

O. A. A. a

JIM'S COMMENTARY ABOUT HIMSELF

Why I became my own brand of Marxist? Would I could talk as well as I ~~can~~ think? That sounds presumptuous, but thoughts move rapidly through the mind. And it is difficult to capture them, to type them, to verbalize them. As a child I was undoubtedly one of the poorer in the community. I had less of material comforts, although my mother made every effort to give me what she could. My dad was ill an invalid from World War I, very bitter, cynical person. He spent so much time being ingrossed in his own pain that he finally debilitated himself (and finally his health was totally destroyed). It was a little town in Indiana and the moment I think of it a great deal of pain comes. I don't think I shall mention it, although later it may be brought about because it is no way reflecting on individuals, just a little hoosier town on the Ohio line. Thus, I acted out against the conformities in the community. The first way because I was never accepted, I joined a Pennocostal church. It was the most extreme Pennocostal church, the Oneness, because they were the most despised, rejects of the community. I found immediate acceptance and I must say ^{in all} honesty, and as much of love as I can interpret love. They were persecuted ~~in~~ beyond measure for their beliefs. But after some time, intellectually I outgrew Pennocostalism, but still a rebel, still not a part of the society, never accepted, born as it were on the wrong side of the tracks. Thus, facing the middle years my memory dims or perhaps it is because I have kept down much of the pain of life, in order to endure and it is suppressed. Because it seems that I have had a great deal of pain, for people at least who live in the Western world, of advanced societies. My pain cannot compare to those of the third world who suffer such misery beyond human description.

As I grew I then at one point men a Communist. (I am stepping past a number of things because they have no particular relevance and I do not see myself as a great skilled author, thus I will confine myself to patterns that explain Jim Jones and perhaps help others from making some of the same errors. I also hope it will make it possible for some to reach the sensitivity I have reached for people. This Communist was beyond me, in terms of intellect. I didn't understand all of the arguments. ~~ixmsxm~~ When I was a very young person I empathized strongly with the Soviets for some

reason. As a youngster when the Soviets were marching and the news was praising them highly, their endurance in turning back the Nazi hoards in Stalingrad, I used to play as if I were a Russian soldier, rushing thru the snow driving Nazis back.

It was a identification again with something outside the American scene, perhaps. I used to play the role of a Japanese because I had a certain Asiatic appearance, and people and people would be amused by my imitations of ^{Herhito} Kito or Tojo, always identifying with something other than the American society because it had not given me a feeling of acceptance. This Communist tho apparently cold defended me in a way that no one had ever defended me.

I was working in a company and had developed a sense of egalitarianism a/^{sense of} sensitivity to need of others and at that point I, both out of a sense of rebellion to someone who was more the macho, racist type personality, and I had early developed a sensitivity toward the problems of blacks, also probably feeling an outcast myself. I left my gathers home early and had to go to work ~~XXXXXXXX~~ and live away from the home because I brought the only black young man in the town to my visit ~~XXXXXXXX~~ my home and my dad said that he could not come in. I said I shant and I did not see my dad for some time thereafter.

I left the town going to work at a very young age in a hospital, some 16 to 17 miles/^{removed} from the area. /Anyway this chap/ Earlier in the discussion I mentioned that I rebelled against a certain "macho" type racist and I took money from him, but did all sorts of sensitive things with it. I had a way of controlling the money of the salesmen as they brought it in, giving them credits for the sales and I even shifted some of this money to another man who had a problem as I believe tho I am vague about it, that it was a handicapped child. Then I took some money myself and utilized it as young kids do, or at least this young kid did. Some of it sensitively and some of it, I think, as I recall for personal indulgence. Anyway I was apprehended or questions arose as something was wrong with the books and this Communist supervisor sheided~~d~~ me, utterly protected me I don't know what he did, but he must have made some adjustments with the company finances and utterly protected me from what would have been a terrible charge of embezzlement I guess and it was the only time I have ever done such a thing. Anyway you can imagine the indearment I felt for this man. Then he came to my home ~~an~~ I married at a young age. My wife and I came home after that. Of course, I

gave up my job. That was worked out, but with no bad record. And he dined with me, a lonely man, perhaps he had other designs, he was a batchelor, it could have been. For some reason he gave me his address and phone number and wanted me to follow it up. But life and its consuming pressure and having to get out and work to maintain my family as we were beginning to adopt a youngster at that time. So for one reason or another I didn't follow up for one reason or another, and later when I tried, I could not find him. I have had a great deal of quilt all of my life. The one person who had saved me at that time from certain prison--I was controversial for my own stands on race. I began to champion some of his Communist ideology. ~~AND~~ I don't want to give time to the facts because the man may have long since gone through the situation. He was a good man, and he may have made his transition to other views. At least that moved me even further to consider Marxism. I shall call myself a Marxist, because certainly no one taught me my brand of Marxism. I read, I listened. I went back to the University and I met another couple of Communists. I guess I sought them out. Old time pro-Soviet Communists. They were so gracious and they recieved me in their home. The father and the son, the mother had died, a humble home outside of Bloomington, Indiana where I went to University. Freidship again seemed thru life to be extended by people of that sort. I sough t them out. I can't say with utter honesty, I certainly was shown a great deal of friendship by those types. I only remember one Communist from Bloomington who was very groos~~x~~. Then of course my circle went that way. Those were the people I sought for inspiration and and I developed a definite concept with the problems of the world, the misery of the world, two out of three babies going to bed hungry. As late as the Nixon years when President Nixon pronounced that that was the case. I eon't remember the statistics at that time but they must certainly have been horrible indeed. It seemed gross to me that one human being would have so much more than another. I couldn't come to terms with capitalism in any way. I wanted to, I wanted to retreat from this knawing sense of consciense that pushed my forward. Then I dedided where could I demonstrate my Marxism? I demonstrated it many places and almost got into trouble

An agent checked on me because of my activities that took me to a Paul Robeson event. I went through considerable harassment that are unpleasant and painful. My mother was questioned, brought out and interrogated by the F B I for several hours; they interrogated her in front of an open area where all of her fellow workers would see her. She was a shop stewardess and I recall thereafter was relieved after being questioned about my activities. She took the fifth ammendment which in those days you did not do that. That was tantamont to admission of being a communist. And my poor mom knew nothing at all of politics. She was as a political as she could be. She believed in her son which certainly has helped, perhaps to some degree it hurt. I would prefer the chances of the kind of belief she had. She was a little indulgent of me. Certainly from her limited means, but solid as the rock of Gibraltar, She endured, not knowing even what I was up to, as they didnt even tell her that It was merely because I had been to an event where Paul Robeson sang and participated in Chicago. She didn't know what I had done, but she defended me. She said I refuse to testify on the grounds that it may tend to incriminate me, or my son. So on down the road I became even more alienated by that event. I decided how can I demonstrate my Marxism? The thought was "infiltrate the church". I consciensiously made a decision to look into that prospect. It really was brought to my attention by a very kindly (I pause because this can reflect on others) man who had a great deal of conscience that seeme to be compatible to my views. He was a church administrator of a demomination who encouraged me to think about being a Pastor and so I did, bery quickly did. I had had my religious heritage in Pentocostalism, deep rooted emotions in the Christian tradition and a deep love which I share to this day for the practical teachings of Jesus Christ. There had always been a sort of dual concept--a doubter and yet a believer. I certainly had great questions about anthropormorphic being, and a loving order to the universe. Jesus Christ, to use the kids phrase, greatly turned me on and I tried very hard throught my years in the church wherever someone else might look upon my rold, however they would look upon it they would see a great deal of sensitivity to the Christian teachings. Not only my brand of Marxism , but in Pentocostal tradition I saw that where the early believers stay together they sold all their possessions and had all things in common. I tried

I tried very hard to live up to that concept throughout my years. In the early years I approached Christendom from a communal standpoint with only intermittent mention of my Marxist views. However in later years there was not ever a person who attended my meetings that did not hear me say I was a Communist. And that is what is very strange that all these years I survived without being exposed.

News media were concerned that we were over-reacting to coverage. It was only that which concerned me. That my exposure as a Communist would affect the lives and well-being of my most precious family and dearest associates and all of my church that have become an extended family. There was nothing else in my life that I was afraid of. I think the media made a grave mistake in thinking that we during the Nixon years assisted. At least I got from some that they have thought that they have thought that. That we assisted people like Farr because we were trying to get on the good side of the press. I really didn't think you could get on the good side of press because being a Communist I believe that the "myth" of the adversary press to me is very, very real. But whatever adversary role it played, it played out in the Nixon years. I took my stance and then when I saw the Fresno situation it reminded me all too well of that era, when the newsmen were going to jail for their sources about corruption at a high level. Frankly, by the same token, people who are anonymous sources could be devastated by little people who are unable to protect themselves. The right of confidentiality of sources to reveal high level corruption was very important to me.

v The reason I am telling my story is not because I feel any inclination as a writer. I have great apprehension still that the press, with the exception of some in the black, some of the Communist and socialist press have a feeling that it would not give me a fair story and this is all I want--a fair story. Then again, I really don't at this point give a damn whether I have personal fairness, but as I am affected so are all of my people and I have developed thru the years a high sensitivity to all the members of my church ---they are as to me an extended family. I don't want to hurt them. I want to try to give them some relief of suffering. Perhaps this writing will help that. I feel no idea that writing is that significant. Great writers have written and their words

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have been forgotten too soon with their departure, or if even remembered any time alive or dead so my main reason for writing is ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ to help protect my people. I have a strong desire to die at the time of this writing. I have been imprisoned in my mind for many, many years, Constantly trying to conceal a life style alien to the American society that would have caused great pain for my devoted and precious wife and those who followed on in my footsteps to become socialists or communists. Some, I don't think, understood the difference. But Everyone in our parish certainly subscribes to some form of socialism.

I am not about to make any kind of great conversion speech I would not want to do anything but give the absolute honesty of my soul. I told you the duality, a part of me emotionally is caught up with the Christian tradition, (I am more comfortable in the warmth of a Pentecostal setting and that is why I saw that kind of a life style because it was in that setting of freedom of emotion that I felt my first acceptance. I found that same kind of spirit in the communist rallies that I attended. No matter what disillusionment that I have ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ come to the point ^h of a ^I ^m ~~commun~~ ^a ⁱ ^s ^t.

I sought haven in a socialist country. I theoretically feel that Communism is unattainable in terms of man's present evolution in a nuclear technology. But I do believe that a communal life style affords much to people and it certainly is greatly accepted in the Republic in which we lived at the time of this writing where we have received gracious acceptance. It is not easy foraging out a new community in the midst of a jungle and we have done that. We have been able to rehabilitate many people through our structure. Some sent by courts--Mr. Guy Wright of the Examiner wrote. This just causes great, great mystery to me that when Jim Jones made his transition to pure honest objectivity about himself and lost the zealot aspects of his belief which could have been dangerous because we went through the transition in which we even looked at violence, we were so alienated. There were those who have spoken it and those of us who championed it.

Then just a few years ago we rejected that and decided that violence was counter-productive and was dangerous to the people

so far as to try to poison people on this side of our work across the seas in our agricultural project. What other church transports its people and non-members, people the judges have asked us , people who were absolute hell-raisers in the Bay Area and in the Los Angeles basin. Got them out of dope traffic and heroin pushing violence, gang land leaders --now they are the most socially contributing people that you would want to find in this structure in the communal structure, which is very relaxed. Certainly nothing like the type of thing heard in the news just a few miles away from San Francisco. We are very happy we have had visitors such as Lt. Gov. Dymally, and we are very happy to have objective witnesses to our program at this time. We made an offer to a local channel, that wasn't taken up. There are those who want to look at it in their own bias and we refuse to have anyone come in unless ~~they~~ we can be assured of a mixture of people that will go away and give an honest report. It is a lovely place with progressive schools the housing is most adequate, simple structure on the , , lovely beds and beautiful mattresses , all the bed linens they need and all that they can eat literally, recreational sports, games, good film library, swimming, boating, fishing and just an 8 hour work day as is the custom. Some choose by dedication to help others to ^{have the opportunity} work beyond that, but there are no requirements. We have a machine shop, sawmill, mechanical garage where people are taught trades. I wished I had learned more, such a healthy feeling of knowing how to do things with your hands even tho I have a college degree, It was like I never really knew how to do anything of a practical nature.

Nonetheless, we continue on---we found a solution, an agricultural project, found a solution in its legal services and drug rehabilitation physical therapy, medical facilities. All this ballyhoo about healing and I certainly can heal and would be glad to take polygraph test to that effect.