JIM'S COMMENTARY ABOUT HIMSELF

Why I became my own brand of Marxist? Would I could talk as well as I wanted 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 II, 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 Oleness, because they were the most despised, rejects of the community. I found immediate acceptance and I must say honesty, and as much of love as I can interpret love. They were persecuted 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 met 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. 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 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/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 job in my home and had to go to work and live away from the home because I brought the only black young man in the town to my visit 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 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 shielded 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 and 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 received 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. Freiddship again seemed thru
life to be extended by people of that sort. I sought 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 groosm. 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 don'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 knowing sense of consciense that
pushed my forward. Then I decided 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 FBI 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 amendment which in those days you did not do that. That was tantamount 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 at 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 didn't 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 conscienciously 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 seemed to be compatible to my views. He was a church administrator of a denomination who encouraged me to think about being a Pastor and so I did, very quickly. I had had my religious heritage in Pentecostalism, 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 anthropomorphic being, and a loving order to the universe. Jesus Christ, to use the kids phrase, greatly turned me on and I tried very hard through my years in the church wherever someone else might look upon my role, 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 Pentecostal 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 even 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 byoli tte people who are unable to protect themselves. The right of confidentiality of sources to reveal high level corruption was very important to me.

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
have been forgotten too soon with their departure, or if even remembered any time alive or dead so my main reason for writing is to help protect my people. I have a strong desire to die at the time of this writing. I have been impressed 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 come to the point of a communist.

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
that get caught up in it. We always found that so many people who suggested violence would later go out and be very cruel in their lives so we found that their revolutionary violence was an excuse for just acting out their ill feelings toward humanity and life in general. The most horrible fact of this present fuselage of news attacks is that the people who were used as sources were for the most part were the most radical advocates of not just violence, but terrorism. Most of the witnesses that appeared in the news article (and I don't ask you to take my word because I know that only one side has been listened to—challenge them to a polygraph test and the truth serum and test the accuracy of my voice. Under a test situation I will be glad to submit to a voice print on that particular subject. They went out one time from our church, stripped one man's house Mr. Kice, stripped and tore out his phone so that they would be able to get away knowing that what they were doing would be not to our liking, contrary to our own beliefs. They got wire and equipment so they said and they stole his rifle, an expensive rifle of $1000. and never returned it to this day according to his report. They went out by the looks of a map and their statement to blow up some dam. They were going to do a revolutionary thing. One of them named his child after a violent revolutionary. It is odd that news people did not bother to check that. Then others of their sources were the most strong promoters of "the end justifies the means". Raising money, and doing anything. I didn't conceive of any notion of doing devious things to parishioners. But there were those who went out that did. Those that conceived of mail ideas that were far out, but my problem was that I didn't check those people early enough in some of their actions. They also took financial advantage of us. We have witnesses and again let them take their own test. Because all of our witnesses have now been discredited by the obvious attempt to frame us. Let them take a lie detector tests or truth serum if they can deny it. They stole money from us, they lived off of us. One that said they had lost all their property lived off of us for years. One of them was so
depraved sexually that they molested one of their own children.
Or more than that, a number of them molested *children.
We dealt with them because we always believed that direct therapy
confrontation, catharsis, encounters could help people through.
It helped a good 90% we ever dealt with through so we did not believe
in open exposure to the public or to outside agencies, we dealt
with it inside. But we did openly confront matters in front of
the whole church. One of the women who did the most talking in
one of her revelations about herself (I wouldn't reveal it but she
has hurt so many others I think she needs to face her own self)
She said that her sexual pleasure came from imagining a child being
tortured. Let her again take a test and she if she can deny that
successfully before an objective polygraph test that we all agree
upon.

The matter is that bread us the greatest difficulty for us in
Peoples Temple. We had rejected violence at that juncture when
those folk went out totally. We decided we would work within
society and *make attempt to make changes within society to show
that Communists were not bad people, that they cared, that they
were sensitive. We made errors, undoubtable we did in our discipline
and some of our structures but this business of beating children *
unmercifully--NO, NO way. I took even spanking for children that
were far more severe than any child ever was given. This decision
was made through group efforts with parental consent, but for
the most part our therapy was not that of coercion. We found
that some people are masochistic and in order to keep them from
not... A simple embrace, like was suggested, who happened to
be a lesbian--* but to get a young
woman out of an adult relationship that was very ill indeed with
another woman plus her anti-social behavior that would have put
her in jail, stealing that was harmful to her and her community and
her family and her church. She agreed to a spanking, and her parents
did also very cooperatively. It's most sickening to now see people
some out against a community, an institution that has done so much
good. We have saved homes, now we are being accused of taking
people's homes. The few homes that have been turned over to us, the
people have gotten far more out of it than and will get far more out
of it if people will quit trying to destroy us. They have even gone
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 undertake to have 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 those 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 work beyond that, but there are no requirements. We have a machine shop, sawmill, mechanical garage where people are taught trades. I wish I 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 healand would be glad to take polygraph test to that effect.