

Section 12

Letters to the President from...

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 - 12.17. Dominique Z. Delphine (formerly Joyce Shaw-Houston)
 - 12.18. Claire Janaro
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Some of these individuals lived or visited Jonestown, some did not. All spent a significant length of time in Peoples Temple and know well what it was like to live under the influence of Jim Jones and the extent of his power over his followers.

STEPHAN JONES

Dear Mr. President,

I am writing in search of justice, hopeful that a man's torment can be ended, and that a wound, opened decades ago, can finally be closed.

My father was Jim Jones of The People's Temple, of which I was a member from the day I was born until its horrible demise on November 18, 1978. A fair understanding of my role in and survival of the Temple is given in the enclosed "New Yorker" article.

For nearly twenty years I have struggled with the crimes of my father. Hindsight has tortured me; at times, the sorrow has been nearly unbearable. Serenity has been slow to grace me, but I do realize nothing can be done for all who died, and that those of us who mourn must follow our own path of healing. Many of us will never mend. I, it seems, will be haunted until I die, with the ghosts becoming increasingly familiar, even welcome as guides against repeated mistakes and reminders of the preciousness of life, love, and honor.

I have been recently reminded that there remains one victim for whom I might make a difference. A man whose healing rests not entirely with himself and his loved ones, but, in great measure, in the hands of the U.S. Government. His name is Larry Layton, a man to whom I've never been close, but whose affliction weighs heavily on me.

Larry is incarcerated in Federal prison, convicted, after a second trial, of conspiring to kill Congressman Leo Ryan. Nearly everyone involved: Judge; jurors; and survivors, including some who were shot at the airstrip, believe he should be free. He has paid for any personal responsibility, and there is some, that can be dredged from the mire of torture and insanity in which my father enslaved him.

He has endured enough. For nearly a decade prior to the final days of Jonestown, I saw Larry beaten down both physically and psychologically. He

was never a part of leadership. He was an idealistic and vulnerable man who was betrayed, compromised, and used by a powerful and devious man. I will spare you the details of his abuse at the hands of my father and his chosen few, two of whom were Larry's wives before they were pulled into Dad's harem. But I will make myself available to provide any detail that may be thought important to you or your representatives.

In 1991, I sat in front of a seemingly deaf and dumb Parole Board as part of an overwhelming case in Larry's favor. Their questions were inane, seemingly unsupported by any research. Their manner and approach made it clear to me that all of the written argument and support for Larry's release had received little attention. Convinced that the decision had been made before the process began, I walked away frustrated and defeated.

I again have hope. For I believe you to be a man of compassion. Your eyes and your actions tell me so. You know that earthly redemption should be available to those who seek it, that what's in a man's heart must constantly be checked and re-checked.

No one has suffered more than Larry at the hands of Jim Jones. And yet, I have not known him to run from responsibility. While in prison, he has availed himself of every opportunity to contribute to his fellows, while focusing on his own spiritual development. He has tended his lot with a serenity and gratitude that is remarkable. This is the main reason I feel my view must be known.

I fought my father from the time I was ten years old. In his last years I hated him with a passion that cannot be described, nor denied by anyone who was in Jonestown, friend or foe. I plotted against, and undermined him on a daily basis, rebelling from the safety of Royalty within our small, isolated world. I was a festering thorn in Jim Jones' side, and sir, I don't know what I would have done had I been in Jonestown on its final day. I suspect, given what I know of the spirit of many who died, I would have been just another casualty. A kook. Possibly, God forbid, a killer of more than just myself.

It would take a book to explain this. It's most analogous to atrocities of war. Good men, isolated, suffering horrible conditions, under unspeakable duress, and with demented leadership have committed unfathomable crimes against their fellowman and woman. In addition to what Larry endured during his time in the Temple, conditions in the last days: exhaustion; separation of loved ones; grief; and menacing weather conspired to push him, and many others, over the brink.

My father was a lost, sick soul. Some would say evil. He brilliantly coerced Larry, as he did so many, and then dragged him by his hair through the swamp. Almost immediately after he was free of my father's grasp, Larry humbly sought redemption. But our government has unwittingly conspired with Jim Jones to keep Larry enslaved. Nevertheless, no matter how hindered, he has never stopped trying to remove himself from my father's pit. He's had quite a climb, as I have, but the love of friends and family has helped him along the way.

His time in prison, and his great contribution there, has lifted him and may have been necessary. But it is time for him to stand free and forgiven. He and his family deserve this. It will take an act of some courage to make this happen, kind sir, and courage is something I believe you have in plenty.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be the initials 'S. J.' or similar, written in a cursive style.



A REPORTER AT LARGE

ORPHANS OF JONESTOWN

Among the people most haunted by the sight of the children leaving the compound near Waco were the surviving sons of Jim Jones. Fifteen years ago, when they left Jonestown to play in a basketball tournament, their father ordered the deaths of everyone they knew and loved, leaving them alone in a society uncomprehending of their experience.

BY LAWRENCE WRIGHT

NOVEMBER 18th marks the fifteenth anniversary of the deaths of Jim Jones and more than nine hundred members of his Peoples Temple, in a place they had carved out of the tropical woodlands of Guyana and christened Jonestown. The self-annihilation of the Peoples Temple was precipitated by the visit to Jonestown, the day before, of Representative Leo J. Ryan, of California; a group of reporters; and a delegation calling itself the Concerned Relatives, which had charged that Jones was holding people against their will in an isolated agricultural colony in the middle of a South American rain forest. Ryan became only the second United States congressman in history to be assassinated. Three reporters and one defector from the Temple were also shot to death that day by Temple loyalists, and ten others were injured in the shootings. Then, at Jim Jones's command, the residents of the colony drank or were injected with cyanide-laced grape Fla-Vor-Aid. There were about two hundred and sixty children in Jonestown, and they were the first to die. Jim Jones and a nurse named Annie Moore were probably among the last, and they died not from the poison but from gunshot

wounds. One woman, seventy-six-year-old Hyacinth Thrash, slept through the catastrophe, and awoke the next morning to a sight that was soon to be captured by aerial photographs and broadcast around the world: wave upon wave of corpses, toppled and heaped in a fan-shaped formation around the central pavilion of the settlement, and rapidly decomposing in the tropical heat.

Eighty-four other people survived Jonestown, including three sons of Jim Jones. A handful of those eighty-four escaped into the jungle, but in most cases their lives were spared by accident: they were not at the compound that day. The three sons—Stephan, nineteen; Tim, nineteen; and Jim, Jr., eighteen—were in Georgetown, Guyana's capital city, having played in a basketball tournament there. Life as they knew it was obliterated in the space of an afternoon. "I'm like a man without a country," Stephan said later. "Everybody's gone now." With no home to return to, they confronted instead an aghast and uncomprehending world.

The sons made their way back to San Francisco, where their father's ministry had flourished. Eventually, like most of the other Jonestown survivors, they

found jobs, got married, had children. "They have the external components of a normal life," Chris Hatcher, a psychologist who heads the Center for the Study of Trauma at the University of California, San Francisco, said recently of the survivors. But last spring that relative tranquillity was shattered. "They are able to put away their feelings about Jonestown and get on with their lives until something like Waco comes along," Hatcher said. "Waco brought it all back."

The entire tragedy in Waco, from its obscure origins in America's spiritual outlands to its spectacularly appalling conclusion, seemed haunted and in some sense preordained by the events in Jonestown. Like Jim Jones and the Peoples Temple in Jonestown, David Koresh and the Branch Davidians at Ranch Apocalypse were perceived to have crossed certain ethical boundaries in the name of religion, and this perception made them seem at once hypocritical and inscrutable. They had chosen a way of life that few of us envied, or even understood. In each case, the leader and his flock proved themselves willing to die rather than compromise the integrity of their community. From the moment the raid on Ranch Apocalypse failed, last

February 28th, until the siege ended in its blazing climax, on April 19th, the likelihood of a Jonestown-like finish to the drama occurred to nearly everyone—except, apparently, the federal agents in charge. And, as with Jonestown, there were stranded survivors from Ranch Apocalypse—including twenty-one children, whom Koresh had sent out shortly before the final calamity. The children ranged in age from five months to twelve years. To most Americans, what made their plight so arresting was the moral ambiguity of the situation: they were aliens in a secular world and, in a sense, they had been abducted by it. They had been taken as pawns from a self-contained community that had chosen to separate itself from society, and this society had proceeded to destroy their home, their families, their ideals, their identities. What would happen to these children? After losing so much, could they create new lives for themselves? What would they do with their memories? For the sons of Jim Jones, the plight of the children of Ranch Apocalypse brought back scenes of their own “liberation.” Stephan even thought briefly of offering himself as a kind of interpreter

in the standoff between the authorities and the Branch Davidians. “I wrestled with myself over whether to call the F.B.I.,” he told me. But he suspected that his advice would not be well received: “Why would anybody listen to the son of a nut?”

For the past fifteen years, Stephan and his brothers have lived in relative anonymity in the Bay Area. They have never wanted to revisit the tragedy of Jonestown in any public way. Yet they agreed to speak about their shared past

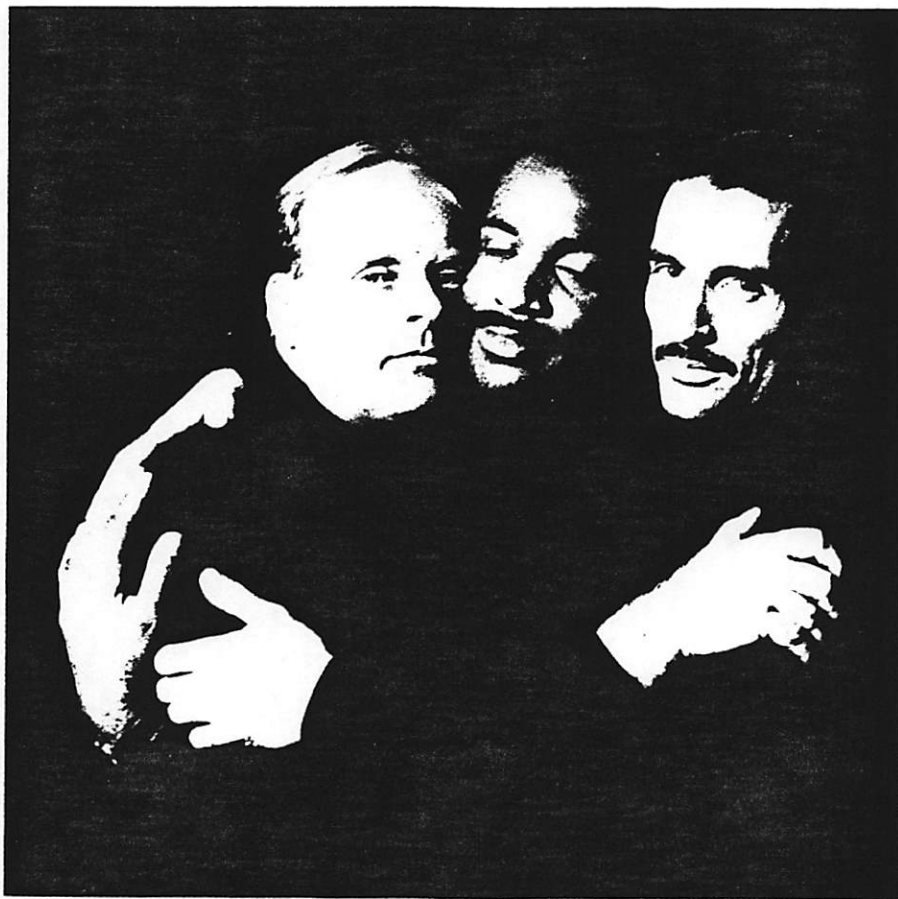
when I sought them out after the burning of the Waco compound. They, better than anyone else, understood what these children had experienced, and what awaited them in the outside world.

STEPHAN JONES, the only natural son of Jim and Marceline Jones, landed in Georgetown, the capital of the Coöperative Republic of Guyana, in February, 1977, then caught a flight up the coast, on an alarmingly rickety military cargo plane. Through the window he could see the jungle stretching end-

Several boats were tied up at a dock on the Kaituma River, which ran along one side of the settlement road, while the Barima River ran along the other. The sounds of Marvin Gaye’s “Let’s Get It On” drifted across the village from a tiny hut that called itself a night club. Barefoot Indian children ran up to Stephan and looked at him with fascination. Six feet five, with wide cheekbones and his father’s fiery eyes, Stephan Jones, at the age of seventeen, was already an imposing figure. For years, he had been trying to break away from the Peoples Temple and his father’s influence. Now he had been exiled to what felt like the most remote place on the face of the earth, and charged with building his father’s dream: a utopia of “apostolic socialism and racial justice.”

Stephan found that there were fewer than fifty colonists in the jungle settlement—part of a 3,824-acre tract that Jones had leased from the government. About half of them were city kids his own age or younger; the rest were tough Midwestern blue-collar workers who knew how to use their hands. Stephan was impressed by how powerful they all looked. The kids were mostly

troublemakers in the Temple membership, who had been sent by Jim Jones to Guyana either as punishment or to put them beyond the reach of the law. They were working from before dawn to nearly midnight every day clearing brush, and it was formidable work—especially cutting the hardwoods, which were so dense that they could deflect an iron axehead. They left the fallen trees to dry for months, then ran through in teams of two, one boy carrying kerosene and the other a torch, and set fire to huge



*Tim, Jim, Jr., and Stephan Jones in San Francisco last month.
Above left: Their father in 1976.*

lessly below him. The only breaks in the canopy were vast rivers that cut through the bush. There were no roads, no towns—no human mark visible in the entire expanse. Finally, the plane bumped down on a gravelly airstrip at a village called Port Kaituma. An advance team of Temple colonists had already cleared a road from Port Kaituma to the settlement, about six miles away, but there was little else to herald the existence of civilization. The airport consisted of the strip and a shed with a dirt floor.

swaths of brush. "We howled at the top of our lungs, pouring kerosene and lighting fires," Stephan remembers. "It was quite a romp." Ahead of them would be a rush of wildlife—iguanas, monkeys, lizards. The ruined forest would burn for days, and while it was still smoldering Stephan and two other colonists would come in with bulldozers and push the embers into ravines. They loved to do this work at night: when coals hit the bottom of a ravine there would be an explosion of sparks. The boys would come back with their faces black with soot and their hair singed. In this fashion, they cleared three hundred acres.

The Guyanese odyssey marked the third full-scale relocation of the Peoples Temple in little more than a decade. In 1965, Jim Jones had established a community in a rural area called Redwood Valley, in Northern California. His ministry soon specialized in services that were underwritten by the welfare system—it operated a ranch for mentally handicapped boys, nine convalescent-nursing homes for the elderly, a day-care center, and six homes for foster children—and gained a reputation for providing honest and excellent service in an industry rife with abuse and profiteering. But in 1972, having determined that the remote locale was too confining for his burgeoning social movement, Jones had pulled up stakes and moved the Peoples Temple to San Francisco. There he acquired a former Scottish-rite temple next door to Muhammad's Mosque No. 26 on Geary Boulevard, in the Fillmore district. The pastor maintained an apartment on the second floor of the church, which he could reach by a stairwell beside his pulpit. The San Francisco phase of the Temple's existence was intensely theatrical, sexually bohemian, and full of political self-examination, but so was San Francisco itself. The Bay Area was home to the Black Panthers, the Church of Satan, the Symbionese Liberation Army, to name a few of the more conspicuous of the radical political and religious groups operating there at the time.

But almost as soon as the Peoples Temple was established in its urban home, Jones began casting about for yet another destination, spurred on by sporadic negative publicity about his unorthodox preachings and claims he made of being able to heal the sick, and even raise the dead. He authorized the estab-

CIRCLINGS

Father dozes with a book of heroes
open on his lap. Mother stitches
cherubs into the quilt. Outside, a wolf
paces the snow around their tiny house,
thinking in ever tighter circles, thinking
if he, if he could only tell them, if he
could tell them that, despite this unruly hair,
these yellow teeth, he is their son returned.

But he foresees their eyes, widened now
with horror, when he opens his mouth to speak
and all he can do is snarl, whimper, howl,
and the door slams shut and he resumes
his ever tighter circling—no end
it seems to leaving home, to coming home.

—LEONARD NATHAN

lishment of an agricultural mission in Guyana, a former British colony on the shoulder of South America. By March 1974, an advance team was there preparing the area dubbed "Jonestown" for Temple settlers, who began arriving in small numbers in June. By the spring of 1977, increasingly fearful of media and government scrutiny, Jones was making plans to uproot his followers en masse for their longest journey yet. He relentlessly pressed the Jonestown colonists to get facilities built as quickly as possible. Using bark, reeds, and native lumber that they milled on the site, they built a handsome and well-planned village. There were sixty cottages, designed to house eight people each; a huge communal kitchen and pantry, and drying sheds for food; an infirmary and drug dispensary; an office; a laundry; five single-sex dormitories, each occupying about a thousand square feet; two large wooden cabins, to house Jones and his mistresses; two long school buildings, with canvas roofs; showers and toilets; a nursery and a preschool; and a radio room, for communicating with Temple headquarters, which remained in San Francisco. In the very center of the settlement was an open-sided pavilion, where people would gather in the evenings. At the entrance to the jungle compound the team erected a sign that said, "Greetings, Peoples Temple Agricultural Project."

Stephan's brothers soon followed him. First came Jones's adopted son

Lew, who was of Korean ancestry, and his wife, Terri Carter, who was far advanced in her first pregnancy. (Their baby was the first Temple child born in Guyana.) Lew was the oldest and was known for cool rebelliousness; his younger brothers thought of him as a Korean James Dean. Then came Tim, a curly-haired blond who is a few months older than Stephan; he had joined the Jones household when he was eleven. In July of 1977, Tim brought his wife, a black woman named Sandy Cobb. She, too, was about to have a baby, and the young couple remained in Georgetown until the child was born. Unfortunately, the facilities available there were extremely primitive, and the baby died. Jim, Jr. (Jimmy), a sixteen-year-old black youth, whom Jones had adopted as a baby, arrived at the same time, and his girlfriend, a black woman named Yvette Muldrow, joined him shortly thereafter.

From the start, Tim and Jimmy hated Jonestown. They missed the excitement of San Francisco and the companionship of their schoolmates there. Worse, they arrived to find that Stephan had turned into Tarzan. He was in the bush every day, and his hut was full of snakes—including an anaconda and a couple of emerald tree boas—that he kept as pets. The natives regarded the tree boa as the deadliest creature in the jungle, but Stephan knew that it wasn't poisonous. He liked to walk through the bush with one of the magnificently colored snakes

coiled around him. "When the natives saw that, they freaked out," he recalls. "They thought I was some kind of demon."

Jones visited the new settlement regularly during the planning and building stages, and he assigned each of his sons a specific responsibility. The jobs he chose for them say much about his understanding of who they were and what their relationship was to him. Jones saw Stephan as a natural leader, like himself, and, perhaps hoping to bring him back into the fold, appointed him an overseer of the Temple's agricultural project. Jones made Jimmy, whom he considered the brightest and most politically astute of his children, the encampment's communications officer. And he put Tim, whom he thought of as intensely loyal and courageous, in charge of his personal security. Jones, who worried obsessively about his own safety, made Tim and Jimmy his top lieutenants on the security squad. In that capacity, they were feared and also envied by others in the Temple. "We were the Gestapo, the elite, and we treated ourselves that way," Jimmy admits. Jones expressed his lack of confidence in his eldest son by giving Lew no real job in the Jonestown hierarchy.

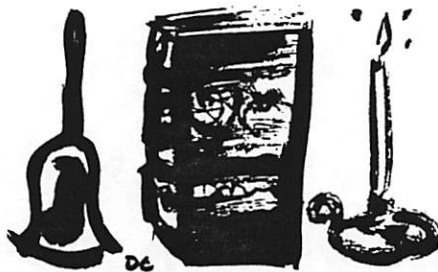
Back in California, a phenomenal disappearing act took place. The exodus began in May of 1977. All over San Francisco and Los Angeles, people vanished without explanation. They left their jobs and their friends from outside the Temple. Spouses who were in the Temple left husbands and wives who were not. Children dropped out of school. Homes for the elderly which were run by the Temple were suddenly emptied of patients and staff. Wealthy members sold their homes and other possessions, or simply left them behind. The Temple's bank accounts were closed and moved overseas—to Trinidad, Panama, and Switzerland, among other places. (The court-appointed receiver for the Temple eventually located about thirteen million dollars in assets.) Nearly a thousand pilgrims boarded Temple buses and travelled across the country to cities on the East Coast, and from there they were flown to Guyana. Hundreds crammed themselves onto a leaky trawler called the Cudjoe, which belonged to the Temple, for the long voyage from Georgetown to the settlement—twenty-four hours in the ocean, which was al-

ways rough, and then twelve hours up the Kaituma River to Port Kaituma.

About seventy per cent of those who pulled up stakes and followed Jones were black. Among the many riddles posed by Jonestown, one of the most mystifying was why so many urban blacks would follow a white messiah into the jungle. For some of the elderly members, the dream of living in a black country was ancient and dear: they had embraced Marcus Garvey's Back to Africa movement in the twenties. Close to half the congregation had already made one major migration in their lives, having been born in the South. But, more than anything else, it was the legend of Jim Jones and the Peoples Temple that swayed them. The foundation of his ministry was a promise of racial equality. His followers had grown up in a racist society and suffered economic injustice, and, whether they came from a tenant farm in Mississippi or a cotton mill in Georgia, they had not found redemption in California. Jones made them believe that they could create it themselves—that they could make their own Paradise.

They arrived at a place so remote and undeveloped as to be practically unreachable. Many of their frantic relatives did not even know what continent they were on. Those who tried to get in touch with loved ones who had vanished were discouraged from doing so, but even if they succeeded in being patched through to the radio transmitter in Jonestown they were likely to be greeted with a declaration rather than a conversation. The voices that came out of the jungle were shrill and full of recrimination. Leave us alone, the thin, ghostly voices were saying, although even over the wash of static one could sometimes hear Jones, somewhere nearby, telling them what to say.

ONE evening in Jonestown, several Temple members sat and listened to Jim Jones talk about his life, and they recorded this event—as they did many of



his conversations and sermons—and preserved it in the Temple archives. Although some of those present had been with Jones from the time he began his ministry in Indiana, twenty years earlier, their charismatic leader's youth had theretofore been a puzzle to them. He told them of having been reared in the rural town of Lynn, in eastern Indiana, about seven miles from the Ohio border, and he described himself as a lonely and vengeful child who learned to thrive on the margins of society. "I didn't have any love given to me—I didn't know what the hell love was," he told his followers. His father had been gassed in the First World War and was little more than an invalid. Jones always claimed that his father was in the Ku Klux Klan. "He tried to kill me, you know—threw me off a bridge, trying to drown me," he said. His mother worked in a factory and was rarely home. "I was deeply, deeply alienated as a child. I was considered the trash of the neighborhood." By the time he finished the third grade, he said, "I was ready to kill." Then he encountered the only teacher who took the time to really notice him, a woman named Mrs. Moore. He said that one day, while he was beating the chalk out of Mrs. Moore's erasers, she told him, "If anybody can be a leader, you must be." But his beloved teacher developed cancer, and when she died Jim was taken to the funeral parlor and held up so he could see her. "When I got down, I was bitter. So bitter that I went into the funeral parlor later, stole a casket from the warehouse and a whole bunch of wreaths, and I put a wreath on the door of every fucker I thought should be dead in the community. . . . Everybody went ape-shit. I put one on my own dad's door. But I set the casket up in my room, and I got in it. I wanted to die, I guess." This story, encased as it is in legend and fantasy, tells much about Jones's terror and simultaneous courtship of death. It also reveals the level of anger triggered by his fear of being abandoned. One story the Temple members didn't hear that evening, but which was recounted in "Raven," the exhaustive biography of Jones by Tim Reiterman, with John Jacobs, was of the day young Jones invited a friend over for dinner and then fired a pistol at him (narrowly missing him) when he said he had to go home.

In high school, Jones got a job as an

orderly at Reid Memorial Hospital in Richmond, Indiana. He was a striking young man with an unusually wide mouth and high cheekbones, which he claimed reflected Cherokee blood. His hair was black, his eyes were dark brown, eager, and sincere, and his voice was brassy and full of certainty. His life was already mapped out: he was beginning a career in hospital administration, although he was already spending his spare time preaching on street corners. Because of his air of authority, people often thought he was much older than he actually was.

At Reid, he met Marceline Baldwin, a tall, thin woman with classical features and beautiful eyes. Marceline was four years older than Jones. She came from a solid Methodist family in Richmond, and she was just beginning her nursing career. They married soon after Jones graduated from high school. It didn't take Marceline long to conclude that she had made a mistake. Almost from the beginning, she considered divorcing Jim, because of his dominating and often merciless behavior toward her. What had seemed to be merely sincere in his nature was shown to be dogmatic; what had seemed to be a commendable need to get ahead in life masked a hunger for unlimited power; what had seemed a natural piety disguised a shocking streak of heretical thinking; and what she had interpreted as a touching interest in her thoughts and desires turned out to be an obsessive need to control her. Perhaps Marceline's religious beliefs held her in her marriage. Eventually, children bound

her to her husband. But the story of Marceline is also one of victimization and increasing complicity; it is the story of everyone whose life was entwined with Jim Jones's.

JAMES WARREN JONES entered the ministry in 1952. He began as a student pastor in the Methodist Church, but quickly found his calling in Pentecostalism, and established the Peoples Temple in Indianapolis in 1956. He had already become a figure of controversy by integrating his congregation at a time when mixed congregations were practically unknown in America. Thousands of people regularly came to hear him preach his message of racial egalitarianism. The Temple opened a soup kitchen and was soon serving nearly three thousand meals a month; members also provided clothes, canned goods, and rent money to the indigent; they delivered coal to people who couldn't afford to heat their homes. The pastor set an example by wearing only secondhand clothes and refusing to take a salary. He supported himself by doing various odd jobs—the oddest of which was selling South American monkeys door to door.

Jones and Marceline adopted an emotionally damaged child named Agnes, who was part Native American, and three Korean children, Stephanie, Lew, and Suzanne. (Stephanie died in a car wreck when she was five years old. Jones insisted on burying her in the swampy "colored" section of a local cemetery.) Stephan Gandhi Jones was born in June, 1959. Two years later, according to John

Hall's fine scholarly work, "Gone from the Promised Land," the Joneses became the first white family in Indianapolis, and perhaps in the state, to adopt a black child. The Joneses called themselves the Rainbow Family. "Integration is a more personal thing with me now," Jones said at the time. "It's a question of my son's future." He underlined his commitment to the cause by naming the child James Warren Jones, Jr.

In 1961, Jones was appointed to head the Indianapolis Human Rights Commission, and he used the post to desegregate restaurants and movie theatres. Legends formed in the Temple around Jones's intransigence: he had walked out of a barbershop with his hair only half cut when a black man was refused service; he had shared his dinner plate with a black man in a whites-only restaurant; he had personally integrated the Negro wing of a hospital by insisting that he be assigned to it when he was a patient. Occasionally, Jones boasted that he was black himself, but there is no evidence in his genealogy to support this claim.

Shortly after Jimmy's first birthday, Jones had a vision of a nuclear blast. A few months later, in the January, 1962, issue of *Esquire*, he read an article listing the safest places to be in the event of a nuclear war. He became obsessed by the prospect of annihilation. He took a leave from his church and moved his family to Belo Horizonte, Brazil, which was on the *Esquire* list. Then, in 1965, Jones relocated his family and his much diminished congregation to the rural Northern California community of Redwood Valley.

Although the Temple's membership was largely poor and black, the ministry's hierarchy was white, well educated, and often from affluent, and even distinguished, families. There were fundamentalists in the congregation, and also Catholics, Jews, and atheists. Some people were attracted to the Temple's community programs, others to Jones's increasingly communalist political philosophy or to his vision of the postnuclear world, in which the ideals of the Peoples Temple would replace corrupt, racist, oppressive societies that were doomed to destroy themselves. Many came to Jones to be healed of their afflictions, and of-



"Oh, hang on a sec—he's just coming in."

ten he cured people who didn't even know they were ill. But a large part of Jones's attraction had little to do with either religion or politics: it was the riveting spectacle of his outlandish performance. Jones's method was intensely personal. He was not a rabble-rouser. Like a ward boss, he amassed detailed knowledge of his constituents. He also established a network of spies, and they would report back to him on the thinking and the behavior of members or members' spouses or parents. If Jones felt that someone was resisting his authority, the institutional reach of the Temple could be extended to that single individual. "The gift," as Jones's seemingly miraculous powers of healing and discernment were called, served as both a literal and a symbolic reinforcement of his absolute power. Stephan, for instance, was often awed by the intensity of the healings, even though, on occasion, he recognized Temple members in disguise being rolled in to the services in wheelchairs and later made to walk at his father's command.

Jones would also call out the names of people in the audience and then reveal details of their lives which seemed to come out of nowhere. A newcomer to the Temple might be curious or impressed, but imagine her amazement when her own name was called. Even though Jones had never met her, he was suddenly speaking as if he knew everything about her. The newcomer might recall that she had consented to an interview with staff members on her way in, and would be momentarily calmed. But then there were other details—the dinner she had eaten the night before, the heart condition she suffered from, a secret taste for pornography—which she hadn't spoken about. What she didn't know was that while she was sitting in the service listening to the singing and the sermon, Temple members were reducing her interview to three-by-five cards for Jones, and that if she had disclosed that she lived



"Do you have any bedtime stories that aren't about the former Yugoslavia?"

alone or that she had brought her family to the Temple with her, people from the Temple's inner circle had rummaged through her garbage or broken into her house, searched through the refrigerator and the medicine cabinet, read her mail, and then rushed back to the Temple with new information for additional cards that would be passed to Jones.

The ticket of admission into the Temple's inner circle was participation in a healing, which would make one party to the fraud. At the end of the service, Jones would sometimes display stigmata on his hands, but the blood streaming from them would have been drawn from his lieutenants: they were the ones who had to create the miraculous illusion. Once exposed to the fraud, and made a part of it, they were bound to Jones in a way that was far more profound than that of a member who simply believed he had been healed. By their actions, the people in the inner circle had shown Jones and themselves that they accepted

a central tenet of the Temple, which was that the end justified the means.

IN Redwood Valley in 1969, a woman named Rita Tupper, who was married and had seven children, joined the Peoples Temple. She was an uneducated woman from the Midwestern farmlands who found a sense of structure and direction and support in the Temple which had been lacking in her life until then. Her son Tim became fast friends with Stephan. Tim was a big blond kid, tall and skinny, with a knotted chin and deep-set blue eyes under brows that turned red in the sun. Where Stephan was sullen, Tim was outgoing and talkative. Rita and her husband divorced soon thereafter, and she took her three daughters with her. Two of the couple's four boys stayed with their father, but Tim, although he described himself as "a real daddy's boy," decided to cast his lot with his mother. That meant becoming a part of the Temple, which his father despised. Within months of the divorce,

Tim, then aged eleven, had moved in with the Jones family.

Jim and Marceline officially adopted Tim just before he went to Jonestown, six years later, but he had begun calling himself Tim Jones long before that. Jones himself encouraged the boy to turn his back on his mother and his sisters. It was a common practice in the Temple to break up family units. The personal lives of Temple members were controlled by a group called the Planning Commission, which was orchestrated by Jones. The philosophy that governed this practice was that everything was to be held as common property—even children, even one's own body.

Another recruit during the Redwood Valley years was Tim Stoen, a Stanford law graduate and an assistant district attorney for Mendocino County. Stoen joined the Temple because of its social commitment and its atmosphere of racial harmony. When he married, he brought in his wife, an attractive and buoyant young woman named Grace. They became pillars of the Temple and, eventually, helped to destroy it. Another significant convert was a woman named Carolyn Moore Layton, who was the daughter of an activist Methodist minister.

Marceline had recently undergone an operation on her back, fusing several vertebrae, and while she was bedridden and in traction Jones announced to the congregation that the doctor had told him she would never have sex again. He was about to explode with desire, he confided from the pulpit; he was just going to have to "fuck somebody or die." It wasn't surprising that the somebody he had in mind was Carolyn: she was the very image of a young Marceline.

Jones desperately wanted Carolyn to move in with his family. In front of his children, he constantly praised Carolyn's beauty and intelligence, but he worried that Stephan, who was the closest to Marceline of all the children, would be hard to win over. One evening, he drove his son over to Potter Valley, where Carolyn lived in a little cabin. These events probably occurred in 1969, so Stephan would have been nine or ten. When bedtime came, Carolyn made up the living-room couch for Stephan, and then she and Jones went into her bedroom. "I was sitting there, hugging the pillow, listening to them make love,"

Stephan recalls. He was too young to understand exactly what was happening, but he knew enough to realize that whatever was going on was a betrayal of his mother. In the midst of the sounds of sexual passion, Carolyn began to sing.

Stephan could not believe that his father would be so cruel as to tell his mother about the relationship with Carolyn. But shortly afterward Marceline tearfully confided that she knew about Jim's affair—he had told her all about it. To prove it to Stephan, she told him about Carolyn's singing. This detail penetrated Stephan's armor as nothing else had. The fact that his father had actually revealed his affair to Marceline suddenly seemed a much crueller betrayal than the infidelity itself. "From then on, I became my father's enemy," Stephan recalls.

Jones was strict about the sexual behavior of Temple members, but his own infidelities were well known, and his followers made allowances, because their leader's alleged psychic gifts so charged him with sexual energy that he was constantly in need of release. He claimed to masturbate thirty times a day. Carolyn Layton served as Jones's procurer as well as his lover, telling designated partners of his unbearable sexual burden. He also dictated the relationships between Temple members; sex was too important and too powerful to be left to individual choice. Jones chastised his followers by saying that they were denying homosexual longings and that he was the only true heterosexual; he even called his son Lew up in front of the general congregation and said that the boy was a homosexual and wouldn't admit it. Yet Jones himself was known to be bisexual.

Many times, Stephan stumbled upon his father when he was engaged in a sexual liaison with a Temple member in the apartment above the church in San Francisco, or in the back of one of the Temple buses. What struck him as odd was that his father's partners, whether female or male, were always white. He became distraught one day when he thought he saw his own girlfriend in his father's bed. "I made the mistake of telling Jimmy about it, and he went straight to Dad," he recalls. Later, Jones confronted Stephan. "What's this I hear—that you think I was with your girlfriend?" he demanded. Stephan cast a furious look at his brother. "Jimmy al-

ways had this way of getting behind Dad, where Dad couldn't see him," he says. "He was making a taunting motion at me—just trying to egg me on. I ended up going after Jimmy. Dad was ordering me to stop, and I was ignoring him, so then it became a disciplinary issue. He said, 'You'll be up on the floor.' I said, 'Fine!'"

Punishments in the Temple were devised for instruction and intimidation and carried out on the stage of the church. To affect indifference, as Stephan had done, was to challenge the authority of the system. The more radical forms of discipline included boxing matches in which a wayward member was pitted against a much stronger opponent. Few offered more than a nominal defense before allowing themselves to be beaten into semi-consciousness. The most common form of punishment was spanking. At Wednesday night "catharsis sessions," members would be subjected to criticism, and not only children but adults would line up to take their swats from a three-foot paddle wielded by a muscular two-hundred-and-fifty-pound woman named Ruby Carroll. Minor offenders might get five or six blows, but some floggings lasted as long as half an hour. The Jones boys were not exempt from catharsis; in fact, Jones liked to make an example of them. Usually, a microphone was held up to the lips of the offender as he was being spanked, so that his cries were amplified. Stephan, however, was always silent; he would not give his father the satisfaction of expressing his pain. At the end, though, he was made to say, as everyone did, "Thank you, Father."

IN 1972, when Jones moved the Temple headquarters to San Francisco, he set about endearing himself to the city's power structure by harnessing the energies of his followers to work for election campaigns, to demonstrate for political causes, and to do mass mailings overnight. In return, he was courted by San Francisco's power brokers. Jones made sure that his sons were present when the mighty came to pay tribute. State Assemblyman Willie Brown, one of the most powerful black politicians in the state, Mayor George Moscone, Governor Jerry Brown, Jane Fonda, Angela Davis, Daniel Ellsberg—all came to visit, and all helped to validate Jones in the

eyes of his followers. In 1976, at a rally to open the San Francisco Democratic Party Presidential-campaign headquarters, Jones shared the podium with Rosalynn Carter. He also provided the crowd: six hundred of the nearly eight hundred people who attended were Temple members. The next month, Mayor Moscone appointed him to the city's housing authority and made sure that he became its chairman. Jones had been in San Francisco just four years.

The sons could see what their father was creating, and they were already beginning to contend for power themselves. On one occasion, Jimmy and Tim drew up a plan to divide the spoils: Stephan would take Redwood Valley, Lew would get San Francisco, and Los Angeles, where the Peoples Temple had also made inroads. Jimmy was already a



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I want to relate a little story to you about the power of Jesus Christ, who is here with us today. I would really get into it. I remember back on a lonely night in November, my father was taking us to a bowling match. A lone drunk driver hit us. That's all I remember, because the next thing I knew, I was lying on the side of the road. I believed it so much I would really get teary-eyed."
 In the summer of 1972, an event occurred during a church picnic in Red-

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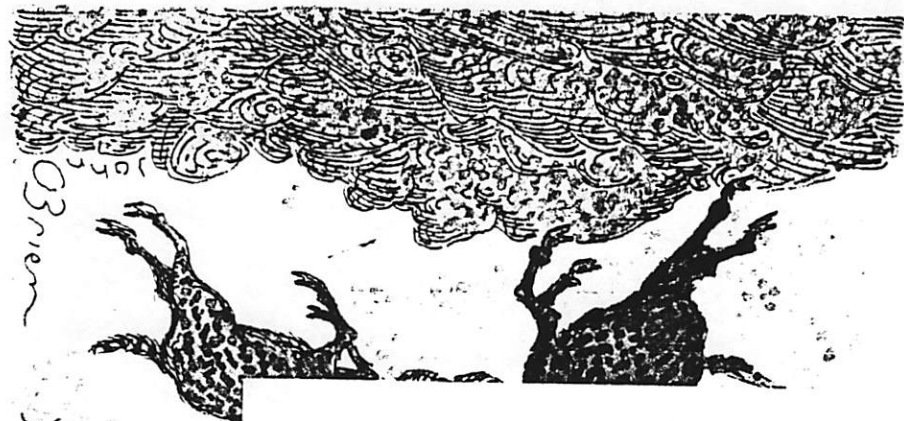
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"He's no longer voice-activated."

wood Valley that seemed to justify that faith. As Stephan, Tim, and Jimmy were playing basketball in the twilight, they heard what sounded like a bass drum being struck. They looked over and saw their father lying on the ground, clutching his shirt, which was covered with blood. While some church members helped their wounded pastor into his house, others raced around looking for the gunman. An hour later, Jones walked out of the house under his own power. He had healed himself, he claimed. There was no evidence of a wound, but he held up the bloody shirt and pointed to the hole the bullet had left. Later, the shirt was framed and became a relic of the Temple, testifying to Jones's divine power. On another occasion, he said, "Calm down—I've been shot in the head, but I'm all right. I dematerialized the bullets."

Stephan also trusted in his father's greatness and yearned for his approval. "There was a tenderness about him that was unique for men his age," Stephan says. Sometimes Jones would pull Stephan aside and tell him that the two of them were special in the universe, and that Stephan would inherit his psychic gifts, because their genes were so closely linked. Despite his growing disaffection

with his father, Stephan still wanted to believe that.

IT'S interesting to speculate, as his sons have, about what Jim Jones might have become if he had lived. He would have been sixty-two this year and, presumably, at the height of his power and influence. One suspects that in today's religion supermarket Jones's knack for self-promotion would at least equal that of America's prominent televangelists. One can imagine him as a left-wing equivalent of Jerry Falwell or Pat Robertson, although, given the secretive nature of his organization, he might have had more in common with Sun Myung Moon or Louis Farrakhan. The collapse of the socialist ideal in much of the world would probably have devalued Jones's political philosophy. At the same time, one of his core themes—racial unity—would, unfortunately, make him still a solitary figure in the evangelical landscape. The great might-have-been of Jones's un-lived future is whether he would have brought healing to the racially divided cities of America. It was that noble dream, however, which blinded Temple followers to obvious signs of internal decay, both in their pastor and in his movement. One such sign

was Jones's hypochondria. Jones had a chronic prostate condition, but he also imagined himself to be the victim of a host of other illnesses, and in the early seventies he began a course of self-medication that included painkillers, barbiturates, and amphetamines. The drugs accentuated his inclination toward paranoia and self-aggrandizement. Stephan remembers a confrontation between Marceline and Jim Jones, in which she flushed his supply of drugs down the toilet. Jimmy, looking back, regards the early seventies as the turning point in his father's ministry and in the fate of the Peoples Temple. "At first, it was 'If you need a god to believe in, believe in me,'" Jimmy says. "But then, around 1973 or '74, he started saying, 'I am God.'"

The Temple began to suffer its first notable defections during this period. "My father never dealt with separation well. He looked upon it as failure, and he couldn't accept failure," Jimmy says. "It was very scary. At that point in my life, when I was twelve years old, here were people doubting my father, a person I thought—excuse me for saying it—walked on water."

Jim Jones's anger over the defections of eight members in 1973 gave rise to an urge that seems completely at odds with his obsession with illness and death—the path of mass suicide. Perhaps he felt that he could master his fear of death if he could somehow stage it; and by enlisting everyone else in the plan, he might make his own death less lonely. As Jeannie Mills, a former Temple member, recounted in her book, "Six Years with God," he broached the idea of suicide in an emergency Planning Commission meeting. "This might be the time for all of us to make our translation together," he said. He proposed that everyone who was present swallow poison at that moment. They would all be reunited on another planet, he promised. A few members balked, and that seemed to surprise Jones. He wrote down their names and portentously read them aloud. They were people who couldn't be trusted, he said, but then he apparently dropped the subject.

When Stephan was an adolescent, his confusion over his father's behavior led him on more than one occasion to what appear to have been halfhearted suicide attempts—although Stephan says he never really intended to die. Once, he took a handful of quaaludes, and then he told Tim what he had done. He was rushed to Moffitt Hospital in San Francisco. The near-fatal episode had a pleasing result: many people gave him attention—most particularly, his father. Jones suddenly warmed up and treated Stephan with cautious respect, although that didn't last long.

It had become increasingly difficult for Stephan to get his father's attention. "It was a strange relationship," Stephan says. "I still wanted his approval. I wanted his time. I wanted to love him. I always felt he loved me—I felt that, if nothing else, he was proud of me. But I fought him. And it wasn't out of any bravery or enlightenment—it was just that, one, I saw things that other people didn't see, and, two, I could get away with it. I was his son." Jones sometimes wrote off Stephan's rebellion as a natural stage of adolescence, but at other times he would accuse Stephan of being an enemy of socialism. "If you rebelled against Jim Jones, you had to be bourgeois," Stephan says.

Jones fathered one and perhaps two other sons during the seventies. One was by Carolyn Layton, who mysteriously disappeared from the church for several months. Jones explained her absence in part by saying that she "was negotiating the purchase of an atomic bomb for us." When she returned, she had a baby boy—"Carolyn's little cousin," Jones explained to the congregation, although he had previously admitted to members of the Planning Commission that the child was Carolyn's and that he was the father. They named the boy Kimo (Hawaiian for "Jim"). The other child, John Victor, was born to Grace Stoen. In February, 1972, almost two weeks after the birth of the boy, Tim Stoen signed an extraordinary document. It later became the centerpiece of a custody battle, which led to the confrontation in Jonestown. "I, Timothy Oliver Stoen, hereby acknowledge that in April 1971, I entreated my beloved pastor, James W. Jones, to sire a child by my wife, Grace Lucy (Grech) Stoen, who had previously, at my insistence, reluctantly but graciously con-

sented thereto. James W. Jones agreed to do so, reluctantly, after I explained that I very much wished to raise a child, but was unable, after extensive attempts, to sire one myself. My reason for requesting James W. Jones to do this is that I wanted my child to be fathered, if not by me, by the most compassionate, honest, and courageous human being the world contains." The document was witnessed by Marceline Jones.

On one occasion in 1976, Jones surprised the Planning Commission by suspending a Temple prohibition against drinking and ordering that everyone take a glass of wine. Even the teetotalers soon relaxed and began to enjoy themselves and the mood in the church turned festive. Then Jones declared that the wine contained poison and that they would all be dead within forty-five minutes. Reiterman and Jacobs, in "Raven," write that Jones told his inner circle that he would shortly detonate a nuclear bomb that was sitting in a van outside and exterminate the Temple and all of San Francisco in an apocalyptic flash. Later, when Jones told this group that there wasn't really any poison in the wine, it was understood that he had been testing their level of commitment to the Temple. A threshold had been crossed. They were ready to die together.

On the Fourth of July weekend of 1976, Grace Stoen and another Temple member fled. Soon, she had second thoughts about leaving her son behind. She called Jones and begged to see her child again. At first, Jones was reluctant. He regarded the child, whom everyone called John-John, as something like a reincarnation of himself, and as the future leader of the Peoples Temple. "He belongs to the world," Jones said when Grace called. "You can see it more and more every day. John isn't a dependent type of personality. That's what leaders are made of." He finally consented to let her visit her son, once, in Los Angeles. Soon after that, convinced that Grace was going to initiate legal action to gain custody of the boy, then four years old, he spirited him off to Jonestown.

In February, 1977, Tim Stoen resigned from his job (by this time he had left his position with Mendocino County and was working for the San Francisco district attorney's office) and went to Jonestown, presumably to act as John-John's guardian in the forthcoming legal

battle. But Jones no longer trusted Stoen, and he wanted Stephan there to keep an eye on him. He was also hoping to control his defiant son. Stephan was reluctant to go. With his mother's help, Stephan had got an apartment of his own; he also had a job parking cars in Chinatown. "He came to me, very upset," Stephan says of his confrontation with his father. "He was concerned about the appearance of losing me. Somehow, he worked his way around to asking me to make a trip to Jonestown." Stephan refused. "I had the feeling that if I went I might be kept down there." Jones thereupon lobbied Marceline, the one person Stephan would listen to. "Mom said, 'I'm not going to make him go down there,' but eventually she agreed to talk to me about it if Dad agreed not to keep me down there. So I made the trip, and, of course, he kept me down there."

THE tragedy of Jonestown grew out of the conflict between the followers of Jim Jones and the people they left behind in California. The fears of the relatives were enlarged by the accounts of defectors like Grace Stoen, who devoted themselves as intensely to fighting Jim Jones as they once had to following him. Worried family members banded together in 1977, calling themselves the Concerned Relatives, and some made it clear that they intended to rescue their loved ones at any cost—apparently even considering kidnapping, or hiring mercenaries. And although much of what happened was a manifestation of Jones's paranoid imagination, the group did pose a threat to the jungle community. Its embattled residents, however, eventually lost their capacity to separate fantasy from reality, and the outsiders suffered from a similar predicament: Temple members issued threats that any interference in Jonestown would trigger a mass suicide, but such statements were simply too far-fetched to be believed.

So concerned was Jones about what he saw as complacency among his followers that he whipped them into a state of near-hysteria by describing an impending "invasion" by the Guyana Defense Force and mercenaries backed by members' relatives. And, on September 5, 1977, he staged an incident that sent the village into a paroxysm of terror.

Walking toward the center of Jonestown, Stephan and a friend heard

a gunshot from the direction of Jones's cabin. When they reached Jones, who was unharmed but apparently in shock, he claimed that enemies were sniping at him through the window. Stephan promptly armed himself and went into the jungle shooting, but he found no evidence of gunmen. When he returned, Jones designated him head of security and ordered him and others to stand guard around his cabin and the Jonestown perimeter.

The next day, an American attorney appeared in Jonestown, representing Grace Stoen. Her ongoing battle for John-John gave additional legitimacy to the cause of the Concerned Relatives, who would soon take their campaign to the courts and to Congress. The attorney, Jeffrey Haas, had secured an order from the Guyana Supreme Court, in Georgetown, directing Jones to produce John-John in court two days later and to show cause why the boy should not be returned to his mother's custody. With a Guyanese marshal, Haas had flown to Port Kaituma, and from there they rode into Jonestown in a four-wheel-drive vehicle, intending to serve the order on Jones personally. Hundreds of hostile faces greeted them. Maria Katsaris, a young woman who looked after John-John, and who was one of Jones's concubines, told Haas that Jones was out on the river and had been gone for several days. Haas had to return to Georgetown, and the judge there then declared that the order could be served by posting it in several locations in Jonestown.

"Alert! Alert! Alert!" Jones cried into the P.A. system the day after Haas's visit. He announced that Jonestown was about to be invaded. The security team ran through the fields, rounding up the members. People gathered at the pavilion. The "enemy" was already in the jungle outside the perimeter, Jones warned. He wanted every man and woman to defend the camp. He instructed them to smear their faces with mud, and to take whatever could serve as weapons—guns, knives, pitchforks, cutlasses, crossbows—and surround the compound, facing out into the jungle. Any Temple member attempting to escape would be shot. All night long, the people stood guard. Stephan was sent to guard the one road into the town. We

don't stand a chance, he remembers thinking as he hid behind a barricade of tires and a trailer. He was scared to death. So was Tim, who was lying in the mud behind a log and was holding a shotgun.

Most frightened of all, though, was Jimmy. He and a friend, Johnny Cobb, had been assigned the task of carrying a crate of gold and American money into the jungle and hiding it. They were the designated survivors. They went around the defense perimeter saying goodbye to everyone. Then they walked deep into the jungle, hid the crate, and cried all night.

Sometime in the middle of the night, Jim Jones decided to take a group of people to Port Kaituma and board the Cudjoe for Cuba. One of those he selected for the journey brought along a tape recorder, in order to capture Jones's words in this historic moment. On the tape one can hear the lapping water and the sound of oars: apparently, Jones is trying to slip downriver without starting the trawler's engines, and yet he is speaking in full voice and swearing furiously as he explains his abrupt changes of heart. "I might have escaped, but the rivers are blocked to the rest of my people," he says shortly after the boat has got under way. "My God, if they won't let us all go, then none of us will go."

There is a cheer and the sound of a puppy barking, then the sound of a woman's voice shushing a child. "John-John, listen!" she says.

"The rivers are blocked to the rest of us!" Jones goes on. "The oceans are blocked to the rest of us! But our goddam land—we fought to build it, so we'll fight to die for it!" Jones turned back to Jonestown.

After Jones had returned to land, the frenzy continued. Later, while Stephan was in the shower, he heard gunshots. A friend of his, Mark Cordell, came running in to get him, carrying a shotgun and shouting, "They're shooting at Dad! I saw the bullets hit!" Stephan still had shampoo in his hair, but he charged out, barefoot, with a semi-automatic hunting rifle, and pulled on his pants as he ran. Mark was right behind him, and both of them sprayed the jungle with gunfire.

Haas returned the next day on a Guyana Defense Force plane, having brought with him several copies of the court order. Jones was hiding in the

jungle with John-John and the gold. The marshal proceeded to post the copies, but as he did so Stephan ripped them down. The next day, the judge ordered that John-John be taken into the court's custody and that Jones appear in court to show cause why he should not be held in contempt for disregarding the previous order. Jones responded to this challenge by proclaiming, once again, that it was better for the community to die en masse than to be ruptured by the outside world.

That day, Jones talked via radio with Marceline, who was still living in San Francisco. "As you know, there's been an order for my arrest," he told her (although apparently no such order had been issued and no action was ever taken to seize him or John-John). "People are conspiring. We are going to have to make a stand. We are prepared to die. Do you copy?"

"Roger. Roger," said Marceline. "But can I say just one thing? Give us time to let us work something out." She began sobbing when she realized that Jones was serious.

"If you don't get control of your emotions, you can destroy the greatest decision in history," Jones said sternly.

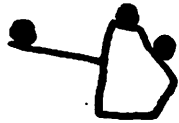
Later, he let Jimmy and Stephan talk to their mother.

"Hello, Ma, this is Jimmy. I want to die," he told her.

"Jimmy, it was not too bad a few days ago," his mother said, crying again. "If you and your dad could kind of hang on there—the other's so final, Jimmy."

Then Stephan spoke to her. "Mom, don't get too emotional. Dad loves all of you there. We're the ones standing here, and he's holding up. He's trying as hard as possible, and you don't have to worry about me, because, as I've told you before, all I've ever done in my eighteen years is to anticipate what would happen—and I know this is the way I want it."

Marceline set to work to try to block the awful progress of Jones's fanatical logic. As it happened, the Deputy Prime Minister of Guyana, Ptolemy Reid, was travelling in the United States, and Marceline sought to track him down in order to gain assurances that the Guyanese government would not invade Jonestown. In the meantime, she kept her husband engaged in a dialogue, hoping that he would talk himself out of his



belief that the loss of a single member would destroy the entire colony.

"I related to Grace, and out of that came a son," Jones said, as much to his followers as to his wife—for the entire conversation was being broadcast on loudspeakers in the village. "That's part of the deal. The way to get to Jim Jones is through his son. They think that will suck me back or cause me to die before I'll give him up. And that's what we'll do—we'll die." In Jonestown, there was a great cheer.

"I know all about the beautiful child-god, and I know why he was conceived, and I was very much involved with it," Marceline responded. "I know the pain that you've suffered, and, as painful as it would be for me not to see any of you again, I would not ask you to change your stand." Even as she said this, Marceline and a few Temple members in San Francisco were rounding up supporters to give heart to the colonists and buy additional time. Finally, Marceline got assurances from Deputy Prime Minister Reid that the Guyanese Defense Force would not invade Jonestown or arrest Jones. At last, the crisis subsided. Marceline rushed to Jonestown, hoping to get the situation more under control.

Jones proclaimed victory. He had faced down the Guyanese government; Haas had gone back to the United States empty-handed; and Jones's followers had demonstrated solidarity in the use of the one tactic that could keep their enemies off balance—the threat of mass suicide. "We want the world to know that we will exist together or we shall die together. Those terms must never be sacrificed, those terms must never be altered," Jones said after what came to be called the Six-Day Siege.

EACH of the sons of Jim Jones had a moment of revelation, when the truth of his situation was made so starkly evident that there was no way to avoid it. For Stephan, that moment came when his mother confided that she knew about Carolyn's song. Still, he had been willing to believe that Jonestown was under a threat from the C.I.A. or mercenary forces, as his father contended. He was still piecing together what had happened during the Six-Day Siege. Curious about where the shots at his father had come from, he examined the bullet marks in the muddy soil. When he cal-

culated the trajectory, he realized that the shots must have come from very nearby, and not well out in the bush, as his father had contended. It was beginning to look to him as if the entire crisis might have been merely an elaborate game of his father's. He was out in the jungle every day, but he never found any evidence that government troops had surrounded them. Finally, his sixteen-year-old friend Vincent Lopez whispered a secret: he had seen who had shot at Father; it had been Jimmy.

Vincent was worried because Jimmy had seen him, too, and, as he suspected, Jimmy told his father. Jones moved quickly to marginalize Vincent and frighten him into silence. "They did everything they could to break the kid," Stephan says. "I loved this kid with all my heart, and I loved his rebellion. I loved his spirit and how they could never break it."

One punishment Jones used in Guyana was to make people chew hot peppers. "I think you can imagine what the tropics are capable of creating in the way of a pepper," Stephan says. Jones ordered Vincent to eat one. Stephan stood in the background—"gritting my teeth," he recalls, "and once again thinking that at least Vincent won't be killed by this, won't be maimed by this, we can make it right later." Eventually, Stephan came to call this kind of thinking "Temple

logic"—that is, deciding to do nothing, on the ground that the situation was at least manageable. He told himself that he must save his counteractions for the really critical situations. "Vincent started to gag, and I knew he was going to throw this pepper up," Stephan says. "And I knew what that would mean—he would either just get another pepper and have to start all over or have some other form of punishment. So I jumped up and caught his vomit in my hand and held it there." Vincent looked at Stephan, and then ate the vomit out of his hand. "He later thanked me for that," Stephan says.

"There was always that urge to reconcile with my father. I still wanted his approval," Stephan continues. After Vincent's revelation, however, and the awful punishment, Stephan confronted the true source of his misery. "More and more, I was feeling justified in my stand against my father. I was no longer resentful of every human being."

Stephan's rebellion was soon obvious to everyone in the Temple, even though he tried to hide it. "I don't know why he hates me," Jones lamented to the congregation. "He's bigger than I am. He's better-looking than I am. I don't know why it bothers him that I can fuck better." The fact is, however, that his father's flamboyant sexual needs had completely squelched Stephan's own sexuality. "I got



"I'm David and I'm a bean-counter."

sick and tired of every relationship being connected to and springing from his sexuality," he says. "I was extremely insecure in that area."

Jones would sit for hours in his cabin reading the news over the public-address system. At other times, he would lapse into a fugue in which, in a past life, he was Lenin fighting off the Trotskyites. Once, he was so far out of control that Carolyn Layton called Stephan to come and subdue him. Stephan recalls that he enjoyed the opportunity to knock his father around the room until he finally gave up the act.

One evening, Jones, in his Lenin role, ran off into the jungle, taking Stephan with him. It was Stephan's territory, a place that Jones himself feared and avoided, so this action can be seen as a madcap attempt to bridge the distance between them. "Somewhere, buried in his disturbed mind, was the loss of his son," Stephan now says. At the time, though, he was implacable. When they came to a swamp, he says, "I just let him walk right into it, relishing every moment. And as he sank down toward his knees and then was fast going toward his hips, he suddenly snapped out of it and asked me for help." Jones was completely trapped and helpless. Stephan could have left him there, to sink out of his life, but he pulled him up. "If anything kept me in check, it was the love for the father I had already lost," he says.

In December, the only person who might have been able to influence Jim Jones died. Lynetta Jones, his seventy-eight-year-old mother, had arrived from Georgetown by boat some months earlier. Because she was weakened by emphysema, the sea and river voyage to Port Kaituma nearly killed her. Lynetta was a peculiar woman—intelligent, ambitious, hard-bitten, but also mystical and romantic. She had determined that she would have one perfect child, a brown-eyed boy. Though she apparently parcelled out more attention than love to her son, and little enough of both in his early years, as he grew older she became the chronicler of the legend of "little Jimba": a boy apostle with a million pets, who wandered the roadsides on his tricycle rescuing abandoned dogs and kittens, taking in hoboes, and instructing his peers in back-

yard church services. In Jonestown, Lynetta was too ill to walk, so she lay in her bunk, staring out the window and begging Stephan for stories of his adventures in "the woods." Finally, he decided that she would have to experience the jungle, even if it killed her. He picked her up and carried her in his arms two miles into the bush, to a special place. "I saw her cry for the first time," he recalls. "She died three days later."

For the citizens of Jonestown, already shell-shocked by the ceaseless turmoil since their arrival, this was an ominous event. Hope began to drain out of the settlement. Nothing made this change more apparent than a change in Jones himself. He began an abrupt decline. His prostate problem was aggravated by the diet of pills he was ingesting for other problems, both real and imagined. His doctor diagnosed a fungal disease in his lungs, progressive coccidioidomycosis. Between 1977 and 1978, he lost thirty pounds. Taking amphetamines and Percodan alternately, he rocked in and out of reality. Injections of antidepressants such as Elavil left his mouth dry, and he developed a habit of constantly licking his lips. (Jimmy believes that his father may also have been injecting heroin during this period.)

Stephan thought constantly about killing his father. He again invokes his love for the father he lost, and says that it kept him from acting. "That, and fear of how the people in Jonestown would respond." The only person he trusted with his inner thoughts was his mother, and she still held on to the hope that her husband would regain his sanity. Perhaps, she suggested to Stephan, she could even persuade Jones to give up the drugs he was taking in ever increasing quantities. "Mom, you gotta get this in context," he argued. "You're talking about going to God and telling him he's a drug addict?" The truth was that Stephan regarded the drugs as his ally: soon enough, they were bound to kill his father, and then he would be free.

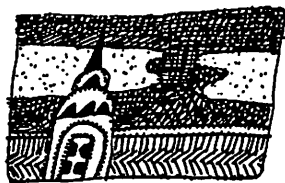
TIM'S job was to protect his father, but in practice he spent his time tending to Jones's nocturnal whims and fetching people whom he wanted to talk to. "A squire—I was like a squire," he

says. He had learned to suspend judgment and not ask questions. "Tim had sworn an oath to my father," Stephan says. "I equate it with a military oath. The guy said, 'Look, I'm in. You're my leader. And with that I sacrifice some of my own thought processes and defer to you.'" Given Tim's loyalty to Jones, he and Stephan were bound to become antagonists. Once, Tim searched Stephan's gear, and discovered his passport and a secret bank account that Marceline had established for him, in case he should ever flee. That didn't surprise Tim; he expected her to favor Stephan. He dutifully turned the material over to Jones.

A former girlfriend of Tim's, Shanda James, was in Jonestown. Shanda was nineteen. She was pretty and joyful, and Tim still cared about her. Like many of the women in the Temple, she became an object of interest to Jones, even though, unlike his other lovers, she was black. Jones asked her to his cabin, ostensibly to counsel her for "suicidal tendencies" (a condition he frequently diagnosed). Anyone who was nearby could hear them making love; certainly Tim did. He vented his anger to Stephan. "That bitch—she's making Dad fuck her," Tim complained.

Stephan understood Tim's logic. "My father was capable of doing no wrong, so if something was inconsistent or wrong or rubbed against your grain—you focussed your anger on somebody else," he explains. To Tim he simply muttered, "He doesn't mind it *that* much." That was all he said. Within fifteen minutes, Stephan was called to the radio room and chewed out by his father. Tim had turned him in again.

Later, Tim happened to intercept a note from Shanda to his father. "Thank you for our time together," Shanda wrote, "but there's a young man I'm interested in." She mentioned the name of a black teen-ager. "She was basically breaking it off with Father God and going with this kid," Stephan says. Tim read the note, folded it back up, and gave it to his father. A few minutes later, Jones told him to go get Shanda, saying that she had threatened suicide again, and he wanted her put in the Extended Care Unit for treatment. The E.C.U. was where people were sent when Jones wanted them out of the way. Vincent Lopez was put there after he made an unsuccessful attempt to escape. The



pharmacy at Jonestown was well stocked with tranquilizers, such as Thorazine and Valium, and there were people who, though not sent to the E.C.U., were secretly drugged through their food. Tim had seen everything, but he had turned a blind eye—until Shanda. "That's what set me off," Tim says now. "He drugged her and he fucked her whenever he wanted to."

The next day, Stephan saw his father hobbling toward the pavilion. Jones asked his son to help him, and Stephan lent him an arm. He was struck by how frail and flabby his father was; once again, he told himself that it was only a matter of time until his father died. But he couldn't resist confronting him about Shanda. He demanded to know why Jones was having her drugged.

"I can't believe you're saying that—that I drugged Shanda," Jones replied angrily.

"You're a fucking liar!" Stephan cried.

"You're a fucking liar!" his father echoed, fecklessly, before turning away.

The scene had taken place in full view of the Peoples Temple assembly, who were waiting for Jones to address them in the pavilion.

Later, back in his cabin, Jones called Tim in. "Got to keep watching Stephan," he said. "Put your people on him. Shadow him." Instead, Tim walked out of Jones's office, went directly to his brother, and repeated what he had been told. They laughed about it.

But the air was charged in Jonestown. Soon after that confrontation with his father, Stephan began to believe that he, too, was being drugged. Some mornings, he could hardly get out of bed. He had bouts of hives. Twice, his body swelled up so badly that he felt he was suffocating and had to have shots of Adrenalin in order to breathe. Once, he noticed his father watching him with an expression that suggested he was surprised to see his son still walking around.

During a catharsis session, a nurse accused Tim of using too much Blistex. This was typical of the kind of petty indictment that could occupy hours of scrutiny in front of the entire community. Being blond and fair-skinned, Tim was always having problems as a result of sun exposure, but that wasn't the point. He knew that no one would dare assail him without his father's approval.

Jones tried to fan concern about his

health by staging mock strokes and heart attacks. Stephan remembers being summoned one day and being told by his father that he was dying and wanted to say goodbye. Jones was lying in bed in his underwear but was still wearing his sunglasses and a black Mao hat. He asked everyone else to leave; he wanted to be alone with his son. Stephan looked at him with disdain, and nearly burst into laughter when Jones said, "You know, it's O.K. to cry." Stephan replied, "You know, I don't feel like crying." Later, when he heard people describe his father as an evil genius, he would remember this scene and find in its ludicrous childishness a far more accurate picture of his father's character.

THE unexpected effect of Jones's disintegration was to unite the other members of his family. As Tim turned away from his father, he became close to Marceline for the first time. "Marceline realized that I loved her, and I finally realized what an idiot her husband was," he says. "It was hard for her to respect me, because I was always around him, protecting him. I ran his errands. To her, it was as if I were blind to him." Meanwhile, Tim had rediscovered his birth family, the Tupperts. He was spending time with his sisters and little brother. Later, he was very grateful for those last months with his family and for the love he was finally able to feel for them. At the same time, he now took two guns to bed with him at night, and when he went for a shower he carried along a pistol in a plastic bag. He knew that there were still people in Jonestown who would kill for Jim Jones.

There was only one son left that Jones could count on. "He said the boys were turning against him," Jimmy recalls. "The only one he trusted was me." In September of 1978, Jones sent his enterprising black son to live in Georgetown, having realized that he would be effective at cultivating good relations between the Peoples Temple and Guyana's black political élite. On October 1st, Jimmy turned eighteen, and the next morning he and Yvette Louise Muldrow were married, in an A.M.E. church in Georgetown. It was a small wedding, attended by two witnesses. "We were nervous," he recalls. "Yvette wore this tank top, and in the church your shoulders had to be covered, so we took doilies

from the pew and covered her shoulders and her head. I remember looking at her and being flabbergasted. Here I was, marrying my childhood sweetheart, the first person I ever really loved."

He and Yvette were planning to go to Cuba to college and then to medical school; they had already submitted their visa applications. And they were already starting a family: Yvette was pregnant. Everything was perfect. "It doesn't get any better than this," Jimmy remembers saying to himself. A few days later, he sent Yvette back to Jonestown, over her objections. At the time, it seemed like the selfless act of a committed socialist: back to work, no honeymoon. And, in fact, there was much work for him to do. The Concerned Relatives had stepped up their lobbying efforts. They had found an interested audience in Leo J. Ryan, the liberal representative from San Mateo. Ryan had a reputation as a maverick, the kind of politician who liked to experience things firsthand, such as teaching school in Watts after the riots, or spending a week in Folsom prison to investigate the conditions there. He was now talking of making a fact-finding tour of Jonestown on behalf of the Concerned Relatives.

ONE of the shipments of supplies from the United States had brought a basketball, and although there was no court at Jonestown, many of the young men began to go out in the fields and practice drills. Eventually, they erected a basket on the foundation of an unfinished building. There was scarcely enough room to play half-court, and the out-of-bounds mark was a four-foot drop-off, so going for a loose ball could be a bone-breaking adventure. In the evenings, the boys played until dark, and after they put up lights they played until all hours. Once, after a practice, Tim walked over to the radio hut and started imitating his father's voice over the P.A. system—slurred speech and all. People were agog: no one had ever mocked Father. Even more astonishing was the fact that nothing happened to Tim as a result. There was a sense of liberation—and also of uncertainty. People began to allow themselves to wonder what life in Jonestown would be like without Jones.

When, during a visit to Jonestown by a Guyana sports official, Tim successfully lobbied for an invitation to play a bas-

ketball tournament with the national team, Jones seemed to be too ill to put up any resistance. The basketball players ordered blue-and-white uniforms, and Ruby Carroll sewed on the numbers. Nothing had ever happened in Jonestown to generate such enthusiasm. Everyone cheered when the boys ran along the road and through the middle of the settlement on their training drills. Even Jones got caught up in the spirit. At a catharsis session before the team left for Georgetown, he went into a reverie about his own imagined days of basketball glory. "If I had my son's hands, I'd be a pro. I was a very good forward and played hard. But in the U.S. no one was kind. I quit basketball because I saw one black man treated wrong. . . . So, when they make a goal, clap for a few seconds," he instructed his sons. "Grab them between recesses and give them a hug."

"I don't know if they'll let me," Stephan objected.

"Well, then, shake hands," said Jones. "And if they don't want to shake hands that'll make them look like assholes."

On Monday, November 6, 1978, Stephan, Tim, six other team members, and their coach departed for Georgetown on the Cudjoe. Lew stayed behind; he hadn't even bothered to try out for the team. The entire town turned out to see them off. People were crying. Perhaps underneath their pride there was an element of fear. In Jonestown, every departure was momentous, and now their strongest members were leaving.

On November 7th, Jimmy accompanied the American consul on a visit to Jonestown. It had been a month since the wedding, and Jimmy was eager to see Yvette again. Also, he'd been worried that something was wrong. Yvette hadn't wanted to go back to Jonestown, and then when Jimmy tried to get her on the radio he wasn't allowed to talk to her. Maybe she had lost the baby. But when he arrived he found out that she was being punished: there had been some mechanical problems on the boat ride back to Jonestown, and Jones had decreed that Yvette created them by bringing "negativity" on board. "That was when my eyes started opening, because then it directly affected me," Jimmy says.

Jones was nowhere in sight when they arrived. Jimmy went to his father's cabin and found him in bed and so doped up that he was nearly comatose. "I dragged

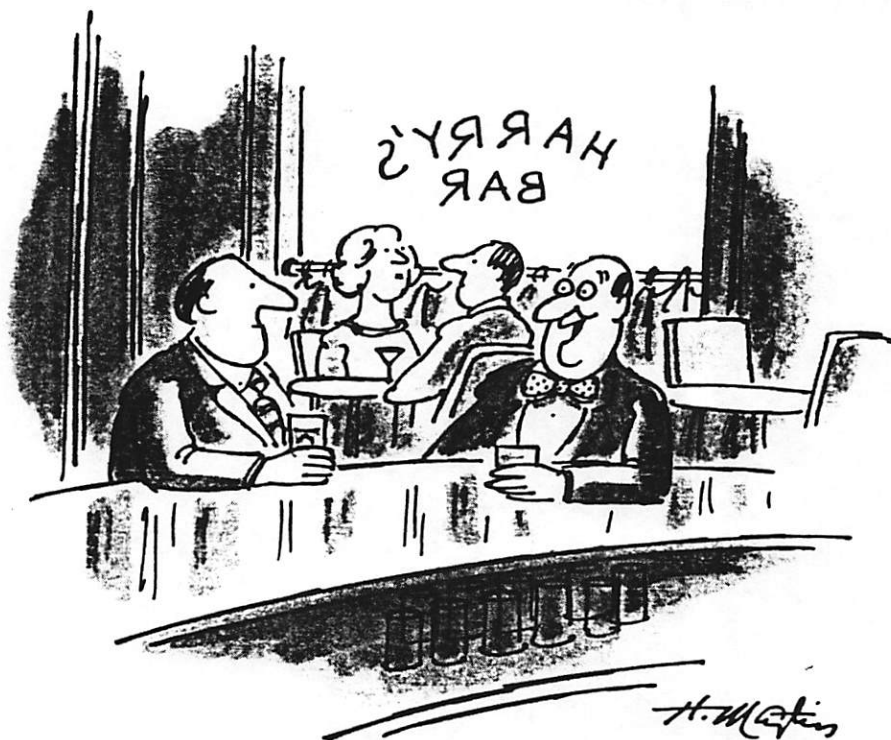
him into the shower, and stood there and held his dick so he could go pee," Jimmy recalls. "He was passing green pee—always stuck with me, it was green-bean-green pee. He was telling me how Marceline was trying to poison him." It took Jimmy an hour and a half to get his father ready to receive the consul—precious time that he had planned to spend with Yvette. After the meeting, Jimmy flew back to Georgetown with the diplomat. He never got to see his wife.

The Jonestown team, which had yet to practice on a full court, played three games against the Guyanese players. The first game took place on Monday, November 13th, in the National Sports Hall. The gym wasn't much larger than an American high-school facility, but the court had real wooden floors and acrylic backboards. Jimmy was the center; at six feet four, he was an inch shorter than Stephan, but he had longer arms. The Guyanese center, however, was six feet seven. Stephan was the power forward, and he was matched against the star of the home team. Tim was a guard and the most aggressive player on the Jonestown squad. As the Jonestown players had feared, the game was a complete blow-out. They were quickly outmuscled, outrun, and thoroughly beaten up. They lost by thirty points.

On Wednesday, November 15th,

Representative Ryan arrived in Georgetown with his entourage—two staffers, three reporters from San Francisco, a four-man NBC TV crew, a freelance writer, and fourteen Concerned Relatives, including Grace and Tim Stoen. (Tim Stoen had defected from the Temple in June, 1977, and was living in the United States.) Although the basketball players had been aware that the congressman was coming, they had given it practically no thought. After their miserable first game, they had gone into a frenzy of training, hoping to salvage some self-respect in the remainder of the tournament. To their dismay, Jones ordered them back to Jonestown soon after Ryan arrived. Speaking for the team, Stephan simply refused to go. He and his brothers are haunted by that decision still.

On Wednesday evening, Leo Ryan rang the bell at 41 Lamaha Gardens, a house where the Temple maintained lodgings. "I'm the bad guy," he said disarmingly. He was a handsome man, in a rumpled way, with limp gray hair and an easy smile. "Does anyone want to talk?" He said that he was on a fact-finding tour, that was all, and assured them that he had an open mind. Sharon Amos, who ran the public-relations staff of the Peoples Temple from Georgetown, was closemouthed and suspicious, so Ryan



"By day, I'm a gadfly. By night, I'm a barfly."



"Morgan has been converted from a Republican to a Yeltsin Democrat."

turned to the Jones boys. He asked how they liked living in Jonestown. "We're making a statement about human rights," Jimmy remembers telling him. "We're trying to build a new country for people who have been oppressed because of their race or sex." The boys felt that Ryan was impressed by their views, and they were surprised and angered when they heard Sharon, talking on the radio to Jonestown, report that Ryan had been hostile during the encounter.

In the second game, later that night, the Jonestown team suffered a lesser humiliation: it lost by twenty points. On Thursday afternoon, the players wandered around Georgetown, relaxing before their final game, the next evening. While they were walking on the seawall, they ran into Grace Stoen and a few other Concerned Relatives. When Grace saw Stephan, she impulsively hugged him. "Stephan, all I want to do is see my son," she said, bursting into tears. "Is that so wrong?"

"No," he said, holding her. "That's not wrong."

Ryan and the press left for Jonestown the next day, along with four Concerned Relatives and Peoples Temple lawyers Mark Lane and Charles Garry. Because of the limited number of seats on the

tiny aircraft that was available, some of the relatives, including the Stoens, had to stay behind. At the compound, Ryan and the others were given an edgy reception, but the reporters were impressed by the fact that the people weren't starving, nor did they appear to be clamoring to leave. The Concerned Relatives had brought a long list of people who were supposedly imprisoned against their will, but most of the Jonestown residents claimed to be content and said they just wanted to be left alone. That evening, however, one Temple member slipped a note to a member of the NBC crew saying that he and a woman wanted help in getting out.

On Friday evening, the basketball heroes of Jonestown tried to redeem themselves. When they came out on the court, they were cheered by the sight of a couple of Concerned Relatives sitting in the otherwise empty visitors' section. It was a rough game from the beginning, but the Jonestown squad had nothing to lose, and for the first time they played fluidly, like a team. The Guyanese players seemed surprised but unthreatened. The Jonestown boys were elated. Jimmy felt that he was having the game of his life.

In Jonestown, Ryan and his group

were treated to dinner and a show. Lew Jones played with the Jonestown band. Jim Jones himself answered the reporters' questions, and even produced John Victor Stoen. "We have the same teeth and face," Jones said, pointing the child toward the cameras and squeezing his chin to make him show his teeth. "John, do you want to go back to live with Grace?"

"No," said the child, who was now six years old.

"See?" Jones said. "It's not right to play with children's lives."

In the second half of the basketball game, the conditioning of the Guyanese team began to assert itself. They quickly regained the lead, and Jonestown had to struggle to stay with them. Jimmy's rebounding kept the score close, even though the Guyanese kept shuttling in fresh players.

The boys from Jonestown were giving their all, and although they couldn't expect to win, the effort itself was exhilarating. They lost the game by ten points.

The defeat itself seemed irrelevant after the thrill of the game, and even the Guyanese were a little giddy when they came over to congratulate the Jonestown squad on its play. When the team got back to Lamaha Gardens, Stephan radioed the news to Jonestown, but Jones couldn't share in his joy at a narrow loss. "Our Jonestown basketball team just beat the national team by ten points!" someone announced at the pavilion, where the congressman and the reporters were still gathered.

On Saturday, November 18th, most of the players went to a movie, "Company of Killers." Jimmy decided not to go. He hung around Lamaha Gardens, and he was there in the afternoon when the first radio transmissions came from Jonestown. Jones was saying that something was going to happen to the congressman—that he had sent his "avenging angels" after Ryan to make sure that the persecution didn't continue. Then Jones asked to speak to Jimmy. "Where are your brothers?" he asked. When Jimmy told him, he said that they must be fetched at once. Someone was sent to

the movie theatre. Before long, Stephan and Tim came into the radio room. By now, the avenging angels had done their work, at the Port Kaituma airstrip. Ryan was dead, his face blown away at close range by a shotgun. Three members of the press had been killed, and so had a woman who had joined a small group of defectors. Ten others were wounded. "We're going to see Mrs. Frazier" was the code that Jones used. It meant that the deaths were about to begin. Jones wanted to know if the Temple members in Georgetown had any poison. When he was told that they had none, he offered elliptical suggestions as to how they might kill themselves: they should use "things in a piano" or "stuff you take when you're sick" or "things you eat with."

Jimmy kept repeating, "Is this real? Is this real?" Stephan was trying to manage the situation, but an atmosphere of madness had taken over. Sharon Amos told Liane, one of her three children, that she might have to die and Liane responded immediately, "O.K., fine."

The brothers went to the Pegasus Hotel, hoping to get some information from the Concerned Relatives. They found Grace Stoen and the others there, but none of them knew anything. The boys then went to the American Embassy, but the door was barred to them. They were told that there had been a shooting at the airstrip and some people had been injured. It seemed unreal.

On the way back to Lamaha Gardens, Stephan noticed a small plane passing over Georgetown, and he prayed, "Please, be them! Please, be them!" When they got to the house, a woman ran outside and cried, "Sharon Amos killed herself and killed her children!"

They ran in and up the stairs. Tim and Stephan tried to open the bathroom door. They could hear agonal groans coming from inside, and were sure that someone was still alive and was calling for help. The door seemed to be locked, but when they pushed harder they saw that there was a body blocking it. Stephan squeezed inside. Blood covered the floor. He saw Liane raise herself on her elbows and then collapse to the floor. Sharon and the other two children were dead; apparently she had slit the throats of all three before turning the knife on herself.

The police came and took away the

bodies. Stephan lay in a downstairs bedroom, staring at the ceiling, and soon the blood from the bathroom seeped through the plaster and began to drip into the room. He lay motionless and watched it.

It wasn't until the next day that Guyanese forces went into Jonestown; because they had expected combat, they'd waited until it was light. Soon reports came back. Initially, the body count was four hundred or so, and this news led the Jones boys to believe that hundreds of others had fled into the bush. Stephan pleaded with the authorities to let him go back to Jonestown to look for survivors, but he and his brothers were kept under house arrest in Lamaha Gardens. They waited for five days. Then the authorities took Tim and Johnny Cobb to Jonestown to help identify the dead. A short while later, Deputy Prime Minister Reid made a speech on the radio in which he spoke of the deaths of nine hundred people. "Did he say nine hundred?" Stephan asked, incredulous. Soon a list of names was being read out over the telephone from the United States. Stephan watched the names being written down: Vincent Lopez, Shanda James, Lew Jones, Agnes Jones, Carolyn Layton, John Victor Stoen. Eventually, it became clear to him that nearly everybody he knew was dead. In the end, nine hundred and fourteen people had died at Jones's behest, not including the five slain at the airstrip.

When Tim and Johnny came back, they couldn't speak.

THE remains of Jim and Marceline Jones and the other members of the Jones family were cremated and scattered over the Atlantic Ocean. About five hundred bodies were recovered by relatives. But the bodies of more than four hundred others were either not identified or not claimed. They were kept in storage for nearly six months at a military mortuary in Delaware. Then, Evergreen Cemetery, in Oakland, agreed to accept them. They now lie below a lone, undistinguished headstone set into a grassy hillside. The tablet reads, "In Memory of the Victims of the Jonestown Tragedy." Considering how obscure the spot is, it's odd to remember that Guyanese officials and, later, politicians in Delaware ex-

pressed fear that a mass-burial site might become a shrine for cultists. The scale of the burial project was carefully camouflaged: moving vans brought the remains across the country, fifty-two caskets per van, one van every three days, to avoid the appearance of a procession. Bulldozers razed the hillside to allow for the coffins, which were stacked there in orderly rows by forklifts. Then the hillside was reconfigured, grass was replanted, the headstone was erected, and the memory of Jonestown abruptly disappeared from the public mind, just as Jonestown itself was reclaimed by the jungle.

Many of the eighty-five Jonestown survivors returned to the Bay Area, where the Temple had originally found most of its recruits. Chris Hatcher, the trauma specialist, headed a crisis team to help the survivors readjust to society, but half his team quit in the first week, because they were unable to bear the stories they heard. The survivors still seem to feel that way about their own stories—that the burden is too great for others to tolerate—and, as a result, they tend to cling together, in a way that refugees from other cults rarely do. They have acquired a reputation as social isolates. James S. Gordon, a psychiatrist who interviewed a number of survivors over a period of ten years, was confounded by the fact that not one of them expressed regret over the time spent in the Temple. "They feel that the experience which altered the course of their lives ultimately helped them to discover who they really were all along," Gordon wrote in the *Washington Post*. One can explain this by saying that the survivors are still

deluded or that they are rationalizing. But it is also possible that our own perceptions have been confined by myth and fears. What happened in Jonestown, nearly everyone believes, can be explained only as a mass act of insanity. Because of this, Jonestown has been placed on history's curiosity shelf, out of the memory of most Americans. Jones may have had a foreboding that this would happen. He placed a sign over the stage in the pavilion quoting George Santayana's famous words, "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." There is no way of knowing what Jones meant by this state-



DELIBOYS

Extra mayo?
Them thar's
fightin' words!



The
Corned-Beef Kid

Thin enough
fer ya,
Missus Santucci?



Provolone Slim



The Hole-in
the-Bagel Gang

ment. There are, however, several lessons to be learned from Jonestown. The most obvious is that authorities should realize that people who have banded together in extreme religious environments must be handled with care and patience, so that their fears about the outside world do not have cause to flourish and leap out of control. But there is a larger lesson posed by that sign in the pavilion above the field of bodies; it has to do with the ecstatic human longing to submit, to be a part of something greater than oneself, no matter how barbarous or bizarre. The followers of Jim Jones gave up their power to a man who violated their families, their bodies, their ideals, and, finally, their will to live. The surrender of individual judgment is the source of the appeal of all charismatic movements, whether religious or political, and it is this that makes the carnage at Jonestown so threatening.

Each year, on November 18th, a few survivors and relatives gather at the gravesite to pay their respects in a brief service. Chris Hatcher makes a point of attending. The occasion is always marked by a struggle to find meaning in the tragedy. Last year, a remarkable event occurred. Without consulting each other, Stephan and Tim decided to attend, for the first time, although neither of them really intended to stay for the ceremony. When they appeared, there were signs of uneasiness among the others, some of whom still regarded the sons as their father's enforcers. Tim stayed only a minute or so. As he drove off, he rolled down his window and pointed a finger in the direction of Chris Hatcher. "I told you I was going to turn out all right!" he cried. It took Hatcher a moment to recognize Tim: he was burly and partly bald—far different from the skinny, curly-haired teen-ager with the armored expression who had returned from Guyana fourteen years before. Stephan Jones was easier to spot, as might be expected. He was still thin but no longer gawky, and, despite indications of nervousness, there was an air of self-possession about him that was unfamiliar to those who had known him in the past. He had brought to the cemetery a card that depicted African women dancing, and an arrangement of plants that reminded him of a miniature jungle. He set the card and the plants beside the gravestone. When he looked up, he saw the Reverend John Moore and his wife,

Barbara—the parents of Carolyn Moore Layton, his father's principal mistress, and of Annie Moore, who may have shot Jim Jones. Stephan's eyes welled with tears. He walked over to them, and they all embraced. Grace Stoen had also decided to attend the service for the first time; John-John's body was never identified, and so he is presumed to be buried at Evergreen. Grace and Stephan embraced, and then, as people began delivering speeches, he walked to the back of the crowd and stood leaning against the wall of a mausoleum. He noticed a slender woman coming toward him, obviously seeking him out. She struck him as athletic and determined. "I heard you were here," she said. "I just wanted to introduce myself and meet you. I'm Pat Ryan, Leo Ryan's daughter."

Stephan was shocked, and couldn't respond for a moment. Then he said, "I'm so sorry for what my father did to your father."

"There's no need," Patricia Ryan assured him. "Your father did it, not you." But as she looked at Stephan it was hard for her not to notice his marked resemblance to Jim Jones. She spoke of it, and then said, "It must be awful for you to live with that, because, horrible as what happened to my father is, at least I have the benefit of having him revered and respected. You don't have that. You lost your friends and your family, and you have to live in shame."

After the service, many people went to a restaurant in Berkeley for lunch, and Stephan and Pat spent several hours talking. "It was one of the strangest and most moving experiences I've ever had," Ryan reports. "I remember his telling me how absolutely horrible it was at times being Jim Jones's son, but he kept saying that he's fine now, he's just fine—that life goes on."

JIM JONES, JR., went to a different cemetery last November 18th. He took his two sons—Robert, who was three years old, and Ryan, who was one—to visit the grave of Yvette, in a cemetery in Colma, to the south of San Francisco. Though he realized that the boys were too young to understand what this visit to his first wife's grave meant to him, he wanted them to know about Yvette; he also wanted to show them off to her. They went into the mausoleum containing Yvette's ashes. Jim put a bunch of

silk flowers in a bud vase. Then he let the boys play in the hall of the mausoleum while he sat and thought about how unfair it was that his life was still going on, while Yvette's had ended. Still, he suspected that she would have been happy for the way his life had turned out.

I had met Jim in his office at a Bay Area hospital, where he is the director of the respiratory-therapy department. He lives a short distance away, on a suburban street of the kind that you see on family-oriented television shows—clean and supernormal. It seems interesting that he chose to live in Leo Ryan's former district. As it happens, Ryan's aide, Jackie Speier, who was severely wounded at the Port Kaituma airstrip, is now the district's representative in the California Assembly. Her husband is a doctor at the hospital, and Jim usually sees her at the Christmas party. Jim doesn't think it particularly significant that he named his second child Ryan.

A sign on the door to his office in the respiratory unit reads "Jim Jones," and that is the name he goes by now. "I never used to," he said. "My name was always James Warren Jones, and people never called me Jim—they called me Jimmy." For several years after he returned to California, he called himself James. He also thought about changing his name. "I almost went to Larry Warren"—a variation on his birth name, Larry Allen Knox—"and then I thought about Larry Jones." But when he took the job at the hospital he decided that the name on his door would be Jim Jones. "It was like coming home, in some ways," he said. "I'm Jim Jones. That's who I am."

Jones is a friendly man, with a quick smile and a well-deserved reputation for charm. He describes himself as a conservative and a registered Republican. He and his wife, Erin, who is a neonatal nurse, attend the Catholic Church, and their sons have been baptized in that faith. Jim is the steady one, the one who knows what he wants. He talked to me about how much he loves his work. "In some ways, the hospital is like a church to me," he said. He had finally got his life arranged the way he wanted it, so the drama in Waco had initially felt to him like an unfair intrusion. Everyone around him was in a frenzy of concern, but Jim was strangely unreachable. "So many people in the hospital were like 'Jim, you O.K.?' 'Yeah.' 'Jim, you O.K.?' 'Yeah,

why?'" On television he saw the children riding in government vans out of Ranch Apocalypse, with those lost and apprehensive, but also familiar, expressions on their faces, but he did not consciously make a connection to his own experience. "I heard it, but I didn't hear it," he told me. Still, it was obvious to his wife that something was going on inside him. Erin noticed that he started drinking heavily, but when she tried to talk to him he clammed up. "I wish people would stop asking me how I'm doing!" he barked at a co-worker who expressed her concern once too often. When he came home that evening, Erin told him something that finally reached him: three-year-old Robert had been watching a news program about the Waco tragedy during which footage of Jonestown was shown. There was a shot of the bodies around the pavilion. "That's a place that's named after us," he had said to his mother. "Can we go there?" When Jim heard the story, he had a painful revelation. "It came through a door I wasn't prepared for," he says. He recalled the agonizing period of his own reentry vividly: flying out of Guyana with Tim, under the guard of sky marshals, and landing at Kennedy Airport in December, still wearing tropical clothes; then being taken into a hangar filled with Winnebago trailers, where he and Tim were grilled, separately, for about ten hours by representatives of the Customs Service, the F.B.I., and the Secret Service; then being given lie-detector tests and, eventually, allowed to go. It was his first experience with what he calls being "leper-tized." That was what he thought of now when he recalled the faces of the children who were being driven out of the Branch Davidian compound; he worried that the same thing would be happening to them.

When Jimmy and Tim returned to



San Francisco, they were treated like aliens. In early news reports of the Jonestown suicides, the media hadn't found many photographs of Temple members, and so they had run a number of pictures of the sons—particularly a shot of Tim inspecting the corpses in Jonestown, with his hat pressed over his face to block the odor. When the two boys went to a mall, people would point to them in horrified recognition. Cops followed them for months. "It was exactly what my father had told us would happen," Jim said. "I thought, Maybe he wasn't that far off his rocker."

He remembered that when he first returned from Guyana people had told him, "It'll get better in time." He had hated hearing it. "But, you know, they were right," he said. "It does go away." He said that he had even harbored a secret feeling of liberation following the catastrophe. "All of a sudden, we were cut off from every physical tie that we had—our wives, our kids, our future kids—and we were all given new leases on life, with nothing to hold us back," he said. "We were spared, so we could create anything we wanted to. We had been shaved of everything, left naked to stand on our own—except for each other." He pointed to himself and said, "I'm sitting here talking to you about Jonestown, and I'm not even upset." He admitted that he thinks about Jonestown every day. "But I don't focus on it," he said. Despite his rather unnerving dispassion, it was obvious to me that he was struggling to make sense of his loss and, at the same time, find something in his background that was worth redeeming. I asked him how the deaths affected his life now.

"I'm still defensive on the subject of Jonestown," he admitted. "Like, if I'm driving in the car and I have a childhood memory, it always ends with that person dying in Jonestown. It wiped everything clean. I don't have a past. The only past is the one I create. And when I think of it that way I get very depressed." He went on to say, "I think of the good things. Now, I'm sure I could tap into the memory banks of the negative torturing and abuse of people, but why? That's not what I want to share with you. We all know the negative part. I want to share—I want to share the positive pieces of Jonestown."

"What was positive about Jonestown?"
"It allowed me, as a black man, to

hold my head up high. It allowed me, as a human being, to want to look out for my fellowman."

I asked Jim how he felt about his father now.

"Gosh, I think he did a lot of good," he said. He pointed to the Temple's work among the poor and the elderly. "For all the negative things that he did, he was still my father," he added. "And, you know—look at me. I came out of an orphanage in Indiana. Where would I be? Where would I be?"

After returning to San Francisco, he had got a job as an orderly in a hospital—as if beginning to re-create his father's life and try to make it turn out right this time. He often worked twenty-four hours straight, and at the same time he began studying to become a respiratory therapist. In 1985, he met Erin, who was working in the neonatal unit of Kaiser Permanente Medical Center, where he was moonlighting. Like Marceline, Erin was a nurse; she was also white, stubborn, and liberal—all of which Jim associated with his mother. Erin had noticed him and thought he was cute, and friends pushed them together, almost literally: Jim was working by himself in the nursery, and Erin's friends shoved her in and closed the door. It was a funny, awkward moment. They talked. She was impressed by his charisma. "I thought, This guy's great! What's wrong with him?" she told me. He asked her out. They went to dinner and then for a walk on the beach, and later, as they were sitting in his car at two in the morning, he told her who his par-

ents were. She got out of the car and ran down the street. It was January 9, 1985, Marceline's birthday. He and Erin were married in July, 1987.

Jim used to dream about Yvette. Even now, he said, he still can't escape the guilt of having sent her back to Jonestown, to her death—but how could he have known? In the dreams, he would catch glimpses of her and race after her, but she would be gone. Finally, he caught up with her. She was sitting on a park bench in Japantown, where they used to go together. He walked up to her. She looked up at him and said, "Goodbye, Jimmy," and he said, "Goodbye, honey." That was the last time he dreamed about Yvette.

Jim still dreams about Jim Jones. "I've had dreams of him coming after me," he said. He thought that this was probably because he was upset with his father. He discovered that "the less I spoke bad about him and just remembered the good things, the fewer times I had bad dreams about him." Jim seemed unaware of the terror buried in that statement.

I remarked that each of the sons had a unique and in some ways unbearable legacy from his father: Stephan was left the blood relation, Jim was left the name, and Tim was left the stench of Jonestown. "You know what the scariest part is?" Jim said. "If you take all of us together, we make Jim Jones." He became solemn. "You know, he *was* a monster! He became a monster. Maybe it was the drugs. Maybe it was the paranoia. Whatever it was, that's what he became. That's what he was. That's what

he was when he died. And that's his legacy."

"I have a feeling that you're just now seeing that," I said.

"In some ways, I am," he said. "In some ways, I've always known it."

TIM JONES has the reputation of being the toughest of the Jones sons. He is not boastful, but he enjoys talking about his physical prowess: he can press a hundred pounds with either hand. The strong part of his golf game is his drives. "I can crush a golf ball," he told me proudly. Tim lives, with his wife, Lorna, their daughter, and Lorna's two children, in a development near San Francisco where all the streets are named after birds. He has created a successful furniture business in the Bay Area. In the Jonestown tragedy Tim lost not only his adoptive parents and an adoptive brother and sister but also his birth mother, Rita Tupper, and his three sisters and youngest brother; his wife, Sandy, and their adopted daughter, Monyell; and many nieces, nephews, and in-laws—twenty-six relatives altogether.

While it was apparent that the tragedy still haunted him, Tim was, like his brother, anxious to convey the message that his years in the Peoples Temple had had many positive aspects. "The only thing I regret from my life is the deaths, obviously—the catastrophe," he told me. "Other than that, I wouldn't change my life for a second, not for a second. Because I was exposed to things and around people who made me who I am." Of course, he has memories of and dreams about Jonestown, but he can live with them, he said. Occasionally, an image will float through his mind—his sister Mary's face, for instance—"and then it goes away like any other thought," he said. He hadn't paid much attention to the anniversaries until last year. He hadn't wanted to stay for the speeches. On his way out of the cemetery, he had called out to Chris Hatcher, and then he had gone back to work. He was fine for a couple of days. Then a disturbing thing happened: He was catching a morning flight up to Portland, Oregon, for a meeting. "I had just powered down twenty ounces of 7-Eleven coffee," he told me, laughing a bit at the memory. He was on the plane, reading the San Francisco *Chronicle's* sports section, and suddenly he started shaking. He yelled



"Whoa!" and jumped up out of his seat.

"Sir, the plane's about to taxi," a flight attendant said.

"Maybe it's the coffee, but I'm having an anxiety attack, or something," Tim told her.

"Is it your first flight?" she asked.

"No! I've flown all over the world!"

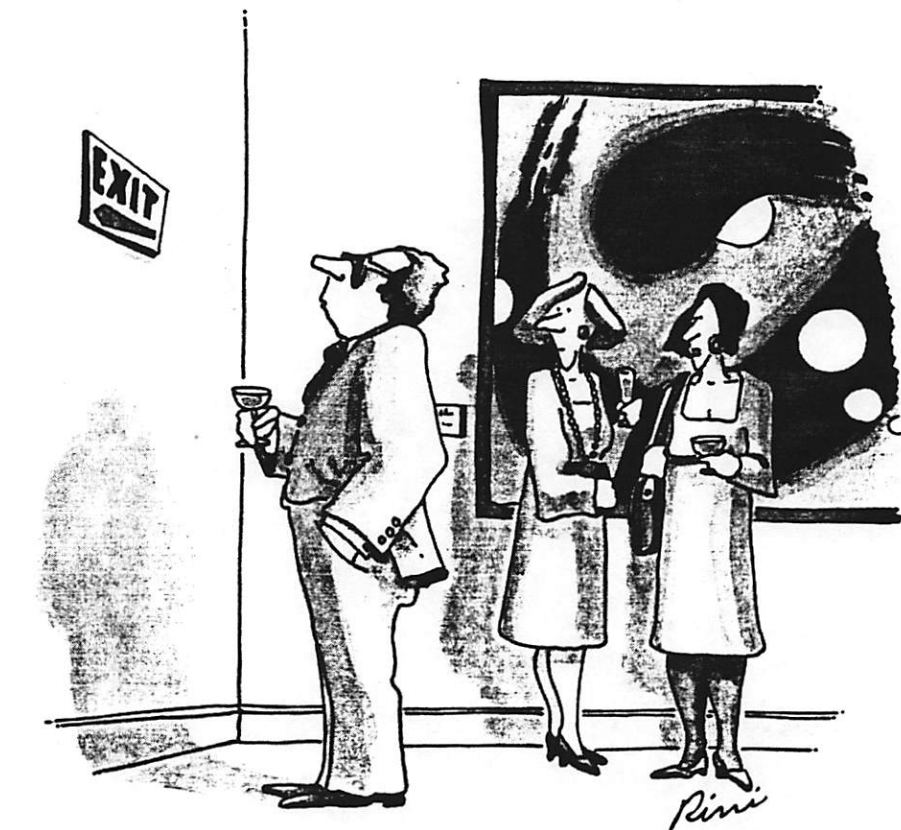
The flight attendant took Tim to a seat at the back of the plane and gave him a muffin. He settled down. "I'm fine," he told her. "I feel better." But when the plane taxied out to the runway he panicked again, and said, "I can't go." The plane had to turn around and take him back to the gate.

Ever since, Tim has been unable to fly. His friends are sympathetic. They try to reassure him that planes are safe, but that's not Tim's problem. "I'm not scared that the plane is going to *drop!*" he told me. "It has nothing whatsoever to do with that. I just can't stand being where I can't get out."

His memory for the details of what happened is not very clear. His brothers think that since Tim returned from identifying the bodies at Jonestown he hasn't been the same. In fifteen years, Stephan has virtually never heard Tim talk about Jonestown. When Tim agreed to meet me at a restaurant, he asked if he could bring Lorna along, because she had never really heard his story, and he didn't intend to tell it again. When we sat down to talk, he immediately burst into tears. We drifted off to other subjects. Every once in a while, he would stumble on a blank spot in his memory, usually a name, and that would cause him to ignite in self-recrimination. "When someone asks me about someone I can't remember, and they died there, that just pisses me off beyond all means! It really pisses me off!" He is convinced that if he had been there he could have stopped the suicides.

"What would you have done?"

"I'd have killed the bastard!" he cried. A waiter who was headed toward the table veered away. "I swear on my life. I wouldn't do it now, because I don't have the balls anymore. Then I would have done it. I swear on my life. Do you think I would have let a girl, with cyanide being made with Kool-Aid . . . ? The jokes I hear! Would I have let people walk up and take that? Stephan wouldn't have. I wouldn't have. I'd have talked to Jimmy and he wouldn't have." The sons could



"Roger has always been text-driven."

have fought their father, he said. Yet Lew had been there, I pointed out, and he hadn't stopped the suicides. In fact, he had helped organize the deaths: it was Lew who made an announcement that everyone should gather at the pavilion, and it was Lew who went around the camp with a gun, to make sure everyone was dead.

"I don't want to hear about that," Tim said. "See, that wouldn't have happened if there had been someone there to say, 'Lew, come on!'" Tim clapped his hands loudly in front of my face, as if he were talking to his dead brother. "Lew! Jesus!"

Tim remembered seeing Jim Jones's body. "He shot himself or he had someone do it—he didn't drink Kool-Aid, that son of a bitch! I went and looked at the fucker!" Other things he couldn't remember. He couldn't remember the earlier suicide drills that he had been a part of. He couldn't remember helping to clean up the blood of Sharon Amos and her children at Lamaha Gardens. And for a moment he couldn't remember his dead daughter's name. He stared desper-

ately into space. "Monyell," he said, finally.

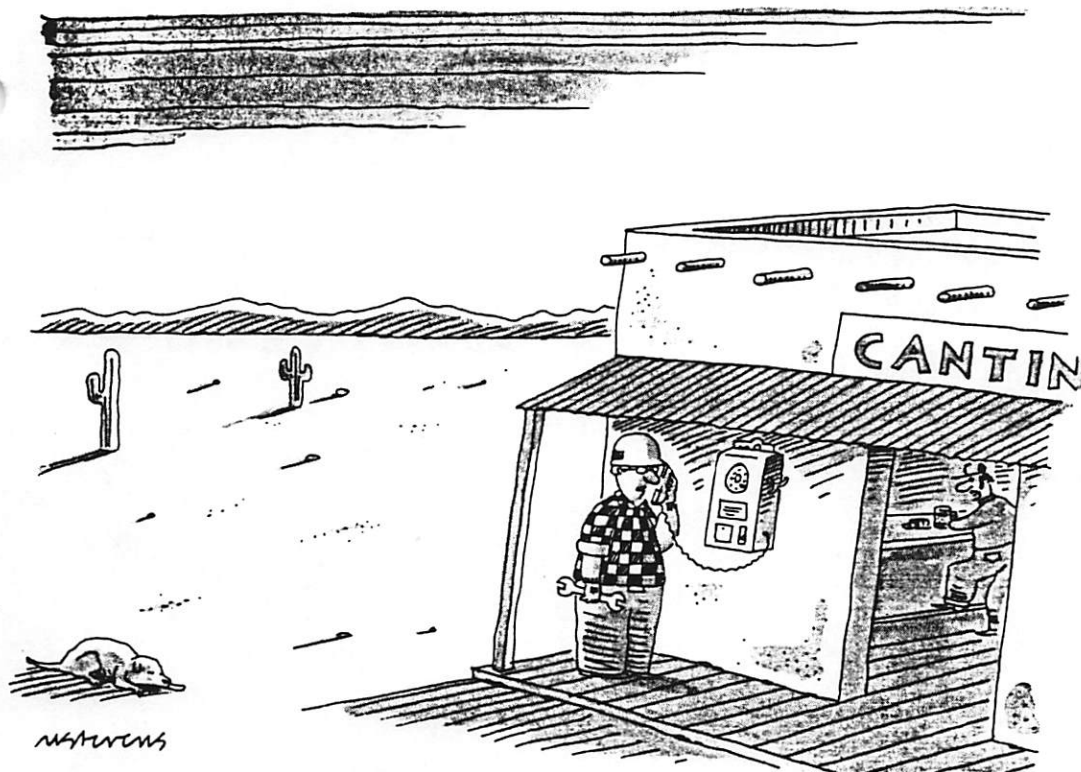
"Is that whose baby clothes you still have?" Lorna asked.

Yes, he said. He had bought them in Georgetown, during the basketball tournament; they were practically his only possessions when he left Guyana.

Finally, he began talking about the last trip to Jonestown. The Guyanese soldiers had flown him and his friend Johnny Cobb in by helicopter. They flew over the jungle canopy to the big, open clearing, which was perfectly groomed. Everything looked in order until the helicopter circled the pavilion. The bodies spilled out from there and radiated in a wide circle. Most of the corpses were too bloated to be recognizable. "We were identifying people by their clothes, because we had no other idea. You couldn't tell by their face or hands. And the flies! Shit!" The only living creature they saw was Johnny Cobb's dog: it came running and jumped up on them.

"Did you see your wife and child?"

"At this point, I don't remember. But I did." He could remember seeing his



"I don't know what the hell happened—one minute I'm at work in Flint, Michigan, then there's a giant sucking sound and suddenly here I am in Mexico."

sisters and his little brother, he said. He began to cry again.

Back in San Francisco, he had driven a tow truck for a while, and then had begun helping out Stephan, who had started a business installing office furniture. Tim had met Lorna on a job. "He wouldn't leave me alone," she said, laughing. She looked at Tim with affectionate concern. "I was real curious about him," she continued. "And I was a little afraid of him."

"You were afraid of me?" Tim said, in surprise.

"Because of your past, babe. I think you need to be aware that a lot of people who don't know you, and only know your connection to the name, are intimidated, and afraid of you."

"I think that now it doesn't scare anybody, because it's over," Tim said.

"You're wrong," Lorna said.

Like Jimmy, Tim had thought of changing his name—in his case, of going back to Tupper. When he first broached the subject, Lorna asked him to do it before their daughter, Chelsea, was old enough to know. That struck Tim like a fist. "Honey, I'm not ashamed

of myself," he told her. "She has to live with who I am. I'm going to make her secure in her life. I'm going to take care of her. But Chelsea is going to know who I am and where I came from."

"If anybody could have stopped it, Tim would have," Stephan agreed. "I want him to let go of that. It's ripping his guts out."

Stephan is more ambivalent about what he himself might have done. He might have taken the poison—he's not sure. Loyalty to the community played a large part in the decision of the people to kill themselves, Stephan believes. On a tape recording from the last night, Jones makes this point explicitly: "Are you gonna separate yourself from whoever shot the congressman?" he asks his people. They respond, "No, no—hell, no." Stephan had the opportunity to talk to two of the Temple members who had escaped into the jungle. "Everybody was under the impression that we"—the brothers—"were already out exacting revenge on the enemies of the Temple, and were giving *our* lives in that effort," he said. "So it became a loyalty to *us*.

And that's certainly where my mother's despair began. So there was a lot more involved than having Jim Jones standing in the pulpit saying, 'O.K., we're going to die now.' There was fatigue. I think everybody was defeated and tired. They wanted relief from the constant emotional roller coaster that my father put you through. I don't know. These are things I don't know. Not only did all these things contribute but the *weather* cooperated! It clouded over. The wind picked up. It was gray and black. It threatened rain. Everything contributed to set the scene for what happened. And I don't know. I just don't believe that I was stronger than some of the people who died down there.

"There were more than nine hundred people there, and one of them was Marceline Jones. I know what Marceline Jones was made of, and she didn't stop it. We

were young and we were strong and we knew where the weapons were, and we knew who was holding them. But I also know the respect that people had for my mother, and I know that my mother did not sit blindly by and say, 'Yeah, let's take the poison.' Stephan had heard later that Marceline had to be physically restrained while the babies were being killed. A young man named Gary Johnson, whom everybody called Pancho, had tried to protect her. But then Jim Jones ordered Pancho to take his own life.

The story of Pancho's intervention and death means a lot to Stephan, and not only because it tells him that his mother resisted. "What happened to Pancho is a wonderful example, no matter how misguided it was. He took the poison because my father told him to take it, O.K.? What a brave and devoted and *wonderful* act it was, in retrospect. If you set aside the loss, and the tragedy, and even the ridiculousness of what happened in that moment, and you just step inside the shoes of a young man with years and years ahead of him, who, on the one hand, is fighting against my

father's orders out of devotion to someone he loves very much, and who, on the other hand, has the bravery to throw his shoulders back on the order of his leader and step up and take the poison—when you look at everything that went into that, my God! What a brave human being! I can't hold a candle to that. And I'm talking about—I could have stopped it? I don't know. I just don't know."

In a strange way, Stephan felt more loyalty to the Peoples Temple after everyone died. The police came to Lamaha Gardens to arrest Chuck Beikman, a former marine who was one of Jones's longtime followers, in the deaths of Sharon Amos and her children, and Stephan defended him, even though Beikman's role in those deaths was unclear. "I was protecting one of my own," Stephan said. "Chuck and I had no relationship to speak of, but he was one of us." Stephan spent three months in prison in Guyana while the prosecutor decided whether to bring him to trial as well. "It was one of the greatest things that have ever happened to me," he said. "Prison laid the foundation for what was to come."

He was placed in isolation. "It wasn't to punish me, it was to protect me," he said. The authorities wouldn't even give him a sheet to shield himself from cockroaches and mosquitoes. "They were afraid I would hang myself with it." And he was thinking, all the time, about suicide. "It was like, How much more of this can I take? What am I coming out to? What is left? There's nothing." Despairing as he felt, though, he never succumbed entirely. "I've said many times that my father kind of prepared us for what happened," he told me. "He ran us through the wringer and played so many mind games that when it finally came down we were kind of used to it."

By the time Stephan was released from prison, he had made the decision not to die, yet he had no particular inclination to live. Like Jimmy and Tim, he was drawn back to the Bay Area. He became a heavy cocaine user. He was oblivious of his surroundings. "For years, I was content sitting, facing a wall, just in my head. Completely isolated and comfortable with that." Very little touched him except when some token or remembrance caught him by surprise: "When I would smell somebody that smelled like my mom, then I would lose it."

He married a black woman who had been in the Temple. They were together for eleven years, but it was not a happy relationship. For one thing, Stephan was still sexually blocked. His wife couldn't reach him emotionally, either. "She used to talk about how, no matter when she rolled over, no matter when she opened her eyes, if she looked at me my eyes were always wide open." When his marriage ended, he began a relationship with another black woman, whom he met through his furniture-installation business, and they were married in 1992. When I visited them, at their home in Marin County, his wife, Kristi, was in her ninth month of pregnancy with their first child.

A persistent question in Stephan's life since Jonestown has been why people surrender their authority to people like his father. It affects him strongly, because he detects the same manipulative power in himself. "I've said many times that I'm glad my dad lived before me. Because I myself have experienced it. There's a willingness, on the part of many people in my life who have come and gone, to turn everything over to me—because of their own insecurity and my ability to fake confidence and strength." Stephan says that he has a way of holding himself apart from people, out of fear that he will become too powerful in their lives, the way his father did. As he struggles to keep people from idealizing him, however, he has to fight against a part of himself that would like to be idolized. "Not that there would have been another Jonestown or another Peoples Temple, or anything like that, but I have to catch myself," he said. "There are warning signs, signs of recognition—'That's what Dad did.'"

Like his brothers, Stephan has gone through the remains of Jonestown many times in his dreams. "I spent years dreaming every night, searching for dead people," he said. As the years passed, the people in the dreams aged along with Stephan. "It was a progression. I went from catching glimpses of someone who had died in Jonestown—a lover or a friend—and having them stare at me with anger and then disappear from view. I'd run to the corner where I'd seen them and turn the corner and they were

no longer there. The next step was to hear that they were alive—my mother, for example. People telling me that they were alive. And really believing that, finally being convinced of that, only to awaken and mourn all over again." When he catches up with someone in his dreams, it's a good feeling, because there's a sense of peace, he said. "We exchange warmth and love and best wishes, and there's forgiveness for me, forgiveness of me in those dreams. And that happened with many, many people." And yet, with all the searching he has done in his dreams, he said, "I never, ever, ever found my mother."

At first, his father was only an evil figure in his dreams—"the enemy, the adversary, the manipulator, the controller," he told me. "Then it went from that to where he was the bumbler, the inept, the ridiculous bad guy, and from that he went to almost a neutral figure, just kind of a figure in the background with no influence."

Then came the last dream of his father, a couple of years ago. "I was in this beautiful wooded area. It was in a time well into the future, but it was of the past. It was unspoiled, very lush, and I'm standing on top of an elevation, the highest elevation in this wooded area. I'm looking down this path that works

its way down the hill. I can see a group of people walking toward me, and there's this figure in this white—all-white—robe, long white hair, and a walking stick. It's clear that this is good. These are good people. I'm drawn to these people, but I wait for them. The leader is this man in white. The people love him and he loves them, and he's of them.

He's one of them. They're all around him. They make their way up the path and when they finally get upon me I see my father as an old man. He's a man that can be trusted. He's wise and loving."

No words passed between them, or any gesture, he recalled, "except for the love and security that I felt from the time that I saw that group, and his eyes met mine, and I woke up."

A week after my visit with Stephan, Jim Jones's granddaughter was born. Stephan and Kristi named her Kali, after the Hindu goddess of creation, preservation, and destruction. ♦



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February 26, 1997

Honorable William Jefferson Clinton
President of the United States
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW
Washington, DC 20500

RE: **LAURENCE JOHN LAYTON**

Dear Mr. President:

I understand that Laurence Layton ("Larry") will soon be making application for clemency and release from federal imprisonment, and I write earnestly to request that you act favorably on his application. As Jim Jones' personal lawyer for those years, and then as his adversary at Jonestown ("Tim Stoen is responsible for this") I have first-hand knowledge of Larry's character and of the unique circumstances causing Larry to commit his offense.

Larry's fundamental character is that of an idealistic altruist with personal integrity. His unique misfortune was to be manipulated into wrongdoing not by an ordinary leader, but by a psychological totalist so skillful and unique as to lead Stanford's Dr. Philip Zimbardo to state that Jim Jones "succeeded . . . in the ultimate control of the human mind."

I first met Larry Layton in 1970 when I joined the People's Temple in Redwood Valley, California. He had come out of the peace movement after seeing that protest was not enough and that a better world required personal sacrifice. He saw in People's Temple an outstanding example of racial integration, and a successful communal enterprise based on the work ethic. He did not wish to remain a "limousine liberal."

Larry organized pony rides for the children. (I have photographs of him doing so at my wedding at the Temple.) He consistently did acts of altruism. He was willing to do the menial jobs that a communal enterprise required, and he did so with a warm heart and the hope he was helping create a world of social justice for the "have-nots."

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As the Temple grew in size and became subjected to attack in the press, Jim Jones' fatal paranoia was triggered. Neither Larry nor the rest of us saw that paranoia then for what it was. Jones was seen as a rough Biblical-type prophet courageously denouncing injustice, and his paranoia was perceived as a personal idiosyncrasy like, say, Jeremiah's.

Over time, a siege mentality developed in the Temple, but the members of the Temple continued to be so attractively idealistic that they made Jones look good. If you looked at the people rather than the leader, you felt the place was good. ("By their fruits ye shall know them.") So Larry and many others were willing to go to Jonestown to create a utopia. Once they were there, Jones had them in an actual physical and psychological prison. There were no roads out. From September 1977, Jones solidified his psychological control day-after-day and month-after-month. He had loudspeakers blasting insistent propaganda during the day and far into the night. His was truly a regime of "thought control."

I went with Congressman Leo Ryan to Guyana in November 1978, but Jones refused to allow me to be on the plane going to Jonestown. Jones viewed all defectors as treacherous enemies. He had insidiously gotten the Temple members, by nature excessively loyal, to adopt the principle "One for all, all for one." That resulted over time in no ego boundaries. There was one will, and it was Jones'.

Jones' unique craftiness and the cultural isolation of his rainforest encampment, therefore, must be taken into account in fairly assessing Larry's responsibility for his offense. In light of all the circumstances personally known to me, I believe that Larry did not do what he did for the purpose of causing harm. Jonestown residents were altruists. Larry went to the Port Kaituma airstrip single-mindedly obsessed with defending what he regarded as the purest inter-racial and economically egalitarian community in the world from being unfairly destroyed by "traitors." Larry's awareness was delusional, but I daresay most people psychologically sledge-hammered, constantly and repetitively, by the same pressures as was Larry in Jonestown hot-house would have become equally delusional. I believe Larry's motives had elements of nobility. And I say this as one of those

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Larry might have been motivated to 'get' in order to save his "extended family" of Jonestown.

After his conviction in this case I visited Larry at the federal prison at Terminal Island. He was stoical, free of self-pity, and was using the trying circumstances of imprisonment for constructive ends of self-improvement. He manifested a hunger for philosophy (e.g. Ralph Waldo Emerson) and for expressing beauty through drawing.

I know Larry to be an honest law-abiding person. I believe upon his release he will associate with other honest law-abiding persons. He has family that loves him and will be a support network. I believe Larry's personality has been strengthened through his ordeal and that his latent leadership qualities for good will come into play. I believe Larry would immediately and diligently seek employment, and that he would also not rest until he found an avenue of expression for practical human service. I believe there is not the slightest chance Larry will ever become involved in another offense – Jonestown was unique.

In summary, Larry's release would not depreciate the seriousness of his offense nor promote disrespect for the law nor jeopardize the public welfare. He is eminently suitable for clemency. Justice would be greatly served by his release, both because Larry has already suffered enough given the unique circumstances of his offense, and also because Larry would be a role model for other persons granted clemency. I believe your decision to grant Larry clemency would do you great credit.

If you have any questions or would like further information, I would feel privileged to respond. Thank you very much for seriously considering this letter.

Sincerely yours,


Timothy O. Stoen

February 18, 1997

**Honorable William Jefferson Clinton
President of the United States
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW
Washington, DC 20500**

Dear Mr. President:

I am respectfully asking that you grant clemency to Larry Layton. Because of my personal knowledge of Larry Layton and my six years of experience with the Peoples Temple, I feel compelled to write this letter. After I left Peoples Temple, and especially throughout the time Larry was on trial for the tragic events of Jonestown and Port Kaituma, I have gained a deep appreciation (as well as frustration) for how difficult it is for people who were never involved with the Peoples Temple to imagine its hold on the members. It is impossible to overemphasize how important it is to view Larry Layton's action with an understanding of how the Peoples Temple members could reach the point Larry did that terrible day.

I first met Larry Layton when I joined the Peoples Temple. I attended my first meeting when I was only 19 and was dating a poverty attorney in Alameda County. Before we married, my husband had decided to contribute his services to the Peoples Temple. Young and eager, I expected he would do this only a year and that I could do anything for a year. As things would go, I remained a member of Peoples Temple for six years before I gathered the courage to leave, or, "escape," as we who were able to take such threatening action considered it.

I escaped from the Peoples Temple in Redwood Valley, where I had been the head counselor to members of the Temple. I held a responsible, trusted position, screening members who approached Jim Jones for his counseling, and providing counseling to those he didn't see. I saw with my own eyes and heard with my own ears what Jim Jones would increasingly do to his members. I saw the "love" and "perfect life" he professed was a model for all members, and I gradually realized that what he was doing to people who trusted him fully was a manipulation that I wanted to be freed from. I will be eternally grateful that, despite threats by Jim Jones against members leaving the Temple, and especially those of us who worked closely with Jim Jones, I somehow was able to gather the will to leave.

After my escape, in July 1976, it took me months to gain my composure and for my fears to subside. I hid from everyone I knew except the man I

**President of the United States
February 18, 1997
Page Two**

escaped with, and who became my husband. Despite my fears that I would be forcibly returned if found by members of the Temple, or maybe because of my fears, I called the Temple once a week to "assure" them of my loyalty to the Temple and what it stood for. I cried every day for six months -- it took that long for the fears and pressures I felt to become manageable.

Larry Layton, like practically everyone else with the Temple, had been brainwashed to believe that outsiders were enemies who would destroy the Temple. Conditioning us to fight these "evil" forces began long before the tragedy of Jonestown, but it was there that the "evil outside forces" became most threatening to Jim Jones because he and his world were finally about to be exposed. Since 1973 he had demanded our full loyalty for the cause of Peoples Temple. In Jonestown, away from the eyes of the rest of the world, his demands for loyalty even to death reached crazed proportions.

Despite my best legal and other efforts, I wasn't able to get Jones to release my own six-year-old son to me. Even before the Temple moved to Jonestown, few dared to leave, and no one had the financial means to leave on their own. The only person to actually escape from Jonestown was Larry's sister, Debbie, who fled through the American Embassy in Georgetown. In October 1978 she and I went back to Washington to talk with Congressmen and the State Department about the reality of Jonestown, but nobody seemed to take us seriously, including Congressman Ryan. Jim Jones had the politicians and the public fooled. Those in Jonestown likewise were helpless because they were conditioned. Larry's and the other's actions were the actions of good people whose minds had become irrational as a result of the years of manipulation and programming by Jones. How else could such actions have happened?

We all started out as God-fearing, God-loving people whose religious dedication to the church known as the Peoples Temple began with exhilaration and the excitement of meaningful religious and social and community fellowship. We hoped and believed our contributions to each other and the world would be profoundly spiritually uplifting and

**President of the United States
February 18, 1997
Page Three**

nourishing. We believed we would pave a path for others to follow and we would make the world a better place for all.

Larry joined the Peoples Temple for the same reasons we all did. And initially he felt particularly indebted to Jim Jones personally because Larry had been a conscientious objector whose request and approval for alternative service had, Larry believed, been orchestrated by Jim Jones. Larry always was very quiet, gentle, and giving, and was a very hard worker at whatever he did. He NEVER was considered to be anyone special in the Peoples Temple hierarchy except perhaps one who was more frequently than others the brunt of Jones's humiliating actions.

Early in Larry's membership in the Peoples Temple, Jim Jones took Larry's first wife, Carolyn, from him, and later also was involved with Larry's second wife, Karen. Because of Jones's destructions of these relationships, Larry was known or more visible than many. But Larry was never in any position of responsibility or authority, and he never had any meaningful say in anything. Whatever Larry did was at Jones's behest or for his approval. Larry was forced to prove his loyalty, that he held no malice over losing his wives to Jones, that he was a committed member after his sister's defection, that he was not bitter about the conditions of his mother's terrible and painful death in the weeks before the tragedy. Larry's actions at Point Kaituma were those of a person without any sense of self, struggling with the fear of losing the only reality left to him -- Jonestown -- and doing what he had been conditioned for ten years to do -- prove loyalty to Jones.

Larry Layton is as much a victim of Jim Jones and the Jonestown tragedy as anyone who lost his or her life there, or their survivors. As the only person prosecuted here for what happened, he has been forced to relive, time and time again, the horrors of that day as well as everything that preceded and has followed it. I understand that Larry's actions could not be ignored by the authorities, but in like vein, it is morally wrong and unjust to hold him responsible for what he did not do and for the actions and decisions of others, or to punish him unduly. Also, in fairness, the years of conditioning preceding Larry's actions must be considered.

**President of the United States
February 18, 1997
Page Four**

I ask that you see what I am saying about Larry's involvement. I cannot deny his actions, and for those he has been punished. It is a miracle that Larry survived Jonestown at all. It is a miracle that he has withstood his three trials with any strength and dignity, and with continuing spiritual strength.

Larry's clemency is absolutely the right thing to do. Please grant him clemency so that he, along with the rest of us whose lives were so damaged by the Peoples Temple and Jim Jones and Jonestown, can get started again in the real world. The longer the delay, the more difficult it will be for Larry. He does not deserve more time in prison. Please release him.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Grace Jones". The signature is written in black ink and is positioned to the right of the typed name.

**Grace Stoen Jones
3059 Willow Pass Road
Concord, CA 94519-2558
(510) 671-7683**

6114 La Salle Ave, Ste 278
Oakland, CA 94611
February 19, 1997

President Clinton
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW
Washington, DC 10500

Dear President Clinton,

I am writing to ask that you pardon Larry Layton, currently serving a life sentence for attempted murder on the Pt. Kaituma air strip in Guyana, South America, while a member of Peoples Temple.

Unfortunately, most only know the name Peoples Temple because 914 died in Jonestown. Prior to our tragic end, however, we were a humanitarian organization based in San Francisco and known to thousands throughout California for our work with the poor, the elderly and the ill. We accomplished a tremendous amount of good.

I was active in Peoples Temple from a time before Larry became a member, 1969, until its demise in November of 1978. As a dedicated member, I was either partly or entirely responsible for a number of projects, including the documents project (helping prepare members to go to Guyana) and the Guyana project itself. Larry was with me on both, always as a willing worker. I mention my supervisory involvement so you can see that I was in a position to evaluate Larry's performance over a long period of time. Although he was always helpful and cooperative, Larry was never in a position of leadership responsibility. He believed in our objectives of social, economic and racial justice so deeply that he devoted all his time and energy to our cause, but always as a follower. Convinced that Jim Jones was the one person who could successfully promote a true egalitarian society, Larry eventually came to take orders without question, as did we all.

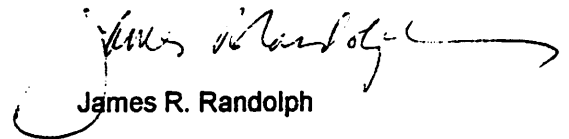
Having remained in San Francisco to send people over, I have often been asked what I would have done if I had been in Guyana that November. While I would like to think I would at least have slipped into the jungle to avoid responsibility for the carnage, I think it almost certain that I would have been a volunteer at the Kool-Aid dispenser if not on the trailer that went to the air strip. That fact seems incredible to me now, but it is a fact nonetheless. Our perspective had become so warped under the tutelage of Jim Jones that we were absolutely convinced we were about to be exterminated by the U.S. government because of our communalistic views. Everything we did was understood to be a matter of life and death. We worked crushing schedules that exhausted us and left us merely reactive. Looking back now, I realize life in the Temple was like life in a castle under siege. How much more intense that feeling must have been for those in the jungle, including Larry, I can only imagine.

I urge you to consider what it must have been like, Mr. President, in that isolated compound where fewer than a handful of people even tried to escape our awful fate. What was the mind-set of so many who willingly took that last drink? What must have been going through the minds of all those mothers and fathers who gave poison to their children - some 300 of them? Every single adult there committed an act at least as extreme as Larry's. They simply didn't live to stand trial for it. Absurdly, it was left to Larry alone to take the blame for all of us. No one there escaped that mental conditioning. All those well-meaning people just looking for a life free from persecution, as they understood it, were transformed into murderers and suicides under the same conditions that made sweet, mild-mannered Larry Layton a tool in the hands of Jim Jones. Put simply, he was brain-washed in the finest tradition, no longer under his own control. We all were. Jim Jones alone crafted the circumstances of November 18, 1978, and Jim Jones alone determined that Larry and others should try to stop Representative Ryan from opening Jonestown to public scrutiny.

Larry was as much a victim as anyone injured in the attack on Ryan's party. Like all those Temple members who died, Larry had been stripped of choices, stripped even of the ability to make choices if he had had any options to choose from. If his case were to be tried today, this violation of his civil rights by brainwashing would mitigate heavily in favor of his acquittal. Larry has already served 14 years, all as a model prisoner. He's paid more than enough for our transgressions. Please, grant him a full pardon in the interest of real justice and give him the chance to become a contributing member of society again.

Thank you for your time, and thank you for your attention to my urgent plea.

Sincerely,



James R. Randolph

President Clinton
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Ave NW
Washington, DC 20500

1/20/97

Dear President Clinton:

I am writing to you on behalf of Larry Layton. I will try to make the long story as short as possible.

When I was 10 years old my father took my sister, my brother and me away from our Mom and joined the Peoples Temple. We were members for about 8 years. It wasn't like any other church I had ever been to before. I felt welcome and a lot of love from everyone around me. I felt like we were all 1 Big family. It was a great experience to grow up in it just went BAD when Jim let the power go to his head.

As I remember Larry he was a real sweet sensitive MAN. He was very soft spoken and a genuine gentle person. Larry is not a monster or a BAD MAN. He was affected by Jim Jones and the situation going on around him at the time. He has been paying for a crime that anyone of us would have committed given the same situation. I can't even try to explain the hold Jim Jones had over all of us. I look back on it and even now I don't understand how he had so much power and control over all of us. It's a shame everyone had to die like that. I lost my first love, friends that were like

family and a sweet little girl that I found as my own child. My father, Step Mother and little sister were murdered shortly after the Jonestown tragedy over a book that they wrote about the Temple.

Through all that loss and pain the only one who is truly guilty of these crimes is Jim Jones. It was his Master plan. Larry was a victim as was everyone else involved in Jim's game of control.

I am asking you to please take a look at this and look into your heart please grant Larry clemency. He has paid for his crime. He a good person and if he were given the chance he would be a perfect citizen. He should be allowed to put this all behind him and go on with his life like the rest of us have. Thank you for your time.

Sincerely,

Andie Mettle

**CLANCEY
PRINTING
COMPANY**

350 W. 5th Avenue
Eugene, Oregon 97401
(503) 683-4205

President William J. Clinton
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue NW
Washington DC, 10500

January 27, 1997

Dear President Clinton:

This letter comes as an appeal for clemency on behalf of Laurence (Larry) John Layton. He has been a friend of mine for many years. I am a former high school English teacher and special education reading teacher. My husband and I are currently owner/operators of an offset printing business with seven employees. I am a graduate of Occidental College in Los Angeles, and have done post graduate work at the University of California at Berkeley and the University of Oregon. I am the mother of three teen-age children.

I have known Larry Layton since January, 1971, when I became a member of Peoples Temple. I joined for idealistic reasons, hoping, as did many others, to put religious convictions and belief in social and racial equality into daily practice. During those seven years of association with Larry, I knew him to be a friendly, unassuming, committed person. He worked at Mendocino State Hospital with developmentally disabled patients. He worked on fund raising projects to provide education scholarships for disadvantaged youth from Los Angeles and the San Francisco Bay Area. I believed then and continue to believe that Larry is a moral person whose motives and character are good.

Perhaps my view of the situation leading to Larry's offense would be helpful in your decision regarding clemency. I believe his actions in November, 1978, were inconsistent with his true character and were precipitated by extreme mental and emotional confusion. I can offer no explanation for the tragic events that issued from that time. Be assured that many of us who survived will spend the rest of our lives trying to grapple with the enormity of what happened.



Laurence John Layton-2

As regards Larry Layton specifically, here follows a summary of the factors that I believe influenced his behavior.

First, Temple practices such as "groupthink," inadequate sleep, and poor nutrition worked over time to diminish Larry's and all other Temple members' capacity for individual thought.

Second, Larry had just experienced the long and painful death of his mother, Lisa Layton, who was at Jonestown with him. Also, his sister Debbie had quit the organization and left Jonestown. Jim Jones regarded her leaving as a threat and made her the object of distrust and derision. He played on Larry's loyalty mercilessly, adding greatly to Larry's mental stress and emotional isolation.

The hysteria and sense of desperation that overwhelmed Jim Jones by late 1978 have been fully documented. I was in Jonestown in October, 1978, and for approximately ten days witnessed first hand the mounting tension before I was sent back to the States with Temple legal documents. Jones was constantly on the loud speaker manipulating people's fears. He harangued about social breakdown in the US, abuses of the US Government, and the impossibility of anyone returning. He believed personal and governmental enemies were conspiring to attack Jonestown. He regularly held the community in meetings until 2:00 AM while Russian language instruction was enforced. He held out emigration to the then Soviet Union as the community's final deliverance from its perceived enemies.

I believe Larry's sense of reality was so altered that his actions and thoughts were no longer congruent with his real character. He was never a member of Jones' "inner circle." He was never a decision-maker in the Temple hierarchy and would not have been a confidante during those fateful last days. Rather, he was a person whose loyalty was manipulated. I believe that in a state of extreme anxiety over the disintegration of his world, he became a pawn as the appalling events unfolded.

My husband, who was also a member of Peoples Temple, and I have maintained contact with Larry since his imprisonment began. We have phoned, exchanged letters, and visited him at Terminal Island. We value Larry as a friend and care very much what happens to him. We believe it serves no further purpose to keep

Laurence John Layton-3

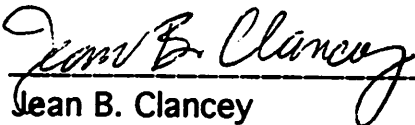
him in prison. We feel he has honestly taken responsibility for his actions, faced the consequences, and is humbled.

He has accepted incarceration with courage and has proceeded to make constructive use of the time. He has remained very interested in events going on in the outside world. He continues to educate himself, particularly with regard to the environment and current scientific discoveries. He meets regularly with a group of other inmates to keep informed through reading and guest speakers. He has developed a conviction that he can contribute to society on critical environmental issues once he is released. With his intelligence, determination and strong network of family and friends, he will undoubtedly find gainful employment.

In sum, I request that you favorably consider Larry Layton's appeal for clemency. I am absolutely certain that he will be law-abiding, grateful for a second chance to live a constructive life. He may well turn his understanding gained from the past to the benefit of others. I believe that he would use his release to serve the public good.

Thank you so much for your time and consideration on Larry's behalf.

Very truly yours,



Jean B. Clancey

**CLANCEY
PRINTING
COMPANY**

350 W. 5th Avenue
Eugene, Oregon 97401
(503) 683-4205

January 28, 1997

President Clinton
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue NW
Washington, D.C. 10500

Re: Larry Layton

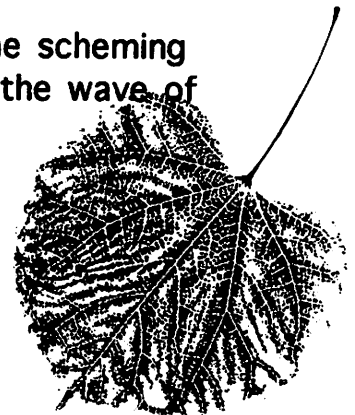
Dear President Clinton:

I am writing with regard to Larry Layton. I knew Larry during my seven years as a member of Peoples Temple and have maintained friendship with him since that time. I feel particularly close to Larry because we grew up in the same area, are close in age, and have similar family backgrounds.

The verdict that sent Larry to Federal prison was a shock. It was difficult for me to understand, especially since Larry was nearly acquitted by the first jury. It has always made me seriously question the quality of defense upon which his case rested.

Larry is a gentle and considerate human being. I have always admired his sensitivity to others and quiet persistence in the face of adversity. I know from my own experience how difficult it was to cope with life after the death of so many close friends and family in such a horrible manner; I lost my first wife in the Jonestown tragedy. In spite of everything, Larry has kept a positive outlook and has tried to do something constructive with his life.

In my opinion, Larry was a victim of circumstances, not the scheming killer he was labeled during his trial. He was caught up in the wave of



manipulation that had most of us in the Temple blindly following someone to whom we had given our complete trust. Please keep in mind that we were young, idealistic, and many of us in those years were searching for alternatives to military service during the Viet Nam War. We know in hindsight that Jim Jones was someone who lived by one set of standards while holding up another set for his followers. There were so many good, well-intentioned people who gave their every waking hour trying to live up to the high ideals the Temple espoused. What a terrible waste of human potential!

If there are any clear-cut villains, Larry Layton was not one of them. There were very few individuals who were close confidantes of Jim Jones, and Larry was not included among them. Anyone who was knowledgeable about the inner workings of the Temple could testify to that fact. I can certainly relate to the pain and suffering of those who lost loved ones at Jonestown, but to blame it on Larry continues to be a miscarriage of justice and the waste of yet another good life.

Please give strong consideration to the mitigating circumstances in Larry's case. I personally believe he was not given adequate or proper defense due to the anger and horror that were the aftermath of the Jonestown tragedy. I can only imagine the political imperatives with which you must deal, but I hope you will view granting clemency for Larry Layton as the right thing to do.

Sincerely,

Timothy L. Clancey

Timothy L. Clancey

January 9, 1997

President Bill Clinton
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Ave. N.W.
Washington D.C. 10500

Dear President Clinton:

I am writing to request that you grant clemency to my friend, Larry Layton, who is serving his sentence at Lompoc Federal Prison. I knew him during the 12 years that I was a member of the People's Temple cult, and he was a welcome guest in my home many times after the tragedy that occurred in Guyana. During some of the long talks we had, he gave me insight into the methods used by Jim Jones to deceive us about the nature of the cult, and to rob us of the ability to think critically, as adults must do to make intelligent choices.

Larry helped me sort through the confusion my wife and I felt about what had happened to us, and why we behaved in ways that were contrary to our nature and to common sense. There is simply nothing in life that prepares a person for the day they meet a skilled psychopath. It happened to Larry, it happened to me, and it can happen to anyone that we love. I wish that as a society we could develop a strategy to intercede on behalf of cult victims, rather than punish them as criminals.

During the last 14 years, I have developed a rewarding and satisfying life, leaving that experience behind. But for Larry, the time has been spent behind bars, and there was never a good reason for depriving him of the opportunity to live as the rest of us do. He calls us frequently, and we have many things to tell him – but he has little to tell us of his own life. He remains cheerful in his conversations, and tries to reassure us that his life is not bad, but it is sad for me to think of his fine potential being wasted.

Those of us who know him have missed his presence very much, and I hope that as soon as possible he will be granted an early release.

Sincerely,



Elton T. Adams
3458 G Street
Eureka CA 95503

NEVA JEAN HARGRAVE
115 Booth Street, Apt. 209
Reno, Nevada 89509

January 14, 1997

President Clinton
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Ave. N.W.
Washington, DC 100500

RE: EXECUTIVE CLEMENCY - LARRY LAYTON

Dear President Clinton:

After 8-1/2 years in People's Temple, I narrowly escaped in February, 1976. I was scheduled to go to Guyana in May of 1976. Unfortunately, my husband and son did go to Guyana, and died there November 18, 1978. Many of the boys who lived in our home also died in Guyana on that fateful day.

In 1978 I ran into a former Temple member, who put me in touch with several other former members, who were kind enough, and diligent enough to deprogram me. Convincing me that I had been systematically brain-washed was not an easy task, nor was deprogramming me. There is no way I can explain the extent of that brain-washing, however, I do know that the people who were members of People's Temple were severely brain-washed, to the point of actually being puppets for Jim Jones, the minister, and founder of People's Temple, who held the strings to each member. I was involved with the Human Freedom Center who entreated the United States government to investigate the colony in Jonestown, Guyana. Congressman Ryan's concern about the people there caused him to go to Guyana to investigate. Much to my chagrin, as well as the rest of the country, he died there.

Today, I am a paralegal in a family law practice. I have a high regard for the law, and having a Father that was a career Navy officer, I was raised to be law abiding and very patriotic, which I am to this day.

Larry Layton, when he first came into People's Temple, was a brilliant young man, and he had a strong feelings for people and an aversion to hurting people, and he was very patriotic. He worked at Mendocino State Hospital in Ukiah to serve his country as a conscientious objector. He was very tuned into the social needs of the people in this country and realized that social reform was needed. Therefore, he joined People's Temple with his wife Carolyn Layton.

President Clinton
January 14, 1997
Page 2

Larry was very quiet, even shy, he never boasted his intelligence in any way. He quietly did whatever Jim Jones told him to do, as did we all. Jim Jones was a very powerful man, carefully and skillfully brain-washing the members of People's Temple, always seemingly to know the best direction to take during the course of his brain-washing. Jim Jones did not take "no" for an answer and always got what he wanted done. The methods he used went all the way from total sensitivity (toward the person) to badgering and bullying the member he was brain-washing.

It did not take long for Larry to become one of Jim Jones's most avid devotees. All of the members of People's Temple were brain-washed, avid devotees and, therefore, puppets for Jim Jones. Most of the members thoroughly believed that Jim Jones was the answer to the social reform America needed. We sincerely cared about our fellow brothers and sisters, whatever their race. We thought everything we did was for the whole. Jim Jones actually had us believing that so strongly, that we would do anything to protect each other.

The acts that Larry Layton was accused of were the acts Jim Jones ordered him, as well as others, to carry out. The others, unfortunately, are dead. However, Larry Layton was still alive to take the blame for everyone in Guyana. Although life is not always fair, Larry Layton has paid the price for everyone who was in Guyana on that fateful day.

Larry Layton was accused of conspiracy to kill a Congressman. Larry Layton did not kill anyone. Furthermore, the only conspiracy that took place was in the orders given by Jim Jones! The other people involved, I am sure, thought they were protecting the Jonestown colony, and I am sure they were all coerced into the actions they felt they had to take.

The two years Larry Layton spent in the Guyanese jail, before a Guyanese jury acquitted him, should have been sufficient, considering the conditions of their jails. However, when he returned to the United States he was charged, once again. The jury was deadlocked, voting 11-1 for acquittal. Then he was released on bond for five years. Imagine, five years before he was ordered to stand trial again, and because there was no representation from the defense team, Larry Layton was convicted to life imprisonment. No, life is not fair all the time, but something can be done about this injustice.

President Clinton
January 14, 1997
Page 3

Larry Layton has been the scapegoat for Jim Jone's long enough, it is time for Larry Layton to be freed, so he can live as a free man and be a productive citizen of this great country.

President Clinton you are, as far as I am concerned, a fair man. You have strong concerns about all of the people of this country, and you promote programs to serve all of the people of this great country.

I strongly beseech you to grant Larry Layton Executive Clemency and order him released from prison. He does not deserve to have to spend the rest of his life in prison.

Thank you for your consideration.

Sincerely,



Neva Jean Hargrave

\nh



New Paradigms Incorporated

January 21, 1996

President Clinton
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Ave. NW
Washington, DC 10500

Dear President Clinton:

Andrew M. Silver
Photocopying Instructor
MLP Master Practitioner
Accelerated Learning


I am writing to express my support for Larry Layton's application for clemency.

I worked with Larry on several community service projects during my first 6 years in the Jim Jones' Peoples Temple Christian Church. We had a lot in common- both of us from Jewish backgrounds with a strong Quaker influence and both of us conscientious objectors to the war in Vietnam. In addition, we roomed together for 2 years while pre-med students at Santa Rosa Junior College.

One aspect of his character stands out even though I haven't seen him since he left for Guyana in 1977. Our third roommate was an troubled inner city African American man from Philadelphia. His name was Russell Moton, a Vietnam Veteran whose self-confidence had been badly shaken while in combat; Russell needed a lot of tutoring in order to get his bachelor's degree in agronomy. I was too overwhelmed with statistics and bio-chemistry but Larry spent countless hours with Russell for several years and Russell did graduate on time. Larry's patience with Russell was exemplary.

WHY LARRY SHOULD BE RELEASED

The Peoples Temple members for the 16 months they lived in Jonestown were in a constant state of sleep deprivation as well as severe protein deficiency. Part of Jones's craziness was demonstrated by the millions of dollars found in Jonestown yet the 900 some members never had enough meat or chicken to eat. All of the studies on brainwashing that I have read suggest that poor diet and continually interrupted sleep will put anyone into an altered state and, in the hands of a despot, can lead to mass hypnotic induction. Since I knew Larry as well as anyone did, my conclusion is that he was in an altered state of consciousness during the Jonestown airstrip tragedy.



604 Mt. Vernon Avenue
Charlotte
North Carolina
28203
704.375.1124 Telephone
704.331.9879 Fax

Andrew M. Silver

Page two

Fourteen years of prison is long enough for Larry's restitution and he should be released as soon as possible. To look at what kind of responsible citizen he will be, examine his high level of service to others for the past fourteen years he has been in prison.


WHO I AM

I had been a member of the San Francisco church for 7 years when I watched with horror and disbelief the TV reports on November 18, 1978. Two months later, I relocated to Europe to get some perspective on this awful tragedy. I lived there for two years including a year on the island of Crete, teaching English to Greek schoolchildren. In 1981 I moved to Charlotte, NC to be near family and have married and remain here.

Since 1981, I have worked as an internal and external human resources consultant to engineering companies. Three months ago I changed careers and am a licensed life insurance agent.

I am pleased to be a personal reference for Larry Layton. Please let me know if you need to know more about him.

Sincerely yours,



Andrew M. Silver

Garrett I. Lambrev
1926 Leimert Blvd.
Oakland, CA 94602-1941
January 28, 1997

Hon. William J. Clinton
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue NW
Washington, D.C. 10500

Dear Mr. President;

I know that Larry Layton tried (and fortunately failed) to kill another man, trying to flee Jonestown back in November, 1978. I know also that justice has been done by forcing him to give up the best years of his life in order to reflect in federal prison on his crime.

Now it's time for mercy, time to acknowledge that no one person should be scapegoated for the madness of a mass murderer like Jim Jones, particularly nobody with the character evidenced by Larry Layton over the years I knew him in Peoples Temple.

The first evening I spent with Larry will illustrate. The two of us, working with hands on knees, had taken on the daunting task of cleaning the oceanic expanse of the Redwood Valley sanctuary. What I recall most is the humility of this former Quaker conscientious objector, who considered himself blessed to have the honor of such an assignment.

However I subsequently encountered him---and often as the target of confrontation, he comported himself with dignity and indefatigable honesty. Where others sought to deny or evade, Larry invariably accepted responsibility for his actions.

Though I often disagreed with him profoundly, I always respected his integrity, that of an innocent among the cynics who tried to use him, sometimes successfully.

Not because Larry is perfect but because he has done more than his share of penance, I implore you as President to pardon him for what was not only his crime.

Yours truly,

Garrett Lambrev

Garrett I. Lambrev

January 9, 1997

President Bill Clinton
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Ave. N.W.
Washington D.C. 10500

Dear President Clinton:

I am requesting that clemency be granted to Larry Layton.

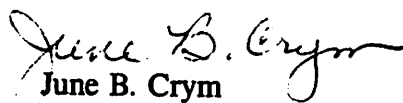
I've known Larry as a friend for 25 years. During the time that he was free on bond following his first U.S. trial, he came to stay with my husband and myself in our home in Eureka for several months. While living here, he made good use of his time: he attended College of the Redwoods, obtained his real estate license, and worked for a local realty office. He pursued a sensible, crime-free life.

Since that time, we have kept in contact, mainly by telephone. It is my impression that through the past years imprisonment, Larry has consistently held a positive outlook. He's tutored fellow prisoners in math and English; he practices yoga and meditation. When he calls, we talk about all manner of ordinary topics - what he's reading, the classes he's been taking, his current work assignment, our garden, our cats. He's somehow managed to focus on meaningful, positive, hopeful aspects of life in the midst of this sad situation.

Frankly, I doubt that I would have the strength or the will to keep such a positive outlook, were I in Larry's place. I do believe it is unfortunate that he has had to bear the brunt of blame for all that happened in Guyana in November 1978. I also believe that his intelligence, compassion, and his firm respect for the work ethic would be put to much better use if he were released to live in general society as a regular citizen. Larry Layton poses no threat to anyone.

Thank you for your consideration of this request for clemency.

Sincerely,


June B. Crym
3458 G Street
Eureka CA 95503

The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Ave NW
Washington, DC 10500

January 12, 1997

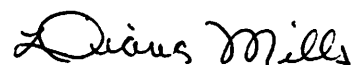
Dear President Clinton,

I am writing on behalf of Larry Layton. I was also involved in Peoples Temple. My parents joined when I was 10 years old and we escaped from the Temple when I was 15 years old, in 1975. I will always remember how disoriented I felt from the lack of sleep and food and from the constant programming from Jim Jones. When I was in that brainwashed state of mind, I too might have been capable of committing a crime. I hope that you will grant him a commutation of his sentence. I feel that he has paid his dues for what happened in Guyana in 1978. I truly believe with all my heart that his actions were due to the extreme conditions that those poor people were exposed to. They were mentally and physically tortured every waking moment.

My father and his wife organized a group of concerned relatives and friends of people trapped in Jonestown. They tried to get the United States government to help get their loved ones out of Jonestown before it was too late. They talked to Congressman Leo Ryan about going to Jonestown to see that their loved ones could return to the United States if they chose too. In 1980 my father, his wife and my 15 year old step sister were mysteriously murdered in their home in Berkeley California.

I remember Larry Layton as a sweet gentle man. He felt like a safe man to be around when I was a young girl. Most of the members of Peoples Temple were idealistic people looking for a way to make our world a better place to live in. But as history proves, we were actually conned by a mad man who knew all the tricks of brainwashing. Larry was living in captivity long before his jail time. Please let this man have a chance to live a free life in our wonderful country. He is not a threat to society. My experience in People Temple actually made me a better person. I learned that prejudice and hate of any kind is evil. I also learned that we must all work together in this world helping each other, unselfishly. Anyone who knows me now would describe me as a hard working responsible employee. I am a very happy, balance, compassionate and loving person and mother. Please give Larry the same chance that I was given to live a productive life. He and his family have suffered for so long.

Sincerely,



Diana Mills

Jack and Cyndie Beam
5447 Foley Square
New Port Richey, Florida
34652

Dear Mr. President;

We are writing to ask you to facilitate the release of Larry Layton.

When we made the decision in 1975, that we no longer agreed with the goals and objectives of Peoples Temple, we left not knowing that we would never see our families and friends again. We left not knowing that they would die a tragic and agonizing death by arsenic poisoning on November 18, 1978. We left not knowing that the last picture we would have of them in our minds, would be of their bloated dead bodies, sprawled in a heap in the hot steamy jungles of Guyana on the cover of Newsweek magazine. Even though we have every reason to be bitter and could easily focus the blame on Larry Layton, we are not and do not. Larry is simply a victim of tragic circumstances, who was in the wrong place at the right time. If we were still bitter it would be toward Jim Jones, who died a quick death by a gunshot to the head, while his followers did not. Time has dimmed the bitterness and we will not allow Jim Jones to take our joy of life and a positive attitude. Jim Jones has taken enough from us as he has from Larry. Larry has more than paid his debt to society with nearly eighteen years of confinement. Larry was simply a brainwashed victim of a "cause" gone wrong and a leader gone mad with greed and paranoia. Larry has suffered enough! Please see that he is released.

Thank you for your consideration of this situation. We know that you will make the only fair and right decision.

Sincerely,

Jack & Cyndie Beam
Jack and Cyndie Beam
8, February '97

**Dr. James Cobb
3212 School Street
Oakland California 94602**

January 29, 1997

President Clinton
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue NW
Washington DC 10500

Dear President Clinton:

I went to Jonestown with the late Congressman Leo Ryan as part of a Congressional fact finding committee. My concern was my family and friends in Jonestown. On November 18, 1978, my mother, youngest brother, three sisters, several nieces and many friends died in Jonestown and on the air strip in Port Kaituma.

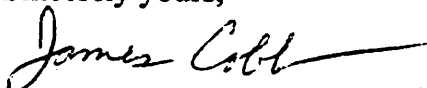
In 1981, after being subpoenaed by the U.S. Attorney, I testified in the trial of Larry Layton. I said then, and I say now... I do not hold Larry Layton responsible for the Jonestown tragedy.

Mr. Layton was a model citizen for five years after being freed on bond following his first U.S. trial. Additionally, prior to his trial here, he was incarcerated for two years in Guyana, where, I might add, he was acquitted of all charges.

Mr. Layton has been in prison in the United States since 1986. If there is a debt owed to society for what he's done, he has paid it.

Mr. President, I am asking you for compassion and justice... Please extend clemency to Larry Layton. I am confident Mr. Layton will serve society again, as an exemplar citizen. I am also convinced when you review the details of Mr. Layton's case you will also agree... Larry Layton should be free.

Sincerely yours,



James Cobb

Mickey Touchette
1552 North Los Robles Ave.
Pasadena, California 91104
818-296-1444
fax: 818-296-1200

January 14, 1997

President Clinton
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Ave. N.W.
Washington, DC 10500

Dear President Clinton,

I was a member of People's Temple from 1970 to 1972 and in 1978 accompanied Congressman Leo Ryan to Guyana, South America as one of fourteen Concerned Relatives. I hoped with my presence and the support of the Congressman my eight family members would leave Jonestown, but that did not occur. Five of my relatives died. Three are alive and well.

I agree Larry Layton should not spend anymore of his life in prison for his actions at Port Kaituma on November 18, 1978. As an ex-cult member and one who once believed Jim Jones was as godly and powerful as he falsely claimed, I can vouch for the irrational and out of character behavior one exhibits while following a manipulative and dishonest leader. The longer one stays under the influence of a leader, the weaker the will becomes and reality becomes very distorted.

Larry is strong again, independent of the influence, and capable of leading a life that would positively impact any community. Please allow his release from prison.

Sincerely,



Mickey Touchette

plotted and schemed against his "enemies," and how manipulative he was in his dealings with Temple members. His policy was: *the ends justify the means*, and he used this to excuse and rationalize what I considered to be some really unethical behavior. I had spent my first five years in the Temple in almost worshipful admiration of this man, and wholeheartedly believed and trusted him. Even in the face of this new information, my denial system had worked for awhile, because it is hard to accept that your hero/demigod may actually be a dangerous sociopath. I was also extremely concerned about the increasingly authoritarian church policies. For some time there had been escalating violence in the church meetings, and members were now regularly being brutally beaten for minor infractions of the rules. I wanted very much to believe that, due to the enormous pressures on him from ministering to thousands of people, Jim had simply lost his focus and was not aware of the new and negative direction that the group was taking. I desperately wanted to blame Jim's underlings for most of the bad things that were happening. I did not want to blame him who I regarded as the successor to Martin Luther King, Jr.!!

In September 1975, I had written Jim a letter in which I asked him 14 questions about various matters that I didn't understand, or didn't agree with. Jim read my letter aloud to 100-plus Planning Commission members who were assembled for an all-night meeting. I was forced to stand at attention for almost 6 hours while I was subjected to interrogation about my loyalty. It was a very frightening experience, because various people were threatening me with bodily harm for even daring to ask questions about "Father's" policies. However, I was not beaten or harmed, primarily (I believe) because I had ended my letter by pledging Jim my complete loyalty - going so far as to tell him that if we were ever in a position where our children were being threatened by outside hostile forces, I would kill them rather than let them be captured and tortured or murdered.

My faith had been badly shaken by this experience but was still not totally gone, and I continued on with my many church duties until January 1, 1976, when I was present at a PC meeting in which the first *Suicide Drill* was held. As a special treat (since there were strict rules against PT members drinking alcohol), Jim had about 100 of us served some wine that had been grown in our vineyards. After we had all consumed our portion, he told us we had been poisoned and would die in 45 minutes. While the time was ticking away, he talked to us about group suicide as a "revolutionary act." Just as the specified time ran out, he informed us we had just taken part in a "loyalty test."

This experience was my wake-up call. I could no longer deny that something was terribly wrong. You see, I had sat there, so numb from constant indoctrination, fatigue, sleep deprivation, and poor diet, that I didn't care at that moment whether or not I died. The predominant thought in my mind was, "*This is too easy; what's the catch?*" *I wanted to die.* That is the point that 6 years as a devoted and faithful member of Jim Jones' Peoples Temple had brought me to.

In spite of all this (as unbelievable as it might seem), it still took me six months before I was able to gather my forces and actually make the break from the Temple. I was married, had a family that I dearly loved, and I cared deeply about the many people I had been interacting with for more than 6 years. I felt totally divided, and suffered from terrible

confusion. Anyone who left the organization was deemed a *defector* and *traitor*, and was barred from any further contact with *loyal* members. I still totally believed in *The Cause*, and I was deeply bonded with my "church family," yet I could not condone what was going on. To make matters even more difficult, by this time, it was clear that leaving might result in my being murdered, because after a prominent leader had defected on 7/3/76, Jim said he would kill the next PC member who tried to leave. However, it was becoming clear that I was about to be sent to South America, and so it was now-or-never. I fled on a Greyhound bus, leaving San Francisco on 7/16/76 in the middle of the night, truly believing that when I stepped off the bus I would probably be met by Temple members who would capture me and force me to go with them, and I would be killed (quickly, if I were lucky). This is not what happened, because by some miracle I slipped through the net, and made it to the safety of my middle-class family in Ohio.

I am telling you this, because I want to give you a taste of the total craziness that was going on as early as July 1976 when I escaped. The Jonestown Massacre did not occur until more than two years later. I can only imagine what a total nightmare it had become by then. After my return to Ohio, an old friend (a psychologist) commented that I looked like I had just returned from a war zone (which accurately describes in metaphorical terms where I had been). I was so exhausted that I slept constantly for the first month. My mind was completely befuddled, and it was months before I was able to think at all clearly.

Two months after my escape and return to Ohio, I received word that my husband, Bob, was dead. His mangled body had been discovered in the railroad yard of Southern Pacific, where he worked as a switchman. The story I was told by PT members who also attended his funeral is that Bob had gone to see Jim Jones earlier that day and announced to him that he was leaving the organization. It was never proven that Jones had his henchmen murder Bob, but there has never been any doubt in my mind that he was killed as a warning to anyone else who might try to leave. A few months later, Bob's two daughters were sent to Guyana, along with eight of the other children and most of the adult household members.

I then returned to San Francisco and became involved with other *defectors* and a group calling itself *Concerned Relatives* who were working to have conditions at Jonestown investigated. My dead husband's father, Sam Houston, knew Senator Leo Ryan personally, and I accompanied Sam to a meeting with Leo Ryan. We actively encouraged him to make a visit to Jonestown. I lived in constant terror of reprisals for my activities against Peoples Temple, but I loved the children who had been in my care, and the other members of my commune, and I wanted to do anything I could to help rescue them.

History records how this scenario played out. Of the 14 children who had lived in our household, 10 died in Jonestown, including my stepdaughters. My sister-in-law, Carol, and my mother-in-law had flown to Georgetown, Guyana with the Concerned Relatives group in an attempt to talk to the girls and try to persuade them to leave. Carol visited Jonestown in the company of Senator Ryan and his news team. She was on the airstrip at Port Kaituma when the tractor trailer pulled up full of PT guards who opened fire. She was in the plane near the woman defector who was shot in the head, escaping death herself

only because someone was able to shut the airplane door. She spent that night in a little bar on the airstrip expecting each moment to be her last.

After Jonestown I was numb and yet in a state of rage that had no outlet. Our *Cause* was smeared beyond possible redemption, and all of us who had survived were branded by the world press as gullible fanatics who deserved our fate because we had been stupid enough to get involved with a madman. Not only had our world been destroyed, but because of the shame heaped on us by the media, we could not even dare talk about our experience for fear of censure and rejection. In 1979 I sought psychological counseling, but the psychologist started questioning me about my relationship with my father!! Excuse me, but 913 people have been massacred!!! Let's talk about them!!! However, I couldn't even get near the subject. - and neither of us understood why. I soon quit going.

After Jonestown, I became a "workaholic," spending up to 80 hours per week in various law firms, trying to keep so busy I didn't have time to think or feel. My coping strategies were limited. I began to "self-medicate" for my emotional pain with alcohol and marijuana - something I'm not proud of, but something which I have finally forgiven myself for doing. It was too painful to be around other Jonestown survivors, because to interact with them was to be reminded anew of the tragedy. So another fallout of this tragedy was the dispersal and isolation of survivors. In 1981 I moved from Hollywood to the Seattle area where I knew no one, changed my name, and tried to start a new life. I still wanted to have children, and remarried in 1982. I was divorced in 1986; I had unwittingly married a verbally-abusive alcoholic. That was my last attempt to have my own nuclear family.

I have been in recovery nearly six years for alcoholism and marijuana addiction and am an active participant in a 12-step recovery program, where I have become part of a new "family." After I began recovery, I had a complete "nervous breakdown," i.e., psychological collapse. I have been diagnosed with Post Traumatic Stress Disorder ("PTSD") related to the Jonestown Massacre, and severe chronic depression. [At this point I understood that in 1978-79 very little was known about PTSD, particularly as it related to civilians, and my first psychologist had been completely unequipped to deal with my case.] I was suicidal for almost two years, and have now been in counseling for 4 years at Virginia Mason Medical Center in Seattle. I began receiving Social Security disability in 1995 because I am no longer able to work.

I have spent the past five years slowly putting the pieces of my life back together, but it is a slow and painful process. My counselor, Nancy Miller, is a major factor in why I have survived the recovery process. One PTSD symptom is a sense of foreshortened future. It has been almost impossible for me to have any hope for any future that I want to be a part of. I am currently struggling to become more aware of, and hopefully be able to get a little bit involved in community affairs. Aside from going to a job, I have lived as a complete hermit these past 20 years. I again want to be part of the solution.

I attended the 18th Jonestown Memorial Service in Oakland this past November. It was the first time I have been able emotionally to be present to mourn the loss of my loved ones. [Another symptom of PTSD is emotional numbness. I have only been able to cry

about my loss a very few times in the past 18 years.] I saw my sister-in-law, Carol, for the first time since Bob's death 20 years ago. I had really liked her, and it wasn't until a short time ago that I even "realized" that it had been two decades since we'd been in touch. Every time I tried to write her or my in-laws, I was unable to do so. Bob's parents, who were wonderful people, have since died without my being able to be a part of their lives.

Carol and I sat together at the mass grave, holding each other, and sobbing our grief - for ourselves and those we lost. She lost her only brother and her two nieces; as well as herself suffering PTSD from her experiences in Guyana. I lost my husband, my stepdaughters and my church family, which included almost everyone I cared about on earth (my "village" had been totally destroyed). In addition, my whole value system and everything I believed in was put to the harshest imaginable test. I have spent the past 20 years in a "living hell" from which I am only now beginning to emerge. And I am just one of thousands who were affected by this event. If you take 913 people and multiply them by 20 (representing each of their families and friends), you have more than 18,000 directly-affected people!!

President Clinton, I know your time is as valuable as that of anyone on the planet, and I don't want to take it unnecessarily. Since you are a member of the *60s Generation*, you have first-hand experience about the forces and pressures that dominated the days of our youth. From a historical perspective, it is important to remember that Jim Jones and Peoples Temple arose in the late 1960s and early 1970s, during the time of the Vietnam War and the Civil Rights struggle. Jones capitalized on the *Zeitgeist* by forming a movement aimed at attracting the discontented elements of our society, which was then in so much turmoil. The place was San Francisco; it was the era of Flower Power, and the ruling ethos was: anyone who *cared* had a moral and societal obligation to *try to make a difference*. As Jim Jones presented it: *The Cause* was the struggle for social, racial, economic and gender equality for all Americans; the *means* of winning this struggle was to pool our energy and resources and let "Father" Jim do the recruiting and manage the bank account. [Since it was *Jonestown* that brought the concept of *cult* into public awareness, we did not yet have a model that could warn us of impending danger in blindly following him.] He used *guilt* against those of us, like myself and Larry Layton, who were white, educated, and privileged. And whatever *charisma* is, he had it oozing from his pores.

It is a complete travesty of justice that Larry Layton is serving time for a crime that was committed by Jim Jones. However, Jones is dead, as are all the perpetrators of Jones' psychotic mandate. I understand that it is very human to want to make someone pay for such a heinous crime. However, the only surviving participant is a man who acted under the duress of having watched his mother die a painful death in primitive conditions just 10 days before Ryan's visit, and who was undoubtedly drugged with tranquilizers as were all Jonestown residents before the Congressman and his party showed up. I believe it is impossible for anyone in their right minds not to see his actions as having been taken while being in a state of *temporary insanity*.

I want to emphasize that there was a time when I believe I would have been capable of harming anyone who I thought was threatening the interests of Jim Jones or the Peoples Temple. I was very fortunate that the *mind control*, to which I unwittingly subjected

myself, failed in time so that I was able to make a successful escape before I was ever put in the position of being asked to harm another. I cannot help but think, "There but for the grace of God, go I."

If the question is raised why I defected, and why Larry didn't, I can only hypothesize that having a terminally-ill mother who was a devoted PT member living in Jonestown put him in a different position than the one I was in. I was living in the U.S. when I escaped; by the time Larry's mother died, he was a captive in Jonestown. There's also a matter of personality. I've always been a bit of a rabble-rouser, while Larry is a more intellectual type. Who knows? No matter what theories are put forth, one fact is crystal clear. **Larry Layton no more deserves to be incarcerated for his part in this tragedy than I do.** We were all victims whose only "crime" was in wanting to help others, primarily African-Americans, raise themselves up from the underclasses by gaining the necessary self-esteem, education and job skills to share in the *American Dream*. Unfortunately, our story did **not** end with everybody living happily-ever-after.

Please, please, release Larry Layton from prison. He did not kill anyone. There are many, many people guilty of actual murder who have spent far less time behind bars than he has. I personally know Larry, and his sisters, Deborah and Annalisa. I knew their mother, Lisa, a beautiful, loving woman who I deeply respected and admired. Larry is a sensitive man with a highly developed moral sense who has suffered quite enough for his minimal part in these events. Larry has more than paid his debt to society, not only because of the time he has spent in prison, but just by the fact that he has endured the emotional agony that results from living with this kind of memory. The hardest part of the suffering caused by the Jonestown Massacre has been *survivor guilt*. Those of us who did not die in Jonestown have all wished at times that we had perished with our loved ones. Just remaining alive after a catastrophe like *Jonestown* is its own punishment. Believe me, I know.

I have had to forgive Jim Jones for being a drug-addicted paranoid schizophrenic with delusions of grandeur. **I have had to forgive God** for allowing such a thing as *Jonestown* to happen. **I have had to forgive other Peoples Temple members** for being as naive and easily manipulated as I was, and especially those who allowed themselves to be robbed of their very lives. **I have had to forgive the U.S. State Department** for refusing to listen to Deborah Layton, Larry's sister, who risked her life to escape from Jonestown in order to warn of the impending slaughter of the Jonestown residents in a so-called "revolutionary suicide," but actually in a mass murder. Because of a general failure to heed the warnings, Senator Ryan and his party ventured unarmed into a situation that could have been avoided had precautions been taken. **And I have had to forgive myself** for being unable to avert this terrible tragedy through my efforts - which has been my most difficult task.

Now, multiply this amount of forgiveness by the number of people who have been affected by this tragedy. **If we have been able to accomplish this much forgiveness, surely you, President Clinton, can use your power of executive clemency to release Larry Layton from prison, and thereby officially forgive *the last victim* of Jonestown.**

January 24, 1997

Such an act by you would bring the matter to an *official* close. This will help many of the thousands of Jonestown Survivors (who are similar in many ways to the Vietnam veterans) bring some more closure to this matter, so that we can *truly* move on in our lives.

Whenever I hear, "It was the best of times; it was the worst of times" - my days in Peoples Temple come instantly to mind. No matter how tragically our socialist experiment ended, I still cherish many happy memories of laughter, fun and the togetherness that can only result from sharing a common purpose. This is not the sort of experience one can ever forget. The best we can do is to learn to live in peace with our memories. I believe that I will now attend the Jonestown Memorial Service every year, as a way to reach out to other survivors who are coming in "out of the cold," and to affirm my belief that *love is never wasted*.

At the present time, only a small headstone marks the final resting place of more than 500 of the people who perished in Jonestown. Our next great task is to erect a proper monument to mark this mass grave. But that is another matter....

Thank you for your consideration in this matter.

Sincerely yours,

Dominique Z. Delphine

Dominique Z. Delphine



PORTRERO HILL CHILDREN'S COMMUNE, 1974

BACK : Odesta Buckley, Vonn Smith, Nadyze Houston, Joyce Shaw (Dominique DELPHINE), Mary W.

MIDDLE : FRANCES Buckley, Dee Dee Lawrence, Bob Houston, Judy Houston

FRONT : PATRICIA Houston, Will Galley, David Galley, Jim Arthur Gons

Ten of these people died in Jonestown Massacre - all the children.

Clare Janaro
14403 address #7
Shenna Oaks CA 9142
March 8, 1997

Mr President
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Ave. NW
Washington, DC 10500

Dear President Clinton

My husband Richard and I
were members of People Temple
from 1971 until 1978 when
our children, Maun - 16 & Dawn - 14½
were killed at Jonestown in Nov of 78.
At that time I was in Georgetown
& Richard was in Trinidad procuring
supplies of food. I cannot begin to
tell you of our own personal agony
& our process of recovery over
these last 19 years. We lost our home,
our friends, our way of life, our
belief system, our children were
not replaceable.

So many have suffered so terribly
that it would be cruel & unusual
punishment to keep Larry Layton
in prison. We know Larry well -
He was a dedicated humanitarian

as were we all. Unfortunately we
came under the leadership
of Jim Jones, who we indeed
saw as the incarnation of
Jesus Christ when in fact he was
the devil incarnate. The mind
of all of us became totally
brainwashed. Larry is no more
guilty than any of us who
gave our hearts & minds to Jim Jones.
Larry Layton will make an outstanding
citizen as all of us who survived
this tragedy. Please use your
office & your personal sense of goodness
& help Larry Layton out of prison.

God bless you & God bless

America

Sincerely Christ Jones

JORDAN VILCHEZ
84 EMERY BAY DRIVE
EMERYVILLE, CA 94608

January 29, 1997

President Clinton
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW
Washington, DC 10500

Re: Executive Clemency for Larry Layton

Dear President Clinton,

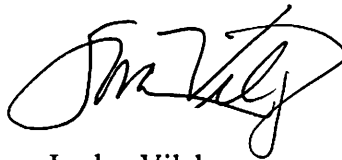
It is pursuant to recent discussion with Deborah Layton, that I am writing this letter. During my visit with her, after many years, she brought it to my attention that her brother Larry Layton remains in Federal Prison for the shooting at the airstrip in Port Kaituma, Guyana in which Congressman Leo Ryan died, along with four others.

Despite my belief that individuals who commit crimes should absolutely be incarcerated and pay for those crimes committed, I feel that the unusual circumstances in this matter warrant particular consideration and re-evaluation at this time. Having lost two sisters, two nephews and countless friends in Jonestown my own experience in this situation has been quite difficult for me and my family. It is after 18 years of mournful contemplation and reflection that I have been able to gain the kind of clarity in seeing the complexity of this situation and to objectively see how everyone who was involved in the Peoples Temple, and particularly those who were unfortunate enough to end up in Jonestown, and eventually lose their lives, were victimized, abused, and subjected to incomprehensible manipulation and control. This long term abuse, taking the form of instilling fear, isolation, poor diet, lack of adequate sleep, and inhumane conditions in general, had physiological and psychological repercussions on each individual there to varying degrees. I believe it was due to these severe conditions that led Larry Layton to the regrettable act at Port Kaituma Airstrip, for which he, in my opinion, has in the past 15 years of being in federal custody, paid the price, and for which he since that time as well, has demonstrated remorse. Having known Larry, since I was a teenager, before Jonestown, it is my opinion that what he did on November 18, 1978, was totally out of character, for him, proof of the severity of the conditions down there. Nevertheless, a crime was committed and in compliance with our laws, judicial action was taken. It seems that it is now time to review the matter.

It is my hope that insight and comprehension of the complexity of this situation, are employed in issuing executive clemency for Larry, so that he may, now after having served fifteen years, be amongst his family, who deeply care for him, and that they may as well, be able to put the horror of Jonestown behind them. It is hoped by those who support this effort, that Larry will have the opportunity to implement in his life outside of prison the kind of wisdom and transformation that has come forth by accepting responsibility for his actions, not to mention the determination that has been required to assimilate and process the dynamics out of which those actions arose.

Thank you for your thoughtful consideration in this matter.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Jordan Vilchez". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first name "Jordan" being more prominent and the last name "Vilchez" following in a similar style.

Jordan Vilchez