find Bob's father Abe worked for Standard Oil. Coincidence? Not a chance. My guess is that Eugene Zimmerman was a 2great-uncle of Bob Dylan, and that Bob's grandfather Zigman Zimmerman did NOT come over from Odessa in 1905. Rather, he came from Cincinnati.]

Before we move on to the big cities, let's look a little closer at Hibbing. A list of prominent people from Hibbing throws up some real head-scratchers, including Vincent Bugliosi, Bruce Carlson, Gus Hall, and Chi Chi LaRue. Gus Hall is the former leader of the US Communist Party. If you want to know why I see that as a red flag here, consult [this recent paper](#), which exposes Marx himself as an early Intelligence asset. Bruce Carlson is a 4-star general and director of the NRO. The NRO is one of the big-5 Intelligence agencies, along with CIA, DIA, NSA and NGA. Carlson is also one of the heads of the Mormon Church. And of course Vincent Bugliosi was the attorney who prosecuted Charles Manson—who [we now know](#) was just an actor. [If you haven't read those linked papers, you won't get far into this one. Read them, come back to this one, and you will feel differently than you do right now.]

So some strange things appear to be coming out of Hibbing. We find more strange things from the Zimmermans. Bob's father Abe worked for Standard Oil. That is Rockefellers, of course. You will say, "So what, maybe that means he owned a gas station." No, [we are told](#) he was management level by 1941. Besides, *any link to the Rockefellers is a red flag*. I suggest this was the main link to New York City.

But let's skip ahead a bit. In Bob's highschool yearbook, next to his picture, it says, "To join Little Richard." That's curious phrasing. Not "To be the next Little Richard," or something like that, but "To join Little Richard." To join him in what? Wearing mascara? Being a drag queen? Remember, these phrases aren't chosen by the kids themselves. They are chosen by the yearbook writers, who are usually making a joke. So the choice of Little Richard is both strange and telling. It appears his

classmates knew something about Bob we didn't and maybe still don't. But even if we assume Bob wanted to “join Little Richard” in the ranks of famous musicians—as the phrase is usually read—the choice of Little Richard is still strange. As with the Bobby Vee connection a few months later, it doesn't really make any sense. What did Dylan ever have in common with Little Richard or Bobby Vee? We can see the connection to Woody Guthrie, which we are sold in 1961, but Little Richard and Bobby Vee? C'mon!

In 1959, Bob Dylan was 18 and Bobby Vee *was* 15. You should have a raft of questions at this point, like, “How does a 15-year-old boy from Fargo, North Dakota, sell a song to a record company, and then get a contract with the even larger Liberty Records in that same year?” Do you really think the record companies were that desperate for talent? Or do you think maybe Vee had some connections due to his family? Of course we aren't told what those connections were (although I would bet good money someone in the Velline family {Bobby's Vee's real name} had married a Rockefeller or Vanderbilt or something). According [to his official bio](#), Vee's career started in 1959 when he was chosen to fill in for Buddy Holly, etc. on “the day the music died.” But that was in Moorhead, MN. Why would they choose a 15-year-old boy from Fargo to play in Moorhead, across state lines? Vee was a minor and couldn't even get across state lines legally without someones help. He couldn't drive himself, and anyone but his parents could be stopped for transporting a minor. Yet we are told Vee and his band volunteered to fill in, and were accepted. Is that at all believable? Age 15 isn't even high school. That is middle school. This is a middle-school band filling in for Buddy Holly, Ritchie Valens and the Big Bopper. Do you think the ticket holders would stand for that? We are told the gig was a success. Is that believable? Three major stars dead in a cornfield, and the show goes on with a middle school band? Who writes this stuff?

Want to hear something else weird? What did these middle school boys supposedly call themselves? *The Shadows*. Cue *Twilight Zone* music. Here are Vee's own words on this, from the liner notes to his 1963 tribute album *I Remember Buddy Holly*:

About a week before this, I had just organized a vocal and instrumental group of five guys. Our style was modeled after Buddy's approach and we had been rehearsing with Buddy's hits in mind. When we heard the radio plea for talent, we went in and volunteered. We hadn't even named the group up to that time, so we gave ourselves a name on the spot, calling ourselves “*The Shadows*”.

What a lucky coincidence, right? A week before Buddy Holly dies in a plane crash near Fargo, ND, a group of middle school boys in Fargo, ND, start a Buddy Holly band and begin rehearsing his hits. Their lead singer memorizes all his lyrics in just one week, and when Holly dies, this 15 year old fills in for him at the local dance, becoming an overnight sensation. You may buy that, but I don't. This is just a cover story for something underhanded, the least sinister of which is that some rich family used the Buddy Holly tragedy to promote their kids, and the most sinister of which is that they made it happen.

That was February of 1959. Before the year is out, Bobby Vee will have cut his own record—a Buddy Holly copy called “Suzie Baby”—sold it to a company capable of releasing it, and scored a hit with it. In that same year, he will be signed by an even larger record company, and will be touring. *In that same year*, Bob Dylan will play with the band in Minneapolis under the stage name Elston Gunn.

You should not only ask yourself how Vee scored all that action as a 15-year-old boy in less than a year, but what the connection between Dylan and him was. Dylan was a rich Jewish boy just out of high school. Why was he chosen over all others to play keyboards with Vee? Liberty records didn't know

anyone else in Minneapolis/St. Paul who could play the keyboards?

And what is Elston Gunn? Is that supposed to be clever? You should ask yourself this: does the cleverness of that stage name match in any way the cleverness of the person who wrote *Shelter from the Storm* or *Like a Rolling Stone*? The greatest folk lyricist in American music history starts out his career as El Stun Gun? That would be like finding out John Keats first choice as a *nom de plume* was Holden McGroin.

That name doesn't match the later Dylan hagiography, but it does match other things Dylan was doing at the time. He spent a short time at the University of Minnesota, where he pledged Sigma Alpha Mu. Yes, Dylan was frat boy. Surprised? You shouldn't be. It fits his medal acceptance from Obama in 2012. Dylan was never the rebel you thought he was. Rebels don't pledge fraternities, it pretty much goes without saying.

Then we are fed the line about Dylan going to New York to visit his hero Woody Guthrie, who was in the hospital with Huntington's disease. What we are never told is why Guthrie agreed to see him. Dylan was a college-dropout nobody. If you are a famous guy in hospital with a serious disease, do you want to see every stranger kid who knocks on the door? Does the hospital even allow it? I doubt it. And why would Ramblin' Jack Elliott "befriend" Dylan? Elliott was already a famous guy in the folk music scene at the time, and Dylan was a 19-year-old nobody. I don't care how talented you are, it doesn't work that way. High school kids don't just go to New York City and hook up with famous people. It doesn't happen now and it didn't happen then. You have to have some sort of entrée. You have to be introduced. In the bios, they always skip over that. You are expected to believe Dylan just met these guys in a coffeeshop or something and whipped out his harmonica, blowing them away with his soul. Again, it doesn't work that way. They make you think these older guys are just sitting around stoops looking for new young talent. They aren't. Older guys are normally trying to snuff young talent, since it is the young talent that will displace them. That is how the world really works. If Elliott was really promoting Dylan, it is because he was being *paid* to promote him. It appears Dylan had already been chosen as the front for a big enterprise at that time, and people like Elliott were simply used as cogs in that enterprise—to give it ballast and legitimacy. Elliott is also Jewish, the son of a wealthy New York surgeon, so it is not hard to find the first connection.



We see the same connection to Allen Ginsberg, who was also from a wealthy Jewish family. These people were connected in ways we aren't told, and it isn't just a Jewish connection. If you want to know why I think Ginsberg is a red flag, you have to read [this recent paper](#) on the Beat Generation, where I show it was also manufactured by US Intelligence. So just seeing Dylan hobnobbing with Ginsberg was enough to give me the clue. Ginsberg, like most of these people, was a big creep and a towering phony, and no one would be hanging out with him who wasn't seeking promotion by the entertainment mafia (which wasn't just Jewish—see, for instance, Joseph Kennedy). We don't know who was really writing Dylan's songs (yet), but I assume it wasn't Ginsberg. Ginsberg couldn't write for sour apples. Ginsberg was in desperate need of ghost poets behind *him*, but he was stuffed too tight to use them. The songs attributed to Dylan most often aren't that great as poetry, either, but they are top-notch as songs and are way beyond anything Ginsberg ever wrote. I will flesh out that opinion below, where we will look at a few of the songs line by line.

We see more red flags early on, when in 1961, at age 20, Dylan scored a review in the *New York Times*. As with [Ezra Pound's meteoric rise](#) in London in 1908, Dylan's meteoric rise in New York in 1961 simply isn't believable. He had been playing in Greenwich Village for only about six months, had no original material, hadn't written any of his great early songs yet, and somehow the *New York Times* does a review of him? He was the opening act for the Greenbriar Boys at Gerde's Folk City. There probably weren't ten people in the audience. So let's ask the question begged. Who wrote the review? Robert Shelton, who was really Robert Shapiro, from another family of wealthy Jews. Who was booking Gerde's at the time? Charlie Rothschild. Does that name ring a bell? Do you think he might be Jewish also? Wealthy family? Also remember who is behind the *New York Times*. The Sulzberger family, extremely wealthy Jews who also founded the New York Stock Exchange. Even before the *New York Times* and all other media were taken over by the CIA in the 1950's, that paper had been controlled by extremely vested interests, to say the least.

So clearly, someone had a plan for Dylan. Or, we should say, he was the front man for some operation. We will call it **Operation Rolling Stone**.

We know Intelligence was running all sorts of secret operations in the 1960's. Many of them have since been partially de-classified, like Operation Mockingbird, Operation Bluebird, Operation Chaos, MKULTRA, and many many more. But there appears to have been an even larger, more fundamental Operation beneath all of them. This was Operation Rolling Stone. It was the promotion of *change* in all forms. To what end? The promotion of trade. The Jews and Gentiles that would run the 20th century were masters of trade. They were money lenders and money changers and money makers. These families had always been very good at making money, but in the 20th century they discovered a way to accelerate this money making beyond even their own dreams. They discovered that accelerated trade depended directly on accelerated change. The more change of any kind they could introduce into society, the more money they would make. This is simply because change can always be accompanied with new products. New products = new wealth. More products = more wealth. Therefore, the fundamental and underlying Operation of the 20th century has been CHANGE.

This was revolutionary in every way, since humans don't really like change. Like cats and all other animals, they prefer things to stay as they are. Living creatures tend to equate change with discomfort. So to promote change was to go against human nature. It wasn't something that would happen on its own. It had to be manufactured and constantly sold.

It was revolutionary in another way, since it went against all tradition. Tradition had always taught that change was something to be avoided. All the major religions sought balance and harmony, neither of

which could be maintained in times of rapid change.

It was revolutionary in a third way, since traditionally trade had been considered dirty. Thoreau was still teaching in the 1840's that "trade curses everything it touches." Gentlemen in the early 19th century looked down on trade, as we see from reading Dickens or Austen, or watching *Downton Abbey*. The English aristocracy mocked American wealth, since it came from trade. So you would think it would be difficult to flip the world 180 degrees, taking us to the present where most believe that trade sanctifies everything it touches.

Well, it *was* difficult. It required hiring millions of people and spending vast amounts of capital over more than a century. But the investment paid off, as we see. Accelerated change has made the billionaires into trillionaires. They are now so rich they have to hide their wealth. The wealthiest families won't even allow their names to appear on the *Forbes* lists, the totals are so obscene. For instance, the Rockefellers are hundreds of times as wealthy as Bill Gates, but we are told they only have a few billion. The truth is, the Rockefellers had made their first *trillion* by 1930 (in today's dollars). We are told they gave most of it away and are now worth less than then. Don't believe it.

But what does this all have to do with Bob Dylan? Dylan was just one player in a vast operation of change. And one of the clues is the "Rolling Stone" meme. We see it coming up several times, in things that don't appear to be related. We see Dylan's famous song, we see the band the Rolling Stones, and we see the magazine *Rolling Stone*. All came out in the 1960's. Why? Have you ever asked that question? Maybe. Has anyone ever explained that to you? I don't think so.

To understand it, we have to go back to the maxim that started them all:

A rolling stone gathers no moss.

That is attributed to Publilius Syrus, from the first century BC. That just means little citizen of Syrus, so the person is anonymous. He is said to have been a slave from Syria, later freed, so he may have been a Jew. However that may be, the maxim was suggestive to those would control the 20th century because it was the perfect expression of change as the engine of wealth. A rolling stone gathers no moss, but it gathers something else green: money. This is what Don McLean meant when he said in *American Pie*, "moss grows fat on a rolling stone, but that's not how it used to be." The moss there is money. A rolling stone gathers no moss, but it grows fat on money.

Robert Heinlein cryptically suggested the same thing as far back as 1952, in his story *The Rolling Stones*. It is about a family in search of adventure *and money*.

So the Rolling Stone meme was a creation of Intelligence. It was likely the title of their biggest and longest running Operation. In this way, it linked Dylan, the Rolling Stones, and the magazine. All were fronts for British/US intelligence. Their prime directive was the creation of rapid change.

Do you think it is a coincidence that one of Dylan's most famous songs is "The times, they are a'changin'"? Yes, they were and are, but who was changin' them and why? Let's look more closely at the lyrics.

Come writers and critics
Who prophesy with your pen
And keep your eyes wide

The chance won't come again
And don't speak too soon
For the wheel's still in spin
And there's no tellin' who
That it's namin'

Curious. Dylan is telling writers and critics not to speak too soon. In other words, to keep quiet. To go with it. This is curious because a lot of the change going on in the 1960's *wasn't* for the better. These people conspicuously tied themselves to the civil rights movement—which was the positive change happening at the time; but far bigger things were going on which we now can see were negative: the rise of Intelligence, the rise of the corporate media, the rise of the police state, the continued rise of the war economy, and the permanent entrenchment of a secret government. And, we can now add to that the permanent acceleration of society, which would create both huge sums of new wealth and the complete dissolution of culture.

Also curious are the lines “And there's no tellin' who that it's namin'”. The songwriter is giving us a bit of a clue there, telling us there are unnamed people behind the spinning wheel. With very little digging, we have seen those names come up already: Rockefeller, Rothschild, Sulzberger, etc.

This is also curious:

Come senators, congressmen
Please heed the call
Don't stand in the doorway
Don't block up the hall
For he that gets hurt
Will be he who has stalled

Senators are being told that they will get hurt if they stand in the way of this change. That's not really a progressive sentiment in a Republic or Democracy, is it? Congressmen are supposed to be representatives of the people, and these representatives are being threatened here. Why does anyone think this song is progressive?

Your sons and your daughters
Are beyond your command
Your old road is
Rapidly agin'
Please get out of the new one
If you can't lend your hand

This is no better. It is fascism posing as progressive politics. If your sons and daughters are no longer your charges, who are they the charges of? That's right, the State. The financiers want control of your kids, because they can then sell them things more easily and directly. That is precisely what has happened. Kids are now raised by the corporate media, to the benefit of no one but the billionaires and trillionaires.

The line it is drawn
The curse it is cast

The curse it is cast? What does that mean? How could positive change be a curse? If Dylan is just talking about civil rights here, as is the common interpretation, how is any curse being cast? Ask

yourself that.

The order is
Rapidly fadin'
And the first one now
Will later be last

The old order is rapidly fading. What was the old order? The aristocracy. In the 20th century, we have seen the aristocracy replaced by the financiers as the controllers of society. The Jews, who were formerly last, will be first, and the aristocrats will now be last. The old houses will be pulled down and replaced by new mansions. These lines are usually read as Biblical references, as in the meek will inherit the Earth. But that hasn't happened, has it? No, because that was never the plan. That isn't what these lyrics mean. No one ever gave a damn about the meek.

The same can be said of Lennon's song *Imagine*, which is commonly misread as progressive. It is beautifully arranged and performed, which makes it so seductive, but it isn't progressive at all.

**Imagine there's no heaven
It's easy if you try
No hell below us
Above us only sky
Imagine all the people
Living for today...**

Sounds great on a cursory reading, but if you read it in context of recent history, it becomes far more sinister. As I show in [my paper on Theosophy](#), the financiers have been trying to destroy all religions in order to co-opt their tithe. If the religions are gone, you have no one to go to but your government. The government becomes your priest and confessor, your father, brother, sister and mother, and all your alms go to it.

**Imagine there's no countries
It isn't hard to do
Nothing to kill or die for
And no religion too
Imagine all the people
Living life in peace...**

No countries. Does New World Order mean anything to you? Without countries, there are no laws except the laws the financiers impose *on you*. For them, anything goes. That is precisely what we have seen in the past 50 years, and especially since the 1990's, when NAFTA and GATT gutted all local laws in favor of corporate rapine.

**Imagine no possessions
I wonder if you can**

I can. After they take all your possessions, you are left with none. That's what we've seen in the past decades, as the superrich have sucked the middle and lower classes dry with various grand thefts like LIBOR, quantitative easing, corporate bailouts, and a raft of others. And you don't even possess your privacy anymore, since they are spying on you all the time, with satellites, appliances, street cameras, web snooping, illegal phone tapping, open emails, and so on.

The song only appears to be progressive. It is really fascism posing as progressive politics. It is misdirection.

Which brings us to The Rolling Stones. If you will recall, one of the Stones early albums was titled "Their Satanic Majesties Request." That was 1967, and the band members were supposedly facing drug busts and jail time and so on. They were being sold as the worst of the bad boys, attacking the old world order and every other form of order and decency. So how is it that Mick Jagger got knighted by Prince Charles in 2002 for service to the Empire and Crown? Exactly what service did he ever do them? Given the mainstream interpretation of the Stones, it makes no sense. But given my interpretation, it makes all the sense in the world. Jagger and the Stones manufactured and promoted accelerated change of all kinds, which financially benefited the Empire and Crown enormously.

Given that the Stones (and the Beatles, too, after 1967) were sold as wildly anti-establishment, you would expect the Royals and the British/US governments to be against them all the way. And yet we find the Secret Services in both countries promoting them with every trick available. In [my paper on Lennon](#), we saw the BSC (the US arm of British Intelligence) promoting these bands as part of the "mobilization of pro-British opinion." Given what we have been taught, that makes no sense. But given Operation Rolling Stone, it makes complete sense. Both governments wanted accelerated change and societal dissolution, because both governments were being run by the financiers. Change and dissolution have proved to be engines of stratospheric levels of profit for these very few families.

[Addendum March 4, 2017: I have discovered more about the Rolling Stones. Amusingly, I was led into it by an old Trivial Pursuit game (original Genus edition, 1981), where one of the questions asks "who first broke the bank in Monte Carlo?" The answer: Joseph Jagger. I thought to myself, "Could he be related to Mick?" The answer: probably *yes*. The clue is that he was from Yorkshire. We are told he was a mechanic, but mechanics from Yorkshire don't break the bank in Monte Carlo. In 1890, such people weren't even let in the front door, so Joseph was probably already wealthy. Anyway, if we check Mick's genealogy, we find [his Jagger relations](#) were from Yorkshire. Morley, West Yorkshire. And this tells us more, because we find the famous Jagger coal mines in Emley, West Yorkshire, about 5 miles to the south of Morley. They operated up until 1985, but back in the 1800s they produced a lot of coal, making the Jagers very wealthy. They were so wealthy we find several Jagers were famous artists by the latter part of the century. See Charles Sargeant Jagger, his brother David Jagger, and their sister Edith Jagger. It is not admitted they were related to the coal-mine Jagers or to Mick, but since they were also from Yorkshire and their father is listed as a colliery manager, we may assume they were. The father was probably an owner, not just a manager. In fact, I confirmed Mick's relation to the coal mine, since the names at that time match old records. [At this link](#), we find coal mine owners in Emley listed as James, Matthew and Robert Jagger (Baines Directory, Gazetteer Directory, 1822). Those names also appear in Mick's ancestry.

Another link is found when we discover the artist Charles Jagger apprenticing with Mappin and Webb. That company is the crown jeweler, and has been the top silversmith in England for 200 years. But what to notice here is the name Webb. It ties us to Mick again because it is admitted that Mick went to the London School of Economics for two years. The LSE was founded by Baron Sidney **Webb**. Webb was a major spook of the Fabian Society, so it is curious to find Mick at the LSE. It gets even better when [we discover that the Rolling Stones](#) came out of the LSE. As it turns out, Mick wrote a grant proposal for the Stones while in school, *and the LSE provided the band's first funding*. Wow.

For more WOW, we can look at Mick's alleged flame Jerry Hall. You remember her, right?



Did you know that after splitting with Mick, she married Rupert Murdoch? Did you know she has a twin sister Terry? Did you know she was a Dunham? Her great-grandmother was Parthenia Dunham. Think Stanley Ann Dunham, Obama's mother, and see [my previous papers](#). Parthenia was the daughter of Isaac Reid, which may be a misspelling of Reed—which would link us [to John Reed](#), etc. Jerry's father is named John Prentice Hall, and he is said to have been a truck driver from Texas. Right. Ever heard of a little publisher called Prentice Hall? It is the leading publisher of school textbooks. Its founders were two guys named Gerstenberg and Ettinger. They named the company for their mothers, using their maiden names. Strange, hunh? Since Gerstenberg and Ettinger are probably Jewish names, that would mean Prentice and Hall are, too, in this case. Also interesting is the name Ettinger, which we saw recently [in my paper on Hitler](#). We found that Himmler's name had been changed from Hettinger, which is a variation of Ettinger. All were prominent Jewish families from Baden.

Moreover, the Richard Prentice Ettinger of Prentice Hall was also an **Oppenheimer**. His mother was Elsie Oppenheimer, daughter of Levi. Levi's mother was a **Goldschmidt**.

And there's more. It looks like Jerry Hall may be related to major spook Manly Palmer Hall. Jerry's Halls came over from Blackburn, England—which is itself a clue. Blackburn is just northwest of Liverpool and Manchester, and is of course famously mentioned in a Beatles' song. Manly Hall was a Green, and so was John Reed. John Reed's grandfather was Henry Green, who founded Portland, OR. As I said, I suspect a link between Reed-Reid. Manly's Greens were from Essex County, MA, same county as Salem. Also, Jerry was from Texas. Manly's first wife Fay Bernice **Lee** was also from Texas. Manly's second wife was a Schweikert, which is also curious. That is probably Jewish. See the Schweikert factory in Lodz, formerly one of the largest **textile** manufacturers in Poland. It is now part of the University of Lodz. See also the Schweikert Palace in Lodz, which will show you how wealthy the Schweikerts were before WWII. Also see current Arizona Congressman Schweikert, [who has compared Unions to Nazis](#). Who compares people to Nazis? Jews do. And who compares Unions to Nazis? Fascists do. Only a Congressman on the payroll of the industrialists would stoop to comparing Unions to Nazis. But since I have shown the Unions were all infiltrated and blown decades ago, it's all just theater anyway.

Back to Jerry Hall and Manly Hall. More indication we are on the right track is given by Erica “the Disconnectrix” Howton appearing on the pages of Manly Hall. On Jerry's pages, we find Hall is a Hamilton going back to George Hamilton of Ireland. This links her to Alexander Hamilton and [previous research](#). So it looks like Jerry didn't just happen to become famous and marry several

famous people. It wasn't all based on her looks, as we are led to believe. Like Brad Pitt, she was an insider from birth. Wasn't Brad's dad supposed to be a truck driver, too? As they say, Oi-freakin-vay. [I have now shown Brad](#) was *directly* descended from the famous Pitts who ran England. William Pitt was Prime Minister until 1806, and Brad's real name is William Bradley Pitt.

For more on the family Hall, consult [my December 2016 paper on Mark Twain](#), where I remind you that Eleanor Roosevelt's grandfather was Valentine Hall, 19th century billionaire related to the Booths, Rathbones, Stewarts, Livingstons, Whitmores and Walkers. Valentine Hall's daughter married William Forbes Morgan, Jr., and this also linked them to the Robinsons. Through the Dunhams, Jerry Hall is linked to all these families.

To return to Jagger, we find his father's middle name Fanshawe. That's because Mick's paternal grandmother was a Fanshawe. She is scrubbed in the genealogies at Geni.com, but the name Fanshawe links Mick to great wealth and influence in that line. Although we are told Mick's dad Basil was a gym teacher, that is probably misdirection. The Fanshawes have been in the peerage at least since 1650, when Richard Fanshawe was made a Baronet by Charles II. Richard's brother Thomas was made a Viscount eleven years later. These are the same Fanshawes that founded Virginia, so there are links across the pond, as usual. After that, many Fanshawes were prominent in the military, including Admiral Arthur Fanshawe (who married Sarah Frances **Fox**), his nephew Admiral Edward Fanshawe, his brother General Charles Fanshawe, Major-General Robert Fanshawe, and Lieutenant-General Edward Fanshawe—who led the V Corps in WWI. His brothers Hew and Robert were also Generals. There are many Fanshawes in the peerage, although I did not find Mick's grandmother there—at least not under the name Harriet Fanshawe or Harriet Jagger. However I did find more [on her at Wikitree](#). She is from the Fanshawes of Eckington, Derbyshire. That's interesting, because the Fanshawes in the peerage [were from Holmesfield, Derbyshire](#). The two villages are about 4 miles apart.

There are also Jagers in the peerage, including Lt. Col. Hugh Jagger, OBE, b. 1872. Many of the Jagers in the peerage [were born in the 20th century](#), which means Mick probably has cousins in the peerage. These findings indicate to me that it is possible Mick was in the peerage before being knighted, which would mean the knighting was actually a step down. This would indicate some agents are scrubbed from the posted peerage, but that isn't difficult to believe.]

But back to Dylan. Let's return to the Wikipedia page for further red flags. Right after his write-up in the *New York Times* in 1961, Dylan played harmonica on Carolyn Hester's third album, and we are told this brought him to the attention of Columbia Records, which signed him to a record deal. What? Since when did playing harmonica on a minor recording bring you to the attention of the top executives? We are told John Hammond groomed Dylan personally. Why?

To answer that, we have to ask, “Who was John Hammond?” Hammond's grandfather had been a Civil War general. His father was ambassador to Spain. His mother was Emily Vanderbilt Sloane, which made Hammond the great-grandson of William Henry Vanderbilt, one of the wealthiest men in history. So Hammond wasn't just a Columbia Records bigwig. He had ties to huge wealth, to government, to the military, and we must assume to Intelligence. The CIA had taken over all media by 1961, and record companies were part of the media. In fact, John Hammond's position at Columbia is best read as direct evidence of that. Remember, Columbia Records, although originally independent, had been bought out by CBS and William Paley in 1938. Paley's ties to Intelligence are well-known. Always rumored, they were confirmed in Congressional testimony in the 1970's and by many other sources since then, including Frances Stoner Saunders. So you see Columbia Records had been a finger in the glove of Intelligence since before the Second World War. This may explain why Hammond was so

keen to sign the 20-year-old Dylan based on pretty much nothing. Dylan's entire career was a set-up.

Do you see it now? We only have couple of degrees of separation. Dylan's dad worked for Rockefeller. The Rockefeller clan hobnobbed with the Vanderbilt clan, since they were fellow trillionaires. John Hammond was a Vanderbilt. He worked for Columbia Records. Little Bobby in Minnesota wanted to be a big star, and Hammond needed a pretty face to front one leg of Operation Rolling Stone. Hammond needed to water down and misdirect the growing folk movement, which was becoming too rowdy. It was hitting too close to home and threatening to make a real difference in several ways. Woody Guthrie had spoken to people, and some of them were waking up. Dylan was created to help put them back to sleep.

You will say, "Musical careers aren't set up that way." Yes they are, and always have been. Did you know Benny Goodman was married to Hammond's sister? That's right, Benny Goodman married into the Vanderbilt family, which explains why he got recording contracts while others didn't.

Here is a quote from Hammond's Wikipedia page:

Hammond became interested in social reform at a young age. His mother had a large interest in social reform as a means to give back some of her fortune to the community. She often found solace in Religion. Hammond shared her desire to help the community with his privilege.

Please. Anyone who is prone to believe that after all we now know should consult a psychiatrist. These wealthy families couldn't care less about helping the community or social reform. Their only interest was short-circuiting any social reform before it could take hold. They had been preying on the greater community from the beginning: that is how they acquired their obscene amounts of wealth to start with. Philanthropy was always just a cover for these people. They steal a dollar and give back a penny, but all you ever hear about is the penny they gave back to the community.

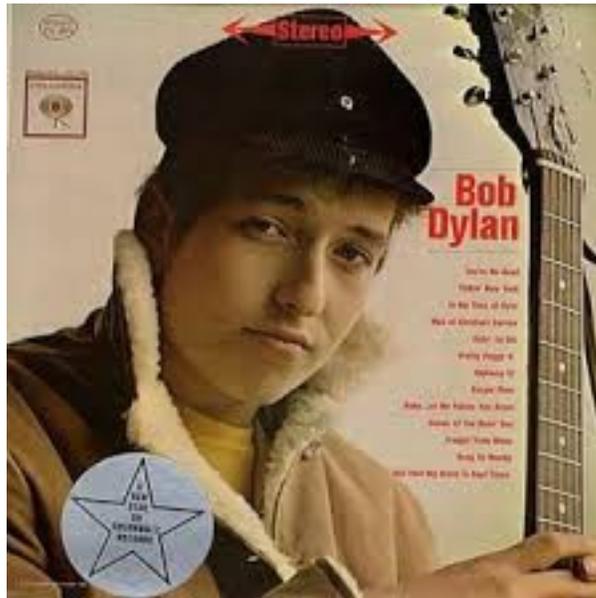
I direct you to something else interesting on Hammond's page: he went to Hotchkiss School in Connecticut. My best readers will remember that name from my paper on Marx. Hotchkiss was one of two prep schools I exposed as feeders for the Intelligence communities.

Here's another curious quote on Hammond's page, from Hammond himself:

After all, he's [Dylan] not a great harmonica player, and he's not a great guitar player, and he's not a great singer. He just happens to be an original. And I just wanted to have that originality come through.

So we are supposed to believe Hammond signed Dylan to a record deal because he heard him playing harmonica behind Carolyn Hester? Although Dylan was "not a great harmonica player." He just knew that Dylan was an original, by watching Dylan play mediocre harmonica? Boy, in addition to being a philanthropist and civil rights pioneer, Hammond must also have been a psychic. Because the fact is, there was nothing to indicate that Dylan was the sort of "original" capable of selling albums. As it turns out, Dylan's primary talent was supposed to be for lyrics, but in 1961 he hadn't written any good lyrics. Hammond couldn't have heard him playing any original songs, because there weren't any. Dylan had only two original compositions on this first album, and that didn't come out until 1962. Both sound like they were written for the album the week before it was released: there is no indication they existed when Hammond signed Dylan in 1961. And neither shows any genius or originality. Dylan has his early fake hillbilly voice, which with hindsight isn't really that convincing. In fact, he

looks pretty ridiculous on the album cover. He looks a lot like what he is: a rich Jewish boy pretending to be folk singer. His hillbilly voice comes off the same way: fake.



The question no one ever bothers to ask is this: So why was Dylan pretending to be a folk singer, and why was he being promoted by these rich Jews and Gentiles as one? To me he looks a lot like Karl Marx looked in one of my other recent papers: he looks like a mole. It looks like he was sent in to misdirect the nascent folk, protest, and anti-war movement. To confuse it and confound it and eventually derail it; which is precisely what he did.

Around this time, Dylan used another pseudonym, “Blind Boy Grunt.” Again, that doesn't sound like the alias of any genius lyricist. It does mesh however with a little known fact about Dylan:

When Dylan met girlfriend Suze Rotolo's mother, Mary, he lied and told her that he had a degenerative eye disease that would eventually lead him to go blind, earning him Mary's eternal distrust.

What's with the recurring blindness bit? I would suggest it is one of Dylan's many many direct clues to you, some others of which we will see later. To go ahead with his life, Dylan has to be blind to the way he is being used. It is his subconscious telling us he is not completely at ease with his role in Operation Rolling Stone. Part of him considers it the price of fame, but part of him considers the price too high to pay. He is admitting he has to be blind to that side of him most of the time.

In 1962, Dylan suddenly switched managers. Albert Grossman bought out his contract with Roy Silver. Grossman was another Jew, and he was loathed by many in the folk music scene. This is admitted even on his Wiki page, where it says, “He was a pudgy man with derisive eyes, with a regular table at Gerde's Folk City from which he surveyed the scene in silence, and many people loathed him. In a milieu of New Left reformers and folkie idealists campaigning for a better world, Albert Grossman was a breadhead, seen to move serenely and with deadly purpose like a barracuda circling shoals of fish.” I suggest to you that the distrust of Grossman went beyond his love of bread. I think it very likely many of these real folkies understood they had been infiltrated, and some of them probably had an idea by whom. It wasn't just Grossman they mistrusted, it was Dylan as well. Dylan's manufactured career had to displace the careers of many real folk artists. In fact, it was intended to.

Before we move on, I direct you to the fact that Grossman also represented Janis Joplin. To understand the red flag there, I link you to [my paper on the Zodiac hoax](#). Also see Joni Mitchell's comments about Joplin below.

The next red flag we find is the plagiarism charge leveled at Dylan by *Newsweek* in 1963, when one of its writers suggested Dylan had bought the song "Blowin' in the Wind" from New Jersey high school student Lorre Wyatt. Wyatt initially confirmed this, but later recanted his story in the *New York Times* in 1974. The whole story remains fishy, but it looks to me like Wyatt's story in 1974 is the lie, not the original story. Wyatt was probably paid to say the song was Dylan's, since that saved everyone's ass. If Dylan had really written the song, Columbia would have sued the pants off of *Newsweek* immediately in 1963, as soon as the story hit the newsstands. The fact that they didn't tells me they didn't wish the case to go to court, where they might lose. What this indicates is that in at least one case we have strong evidence Dylan didn't write his most famous songs. This, by itself, is enough to blow the whole history.

You might also ask why this story hasn't gotten more traction. How was it buried so quickly? Why aren't more people aware of it? Why wasn't the fact ever thoroughly investigated one way or the other? Because these things are controlled by the mainstream media, and things have gone the way the mainstream media wished them to go. We see minor slip-ups now and then, like the one at *Newsweek*, but the mess is always mopped up and everything goes on as before.

The next red flag is Dylan's being booed off the stage at the 1965 Newport Folk Festival. The mainstream spin on this is that it was due to Dylan's being "electric," but that is just a cover story. The folkies booed Dylan off the stage because they had become aware he was a phony. Many fellow musicians had been aware of this on some level from the beginning, but it took the fans a little longer to figure it out. The audience at Newport wasn't the screaming girls planted by the CIA. Many were real fans of folk, and by 1965 they had no use for Bob Dylan. He was *persona non grata*, but not because of anything electric.

This isn't just my opinion. Ewan MacColl said at the time,

Our traditional songs and ballads are the creations of extraordinarily talented artists working inside disciplines formulated over time... 'But what of Bobby Dylan?' scream the outraged teenagers... Only a completely non-critical audience, nourished on the watery pap of pop music, could have fallen for such tenth-rate drivel.

That is the most MacColl could say in print. He could not tell the even greater truth: Dylan was a mole. Folk magazine readers could understand MacColl's dismissal of Dylan as drivel, but any talk of moles would have brought out cries of "conspiracy theory," as now.

In response, those backing Dylan went into emergency mode. As in 1967 with the Beatles, all the top guns were brought in to re-invent Dylan in 1965 and save his faltering career. This is when "Like a Rolling Stone" hit the charts. It truly is a great song. The lyrics are fantastic and Dylan's performance is near-perfect. The arrangement is tight and fitting, and has a quality almost nothing else by Dylan has. So we have to believe the real musicians and lyricists were brought in for this one. Whoever wrote this one and "Shelter from the Storm" and a couple of others had some refined poetic chops. Slant rhyming "juiced in it" and "used to it" is masterful, and beyond almost everyone else at the time, including, of course, Dylan. Only someone like Paul Simon was capable of lyrics and storytelling on

this level, and it is possible he is the one behind lyrics like this. Joni Mitchell was later on this level, but this doesn't have her signals or her female feel. She was capable of this richness, but not this grit.

Many won't understand why I think Paul Simon could write this but not Dylan. They were of the same age, so if Simon could write it, why not Dylan? Let me answer this way. Paul Simon's career makes sense. It is of a piece. He didn't write a few magnificent songs in a short span of years and then crash into oblivion. With some comprehensible changes and growth, he was in the 1970's and 80's what he was in the 1960's. Simon was still capable of poetry in later decades. That is what we would expect from a real person. But that isn't what we find from Dylan. All his great songs are from the early years, and after, say, 1966, it appears his Muse (almost) utterly deserted him. I would suggest it wasn't any Muse that deserted him, it was the Operation that was finished with him.

By 1969, the infiltration and co-option of the hippie and anti-war movements was over. That battle had been decisively won by the government. The Manson event finished off the hippies and permanently crippled the anti-war movement, so Dylan was no longer needed to misdirect them. His team abandoned him and moved on to other projects. Younger acts were more useful in terms of "change of any kind."

Remember, the Beatles were abandoned at the same time. We are told they broke up, but that wasn't the case. After the Manson event in 1969, the Beatles weren't needed any longer. They didn't break up, they were dismissed. The break-up stories were just planted as cover. The Operation was complete, and the Intelligence communities didn't wish to re-invent the Beatles a third time. Since the hippie movement had been destroyed on purpose, the Beatles as eastern mystics thing was now passé. To continue on with the Beatles as part of Operation Rolling Stone, Intelligence would have had to remold all four guys into punks or something, and that was not considered feasible.

Like the Beatles, Dylan was left to his own devices after a certain date, and it turns out he didn't have as many devices as you think. You will tell me Dylan crashed in 1966, not 1970, so it can't have anything to do with the Manson event. That's (partially) true, and requires we look closer at the events of 1966. Remember, the Beatles also crashed in 1966. Like Dylan, they were booed and played to half-empty halls that year. But the Beatles were reinvented in 1967 with *Sgt. Pepper's*. Dylan wasn't. Why? I would suggest it was because the Beatles were willing to be reinvented as faux-Buddhists and Dylan wasn't. Dylan had already been reinvented once, changing from faux-folkie to faux-Beatnik in 1964. But the next change rubbed him wrong. Possibly he still had some real attachment to Judaism at the time, and wasn't willing to start promoting Hindu gods to stupid American kids. So Intelligence froze him out for several years, starving him of recognition to such an extent that he would eventually even pretend to be a born-again (see below).

But of course Dylan didn't quit recording in 1966, he only quit touring. His masters continued to use his name and image, since they owned both, but the former cooperation was gone. They weren't fully using him and he wasn't fully using them, so the product soured considerably.

After Watergate, Dylan was brought back to Columbia for one last major hurrah in late 1974, and it appears that someone considered this album important enough to hire "the poet" once again. That is when we get *Blood on the Tracks* and the great single "Shelter from the Storm," which to me shows the same genius as "Like a Rolling Stone." This is confirmed by Dylan's performance, which is also very similar. He seems inspired in the same rare way, and I see the same person inspiring him both times.

So why bring back Dylan then? Well, *Blood on the Tracks* was recorded in September, 1974, and

Nixon had resigned August 9, exactly five years after the fake Manson murders. Again, no coincidence. Intelligence needed to flood all markets with everything it could, as part of the grand misdirection of that year. Entertainment is always misdirection from real politics, and so every circus that could be found was quickly tented up. Dylan had toured with The Band earlier in the year, and John Lennon was brought back that fall, too, with the album *Walls and Bridges*. George Harrison released an album. Wings released an album. Even Ringo was brought back. Muhammad Ali was Rumbling in the Jungle, Lucy was being discovered, and a thousand other things were created as distractions, so that the American public couldn't see that the CIA had just finalized its takeover of the government.

But back to "Shelter from the Storm". I think this song may contain the best lyrics ever attributed to Dylan, and maybe to anyone else. It is *so* good, it seems at first to be out of the reach of even Paul Simon or Leonard Cohen. I don't (yet) know who might have written it, but the man who lived Bob Dylan's life doesn't seem close to capable of it. It makes even "Like a Rolling Stone" look amateurish, and "the poet" has grown immensely in the intervening years. No one known to me, songwriter or poet, seems capable of it. But let's study it more closely. Maybe I am wrong.

**Suddenly I turned around and she was standin' there
With silver bracelets on her wrists and flowers in her hair
She walked up to me so gracefully and took my crown of thorns
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."**

That's stanza five. Doesn't have the cadence of any Paul Simon song. It scans wrong. Paul likes shorter lines. I took the time to scan every song Simon wrote, all posted on his site, and I saw no link between this song and any of his. The vocabulary is different as well. The only match we have is in the quality of the writing, but the specifics are all different.

Studying stanza five a bit longer, it occurs to me that it could have been written by Leonard Cohen. It has his earmarks, what with the "crown of thorns" and the girl with silver bracelets. Chewing on that for a few moments reminds me that Shelter from the Storm begins with the word "'Twas".

**'Twas in another lifetime, one of toil and blood
When blackness was a virtue and the road was full of mud.**

Hmmm. That's rare. Who else is using such archaic words in lyrics?

Well, Leonard Cohen.

I built my house beside the wood
So I could hear you singing
And it was sweet and it was good
And love was all beginning
Fare thee well my nightingale
'Twas long ago I found you
Now all your songs of beauty fail
The forest closes 'round you
The sun goes down behind a veil
'Tis now that you would call me
So rest in peace my nightingale
Beneath your branch of holly
Fare thee well my nightingale

I lived but to be near you
Tho' you are singing somewhere still
I can no longer hear you.

That's his song "Nightingale", from 2004.

Did Dylan ever use the word "twas"? Only in his reading of "Twas the Night before Christmas."

This leads us to a curious quote from Ginsberg, who is famous for saying too much:

Dylan blew everybody's mind, except Leonard's.

Hmm. What could *that* mean? Is Ginsberg admitting something there?

Which leads us to return to Shelter from the Storm, and look more closely at stanza 9:

**In a little hilltop village, they gambled for my clothes
I bargained for salvation an' they gave me a lethal dose
I offered up my innocence and got repaid with scorn
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm"**

I note the use of the word "salvation" there, which again sounds like Cohen. Here are his lyrics from Almost like the Blues:

**There is no God in heaven and there is no Hell below
So says the great professor of all there is to know
But I've had the invitation that a sinner can't refuse
And it's almost like salvation; it's almost like the blues.**

Wow, not only is the word use very similar, but the lines scan the same! We have an aabb rhyme scheme in iambic hexameter. Not many songwriters using iambic hexameters these days. I would say we have our man!

Once I saw it, I said, "Of course, how could I not see it before!" It is so obvious. Those behind this imposture must have feared many would recognize Cohen instantly, but no one did. Most people aren't expecting such imposture, so they don't look for it. They don't see it because they never even consider the possibility of such things. But once we do, we see immediately. It is not difficult.

I hadn't intended to out Cohen as "the poet" behind Dylan when I started this. Consider it bonus material. I write these papers just as you read them, and you are following along with my mind as it turns and my fingers as they type. Once you get me into a project, you never know what I will find.

But some of you may not be so quickly convinced. I encourage those people to compare several other songs in this way, looking at specific words, until they see what is already obvious to me. But rather than do that here, let us look beyond the songs themselves. Do we have any other indication Cohen is our man? Well, his label was Columbia, which gives us the link. We have a second link via John Hammond, who signed both Dylan and Cohen. So Cohen was there in the same studios, was available, was controlled by the same people, and was paid by the same people. It also answers a previous problem I had, concerning the age of "the poet." I felt Dylan was too young, with too little experience

to have written what was written. Well, Cohen is seven years older. In 1965, when Dylan was only 23, Cohen was 30. That makes a big difference.



This would also explain Joni Mitchell's [very strange comments in 2010](#), when she said of Dylan:

He's a plagiarist, and his name and voice are fake. Everything about Bob is a deception. We are like night and day, he and I.

Wow, she couldn't be much clearer than that, could she? And she should know, since she dated Cohen for a year back in the day. Recently she was given a chance to backpedal from her statements, but refused. She attacked the previous interviewer as a “moron” and an “asshole”, but didn't take back the claims of plagiarism, faking, and deception. She actually added a bit of fuel to the mysterious fire, by saying

I like a lot of Bob's songs, though musically he's not very gifted.

Hmmm, that plays right into what I have discovered here, since why would she like the songs of someone *not musically gifted*, unless he was actually singing someone else's compositions?

Why didn't Dylan or any record label sue Mitchell for defamation? A claim of plagiarism is actionable, provable, and specific. What exactly did he plagiarize? It isn't like the rest of what she said, which can be dismissed as opinion (everything is a deception) or which is demonstrably true (fake name and voice). As with the *Newsweek* charge against Dylan in 1963, the lack of a response from Dylan's label is suspicious in itself. After all, Dylan is an icon. Calling him a plagiarist is like calling Tiger Woods a hologram. If someone told you Tiger Woods was a hologram or a CGI construct, and that all his scores had been illusions, you would demand some proof for or against that. Or, if that someone was Rory McIlroy, say, or Jack Nicklaus, you would demand proof. You might dismiss most people as lunatics, but if Jack Nicklaus said in an interview that Tiger Woods was a Computer-Generated Image, most people would wish to get to the bottom of it one way or the other. Why don't we see that with Mitchell and Dylan? Because those who run things don't wish you to know. These things don't go to court or get decided in any reasonable way, because that isn't part of the script. No one wants to take Mitchell to court, or ask her direct questions, because she can very likely *prove* Dylan is a plagiarist and a fake.

Joni has also said some strange things about Leonard Cohen, which only now begin to make sense. She has implied several times that she soon lost respect for Cohen, and although she never said so—giving other more nebulous reasons (such as that he borrowed from Camus or Lorca—so what)—I

would suggest she lost respect for him because he had chosen to be part of the hoax. Part of Operation Rolling Stone. Learning from other poets is neither derivative nor any sort of plagiarism—unless it is an outright copy job—so Mitchell's comments about Camus and Lorca and so on don't really hit home or ring true. Reading them, we suspect she is saying all she can say. And although I think Cohen is extremely talented—as well as extraordinarily brave for continuing to use old forms after they have been outlawed by academia—my respect for him does take a serious hit in the same way I think Mitchell's respect for him did. I can understand that he wished to get ahead in the business, but I can't respect any artist who knuckles under to the status quo in any way. Why refuse to bow to academic poetic constraints and the constraints of Modernism (which is why Cohen mostly wrote songs instead of capital-P Poetry), and then bow to these spooks running the music industry?

That said, Mitchell ran with the same crowd and worked for most of the same people—although it is remotely possible she didn't understand until later who they really were. It wasn't just Cohen she hung with, it was also David Crosby—a major spook baby. It is pretty difficult to believe she existed in the same waters with all these Intelligence assets during many years of black operations—including of course the Manson event—with no clue of what was going on.

Before we move on, I draw your attention to two others Joni Mitchell attacked in the same interview: Janis Joplin and Grace Slick. I suggest she attacked them for the same reason. Mitchell can't just come out and tell the world all these people are spooks, so she tries to tear them down less directly. Clearly, she is angry at being put in the same category as these people she knows to be fakes.

[**Addendum February 2, 2017:** In the Jan/Feb issue of *Taos Magazine*, Judy Collins is interviewed by David Hinske, and he asks her about Bob Dylan's Nobel Prize. This is what Collins says:

The Nobel Committee didn't do their homework. For such an illustrious group, they are woefully uninformed.

Wow. What could it mean? Unfortunately, Hinske doesn't press her for an elaboration. Or, if he did, it was cut from the published interview. I take it that she means they gave the prize to the wrong guy. If they had known how things stand, they wouldn't have done what they did. But even her hint is misdirection, since I assume she knows why they gave it to him. They didn't give it to him because they are correctly informed. They gave it to him because they were instructed to do so. Like all the other prizes, the award is just another piece of worldwide propaganda.]

So let us return to Dylan's career, to mop up any last major red flags. One of the biggest is his weird conversion to Christianity, as a born-again, no less. How can we make sense of that? Well, the last thing we should do, given what we now know, is assume the conversion is genuine. As Joni Mitchell has told us, nothing about Dylan is genuine. It is all a lie. But to what effect? I suggest the born-again idea did double or triple-duty for those who came up with it. One, it was a perfect example of CHANGE. Quickly and suddenly make Dylan into the opposite of what you think he is. This creates confusion and forces the fans to go out and buy another raft of useless products to make themselves feel better. Two, I think it was revenge by Intelligence against Dylan. He had refused to sell fake-Buddhism back in 1966, but they eventually brought him back into the fold in 1974. They finally tamed the last scruples he had. To punish him for that earlier attempt at independence and show the power they now had over him, they came up with this born-again ruse. “If you want us to continue promoting your old work, you need to become a born-again Christian.” Everyone must have had a good laugh. Three, by making the sad old reprobate Dylan a born-again, Intelligence successfully blackwashed Christianity one more time. If you think born-again were glad to have Dylan join the

fold, you aren't thinking. They may have welcomed him as a fellow-sinner and all that rot, but beneath this false exterior of inclusion, they couldn't have been happy. No more than the real folkies were happy when Dylan showed up in 1961 and claimed to be one of them. Dylan had a habit of ruining any party he attended, and his arrival did the born-again no good. Just as Marx had killed the Socialist movement and later the International, Dylan killed the folk movement. He didn't kill Christianity, but he certainly didn't help it—and that was the plan.

Here's the last red flag I will offer, although I could continue all day. In 1997, Bill Clinton presented Dylan with a Kennedy Center Honor, and said this:

He probably had more impact on people of my generation than any other creative artist. His voice and lyrics haven't always been easy on the ear, but throughout his career Bob Dylan has never aimed to please. He's disturbed the peace and discomfited the powerful.

What a load of crap! Discomfited the powerful? You have to kidding me. This is like Mick Jagger getting knighted. It makes no sense. If Dylan had truly discomfited the powerful, why would they be giving him an award? Do you think the powerful enjoy being discomfited? Have they learned their lesson? Have they been chastened? Who do you think is behind the Kennedy Center and President Clinton? Poor people? You and me? President Clinton and the Kennedy Center represent the average person? C'mon. The superrich run the country and always have, and they are giving Dylan awards because he did his job of misdirection pretty well (for a few years, at least). He fooled a majority of the non-discriminating, and earned his medals and other dog treats.

In conclusion, I repeat that this is no easier for me than for you. I don't like losing “Shelter from the Storm,” for one thing. It hurts. Talent and real art have been rare enough in the past century without losing what little we had to these government disinfo programs. It isn't just Dylan I am losing here, it is Cohen—who was in many ways the real thing. But how can I ever listen to anything by him again without being reminded of his part in all this? If Joni Mitchell is bitter, I think we can now see she has every right to be. We all do. All the arts, including popular music, have been mangled and destroyed to suit the financial interests of a few vulgar families. And if you think you have it bad—having your old heroes ripped out from under you—think of kids now. You find that the beauties you grew up on were partial and compromised and ultimately in the service of a great ugliness. But turn on the radio now: the Wasteland is here in its gasping totality and the youth are being sucked utterly dry by its sirocco. What they wouldn't give for the relative richness of your upbringing. This is the predictable outcome of art controlled by trade.

But I have since learned that trade curses everything it handles; and though you trade in messages from heaven, the whole curse of trade attaches to the business.

*For more clues about Cohen, you may go [here](#) to see his links to Intelligence.