

96th Congress }
1st Session }

COMMITTEE PRINT

**THE ASSASSINATION OF REPRESENTATIVE
LEO J. RYAN AND THE JONESTOWN,
GUYANA TRAGEDY**

R E P O R T
OF A
STAFF INVESTIGATIVE GROUP
TO THE
COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS
U.S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES



MAY 15, 1979

Printed for the use of the Committee on Foreign Affairs

U.S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
WASHINGTON : 1979

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III. Findings.....

A. Jim Jones and the People's Temple.....

1. (Tactics: In classified version only.).....

**"INSIDE PEOPLE'S TEMPLE," MARSHALL KILDUFF AND PHIL TRACY,
NEW WEST MAGAZINE, AUGUST 1, 1977**

For Rosalynn Carter, it was the last stop in an early September campaign tour that had taken her over half of California, a state where her husband Jimmy was weak. So Rosalynn gamely encouraged the crowd of 750 that had gathered for the grand opening of the San Francisco Democratic party headquarters in a seedy downtown storefront. She smiled bravely despite the heat.

Mrs. Carter finished her little pep talk to mild applause. Several other Democratic bigwigs got polite receptions, too. Only one speaker aroused the crowd; he was the Reverend Jim Jones, the founding pastor of Peoples Temple, a small community church located in the city's Fillmore section. Jones spoke briefly and avoided endorsing Carter directly. But his words were met with what seemed like a wall-pounding outpour. A minute and a half later the cheers died down.

"It was embarrassing," said a rally organizer. "The wife of a guy who was going to the White House was shown up by somebody named Jones."

If Rosalynn Carter was surprised, she shouldn't have been. The crowd belonged to Jones. Some 600 of the 750 listeners were delivered in temple buses an hour and a half before the rally. The organizer, who had called Jones for help, remembered how gratified she'd felt when she first saw the Jones followers spilling off the buses. "You should have seen it—old ladies on crutches, whole families, little kids, blacks, whites. Made to order," said the organizer, who had correctly feared that without Jones Mrs. Carter might have faced a half-empty room.

"Then we noticed things like the bodyguards," she continued. "Jones had his own security force [with him], and the Secret Service guys were having fits," she said. "They wanted to know who all these black guys were, standing outside with their arms folded."

The next morning more than 100 letters arrived. "They were really all the same," she said. "Thanks for the rally, and, say, that Jim Jones was so inspirational. Look, we never get mail, so we notice one letter, but 100." She added, "They had to be mailed before the rally to arrive the next day."

But what surprised that organizer was really not that special. She just got a look at some of the methods Jim Jones has used to make himself one of the most politically potent religious leaders in the history of the state.

Jim Jones counts among his friends several of California's well-known public officials. San Francisco mayor George Moscone has made several visits to Jones's San Francisco temple, on Geary Street, as have the city's district attorney Joe Freitas and sheriff Richard Hongisto. And Governor Jerry Brown has visited at least once. Also, Los Angeles mayor Tom Bradley has been a guest at Jones's Los Angeles temple. Lieutenant Governor Mervyn Dymally went so far as to visit Jones's 27,000-acre agricultural station in Guyana, South America, and he pronounced himself "impressed." What's more, when Walter Mondale came campaigning for the vice-presidency in San Francisco last fall, Jim Jones was one of the few people invited aboard his chartered jet for a private visit. Last December Jones was appointed to head the city's Housing Authority Commission.

The source of Jones's political clout is not very difficult to divine. As one politically astute executive puts it: "He controls votes." And voters. During San Francisco's run-off election for mayor in December of 1975, some 150 temple members walked precincts to get out the vote for George Moscone, who won by a slim 4,000 votes. "They're well-dressed, polite and they're all registered to vote," said one Moscone campaign official.

Can you win office in San Francisco without Jones? "In a tight race like the ones that George or Freitas or Hongisto had, forget it without Jones," said State Assemblyman Willie Brown, who describes himself as an admirer of Jones's.

Jones, who has several adopted children of differing racial backgrounds, is more than a political force. He and his church are noted for social and medical programs, which are centered in his three-story structure on Geary Street. Temple members support and staff a free diagnostic and outpatient clinic, a physical therapy facility, a drug program

that claims to have rehabilitated some 300 addicts and a legal aid program for about 200 people a month. In addition, the temple's free dining hall is said to feed more indigents than the city's venerable St. Anthony's dining room. And temple spokesmen say that these services to the needy are financed internally, without a cent of government or foundation money.

Jones and his temple are also applauded for their ardent support of a free press. Last September, Jones and his followers participated in a widely publicized demonstration in support of the four Fresno newsmen who went to jail rather than reveal their confidential news sources. The temple also contributed \$4,400 to twelve California newspapers—including the San Francisco *Chronicle*—for use "in the defense of a free press," and once gave \$4,000 to the defense of Los Angeles *Times* reporter Bill Farr, who also went to jail for refusing to name a news source.

In addition, at Jones's direction the temple makes regular contributions to several community groups, including the Telegraph Hill Neighborhood Center and Health Clinic, the NAACP, the ACLU and the farmworkers' union. When a local pet clinic was in trouble, Peoples Temple provided the money needed to keep it open. The temple has also set up a fund for the widows of slain policemen, and the congregation runs an escort service for senior citizens.

To many, the Reverend Jim Jones is the epitome of a selfless Christian.

The reverend was born James Thurman Jones, and grew up in the Indiana town of Lynn. While attending Butler University in Indianapolis, where he received his degree in education, Jones opened his first temple (in downtown Indianapolis). Although he had no formal training as a minister and was not affiliated with any church, his temple grew. It featured an active social program, including a "free" restaurant for the down-and-out. And the congregation was integrated, a courageous commitment in the years before Martin Luther King became a national figure—particularly in Indianapolis, once the site of the Ku Klux Klan's national office.

Then at around Christmas of 1961,

according to a former associate named Ross Case, Jones had a vision. He saw Indianapolis being consumed in a holocaust, presumably a nuclear explosion. Fortunately for him, *Esquire* had just run an article on the nine safest spots in the event of nuclear war. Eureka, California, was called the safest location; another safe area was Belo Horizonte, Brazil. Jones headed for Belo Horizonte, and Case went to Northern California.

Jones eventually returned and visited Case in Ukiah. Jones liked California, and twelve years ago this month, he and his wife Marceline incorporated Peoples Temple in California; Jones and some 100 faithful settled in Redwood Valley, a hamlet outside Ukiah.

Jones's congregation grew, and he soon became a political force in Mendocino County. In off-year elections, where the total vote was around 2,500, Jones could control 300 to 400 ballots, or nearly 16 percent of the vote. "I could show anybody the tallies by precinct and pick out the Jones vote," says Al Barbero, county supervisor from Redwood Valley.

Then, in 1970, Jones started holding services in San Francisco; one year later he bought the Geary Street temple. And later that same year, he expanded to Los Angeles by taking over a synagogue on South Alvarado Street.

One success followed another, and his flock grew to an estimated 20,000. Jones's California mission seemed blessed.

Although Jones's name is well-known, especially among the politicians and the powerful, he remains surrounded by mystery. For example, his Peoples Temple has two sets of locked doors, guards patrolling the aisles during services and a policy of barring passersby from dropping by unannounced on Sunday mornings. His bimonthly newspaper, *Peoples Forum*, regularly exalts socialism, praises Huey Newton and Angela Davis and forecasts a government takeover by American Nazis. And though Jones is a white fundamentalist minister, his congregation is roughly 80 percent to 90 percent black.

How does Jones manage to appeal to so many kinds of people? Where does he get the money to operate his church's programs, or maintain his fleet of buses, or support his agricultural outpost in

Guyana? Why does he surround himself with bodyguards— as many as fifteen at a time? And above all, what is going on behind the locked and guarded doors of Peoples Temple?

Beginning two months ago, when it became known that *New West* was researching an article on Peoples Temple, the magazine, its editors and advertisers were subjected to a bizarre letter-and-telephone campaign. At its height, our editorial offices in San Francisco and Los Angeles were each receiving as many as 50 phone calls and 70 letters a day. The great majority of the letters and calls came from temple members and supporters, as well as such prominent Californians as Lieutenant Governor Mervyn Dymally, Delancey Street founder John Maher, San Francisco businessman Cyril Magnin, and savings and loan executive Anthony Frank. The messages were much the same: We hear *New West* is going to attack Jim Jones in print; don't do that. He's a good man who does good works.

The flood of calls and letters attracted wide attention, which, in turn, prompted newsman Bill Barnes to report the campaign in the San Francisco *Examiner*. The *Examiner* also reported an unconfirmed break-in one week later at our San Francisco office.

After the Barnes article, we began getting phone calls from former temple members. At first, while insisting on anonymity, the callers volunteered "background" about Jim Jones's "cruelty" to congregation members, in addition to making several other specific charges.

We told the callers that we were not interested in such anonymous whispers. But then a number of them, like Deanna and Elmer Merkle, called back and agreed to meet in person, to be photographed, and to tell their attributed stories for publication.

Based on what these people told us, life inside Peoples Temple was a mixture of Spartan regimentation, fear and self-imposed humiliation. As they told it, the Sunday services, to which dignitaries were invited, were orchestrated events. Actually, members were expected to attend services two, three, even four nights a week—with some sessions lasting until daybreak. Those members of the temple's governing council, called the Plan-

ning Commission, were often compelled to stay up all night and submit regularly to "catharsis"—an encounter process in which friends, even mates, would criticize the person who was "on the floor."

In the last two years, we were told, these often humiliating sessions had begun to include physical beatings with a large wooden paddle, and boxing matches in which the person on the floor was occasionally knocked out by opponents selected by Jones himself. Also, during regularly scheduled "family meetings," attended by up to 1,000 of the most devoted followers, as many as 100 people were lined up to be paddled for such seemingly minor infractions as not being attentive enough during Jones's sermons. Church leaders also instructed certain members to write letters incriminating themselves in illegal and immoral acts that never happened. In addition, temple members were encouraged to turn over their money and property to the church and live communally in temple buildings; those who didn't ran the risk of being chastised severely during the catharsis sessions.

In all, we interviewed more than a dozen former temple members. Obviously they all had biases. (Grace Stoen, for example, has sued her husband, a temple member, for custody of their five-year-old son John. The child is reportedly in Guyana.) So we checked the verifiable facts of their accounts—the property transfers, the nursing and foster home records, political campaign contributions and other matters of public record. The details of their stories checked out.

One question, in particular, troubled us: Why did some of them remain members long after they became disenchanted with Jones's methods and even fearful of him and his bodyguards? Their answers were the same—they feared reprisal, and that their stories would not be believed.

The people we interviewed are real; their names are real. They all agreed to be tape-recorded and photographed while telling their side of the Jim Jones story.

Elmer and Deanna

Merkle of Berkeley

After Elmer and Deanna Merkle joined the temple in Ukiah in Novem-

ber, 1969, he quit his job as a chemical technician for Standard Oil Company, sold the family's house in Hayward and moved up to Redwood Valley. Eventually five of the Mertles' children by previous marriages joined them there.

"When we first went up [to Redwood Valley], Jim Jones was a very compassionate person," says Deanna. "He taught us to be compassionate to old people, to be tender to the children."

But slowly the loving atmosphere gave way to cruelty and physical punishments. Elmer said, "The first forms of punishment were mental, where they would get up and totally disgrace and humiliate the person in front of the whole congregation." . . . Jim would then come over and put his arms around the person and say, "I realize that you went through a lot, but it was for the cause. Father loves you and you're a stronger person now. I can trust you more now that you've gone through this and accepted this discipline."

The physical punishment increased, too. Both the Mertles claim they received public spankings as early as 1972—but they were hit with a belt only "about three times." Eventually, they said, the belt was replaced by a paddle, and then by a large board dubbed "the board of education," and the number of times adults and finally children were struck increased to 12, 25, 50 and even 100 times in a row. Temple nurses treated the injured.

At first, the Mertles rationalized the beatings. "The [punished] child or adult would always say, 'Thank you, Father,' and then Jim would point out the next week how much better they were. In our minds we rationalized . . . that Jim must be doing the right thing because these people were testifying that the beatings had caused their life to make a reversal in the right direction."

Then one night the Mertles' daughter Linda was called up for discipline because she had hugged and kissed a woman friend she hadn't seen in a long time. The woman was reputed to be a lesbian. The Mertles stood among the congregation of 600 or 700 while their daughter, who was then sixteen, was hit on her buttocks 75 times. "She was beaten so severely," said Elmer, "that the kids said her butt looked like hamburger."

Linda, who is now eighteen, confirms

that she was beaten: "I couldn't sit down for at least a week and a half."

The Mertles stayed in the church for more than a year after that public beating. "We had nothing on the outside to get started in," says Elmer. "We had given [the church] all our money. We had given all of our property. We had given up our jobs."

Today the Mertles live in Berkeley. According to an affidavit they signed last October in the presence of attorney Harriet Thayer, they changed their names legally to Al and Jeanne Mills because, at the church's instruction, "we had signed blank sheets of paper which could be used for any imaginable purpose, signed power of attorney papers, and written many unusual and incriminating statements about ourselves, all of which were untrue."

Birdie Marable of Ukiah

"I never really thought he was God, like he preached, but I thought he was a prophet," said Birdie Marable, a beautiful woman who was first attracted to Jones in 1968 because her husband had a liver ailment. She had hoped Jones might be the healer to save him.

On one of the trips to services in Redwood Valley, Marable noticed Jones's aides taking some children aside and asking, "What color house did my friend have, things like that," she says. "Then during the services, Jim called [one woman] out and told her the answers that the children had given us though no one had told him."

She became skeptical of Jones after that, and remained skeptical when her husband's health did not improve; the cancer "cures" Jones was performing seemed phony to her. Yet eventually she moved to Ukiah and ran a rest home for temple members at Jim's suggestion.

One summer she was talked into taking a three-week temple "vacation" through the South and East. "Everybody paid \$200 to go on the trip, but I told them I wasn't able to do so," she added.

The temple buses were loaded up in San Francisco, and more members were packed aboard in Los Angeles. "It was terrible. It was overcrowded. There were people sitting on the floor, in the luggage rack, and sometimes people [were] un-

derneath in the compartment where they put the bags," she said. "I saw some things that really put me wise to everything," she added. "I saw how they treated the old people." The bathrooms were frequently stopped up. For food, sometimes a cold can of beans was opened and passed around.

"I decided to leave the church when I got back. I said when I get through telling people about this trip, ain't nobody going to want to go no more. [But] as soon as we arrived back, Jim said, 'don't say nothing.' She left the church in silence."

Wayne Pietila of Petaluma And Jim and Terri Cobb of San Francisco

Wayne Pietila and Jim Cobb guarded the cancers. "If anyone tried to touch them, we were supposed to eat the cancers or demolish the guy," said Cobb, who is six-feet, two-inches tall. Pietila was licensed by the Mendocino County Sheriff's Department to carry a concealed weapon; reportedly he was one of several Jones aides with such a permit.

It was during the Redwood Valley healing sessions in 1970, when nervous hope for relief from the pains of age spread among the congregation, that Cobb and Pietila would guard the cancers. Finally Jones would ask for someone who believed himself to be suffering from cancer. That was the signal for Cobb's sister, Terri, to slip into a side restroom and show out whoever might be there. Then Jones's wife Marceline and a trembling excited old woman would disappear into the stall for a moment. Marceline would emerge holding a foul-smelling scrap of something cupped in a napkin—a cancer "passed." Marceline and the old woman would return to the main room to screams, applause, a thunder of music. Jim Jones had healed again.

But one time, Terri got a chance to look into the "cancer bag." "It was full of napkins and small bits of meat, individually wrapped. They looked like chicken gizzards. I was shocked."

Wayne Pietila recalled another healing incident. On the eve of a trip to Seattle in 1970 or 1971, as Jones was leaving his house, a shot cracked out and he fell. "There was blood all around and

later, Jones walked out of the house with a clean shirt on." He said he'd healed himself," Pietila said. "He used [the incident] for his preaching during the whole Seattle trip."

Hold Touchette of San Francisco

The Touchette family followed Jones to California in 1970. They lived in Stockton for a while, then moved up to Redwood Valley, where they bought a house and converted it into a home for emotionally disturbed boys.

During 1972 and 1973 Micki and other temple members were expected to travel to Los Angeles services every other weekend. One of her jobs was to count the money after offerings. Micki, a junior-college graduate, had the combination to the temple's Los Angeles safe. She says, "It was very simple to take in \$15,000 in a weekend, and this was [four] years ago. [To encourage larger offerings, Jones] would say, 'We folks, we've only collected \$500 or \$700,' and we would have [in reality] several thousand."

In addition to attending Wednesday night family meetings and weekend services, Micki also was part of letter-writing efforts directed by church officials. "We'd write various politicians throughout the state, throughout the country, in praise of something that they had done. I wrote Nixon, wrote Turney. I remember writing the chief of the San Francisco Police Department," she said. Micki, who lived in temple houses apart from her parents, would often be handed a sheet listing the points she would have to include in the letter. "It would tell you how and what to say and you'd word it yourself." She says she also would regularly use aliases she made up.

When Micki left the church in 1973 along with seven other young people, including Terri and Jim Cobb and Wayne Pietila, none warned their parents or other relatives. "We felt that our parents, our families . . . would just fight us and try to make us stay." Furthermore, they were all frightened. "At one point we had been told that any college student who was going to leave the church would be killed . . . not by Jones, but by some of his followers." Both Terri and Cobb recall the statement being made—by Jones.

Walter Jones of San Francisco

When Walt Jones, who never believed in the church, followed his wife Carol to Redwood Valley in 1974, Jim Jones asked them to take over a home for emotionally disturbed boys. The home belonged to Charles and Joyce Touchette, Micki Touchette's parents. Walt says he was told that the Touchettes were in Guyana, and that the people who had replaced them, Rick and Carol Stahl, had done such a poor job that "the cure home, at that time, was under surveillance of the authorities because of the poor conditions. Some of the boys had scabies due to the filth."

In 1974 and early 1975, before Walt and his wife were granted a license to run the home, county checks (of approximately \$325 to \$350 per month for each child) for the upkeep of the boys were made out to the Touchettes and cashed by a church member who had their power of attorney. "The checks," said Walt, "were turned over to someone in charge of all the funds [for the church's care homes] at the time. [The temple] allotted us what they felt were sufficient funds for the home and supplied us with foodstuffs and various articles of clothing." Jones says the food was mostly canned staples, and the clothes were donations from other temple members. Walt is uncertain how much of the approximate total of \$2,000 a month of county funds earmarked for the upkeep of his boys actually ended up in his hands; his wife kept the books. But, he claimed, "it was very inadequate."

After the Joneses were granted their own license in 1975, the checks from theameda County Probation Department (which placed the boys in the home) were made out to him and his wife. "But still the church requested that we turn over what remained of the funds," says Walt Jones. "Approximately \$900 to \$1,000 [per month] were turned over to the church." And he added, "I do remember that there were times when all of the checks were signed over to the church."

Laura Cornelious of Oakland

Laura Cornelious was one of the priories in the Peoples Temple's army. She was in the temple about five years before

dying in 1975—just one of dozens of elderly black grandmothers who attended each meeting of the San Francisco Housing Authority Commission that met in Jones chairs.

The first thing that bothered her was the constant requests for money. "After I was in some time," she says, "it was made known to us that we were supposed to pay 25 percent of our earnings the usual sum, according to practically all the former members that we interviewed." It was called "the commitment." For those who could not meet the commitment, she says, there were alternatives, like baking cakes to sell at Sunday services—or donating their jewelry. "He said that we didn't need the watches—my best watch," she recalls shyly. "He said we didn't need homes—take the homes, furs, all of the best things you own."

Some blacks gave out of fear—fear that they could end up in concentration camps. The money was needed, she was told, "to build up this other place Guyana—the 'promised land'." So we would have someplace to go whenever the fascists in this country were going to destroy us like they did the Jews, [Jones said] that they would put black people in concentration camps, and that they would do us like the Jews in the gas ovens.

Laura Cornelious was also bothered by the frisking of temple members (but not dignitaries) before each service. "We even were asked to raise up on your toes [to check] your shoes."

The final straw, she says, came the night Jones brought a snake into the services. "Viola . . . she was up in age, in her eighties, and she was so afraid of snakes and he held the snake close to her [chest] and she just sat there and screamed. And he still held it there."

Grace Stoen of San Francisco

Grace Stoen was a leader among the temple hierarchy, though she was never a true believer. Her husband Tim was the temple's top attorney, and one of its first prominent converts. Later, while still a church insider, he became an assistant D.A. of Mendocino County, and then an assistant D.A. under San Francisco D.A. Joe Freitas. Tim resigned to go to Jones's Guyana retreat in April of this year.

Grace agreed to join the temple when she married Tim in 1970, and gradually she acquired enormous authority. She was head counselor, and at the Wednesday night family meetings, she would pass to Jones the names of the members to be disciplined.

She was also the record keeper for seven temple businesses. She paid out from \$30,000 to \$50,000 per month for the auto and bus garage bills and also doled out the slim temple wages. And she was one of several church notaries. She kept a notary book, a kind of log of documents that she "officially" witnessed—pages of entries including power-of-attorney statements, deeds of trust, guardianship papers, and so on, signed by temple members and officials.

She recalled why Jones decided to aim for Los Angeles and San Francisco. "Jim would say, 'If we stay here in the valley, we're wasted. We could make it to the big time in San Francisco.'"

And expanding to Los Angeles, Jones told his aides, "was worth \$15,000 to \$25,000 a weekend."

During the expansion in 1972, members would pile into the buses at 5 p.m. on a Friday night in Redwood Valley, stop at the San Francisco temple for a meeting that might last until midnight and then drive through the night to arrive in Los Angeles Saturday in time for six-hour services. On Sunday, church would start at 11 a.m. and end at 5 p.m. Then, the Redwood Valley members would pile back on the buses for the long trip home; they would arrive by daybreak Monday.

Some of the inner circle, like Grace Stoen, rode on Jim's own bus, number seven. "The last two seats and the whole back seat were taken out and a door put across it," she said. "Inside there was a refrigerator, a sink, a bed and a plate of steel in the back so nobody could ever shoot Jim. The money was kept back there in a compartment." According to attendance slips she collected, the other 43-seat buses sometimes held 70 to 80 riders.

Jones's goal in San Francisco, Grace said, was to become a political force. His first move was to ingratiate himself with fellow liberal and leftist figures—D.A. Freitas, Sheriff Hongisto, Police Chief Charles Gain, Dennis Banks, Angela Davis.

Sometimes Jones nearly tripped up. Once, said Grace, when Freitas and his wife dropped in unexpectedly, temple aides quickly pulled them into a side room and sent word to Jones in the upstairs meeting hall. Just in time. The pastor was wrapped up in one of his "silly little things," said Grace. "He was having 'everybody' shout 'Shit! Shit! Shit!' to teach them not to be so hypocritical." When Freitas was shown in, everyone just laughed at the puzzled district attorney. (D.A. Freitas confirms making an unexpected visit to the temple, but does not recall anyone using the word *shit*.)

Jones became impatient at the pace of his success. Eventually Mayor Moscone placed Jones on the Housing Authority Commission, and then intervened to assure him the chairmanship.

Strangely, as Jones's successes mounted, so did the pressures inside his temple. "We were going to more and more meetings," said Stoen. "[And] if anyone was getting too much sleep—say, six hours a night—they were in trouble." On one occasion, she said, a man was vomited and urinated on.

In July of 1976, after a three-week temple bus trip, her morale was ebbing lower, her friends were muttering about her, and there were rumors that Jones was unhappy with a number of members. "I packed my things and left [without telling Tim]. I couldn't trust him. He'd tell Jim."

She drove to Lake Tahoe and spent the July Fourth weekend lying on a warm beach. She dug her toes in the sand, stretched her arms and tried to relax. "But every time I turned over, I looked around to see if any of the church members had tracked me down."

It is literally impossible to guess how much money and property people gave Jim Jones in the twelve years since he moved his Peoples Temple to California. Some, like Laura Cornelious, gave small things like watches or rings. Others, like Walt Jones, sold their homes and gave the proceeds to the temple.

According to nearly all the former temple members that we have spoken with, extensive, continuous pressure was put on members to deed their homes to the temple. Many complied. A brief reading of the records on file at the

Mendocino County recorder shows that some 30 pieces of were transferred from individual temple during the years 1968. Nearly all these parcels were records.

Interestingly, several of the were signed or recorded improperly to a piece of property signed by Grace and Timothy Stoen was notarized on June 20, 1976. Grace Stoen told New Year that on that date, when she was supposed to be in Mendocino signing the deed before a temple notary, she and several hundred temple members were in New York City. Grace Stoen said she signed the deed under pressure from her husband, Tim, months before it was notarized. And similar irregularities appear on a deed the Mertles turned over to the temple. A thorough investigation of the circumstances surrounding the transfers of the properties is clearly required.

In the last few issues of *Peoples Forum*, the temple newspaper, there are several references to the claim that 130 disturbed or incorrigible youths were being sent to the temple's Guyana mission. A church spokesman confirmed that these youngsters were released to the temple by "federal courts, state courts, probation departments" and other agencies. An article in the July issue of the temple newspaper on the Guyana mission's youth program reports that, "In certain cases when a young person is testing the environment, physical discipline has produced the necessary change." The article goes on to describe a "wrestling match" that sounds all too similar to the "boxing matches" some former temple members described. If there is even the slightest chance of mistreatment of the 130 youths the temple claims to have under its guidance in Guyana, a complete investigation by both state and federal authorities would be required.

An investigation of the "care homes" run by the temple of temple members in Redwood Valley may also be in order. Both Wall Jones and Micki Touchette have stated that anywhere from \$800 to \$1,000 of the monthly funds provided by the state for the care of the six boys in the Touchette home were actually funneled to the temple. If those figures are accurate, as much as \$38,000 to \$48,000 may have been channeled into the church's coffers during the four years the Touchette home was open. It is known that at least two other "care homes" for boys were run by the church or its members. In addition, at least six residential homes licensed by Mendocino County were owned or operated by the temple. They housed from six to fourteen senior citizens each, and the county provided upwards of \$325 per month per individual. An investigation

should be launched immediately to determine if any of the money paid for the care of the elderly actually went to the temple.

Files at the Mendocino County recorder's office show that the temple has sold off a number of its properties. The Redwood Valley temple itself is currently for sale for an estimated \$325,000. The Los Angeles temple is also for sale. The three Mendocino "care homes" that are still operating are up for sale. Several former temple members believe Jones and a few hundred of his closest followers may be planning to leave for Guyana no later than September of this year. The ex-members we interviewed had the ability to walk away from the temple once they found the courage to do it. Whether the church will permit those who move to Guyana the option of ever leaving is questionable.

Jones has been in Guyana for the last three weeks and was unavailable to us in this magazine article went to press. In a phone interview, two spokesmen for the temple, Mike Prokes and Gene Chalkin, denied all of the allegations made by the former temple members we interviewed. Specifically, they denied any harassment, coercion or physical abuse of temple members. They denied that the church attempted to force members to donate their property or homes. They also denied that Jones faked healings. They confirmed that the temple's churches and property in Redwood Valley and Los Angeles are for sale, but went on to deny that Jones's closest followers are planning to relocate in Guyana any time soon.

Finally, something must be said about the numerous public officials and political figures who openly courted and befriended Jim Jones. While it appears that none of the public officials from Governor Brown on down knew about the inner world of Peoples Temple, they have left the impression that they used Jones to deliver votes at election time and never asked any questions. They never asked about the bodyguards. Never asked about the church's locked doors. Never asked why Jones's followers were so obsessively protective of him. And apparently, some never asked because they didn't want to know.

The story of Jim Jones and his Peoples Temple is not over. In fact, it has only begun to be told. If there is any solace to be gained from the tale of exploitation and human foible told by the former temple members in these pages, it is that even such a power as Jim Jones cannot always contain his followers. Those who left had nowhere to go and every reason to fear pursuit. Yet they persevered. If Jones is ever to be stripped of his power, it will not be because of vendetta or persecution, but rather because of the courage of these people who stepped forward and spoke out.

"UKIAH WEEKLY TARGET OF \$5 MILLION LAWSUIT," GEORGE HUNTER
UKIAH DAILY JOURNAL, AUGUST 23, 1977

Stoen reacts to Grapevine article

By GEORGE HUNTER

Timothy Oliver "Tim" Stoen, former assistant district attorney for Mendocino County whose beliefs are closely linked to those of the Rev. Jim Jones, pastor of the Peoples Temple Church, is preparing to file a \$5 million lawsuit against the Mendocino Grapevine, a Ukiah weekly.

Stoen, who flew here last weekend from New York City to confer with Ukiah attorney Pat Finnegan, told the Daily Journal that he would also seek damages of some \$13 million from New West, a San Francisco bi-weekly magazine which has carried two "expose" articles relating to Peoples Temple and its pastor.

Stoen said that an article appearing in a recent issue of the Ukiah weekly had damaged his reputation. "I intend to practice law here in Ukiah and it is essential that I clear my name," Stoen said.

"I must show the world that a newspaper cannot wrongfully hurt innocent people without being brought to account."

Noting that he was prepared to do battle on all levels, Stoen said: "I'm a street fighter. People will come to appreciate that fact that I'm a street fighter."

"I feel like Alfred Dreyfus," Stoen said, referring to the French Army officer of the 19th century who was convicted by an Army court and imprisoned on Devil's Island for defending his religious beliefs.

"I'm experienced enough with our jury system to believe in it. I'll put my trust in the system," Stoen said.

Stoen reacted strongly to inferences that he was "afraid" of Rev. Jones. "I want to dispel that allegation," he said. The former assistant district attorney also was sharply critical to charges that he had used his public

office to spy for Jones. "I've always made known my esteem for Jim Jones," he said. "I have nothing to hide and no one can show a single instance where I ever used my public office to show favoritism toward the church."

Stoen charged that the reporting of New West magazine was irresponsible in that the magazine article quoted the Mendocino Grapevine verbatim. Stoen said he would prove the statements to be untrue and malicious in motivation and that the Grapevine violated the newspaper canon of ethics, giving Stoen no chance to reply to the accusations.

The demands for retraction and damages will be contained in a complaint filed here. The suit against New West magazine will be filed in San Francisco.

Stoen was "loaned" to San Francisco city and county in 1975 to prosecute voter fraud after a large-scale scandal surfaced. Out of 39 indictments returned by the Grand Jury, 37 convictions were obtained. Stoen was then asked by San Francisco District Attorney Joseph Freitas to accept the post of special prosecutor with a large staff of attorneys to fight organized crime and public corruption. Stoen accepted the post then resigned when he felt that he was needed in Guyana, a small South American country, to help Jones in establishing a communal-type center, Jonestown, for minorities and the underprivileged.

Stoen has established residence in Manhattan in order that he may be admitted to the New York State bar.

"Jones has helped me develop an empathy toward the persecuted," Stoen said. "I intend to develop a national law firm to help people who are persecuted, on some pretext, for their religious beliefs. Stoen said he was worried about "creeping totalitarianism" that left no room for dissent.

Stoen hopes to attract idealistic young attorneys to his organization.

"CHARLES GARRY VISITS JONESTOWN: 'I HAVE BEEN TO PARADISE,' THE SUN REPORTER, NOVEMBER 10, 1977

On Nov. 6, Peoples Temple welcomed Charles Garry, who represents Peoples Temple as its attorney. Garry has recently returned from a visit to the temple's agricultural project in Guyana, Jonestown (so named by the Guyanese government). He had much information to share.

"Last Monday night I was on a talk show," he began, "and I had the opportunity to tell that I had seen and I had been in paradise. I saw it. It's there for anybody to see, and I'm hopeful that in the next few days or weeks we'll be able to have a documentary, which everyone will be able to see."

"I saw a community where there is no such thing as racism. No one feels the color of his skin, whether he's black, brown, yellow, red, or white. I also noticed that no one thinks in terms of sex. No one feels superior to anyone else. I don't know of any community in the world today that has been able to solve the problem of male sex supremacy completely. That does not exist in Jonestown."

"I also saw something else. There is no such thing as ageism. The community is comprised of the little children, the teen-agers, the young adults, the old adults, the senior citizens, all together."

"I have never seen so many happy faces in my life as I did in Jonestown the three days I was there. I want that captured (on film) so that skeptical America will know what it is when you live without fear of the rent being due, and all the other problems we're surrounded by."

"There are some 800 persons or more there now. They've got collages set up that you just could not believe. I saw sanitation there that I had never seen in any part of the world, except Switzerland. You can eat off the ground."

He went on to speak of the con-

sistently high level of medical care, organized under a doctor who is "thorough, conscientious and dedicated." The medical team has "the latest in medical equipment and books," and "every person who goes to Jonestown is medically thoroughly examined, and charts are prepared." He recalls that he urged Dr. Schacht to start keeping daily, hourly diaries, to put the operation of the medical compound in writing, so that some of our medical schools, and the American Medical Association, can learn from what is being done at Jonestown.

A high point of his talk related to the care of senior citizens, which he said moved him deeply. "All of the senior citizens' cottages are built around the immediate vicinity of the medical compound. Every single morning a member of the medical team knocks on the cottage of the senior citizen and inquires, 'Did anybody have any problem during the night? Do you have any problems here this morning?' Can you imagine the security that the senior citizens feel with this kind of care? I'd like to have a representative from a body here that's trying to improve the lot of senior citizens who are left to be beggars and paupers to see what is going on in Jonestown."

He spoke of the many agricultural projects, including an improvised method of developing feed from protein food grown in Jonestown. The area of Jonestown devoted to raising animals also drew praise.

"Those pigpens, as we call them, looked like palaces. Many of the homes that I've seen in America could not measure up to the sanitation, the cleanliness, the spaciousness of the place we call a pigpen." The chickens, raised and butchered at the project, he called "fascinus," and the food generally is "delicate, nourishing, and it's type of food

that will make your blood pressure go down, your diabetes will disappear. It's substantial, nourishing food—the kind that will take away the fat you accumulate by the type of food we eat here."

The project as a whole is described as quite developed: a thriving sawmill, generators to meet electrical needs, wells, streets, refrigeration. The school is open-air, in a large covered area, with 15 to 20 youngsters in a class.

Teachers are drawn, in part, from "at least 50 people there who have advanced degrees." He spoke of the enthusiastic participation and discussion on the part of all the students, which is something he had not seen here, with the exception of the Oakland Community School.

Does Jonestown lack for entertainment and fun? Not at all, Garry says. "There's this beautiful auditorium, and for three-and-a-half hours I saw the 'most beautiful entertainment in the world. I've never seen such talent in my life. I saw children from toddlers through about the age of seven putting on a demonstration, with voice, and clapping, and marching, and children six and seven years old getting up and reciting poetry with meaning and gusto. It was just remarkable."

"Why are those people so happy?" he mused again.

"They are learning a new social order. They are learning an answer to a better life. When I returned to the States, I told my partners in the office that I had seen paradise. From what I saw there, I would say that the society that is being built in Jonestown is a credit to humanity."

And then, as if to reinforce the amazing description, he added, "This is not propaganda. I'm not a propagandist. I'm a hard-hitting, factual analysis lawyer. I saw this with my own eyes. I felt it."

"SCARED TOO LONG," TIM REITERMAN, SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER,
NOVEMBER 13, 1977

People's Temple and a father's grief

"I just can't understand how my son, bright as he was, could be taken in by a thing like this. It must be like cancer; it grows slowly and takes a long time to come to a head."

By Tim Reiterman

After 40 years of photographing news and sports events for the Associated Press, Robert "Sammy" Houston was speaking out for the first time as a private citizen.

He was speaking out because he was outraged and wounded by the way People's Temple treated his son before he died beneath the wheels of a freight train.

He was speaking out because his dead son's two daughters were sent on a "vacation" to New York and wound up at the church's agricultural mission in Guyana — without their mother.

He was speaking out because he didn't have much speaking time left. Doctors cut out his cancer-choked voice box just a few days later.

"I'm tired of being scared," the 59-year-old photographer rasped, his voice crackling. "I've been scared too long. I might lose my voice and everything else — so I gotta say it now. And I can't say it in a soft tone."

Until now, the wiry little Texan said he has treaded softly around People's Temple for fear his granddaughters would be taken far away from him, for fear he would become estranged from their mother, who still is a church member.

The high-pitched, chattering voice that was so familiar around the dugouts and sidelines of Bay Area ballparks had never before asked the agonizing questions aloud: What prompted his only son, Robert Houston, Jr., to work two jobs and turn over \$2,000 a month to the church? How did his son, a probation officer moonlighting as a railroad worker, end up crushed on the tracks? Are his granddaughters in Guyana of their own free will — and can they get decent medical care, education and love?

Bob Houston's ex-wife, Phyllis, says she is happy her daughters are in Guyana and is convinced their life there is healthy and beneficial. "I last heard from them about a week ago and they said they really like it there," she said in a telephone interview from temple attorney Charles Garry's office in San Francisco. "There also is a condition that if they don't like it there, they can come back."

Phyllis said she had no recollection of Bob Houston being boxed, beaten or berated by anyone in the temple, as reported by several former members. "As far as I know, he was a highly regarded member," she said.

Garry said he recently visited the temple mission in Guyana and found it to be a paradise with good food, housing, education and medical care. He said he saw no evidence of any physical punishment and added that it was prohibited by the temple. "If I had any children, I wouldn't hesitate to send them there," Garry said.

Still, interviews with Bob Houston's family, his widow and friends paint a less than idyllic picture of his involvement with the controversial temple headed by the Rev. Jim Jones.

The terrible incongruity of Bob Houston's death materializes on the pages of the family photo album. Pictures of proud parents — Sam and Nadyne Houston — and a bright, studious son the other kids called the "little professor." School work with A's and B's scribbled by teachers over the years. A photo of an Eagle Scout playing taps at the dedication of a building when a teacher would be buried. A snapshot of the school band member shaking hands with John Kennedy.

A smiling young man in glasses standing before the Campanile at the University of California at Berkeley. A baton-flourishing stu-

dent director of the UC marching band. A young married man working his way through school and supporting two baby daughters.

That was Robert Hascue Houston Jr., born March 13, 1943, in Dallas, a descendant of the great Texas general. A gentle fellow who wouldn't fish with a barbed hook; an accomplished musician who was more interested in helping people than being famous.

In 1969, Bob Houston and his wife and first love, Phyllis, joined People's Temple, and became disciples of Jones, the church's charismatic leader. His parents were surprised that their well-educated son, who had belonged to the Methodist and Presbyterian churches at various times, would be attracted to a faith healer. But they were more than dismayed when two years passed without a visit from their son's family.

"The first time we talked, I ridiculed the faith cures and putting the cancers out," Sammy said.

"I wasn't critical of him or what he was doing with the church," he added. "In fact, I was proud of him. I believe we raised him to be a good boy. I admired what he did and was almost envious of what he did to help his fellow man."

* * *

By 1970 Bob and Phyllis were members of the People's Temple board in Redwood Valley in Mendocino County. Bob liked his work as a sales manager at the time. He was a salesman because he felt he was helping people, but he couldn't stomach a later job as a Xerox salesman.

When Joyce Shaw, an A student from Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, attended her first temple meeting in May 1970, Bob Houston was somewhat conspicuous. First, he was visible as a band member at the revival-like meet-

ings. Second, he was one of the few well educated intellectuals in the congregation.

By 1972 Houston's marriage was getting so rocky that it was the subject of at least one "catharsis," or criticism session. (Shaw says Jones told the couple they could each have relations with other members, but Phyllis Houston says Jones encouraged them to stay together for the sake of the children.) Nonetheless, Bob and Joyce spent more and more time together, working long hours on a church publication called "The Living Word." Then their relationship was discouraged.

"In the beginning of 1973 through December, I was working full time in the church publication office," Shaw said recently. "Bob was working for Xerox full time and putting in another 40 to 60 hours doing photography for the church. He also was continuing to play in the band. And he drove the temple bus on trips to San Francisco and Los Angeles. He got three or four hours sleep at the most and was running himself ragged like the rest of us."

In December 1973, Joyce Shaw and Bob Houston were summoned to a meeting of the planning commission, the temple's governing board, and were asked by Jones to marry so they could work as a missionary team.

"Bob and I went off and talked about it," Shaw recalled. "Jones didn't want people in love or with deep feelings to get married; he wanted people married to tie them to the church. But Bob and I decided we'd go ahead and do it."

"We were compatible intellectually and ideologically. I really cared about him."

The divorce of Phyllis and Bob Houston was finalized in September 1974. Then Joyce and Bob brought their marriage papers to Jones. "He

signed them," Joyce said. "And as we were walking away," he said, "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." Then he laughed. To him it was a joke. "I don't think we even had time to go to a movie."

Their honeymoon suite was an 800-a-month studio apartment in Fillmore and Baker streets. They shared the sofa, coffee and beer, and balloons out of the hallway to defray half their rent, and they worked two jobs each, turning over

About six weeks after their marriage, the newlyweds were called in the middle of the night by a high-ranking church member and asked to provide a home to a boy who had been in trouble with Utah authorities.

One extra person was no problem, but Shaw says Houston's children were assigned to live with him. "We had no more room," Shaw said. "We rented a big three-story frame house with a garden in back on San Bruno Avenue."

The commune started out with seven children, but soon the total reached 24, most of whom were children living two or three to a room. For a while, it was remarkably harmonious. The Houston made sure the children received good medical and dental care and fed and clothed them.

"Most of them came to us in rags, so I spent hours mending and we went shopping at used clothes stores," Shaw said. "If any of the kids got in trouble at school, Bob went over to talk to the teachers and we did individual tutoring at the house. Four or five of the children were taking music lessons at school. We bought musical instruments for two of them, and Bob would coach them at home."

The couple took the children on birthday outings to drive-in movies, the beach, Chinatown and

ice skating, and they had all they could eat — though the food bill averaged 60 cents a day per person.

Despite his ardor as a worker, Bob Houston was a black sheep in Jones' flock, someone whose intellectualism was mocked, someone reportedly ridiculed by Jones for falling asleep at all-night meetings and branded a "narcoleptic" despite a brutal schedule.

On at least a couple of occasions, his widow recalled, Houston was disciplined in front of his children and the congregation for untimely dozing or showing "male chauvinistic tendencies." His punishment was being boxed by a larger man until Jones saw fit to stop the beating. "In one he got a shiner and was embarrassed," Shaw said. "They beat him to a pulp. He understood the unwritten rule that you weren't supposed to fight back. Jim was sitting up there laughing. It was apparent that Jim was threatened by Bob's intellectualism and education. Jim took special delight in seeing him beaten."

Temple members were urged to turn in each other for various offenses, so Joyce Shaw wrote a letter to church leaders when she and Bob decided to leave the commune. Now to structure the commune operation. The temple decided that Bob was a destructive influence and, contrary to his wife's intentions, was made to work full time on rebuilding the temple's burned-out San Francisco church. He worked 18 hours a day, living in the church for the sake of convenience.

Bob Houston returned to the church and, as a disciplined and penitent member, he sat in the front row at services, standing and waving his hands to show he had the "spirit."

"He looked on himself as a responsible adult," former church member Gary Lambrev said. "But he was laughed at everywhere,

even at home. He was the traditional beating boy. Everyone tore into him. He was terrorized."

According to former members, Jones had declared open season on Houston, branding him "bourgeois" for expressing intellectual thoughts in front of poorly educated members of the congregation. "Jim Jones was down on him for not talking earthy," recalled Jeanne Mills, an ex-member who ran church publications. "Bob talked on a higher plane, using big words and intellectual concepts. Even the kids were urged to use foul language, but I don't remember Bob ever swearing."

Friends said the scrappy and sometimes argumentative Houston was at the same time a good soldier and faithful to his own intellectual curiosity. In fact, his ability to ask probing questions of Jones and to argue with fellow members got him into trouble more than once.

"Bob believed Jim Jones wanted people to think creatively but this was the last thing Jim Jones wanted," Lambrev said. "Bob was interested in learning and would get up and ask questions — about things like the movement in Portugal and Communist countries, in Western Europe."

Bob Houston — a man dedicated to remedying inequalities — realized he could make more money than less-educated temple members. So he felt it was his duty to work two jobs — days as a counselor at Youth Guidance Center and nights as a switchman in the Southern Pacific railyards.

"At one point in 1976, he alone was turning over \$2,000 a month to the church," according to his widow, Joyce Shaw. "The shame of it was that his counsel to Jim was taken by the board. He never would have taken any of those jobs in terms of fulfilling himself."

"He really thought the temple was a worthwhile organization. He was very entrenched in socialist ideology, and he believed that doing his work would help his daughters and other children find themselves in a better world."

While the private Bob Houston would confide love for his parents, the public Bob Houston infrequently saw them in their neatly conventional San Bruno suburban home. While the private Bob Houston's devotion and love for his daughters was total, the public Bob Houston showed them no favoritism. While the private Bob Houston had a good relationship with his wife, the public Bob Houston had scraps with her.

In January 1976, Jones initiated a rule that commune members had to eat at the temple headquarters on Geary Street to save money.

Rather than shuttling two dozen commune members from Potrero Hill to dinner each day, the temple rented a flat on Sutter Street nearer the church.

Still, long dinner lines, an empty refrigerator and eat-and-run meals eroded the commune's unity. In a planning commission meeting — Houston's first as a member of that elite group — he stood up and backed his wife when she complained about bad nutrition in the temple's high carbohydrate diet. "Bob was intractable," Joyce said. "If he made up his mind, he could not be swayed."

On July 16, 1976, Joyce bought a bus ticket and left in the middle of the night, convinced that the household was breaking up and the temple was a destructive force. "If you leave, it will hurt a lot of people," Bob told her in a phone conversation the next day.

On Oct. 2, 1976, Joyce Shaw called her husband to wish him a

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happy second anniversary and to tell him she wasn't returning to the church.

"There was no disharmony between us, but you're either in the church or out," she said. "It wasn't possible for him to go to church and me to stay away like in other churches. I knew that as a principled person he would realize what was going on and would get out."

★ ★ ★

In the small hours of Oct. 3, 1976, there was a knock at Sammy and Nadyne Houston's door. It was one of Sam's golf partners, Ben Rhoten, a railroad worker.

"Sam, I got something to tell you," he began.

Robert Houston Jr., 33, was found mangled along the tracks at Sixth and 16th streets. His light was left on the brake wheel of a flatcar, his glove on the coupler.

After her husband was buried, Joyce Shaw made one of the most difficult decisions of her life. She wrote her in-laws letters telling them what People's Temple was all about — about the control exercised over members, about the false admissions and blank pieces of paper members were required to sign — and about the pressure to avoid all non-members, including relatives.

Then the elder Houstons could better understand why they seldom

were visited, why they were discouraged from taking their granddaughters on shopping outings, why they were required to give presents to all the commune children if they wanted to treat their granddaughters, why their former daughter-in-law and grandchildren did not sit with them at the funeral.

"When I heard about Bobby Jr. getting boxed, I was sick," Nadyne said. "I could not believe it; this person who was so kind and kind."

After their son's death, the Houstons saw much more of their granddaughters — Patty, 14, and Judy, 13 — but the girls and their mother often were accompanied by a temple chaperone.

And then, in August, the Houstons were told their granddaughters were going on a temple vacation to New York. Less than a month later, the girls were sending letters from the temple's agricultural mission in Guyana.

While his wife is concerned about the physical hazards of jungle life and their granddaughters' emotional and educational well-being, Sammy said, "They are there without their mother. I'm worried there are people there who don't want to be there and shouldn't be there for physical or other reasons. I have hopes my granddaughters will get out of there, and I believe they want to get out."

Temple investigations bogged down

While the Rev. Jim Jones remains in Guyana with no immediate plans to return, several investigations into People's Temple activities continue without tangible results.

"Jim Jones wants to return very badly," said temple attorney Charles Garry. "He's happy there, but he's the kind of person who wants to be involved. He can't come back here for reasons I can't disclose at this time."

Garry indicated the reasons did not involve the ongoing investigations of several government agencies into accusations that the temple beat its members, bilked some out of property and misused public funds in the operation of care homes. The temple has denied all the allegations.

Jones, a faith healer with political clout and a following said to number in the thousands, resigned as head of the San Francisco Housing Authority last summer. He submitted his resignation letter from the temple's agriculture mission in Guyana, where he had been since New West magazine printed sweeping accusations by former members.

Garry said he visited the mission recently and found about 850 persons living there. He described it as a nearly self-sufficient, "paradise."

The San Francisco district at-

torney's office has spent about three months investigating the allegations of dozens of ex-members.

But investigators say they have insufficient evidence to prosecute and have been hampered somewhat by the exodus of many temple members to Guyana.

A report on the investigation is being prepared, but it is not known whether the district attorney will make it public. Some information on the temple has been relayed to other jurisdictions looking into temple activities, investigators say.

The Mendocino County sheriff's office has been investigating allegations by former temple member Marvin Swinney, who said he never signed a legal document that transferred his property to the temple. Sheriff Tom Jondahl said his office and state technical experts detected no evidence of forgery, but he said the investigation is not closed.

Tim Rottman

"JONES TEMPLE ASKED TO RETURN CHILD," TIM REITERMAN, SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER, NOVEMBER 19, 1977

Parents awarded custody

By Tim Reiterman

Former deputy district attorney Timothy Stoen and his separated wife have been awarded custody of their 5-year-old son and are calling upon the Rev. Jim Jones to return the child from the Peoples Temple agricultural mission in Guyana.

Stoen, a former high ranking temple member said yesterday that he decided to join forces with his wife in the complex custody battle because he received information that their son, John Victor Stoen, was being turned against his mother.

Though they have been separated, the couple appeared before Superior Court Judge Frank G. Finnegan in San Francisco and agreed that Stoen's wife Grace would have physical custody of the boy, that Stoen would share legal custody and that Stoen would have visitation rights.

The judge also ruled that Jones, who joined as a party of interest in the custody fight, had failed to appear as ordered although he had been properly served.

"This means that Jones is required to give up the child immediately," said Grace Stoen's attorney, Jeff Haas.

The question remains whether Guyanese courts will recognize the United States court order.

to respond to the court action and the Stoens' request for return of the child. He said Jones previously has taken the position that he intends to keep the child.

Temple member Joyce Touchette has filed papers with the Guyanese courts alleging that Mrs. Stoen was an unfit mother and had given her power of attorney and permission to take the child to Guyana.

But Grace, 27, and Tim, 40, have revoked any alleged powers of attorney given to Touchette or Jones. And Stoen testified that his wife was an "excellent mother."

In a letter dated Nov. 17, Stoen told Jones: "I have received reliable information to the effect that Grace is being seriously discredited in John's eyes. Not only is this deeply offensive to me, but it could easily cause irreparable emotional harm to John.

"I ask you to immediately reverse the hate campaign and to advise John repeatedly what you and I both know to be true—that Grace loves him deeply and has never abandoned him."

Haas said he will consider contempt proceedings against Jones if the child is not returned by a Nov. 25 deadline in the letter. "That child now is supposed to be with Grace, and anyone who withholds the child is in defiance of a court order."

be back with Grace by Jan. 1. I will personally go down and get him if Jim refuses to cooperate."

He said, "This puts me on a collision course with a man I was so fiercely loyal to. But I'm doing it because it's right."

Stoen is a former Mendocino County deputy district attorney who came to the San Francisco District Attorney's office in 1976 to prosecute voter fraud cases.

He left the San Francisco post earlier this year to devote his efforts to the church mission in South America.

"I left the church because I didn't like the authoritarianism for myself," he said. "I quit in March... Then Jim begged me to come back because he felt I was needed at the mission. I finally left again June 8. I felt that John was being well cared for there at the time."

In 1969, Grace and Tim joined the temple and were married by Jones in Redwood Valley, near Ukiah. They became members of the church hierarchy.

Grace said in an earlier interview that beatings of church members prompted her to leave in 1975. The last time she saw her son was in September 1976 in Los Angeles when her husband and Jones refused to give up the child.

Her attorney flew to Guyana with a court order giving her temporary custody last September.

"PEOPLE'S TEMPLE IN GUYANA IS 'PRISON,' RELATIVES SAY," BOB KLOSE, SANTA ROSA PRESS DEMOCRAT, APRIL 12, 1978

By BOB KLOSE
Staff Writer

SAN FRANCISCO -- "Concerned Relatives," a group of Northern Californians with relatives living on the South American agricultural mission of the controversial Peoples Temple Church, Tuesday charged their loved ones are being held captive, possibly under threat of death, by Rev. James Jones.

A long list of accusations, signed by 25 relatives of 37 residents of "Jonestown" in Guyana, was delivered to the Peoples Temple headquarters here.

The group, whose charges were documented by sworn affidavits from at least one former member of the agricultural mission and the Ukiah father of a current mission resident, demanded Jones allow their relatives a one-week visit home at the group's expense.

The group Tuesday said the visit would allow church members to decide freely whether to return to Guyana. If they choose to go back to Guyana, the relatives said they will not interfere.

Peoples Temple spokesman Sandra Ingram today said the accusations are "malicious lies."

"We are looking into suing," she told The Press Democrat. "Those people have talked to their relatives. This is simple harassment."

Ingram cited a purported report by the U.S. Embassy in Guyana which she claimed said: "People are very happy and want to remain in Guyana."

Ingram criticized the group for its tactics and urged no mention of them in the press.

"We do not speak for individuals. Maybe those in the petition do. We do not believe in this kind of dictatorship. We're very concerned that nothing be printed in the press until the whole side of the story is given," she said.

The group Tuesday was led by Steven Katsaris, Ukiah, and Howard Oliver, San Francisco. Katsaris has a daughter in Guyana and Oliver two sons.

Katsaris, director of the Trinity School for children in Mendocino

County, said the group would "employ every legal and diplomatic avenue open to us" to force Rev. Jones to comply with the demands.

Katsaris and about 50 persons, most from the Bay Area and many former members of the church, delivered the demands to an associate pastor who was working a parking lot and storage yard at the rear of the building one Geary Boulevard in San Francisco. Repeated attempts to communicate with church officials at the front entrance failed, although officials watched from Temple windows as Katsaris passed the documents through a chain link fence to church workers.

The introduction to the document said:

"We, the undersigned, are grief-stricken parents and relatives of the . . . persons you arranged to be transported to Guyana . . . We are advised there are no telephones or exit roads from Jonestown, and that you now have more than 1,000 U.S. citizens living with you there."

"We have allowed nine months to pass since you left the United States in June 1977. Although certain of us knew it would do no good to wait before making a group protest, others of us were willing to wait to see whether you would in fact respect the fundamental freedoms and dignity of our children and family members in Jonestown."

"Sadly, your conduct over the past year has shown such a flagrant and cruel disregard for human rights that we have no choice as responsible people but to make this public accusation and to demand the immediate elimination of these outrageous abuses."

The charges said alleged conduct by Jones violates the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, adopted by the United Nations in 1948, and the constitutions of the U.S. and Republic of Guyana.

Jones is accused of using physical intimidation and psychological coercion as part of a mind-programming campaign against mission residents; prohibiting members from leaving Guyana; depriving them their rights to privacy, free speech and freedom of association; and

making a threat designed to cause relatives to fear for the lives of mission residents.

The charges allege Jones prohibits telephone calls and contact with "outsiders," censors all mail, prevents residents from seeing relatives who travel to Guyana and extorts the silence of relatives in the U.S. by threats to stop all communications.

"The specter of death is raised by the group using Jones' own words. The group said a letter Jones sent last month sent to members of the Senate and House ended with a "chilling threat."

"It is equally evident that people cannot forever be continually harassed and beleaguered by such tactics without seeking alternatives that have been prevented. I can say, without hesitation that we are devoted to a decision that it is better even to die than to be constantly harassed from one continent to the next," Jones' letter is quoted as saying.

"We frankly do not know if you have become so corrupted by power that you would actually allow a collective "decision" to die, or whether your letter is simply a bluff, designed to deter investigations into your practices," the group's charges said Tuesday.

The group demanded Jones clarify the "decision" to choose death over harassment.

Adding credence to their concerns was a sworn statement by Yolanda D. A. Crawford, San Francisco, who spent three months in Guyana last year.

"Jim Jones prior to June said that people would be coming to live in Guyana for a temporary period of time. In June Jim Jones stated that the people he brings over from the United States will be staying in Guyana 'permanently'," Crawford's statement said.

"Jim Jones said that nobody will be permitted to leave Jonestown and that he was going to keep guards stationed around Jonestown to keep anybody from leaving. He said that he had guns and that if anyone tries to leave they will be killed and their bodies will be left in the jungle and we can say that

we don't know what happened to you," she said.

Crawford also quotes Jones as saying: "I can get a hit man for \$30" and that he had "Mafia connections."

In a sworn statement, Katsaris said he learned his daughter Maria has entered the "innermost governing body" of the church but that steps had been taken to assure her loyalty.

"I ascertained from people who had firsthand knowledge that Maria had been required to sign an undated suicide note that could be used to explain her disappearance should she ever attempt to leave the church," Katsaris said.

Katsaris traveled to Guyana twice last year to see his daughter. He saw her once in the company of two U.S. Embassy officials and four church members.

"It wasn't my daughter I saw but a completely different person," Katsaris told The Press Democrat. In his statement, he declined to return his embrace, was suspicious, hostile and paranoid and accused him of being part of a conspiracy against the church.

Tuesday he said he hasn't heard from her since.

Crawford said Jones has stated he could silence his critics by accusing them of being homosexuals, child abusers, terrorists or sexual deviates.

Katsaris's statement said Maria "had been required to sign statements that the children's residential treatment center that I direct was involved in a gigantic welfare fraud, that it was staffed by child molesters and homosexuals, that I myself was a child molester, and had sexually abused one of the girls in the program . . ."

Katsaris also said church officials told U.S. Embassy officials that Katsaris had sexually molested his daughter.

In San Francisco today, church spokesman Ingram said Katsaris' daughter "will continue to state this because it is the truth."

Also cited was the case of Timothy Stoen, former deputy district attorney for Mendocino and San Francisco counties, and his estranged

wife, Grace, who were deeply involved in the church when it operated its facility in Redwood Valley.

Stoen, present at the confrontation Tuesday but remaining in the background, and his wife, are currently fighting Jones for custody of the Stoen's six-year-old son.

Grace Stoen left the church in 1975. Her husband followed after learning of the alleged physical abuses suffered by church members at the hands of Jones and church leaders.

The Stoen's boy remains in Guyana and Jones claims he is the boy's natural father by Mrs. Stoen. The Stoens brought habeas corpus proceedings in Guyana last year and still are await a decision.

Ingram said today Jones has not returned to the U.S. because of the custody case on the advice of his attorneys.

Stoen said Tuesday's action represents the first organized attempt to determine the status of church members, many of whom reportedly left the U.S. saying they would be back in a few weeks but haven't been seen since.

Previously, Stoen said, relatives were too "terrified" to act.

Signers of the petition include persons with parents, grandparents, sisters and brothers, cousins, even entire families living in Guyana.

The "fear of reprisal" is illustrated in a letter a 15-year-old church member wrote to her grandmother which noted her grandmother's taking her concerns to the media.

The letter concludes:

"I am sorry to hear that you called the radio station but since you did I will not be writing you any more."

"GRIM REPORT FROM JUNGLE," MARSHALL KILDUFF, SAN FRANCISCO
CHRONICLE, JUNE 15, 1978

Ex-Peoples Temple Member

By Marshall Kilduff

The Peoples Temple jungle outpost in South America was portrayed yesterday as a remote realm where the church leader, the Rev. Jim Jones, orders public beatings, maintains a squad of 50 armed guards and has involved his 1100 followers in a threat of mass suicide.

This description was provided by Deborah Layton, 25, who was a top aide of Jones until she asked American consular officials 1 month to safeguard her departure from Guyana, where the temple has its agricultural mission.

Peoples Temple officers in San Francisco last night relayed — via shortwave radio from Guyana — a refutation of the charges from two of the South American mission's residents, identified as Lisa and Larry Layton, the mother and brother of Deborah Layton.

"These lies are too ridiculous to refute," Lisa Layton said. "... We are treated beautifully here..."

Larry Layton said, "We are treated beautifully."

San Francisco temple officer Tim Clancy added, "We absolutely refute all the charges. This just makes us believe more than ever that there is a conspiracy against the church."

Jones became the center of a storm of controversy last summer when he slipped out of San Francisco with his followers for Guyana. public charges were made by former followers that Jones had performed false medical cures to win converts, that he oversaw beatings of church members in closed meetings and that he amassed more than \$5 million in donations.

According to Layton, Jones has become a "paranoid" obsessed with "traitors" in his own ranks who question him or do not work hard enough in the farm fields and with an outside world that has publicized his critics.

The fever-pitch emotions of temple members that allowed Jones to dispatch them to civil rights causes and liberal political rallies in California has now turned to a military-style vigilance against an imminent attack by unspecified "mercenaries," Layton said.

The temple fields are patrolled by two rings of khaki-uniformed armed guards, men and women members of "security alert teams" who have access to 200 to 300 rifles, 25 pistols and a homemade bazooka, Layton said.

Discipline, she said, is handled at public gatherings of the entire church community. On one occa-

sion an elderly woman was humiliated by being forced to strip, younger members are "knuckled" by having fists ground into their foreheads, and others are ordered to an underground "box" where they must sit for day at a time, Layton said.

Jones has rigged the work fields with loudspeakers and talks for stretches of up to six hours, she added. Farmhands are expected to work from 5:30 a.m. to 6 p.m. with an hour for lunch and another hour for dinner before more sermons lasting until midnight, Layton said.

The diet consists mostly of rice, purchased in the Guyana capital of Georgetown because the farm is not expected to be self-sufficient for another three years she said.

She said that on the occasion of visits from outsiders whom Jones wished to impress, church members are treated to meat and vegetables. Other trusted followers she claimed were drilled to give optimistic opinions about life at the mission, called Jonestown.

Jones, who often went to elaborate lengths to protect his public image in San Francisco, has remained at the mission, refusing

even to venture into Georgetown, she reported.

Among his concerns has been a pending child custody case in the Guyana capital.

She said the 1100 followers were told to drink a bitter brown liquid potion, after which they supposedly would fall asleep and then be shot by Jones' guards. The rehearsal went as far as having the community drink a phony potion before Jones called it off, Layton added.

Layton said she was able to leave Guyana by wangling a trip to Georgetown. After several days she secretly arranged with American consular officials to obtain an emergency passport and flew to New York on May 13. She is now living in San Francisco.

"Everyone there wants to leave, I'm sure of it," she said. "But you never get a chance to be alone. Everyone is told to spy on other people."

Layton, who was in charge of church finances here before joining the Guyana colony last December, said Jones controls bank accounts in Europe, California and Guyana containing "at least \$10 million."

"PEOPLE'S TEMPLE COLONY 'HARASSED,'" SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER, OCTOBER 4, 1978

People's Temple, its leader the Rev. Jim Jones and its Jonestown colony in Guyana are under a heavily financed attack by the U.S. intelligence establishment, Mark Lane charged here.

Lane, a Washington lawyer, educator and author whose works include "Rush To Judgment," a book on the John Kennedy assassination, is a director of Citizens Commission Inquiry and was invited by its local chapter to look into temple affairs.

He appeared at a news conference at the temple here yesterday after a trip to Guyana.

Attacks on the colony, both in Guyana and in Congress, have been financed with large sums of money "laundered through banks in neutral countries," and there is evidence of "a concerted effort by the U.S. intelligence establishment to destroy Jonestown," Lane said.

Included in the effort was a trans-jungle trek by a party of 20 men armed with rocket launchers and small arms, Lane said. He declined to name the leader of the group, whom he characterized as an employee of Interpol, the international police coordinating agency.

He said the leader gave him a full statement because "he said he felt misused." The group had been sent to fire on the colony's generator building, darkening the compound, after cutting their way through the supposed barbed wire and minefields around the compound. After darkening the area, Lane said, they had planned to "free the children" from the supposed evil influences of the colony.

When they discovered there were no minefields nor barbed wire, Lane said, they contented themselves with sniping at the compound for six days. Lane related that the patrol leader told him he was amazed to be invited to visit the colony and stayed there several days.

"He told me he was satisfied that the 'concentration camp' charges against Jonestown were false and that he thought he had been misused," Lane said.

Lane declined to name the agent, but hinted that he might be named after the filing of a multi-million-dollar suit against the government, which Lane said could be expected "within 90 days."

The suit will charge, he said, that a host of federal agencies are doing all they can — much of it illegally — to scuttle the Jonestown colony.

To be named as defendants, he said, are the FBI, CIA, Department of State, Internal Revenue Service, Treasury Department, Postal Service and virtually everybody but the Coast and Geodetic Survey.

The motive for the alleged government conspiracy, he said, is that the colony of 1,200 American expatriates is an embarrassment to the government because of its success.

As to charges that people once in the colony are not free to leave, he said that the U.S. Embassy staff has on several occasions sent a car to the colony and offered anyone who wanted one a free ride to the airport and a free flight home.

On the other hand, at another point in his dissertation, he said there are no roads to the colony but that transportation is available by boat or a complicated series of train trips or flights.

Lane was backed up by four persons who had recently returned from the colony, and by Jones wife, Marceline, also recently returned.

Mrs. Jones said that her husband had remained in Guyana because of the advice of his attorneys and because his presence is needed there.

**"RYAN TO VISIT REVEREND JONES' JUNGLE REFUGE," MARSHALL
KILDUFF, SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, NOVEMBER 8, 1978**

By Marshall Kilduff

Congressman Leo J. Ryan (Dem-San Mateo) intends to leave next week on a fact-finding trip to the South American jungle refuge of controversial People's Temple minister Rev. Jim Jones, Ryan said yesterday.

Ryan will fly Tuesday to Georgetown, the capital of Guyana, to investigate the living conditions of "more than a dozen" minor children and other relatives of constituents.

The Jones church quietly left its San Francisco base more than a year ago after media accounts attributed to former members reported faked faith healings, beatings of members and high pressure money-raising.

Ryan said he and Congressman Ed Derwinski (Rep-Illinois) and staff aides will meet with U.S. Ambassador John Burke and Guyana government officials to discuss the status of the 1000-member church.

Ryan and Derwinski will be making the trip in their official roles as members of the House Committee on International Relations.

Ryan said he will attempt to arrange a visit to the interior of the country where Jones has set up an agricultural outpost for his followers.

Ryan said he sent a telegram to Jones about the planned trip but had not heard directly from the minister.

Last night Temple spokeswoman Jean Brown said Ryan would be permitted into the jungle hideaway only if church attorney Mark Lane was present. In addition, she said the temple wanted to choose "a cross-section of press" on the Ryan visit and wanted to review his record on "African liberation, women's rights, and other concerns that are pertinent to the interests of Third World peoples."

Ryan said he expected a number of reporters, former members of the church and relatives of present followers to accompany him.

"There has been a lot of alarming things said and written about this religious group," Ryan said.

"I intend to stay down there as long as it takes to find out what is going on," he added.

"PROBERS HEAD FOR A RELUCTANT REV. JIM JONES," TIM REITERMAN, SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER, NOVEMBER 15, 1978

LOS ANGELES By Tim Reiterman
Examiner Staff Writer

NEW YORK — A congressional delegation is embarking today on a long-awaited journey to Peoples Temple's South American mission to check on the welfare of an estimated 1,200 U.S. citizens in the jungle project there.

Rep. Leo Ryan, D-San Mateo, said the delegation from the House International Relations Committee is going ahead with the flight to Guyana tonight, despite warnings that a visit to the mission was impossible at this time.

Taking the same flight will be about a dozen former temple members and other persons from the Bay Area who have relatives of loved ones at the agricultural project run by the temple under the leadership of the controversial Rev. Jim Jones. They are concerned that temple members might be victims of psychological or physical bondage at the remote mission.

"I am going in response to constituent requests," Ryan said in an interview yesterday, hours before the so-called Concerned Relatives group flew here from San Francisco.

"I intend to find out about the temple's activities in Guyana on the spot," Ryan said. "I'll be talking with the Guyanese government and the U.S. Embassy. And I'd like to talk to Mr. Jones."

"I sent him a wire asking to meet with him and asked him permission to see and talk with some of the relatives, close to 20 of them. I want to sit down with them on a one-to-one basis."

Ryan said he hoped to meet with the temple members either in Georgetown, Guyana's capital, or at the temple mission, Jonestown, an hour's plane ride and a nine-mile jeep trip away.

The responses to Ryan's wire as of yesterday were less than encouraging. Two lawyers representing the temple have given negative replies to his overtures, and a statement from the temple set strict conditions and time requirements that don't coincide with plans for the trip.

First, lawyer Mark Lane, the Kennedy assassination conspiracy theorist, wrote Ryan a letter Nov. 6 on behalf of the temple. Lane said the temple has asked that he be present during any congressional delegation visit, and he said his schedule precluded that during November.

"You should understand that Jonestown is a private community and that, while they appear willing to host your visit there under certain circumstances, courtesy requires that arrangements be made in advance of your visit," Lane said.

"You should be informed that various agencies of the U.S. government have somewhat consistently oppressed the Peoples Temple and sought to interfere with ... a religious institution. I am now exploring that

matter fully in order to bring an action against those agencies of the U.S. government."

Through diplomatic channels, Ryan's office also received word that the temple wanted the delegation of Ryan and Rep. Ed Derwinski, R-Ill., to be balanced with two members of the congressional Black Caucus. The temple also stated that it wanted to choose the press members of the delegation.

In San Francisco, temple lawyer Charles Garry said the first he had heard of the visit was in a newspaper story. He later said he received a statement from the temple that said in part:

"It would be impossible for Mr. Ryan and his company of people to be accommodated at Jonestown at this time. We have received word he is bringing a whole group there (to) start an incident, provoking a media scene. We know from his own mouth his intentions are negative."

Ryan's office has been able to contact Lane and Garry, but not Jones. "If they set up objections that can't be met without any discussion, the conclusion has got to be obvious," Ryan said, "... that they are failing to show cooperation with an honest effort to obtain information. And that indicates they have something to hide."

"I am still making the assumption we can work it out."

Ryan's delegation will have to rely heavily on the cooperation of the Guyanese government and, ultimately, of Jones and the temple.

The congressman and his staff have emphasized that their visit would be an ideal occasion for the temple to allay the fears and concerns of some relatives of members there.

Through Garry, the temple has stated that certain sectors of the news media and some reporters are considered "enemies" of the temple because of reports based on the accounts of former members alleging corporal punishment and poor living conditions at temple facilities in both Guyana and the United States.

Garry has maintained that even the temple's most serious detractors would be impressed if they had the opportunity to see the project firsthand and to talk to members there. But there still are questions about whether reporters on this trip will be admitted to the mission.

The temple, which has claimed 20,000 members, has bases in Los Angeles, San Francisco and a number of other locales in California.

The Rev. Mr. Jones quit as head of the San Francisco Housing Authority in the summer of 1977 and reportedly has remained in Guyana since then.

"EXPEDITION TO REVEREND JONES' REFUGE," RON JAVERS, SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, NOVEMBER 15, 1978

By Ron Javers
Chronicle Correspondent

Georgetown,
Guyana

Twenty Californians on a quest for Jonestown — the isolated jungle settlement where the Rev. Jim Jones and several hundred followers from People's Temple established themselves after leaving San Francisco — arrived late last night at Timehri International Airport here.

The lights of Georgetown, the tropical capital of the sparsely settled country known as British Guiana until it won independence a dozen years ago, could be seen as the Pan Am jet crossed the Atlantic shoreline near the mouth of the Demerara river.

But Jonestown, a place that does not welcome visitors, was off to the northwest, across more than 100 miles of manicle palms, wallaba trees and other exotic growth that flourishes in the dark, almost impenetrable rain forest that surround this former World War II base.

Congressman Leo J. Ryan, the San Mateo Democrat, who is leading a group of friends and relatives of settlers in Jonestown, along with a few reporters and television cameramen, was uncertain when they landed what kind of reception he would get from the People's Temple settlement.

For some, seeking the return of children away from home for a year or more, the mission could be expressed in simple terms.

Tim Stoen, a onetime assistant district attorney in San Francisco, and his estranged wife, Grace, are here hoping to bring John John Stoen, now 6, back to the United States.

"We hope to liberate at least some of the people who are down here against their will," he said.

"This is an outpouring of pure love and affection from concerned friends and relatives of friends in Jonestown."

Before the group from San Francisco began the long trip — first to New York and then nonstop down the coast to Guyana — it was made clear that its members were not welcome.

"Leo Ryan did not see fit to even contact me," said Charles Garry, the lawyer who has represented People's Temple in past legal disputes — including a \$150.5 million suit filed last summer against Stoen.

"For a congressman to barge in there is not the proper way. This is these people's home."

Garry denied that anyone was being held in Jonestown unwilling or was being coerced to stay there by psychological pressure.

And he repeated the claim that although Grace Stoen is John Stoen's mother, the Rev. Mr. Jones insists that he fathered the child himself.

"The child is the image of Jim Jones," Garry said. "All you have to do is look at him."

There was no such dispute over the parentage of Maria Katsaris, 24-year-old daughter of Steve Katsaris, head of the Trinity School for Children in Ukiah. Katsaris and his teenage son, Anthony, seemed quietly optimistic on the flight south.

"This time it's not just people alone," Katsaris said, recalling his long campaign to get his daughter back home. "It's a congressional delegation and members of the press."

Ryan, representing the House International Relations Committee, was urged to stay away from Jonestown. Mark Lane, another

People's Temple attorney who is best known for his efforts to establish that President Kennedy's death was the result of a conspiracy, sent the congressman a letter listing three "conditions" he wanted Ryan to meet.

Lane said Ryan should make his trip only if Lane could go along too. He also told Ryan the members of the Black Caucus in Congress would have to attend, and he said his group should be allowed to pick the reporters who could accompany Ryan.

"A congressional delegation does not wait upon the pleasure of Mark Lane," replied Joe Holsinger, Ryan's district representative who was a member of the delegation.

Although Ryan still had no assurances that he would be admitted to Jonestown, he said he would attempt to "force" the issue — at least to the extent of obtaining a briefing about the Jonestown settlement from United States officials stationed in Georgetown.

"It all depends on the resolve of Congressman Ryan," Katsaris observed.

The congressman plans to stay in Guyana until Sunday, and some members of the traveling delegation — who each spent about \$800 for round-trip plane fare — said they would remain longer if they had a chance to do so.

"TEMPLE PROBE HITS WRANGLING," TIM REITERMAN, SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER, NOVEMBER 16, 1978

By Tim Reiterman
Examiner News Staff

GEORGETOWN, Guyana —

Rep. Leo Ryan and members of his congressional delegation began talks with U.S. officials in this South American country today in their effort to investigate a People's Temple mission here.

Ryan, D-San Mateo, met with U.S. Embassy officials before what he hopes will be a trip through the jungle to where some 1,200 Americans live at the temple's agricultural project.

He is accompanied by relatives of some temple members who have complained that members of their families are being kept here against their wills.

Meanwhile, it appeared that a small group of reporters will be allowed to remain in the country, at least temporarily, despite a night of bureaucratic wrangling.

This reporter and Examiner photographer Greg Robinson, who were admitted to the country upon arrival last night, were visited today by an immigration official who altered their passports and reduced the length of their stay from five days to one.

In addition, San Francisco Chronicle reporter Ron Javers was detained for 15 hours at the Timehri International Airport in Georgetown before being released. He apparently was held for currency violations.

A State Department official in Washington said John Burke, U.S. ambassador to Guyana, believes the reporters will be given official clearance to enter the country today.

Deputy Director of Caribbean Affairs John Griffith said Burke is optimistic that the press corps will be allowed to remain in the country and that he will do everything he can to assure that.

The Guyanese government is believed to look favorably on the People's Temple, which has been the subject of numerous accounts describing physical abuse of members as well as financial shenanigans.

Ryan's delegation and the relatives hope to be able to visit the temple's jungle mission where 1,200 North Americans are operating a massive agricultural project under leadership of the Rev. Jim Jones.

Several temple members were at the airport for the arrival of Ryan, House International Relations Committee consultant James T. Schollaert; Ryan's legal aide, Jacqueline Speler; relatives and the small press corps.

The congressional group journeyed to this humid South American country to inquire into the mission, at a 27,000-acre project about an hour's plane ride north of here.

Ryan said his visit was prompted by reports that some of the 1,200 Americans may have been physically or psychologically abused and may not be free to leave the remote settlement.

His efforts to arrange a visit to the mission, described as paradise by temple supporters, have not been well received to date. But Ryan says he is determined, with the help of U.S. and Guyanese diplomats, to persuade Jones to grant his request, made with nearly

20 relatives of the so-called Concerned Relatives Group.

Today Ryan planned to discuss the matter with U.S. Embassy officials, then meet later this week with Guyanese officials.

"The government has been very friendly," he said en route here yesterday. "I intend to do everything I can to cooperate. It's the same as if they came to the U.S. and asked about 1,200 Guyanese (who are) in a colony in my country."

The temple has made statements through attorneys Charles Garry and Mark Lane that the Ryan visit would not be possible at this time.

"They say they can't see us now because they are not ready," the congressman said. "I want them to explain." Added Speler: "They've been non-communicative more than anything."

Ryan revealed that he became interested in the controversy after he was approached by Robert "Sammy" Houston, an Associated Press photographer and a longtime friend.

Houston's son Bob, a temple member and a former Capuchino High School student of Ryan's, died in a train yard accident a few years ago and young Houston's two daughters, Patricia and Judy, reportedly have been at the mission

for some time without their mother.

The temple has a Parliament-approved lease to operate an experimental agricultural project near Kaituma. Under it the temple reportedly can develop the 27,000 acres of densely foliated land.

Work intensified in the summer of 1977 after Jones came here and resigned as head of the San Francisco Housing Authority, in the wake of published reports alleging that the temple used corporal punishment and pressured members into donating homes and property.

At that time the jungle mission's population swelled from roughly 150 to more than 1,000. The temple has said more than \$1 million has been spent to build housing and a sawmill and plant orchards and fields in hopes that the mission will some day make the project self-sufficient.

To temple members, the project was reported to have been a haven in the event of nuclear holocaust or a fascist takeover in the United States.

For Guyana, the mission, some observers say, is an important settlement — an inroad into the country's relatively undeveloped jungle interior.

Roughly 90 percent of Guyana's estimated 822,500 population lives in a less dense 40-mile coastal strip better suited to agriculture.

"RYAN, AT PEOPLE'S TEMPLE, LEARNS JONES IS VERY ILL," TIM REITERMAN, SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER, NOVEMBER 16, 1978

**By Tim Reiterman
Examiner Staff**

GEORGETOWN, Guyana

Rep. Leo Ryan plans to fly to the People's Temple jungle mission tomorrow amid reports that the Rev. Jim Jones is "very ill."

Ryan's tentative plans to fly to the 27,000-acre agricultural project today were apparently scotched when he learned that Mark Lane, temple lawyer and conspiracy theorist in the Kennedy assassination, is flying here from Washington, D.C.

Meanwhile, efforts of a group of "concerned relatives" and news people to gain access to temple members here continued to fail.

Ryan, D-San Mateo, who is leading a House International Relations Committee delegation inquiry into conditions at the mission. He said he received an invitation to visit the jungle outpost through diplomatic channels.

His invitation was then confirmed in a spur-of-the-moment visit last night to the temple base here. There Ryan held a "not unfriendly" meeting with about a dozen temple members.

Ryan said he felt that his efforts to reach the temple mission would be more successful if he could talk with Jones, the former San Francisco Housing Authority member and leader of the church.

Efforts to reach Jones by radio were unsuccessful, Ryan said, so last night "I took the car on a hunch and went to (the temple base here.)"

Once inside, he reported, "I said, 'Hi, I'm Leo Ryan. I'm the bad guy. Does anyone want to talk?'"

About a dozen men and women, led by temple members Tim McElvane and Sharon Amos, agreed to talk to him.

When Ryan asked whether he could contact Jones by radio, Amos said no.

"Why not?" the congressman asked.

"He's very ill," Amos told him.

When Ryan inquired about the nature of Jones' illness, Amos refused to respond.

Former temple members in San Francisco who have monitored communications between Jones and the temple headquarters in The City say there have been indications that Jones is ill.

Ryan said he also suggested to Amos and the others that he fly to the mission today "to see if we can't

establish an agenda for a scheduled meeting (with temple members) on Friday.

It was then that he was told of Lane's imminent arrival. Temple officials earlier had insisted that Ryan couldn't visit the mission until Lane was present, and the lawyer had said he would be unavailable until the end of the month.

Ryan wants to speak with mission residents without any restrictions and also to remain at the project through Saturday.

Summing up his two days in the South American country, Ryan told reporters, "We already found out a good deal about physical conditions (at the mission) but we haven't found out a thing about mental conditions."

Referring to the frustrated relatives group accompanying the delegation, he said, "In a free society, you can't deny access to relatives either here or in the U.S."

Yesterday, the relatives group was turned away from the temple base. And the U.S. Embassy was presented with a petition signed by about 600 of the 1,100 mission inhabitants. The heading on the four large pages of signatures said:

"Resolution of the committee. Many of us, the undersigned residents of Jonestown Guyana, have been visited here by friends and relatives. However, we have not invited and do not care to see Congressman Ryan, media representatives, members of the group of so-called concerned relatives, or any other person who may be travelling with or associated with any of those persons."

The petition was dated Nov. 2. The invitation to Ryan came yesterday.

The temple also released a statement dated Nov. 13, the day the relatives started their long journey here in hopes of hearing first hand from loved ones about mission conditions. The statement labeled the effort an escalation of the group's "malicious campaign of lies and harassment," and it branded Ryan's visit "a contrived media event."

It warned that if either Ryan or the group tried to enter the mission without permission the temple would request police protection.

While most of the news people were trying to avoid expulsion from the country yesterday, U.S. Embassy officials briefed Ryan about the 27,000-acre temple agricultural project.

In meetings with U. S. Ambassador John R. Burke, consular aide Douglas E. Ellice Jr. and other officials, Ryan said, he was reminded that "Mr. Jones is a private individual running a private operation in a foreign country."

Ryan said: "I am giving Mr. Jones every possible opportunity while we are here to address any and all of us."

Ryan viewed photo slides of the mission taken during routine consular visits to the mission. He said Jones, who has been reported unwell, looked fairly healthy.

"I didn't see many people in these slides but was impressed by the nature of the construction," Ryan said.

He said he came away from the briefing with the impression that embassy officials thought the project was benign.

Although the slides indicated that tremendous work has been done at the mission, Ryan said, he still intends to find out under what conditions the work was accomplished and to meet face to face with loved ones of the concerned relatives to ask them about their treatment.

Some former members have said the mission inhabitants aren't free to leave and are physically abused and forced to work long hours. The temple and a number of visitors have described the mission as a humane social experiment without urban ills or racism.

Meanwhile, Guyanese immigration officials permitted reporters, including The Examiner's, to remain beyond their one-day visas to cover the Ryan visit.

Two reporters and Examiner photographer Greg Robinson were issued five-day visitor stamps at the airport on arrival here, but seven hours later an immigration officer demanded their passports and changed them to one day.

Victor Forsythe of the Ministry of Information said the reporters' entry permit requests were delayed in transmission from the United States. By late yesterday, the government had agreed to reinstate the five-day allowances.

"REPORTER'S ACCOUNT OF GUYANA DETENTION," RON JAVERS, SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, NOVEMBER 16, 1978

By Ron Javers
Chronicle Correspondent
Georgetown,
Guyana

It took 12 hours of detention before I could make the 30-mile trip through the tall bamboo forests that separate Georgetown from its airport, but there were times when the wait seemed endless.

There was no way of knowing what the authorities planned to do with me after a delegation of 20 Californians on a fact-finding trip to the People's Temple jungle settlement of Jonestown disembarked from a Pan-Am jet at 12:05 a.m. yesterday.

Everyone in the group except me was quickly cleared by immigration authorities and given permission to leave Timehri International Airport for the trip to town.

But my passport was taken from me without explanation, and so was the money I had purchased from Deak and Co. in San Francisco — 330 in Guyana dollars, or about \$75 in U.S. currency.

Khaki-clad uniformed guards took me into a 15-by-15 foot room and told me to wait.

Airline officials attempted to help. Pan-Am offered to take responsibility for my custody overnight — first at a hotel in Georgetown and then, after officials rejected that proposal, in a courtesy

room the line maintains at the airport.

By then, everyone else in the party had left for Georgetown, except Bob Flick, a National Broadcasting Co. producer also covering the delegation. Flick said he intended to stay at my side as long as necessary.

Among those going into Georgetown were Tim Belterman and Greg Robinson of the San Francisco Examiner, who were cleared at first and were notified later that Guyana authorities wanted them to leave the country immediately. Like mine, their expulsion order was later reversed.

Flick and I sat on a tattered green plastic sofa and talked.

One of the guards assigned to watch over me soon fell asleep. I envied him, but there was no sleep for me. The adrenalin was flowing, and I never felt less sleepy in my life.

At 3:20 a.m. the immigration corporal in charge of keeping me in custody asked Flick if the producer would — "as a special favor to the immigration authorities" — drive one of the officers to Georgetown in his rental car.

Flick tossed the corporal the keys to the car and said he was staying.

At 3:30 a.m. a lone woman began sweeping up the day's litter

In the airy, single-story wooden terminal building. Numerous photographs of Forbes Burnham, prime minister of Guyana, smiled benignly on the scene.

At 4:30 a.m. the corporal, ready to go home himself, had changed out of his uniform and donned an aloha shirt, a pair of slacks and a baseball cap.

By now the second guard in charge of my custody was asleep, but there seemed to be no point in trying to escape.

There was no place to go.

At 5:30 a.m. a workman arrived to run up the green-and-yellow flag of the Republic of Guyana.

At 6:20 a.m. we were getting some daylight. We could see the Pan-Am 707 that I had left, and the only other plane on the field, an old, propeller-driven Cubana airliner. Guyana, a Socialist country, has close ties with Cuba.

At 8:20 a.m. my old guards left, and a new force led by a uniformed man with epaulets on his shoulders took over.

It took until 10:55 a.m. before one of the guards on the day shift fell asleep.

By then, I had been given permission to go to the airport coffee shop. I was looking forward to eating a good breakfast, but the coffee shop turned out to be precisely what the name indicates — it sold coffee and nothing else.

At 11:20 a.m. I was summoned to the Pan-Am desk at the airport to take a call from Congressman Leo J. Ryan (Dem-San Mateo), leader of the delegation I was assigned by The Chronicle to cover.

Ryan, who had slept at the residence of U.S. Ambassador John R. Burke, told me, "I've done everything I can, and I'm going to keep pushing."

He said he was meeting with high Guyanese officials and would ask them to intervene personally to secure my release. (I didn't know it then, but I learned later that Democratic Congressman Phillip Burton of San Francisco had been alerted by The Chronicle and was also working through the State Department in Washington to get me out of the airport.)

At noon I was summoned into the immigration director's office. The director was smiling. He said he was sorry about any difficulties I had encountered. But now, he added, he had received instructions to let me stay in the country for five days.

He stamped my passport and returned it to me.

Flick and I took a taxi along the two-lane curving highway that parallels the Demerara river.

I realized finally that it takes only a few hours of captivity and worry to relish the pleasures of freedom.

I found myself delighted by the sights — the rural houses on stilts, the lithe, machete-wielding farm workers and finally the tropical capital of Georgetown with its brightly painted wooden houses and its wooden, Victorian-style government buildings.

I checked into my hotel, the most modern structure I have seen in the capital.

And looked forward to the chance to freshen up, once the water in the bathroom taps was turned on later in the day. It was

**"RYAN'S READY TO LEAD GROUP TO TEMPLE BASE," TIM REITERMAN,
SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER, NOVEMBER 17, 1978**

□ Two mothers at the temple gate
cry for their sons / Page 22

By Tim Reiterman
Examiner Staff Writer

GEORGETOWN, Guyana — Rep. Leo Ryan prepared to lead members of a fact-finding delegation and other observers to the remote People's Temple jungle mission today.

"The matter is fluid and is changing from hour to hour," Ryan said. "We are negotiating with the temple. We have an airplane, but the arrival of the two attorneys (Charles Garry and Mark Lane) may slow the momentum down a bit."

"The purpose of the trip is still ahead — to talk to people at the mission."

Garry and Lane, who represent People's Temple, were due to arrive in this South American country today.

Ryan said arrangements for the group may also be hampered by a government requirement for permits to enter the interior of the country.

The temple has insisted in the past that Lane be present for any mission tour by the group. But according to the delegation, the announcement of Lane's arrival was not encouraging.

Ryan, a San Mateo Democrat, said the temple expressed displeasure with some of his statements about the inquiry into mission conditions. In fact, Ryan said, the temple indicated that an invitation for the congressman to visit the agricultural project today might be in jeopardy now.

"The atmosphere began to warm considerably until these two attorneys arrived," Ryan said.

Meanwhile, about 14 "concerned relatives" of temple members met yesterday for more than an hour with U. S. Ambassador John Burke. Some emerged from the meeting in tears, holding a statement that read in part:

"The embassy does not have any legal right to demand access to any private citizen in Guyana. In light of this, the embassy has no authority to require contact between members of People's Temple and persons whom they do not wish to receive."

Relatives had repeatedly asked that the press observe the session with Burke, but he insisted that it be a private meeting. When it was over, the ambassador got into a car and was quickly driven away.

"It was a useful meeting," he said. When asked whether the concerned relatives will get to see their loved ones at the mission, Burke replied, "It's too soon to say."

Steve Katsaris, Ukiah private school administrator, is in Guyana for the third time to see his daughter Maria. He summed up the meeting: "The ambassador was polite and told us there was no way he legally could do anything. We told him we would go on our own without his help."

Beverly Oliver, who has two sons at the mission, said, "The ambassador told us that the Guyanese government were the only people who could act without the temple's permission, because it is private property."

The South American country's position on the controversy isn't entirely clear, though the Jonestown jungle settlement is generally regarded as a significant attempt to turn part of Guyana's dense interior into productive land.

One government official expressed great curiosity about allegations published in the American press, particularly those of former members who contend that the mission's 1,200 inhabitants aren't free to come and go.

He also wondered aloud why a congressional delegation and so many relatives would travel thousands of miles to check on the welfare of loved ones if there were no truth whatsoever to the allegations.

After difficulties earlier this week with press corps passports, the Guyanese Information Ministry yesterday extended courtesies to newsmen here. Those included arranging a news conference with Minister of Education Vincent Teekah.

The welfare and education of children at the mission is one facet of Ryan's inquiry, and Teekah was able to offer his observations from a two-hour visit to the mission school earlier this year.

He said the school is being operated as a private school, so he informed the Rev. Jim Jones, the temple leader, that private schools are against Guyanese law.

"They tried to impress me by

what they were doing," Teekah said. "They seemed to be doing a fine job in preparing the children.

"I wasn't there the whole day to see if they flogged them or if children were being beaten. I mention that because you find sometimes in our schools a teacher using the cane directly."

The minister said Jones was quite agreeable to a requirement that the school of about 120 children become a government school, with half its students from the surrounding community, half its teachers from the Guyanese population and a Guyanese administrator.

Teekah, asked why the temple settlers didn't send the children to a school in nearby Port Kaituma, replied: "Jones was trying to make a self-sufficient town, and you notice he named it Jonestown. They have a hospital and almost every little thing. I think that is why he established the school."

The minister said Jonestown is the only such settlement of foreigners in the country. "As far as this ministry is concerned, we are not treating Jim Jones and his people in a favorable or unfavorable way," he said. "This country is a secular state with many religions. I am not the judge whether this religious or political philosophy is right.

Teekah did point out, however, that the area called Jonestown really is Port Kaituma and added: "I am not sure that Jonestown exists in Guyanese law."

"ANGRY MEETING IN GUYANA," RON JAVERS, SAN FRANCISCO
CHRONICLE, NOVEMBER 17, 1978

People's Temple Mission

By Ron Javers
Chronicle Correspondent

Georgetown,
Guyana

Thirteen troubled relatives held a shouting, angry and tearful meeting yesterday with the U.S. ambassador to Guyana, seeking his help in their quest for a meeting with their own family members who are living in a remote communal settlement in the country's interior.

Ambassador John Burke, a 53-year-old career diplomat, agreed to the closed-door meeting at the embassy only after strong pressure by the relatives, who said they intended to stay in Guyana until their goal was attained, and by Congressman Leo J. Ryan.

Ryan, a San Mateo Democrat, is here on an official visit as a member of the House International Relations Committee seeking to check conditions at Jonestown, the People's Temple settlement where 1200 Americans are living.

At the afternoon session in the modest white stucco embassy, tucked next to a row of gutted and decaying storefronts on Georgetown's Main street, Burke stuck to his insistence that Jonestown is a thriving community over which he has no authority.

But both Ryan, his aides and embassy sources said after the meeting that a visit by the congressman and at least some of the relatives was a closer possibility —

coming perhaps as early as today or tomorrow.

The problems of getting to Jonestown, the 2700-acre settlement founded in a move from San Francisco by the Rev. Jim Jones, who heads the People's Temple, are not all political.

The trip entails a one-hour flight from Georgetown to an airport separated from the colony by several miles of dense back country, passable only by four-wheel drive vehicles.

Complicating matters is a shortage of available aircraft with in Guyana capable of carrying Ryan, the relatives and the press — a group numbering 20 people.

After the embassy meeting, Howard Oliver, a watchmaker from San Francisco's Western Addition, echoed the bitterness of many of the relatives on the trip.

Oliver has two sons, Bruce, 18, and Billy, 19, who have been in Jonestown for more than a year.

Oliver described the session as "more of the same old embassy runaround."

His wife, Beverly, 47, was even more blunt: "Bullshit."

Before the meeting with Burke, which Ryan attended as an observer, the congressman stepped

up his rhetoric against the temple.

He said it was possibly a "prison" and hinted at possible violations of United States tax and Social Security laws. Some temple members living there receive government checks of one kind or another, Ryan said.

He said he had heard charges that members of the temple may have been forced by Jones to turn over their government checks to the colony.

Temple spokesmen insist, however, that any money-pooling is totally voluntary, since the agricultural mission is a communal effort.

The temple maintains that Americans living here have a right to privacy as citizens — and that their privacy is being invaded by a congressman whose politics strongly clash with their own socialist views and who has not been invited.

Some 600 of the Jonestown colony's residents, in fact, have signed a petition urging Ryan and the rest of the group to stay away.

Ryan said he made the trip because relatives in the Bay Area, including Associated Press photographer Sam Houston, of San Francisco, a longtime friend, had appealed to him to investigate the conditions.

Houston's wife, Adine, and her daughter, Carol, are part of the concerned relatives group here. They want to visit the Houston grandchildren, Patricia, 16, and Judy, 14, now in Jonestown.

Burke appears clearly troubled by all the furor that Ryan's high-profile visit is causing.

In classic diplomatic language the ambassador described the talks yesterday as "useful" and left Ryan, reporters and the relatives in the driveway pondering their next move.

"A VISA ERROR AND PEOPLE'S TEMPLE IS MORE REMOTE THAN EVER," TIM REITERMAN, SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER, NOVEMBER 17, 1978

By Tim Reiterman
Examiner News Staff

GEORGETOWN, Guyana — As the jet banked toward the airport at midnight Tuesday, Georgetown stood out as a strand of lights between the moonlit Atlantic and the black jungle interior.

On the ground, Guyana's heavy air rushed into the plane, hot, wet, sticky air that clung to passengers filling into the airport terminal.

U.S. Embassy officials in powder blue shirt-jackets — businessmen's attire here — made beelines for Rep. Leo Ryan, leader of a small congressional delegation's inquiry into the activities of an urban faith healer who once rubbed shoulders with politicians.

The first indication of the People's Temple's presence was the whispering among the concerned relatives group following Ryan's delegation. To one side of the terminal, several temple members were silently observing.

* * *

In the modest, low-slung terminal reporters sweated their way through immigration and customs, some uncertain that their last-minute planning for entry permits through the Guyanese Embassy in Washington had any effect in the country itself. The inspectors seemed to have known beforehand that the entourage was related to

the People's Temple mission here.

After a while, most reporters were quietly celebrating their smooth trip through the lines. Then a San Francisco Chronicle reporter appeared outside a nearby window, guarded by a policeman.

Newsman had agreed beforehand to support one another. NBC, which had the strongest credentials, volunteered to stay to help while those reporters on shakier ground went on to Georgetown itself, 26 miles away.

Feeling free and extremely fortunate, one group selected a cabbie from several East Indians and blacks soliciting customers at the curb. After the cabbie was asked to keep his vehicle under 30 miles an hour, he roared off, running the first two stop signs.

A good two-lane pavement carried the group through flatlands, past silvery waterways, bungalows on stilts and some small industry.

At the outskirts of Georgetown the cab cut through the sweet smell of rum from a nearby distillery. At

that late hour the town's few stoplights were working and there were knots of young men conversing on street corners, and some young women and bicyclists traveling the roadsides.

"I'm sorry, sir, but we have no reservations for you," said the desk clerk at the Pegasus Hotel, a cylindrical structure that is Georgetown's finest and a frequent stop-over for airline employees. "We are booked up."

Soon there were others — all from the concerned relatives group

— whose confirmed reservations somehow had vanished. The lobby became a little encampment for a dozen Americans whose immediate needs were cold beer and beds after two days of travel. Some opted for another hotel but most stayed in the lobby in tired protest.

"People's Temple," mused a portly Guyanese at the hotel. "Of course I've heard of them. The Reverend Jones. They have a radio show, and they tell you how wonderful People's Temple is. They also have a band. They used to play here at the hotel but haven't for a while."

"Do I ever visit their mission? No, it is in a very remote area."

The Examiner's reporter and photographer were able to get a room shortly before 4 a.m. yesterday. Before anyone could use it the front desk phone rang.

"Sir," the clerk said, "that was Immigration. They say there is some problem with your passports. They will be here within the hour."

Three hours later, up strode a black man in an orange motorcycle helmet, blue T-shirt and jeans. He was barely recognizable as our uniformed immigration inspector of the night before. He demanded the passports, then altered them with his pen. Suddenly an author-

ized stay of five days was reduced to 24 hours.

"I was tired last night," the officer explained. "I made a slight mistake. You must go to the Home Ministry. It opens at 8 o'clock."

At the Home Ministry, an assistant secretary invited us into his office, inspected the passports and inquired about our business as though he hadn't heard of the congressional delegation's visit and knew little of People's Temple.

After some phone calls, the secretary apologized politely for the delay, but said the decision-making officials would be unavailable for several hours. "Call me at 1 p.m.," he said.

After U.S. officials were informed of the passport difficulties shared by most of the press here, it seemed as though Ryan were about to lose most of his press entourage. The 24-hour stamps were about to expire.

At 4 p.m. yesterday in another Guyanese government building, with well-worn wooden stairs and ceiling fans, chief information officer Victor Forsythe explained that some communication delay resulted in the passport problems. He asked several reporters how long they wished to stay. Each said five days. He handed each a press packet on the country and introduced an aide who would assist them.

Finally, he called the Ministry of Home Affairs official and said, "I have spoken with the visiting press and as far as I'm concerned, they can stay five days."

"PEOPLE'S TEMPLE INVITES RYAN IN AND NOBODY ELSE," TIM REITERMAN, SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER, NOVEMBER 17, 1978

By Tim Reiterman
Examiner News Staff

GEORGETOWN, Guyana — The People's Temple has invited Rep. Leo Ryan, D-San Mateo, to its jungle mission here but hasn't offered to open the gates to reporters or a group of "concerned

relatives," the congressman said today.

Ryan is leading a House International Relations Committee delegation inquiry into conditions at the mission. He said he still has received no direct communication from the temple or its leader, the Rev. Jim Jones. Ryan said his

invitation came through diplomatic channels.

Though the invitation didn't mention the possibility of relatives of temple members accompanying him, Ryan said, there were strong signs that the dozen former members and other "concerned relatives" were unwelcome.

The group was turned away yesterday from the temple base in this capital city, an hour's plane ride from the jungle mission near Port Kaituma.

Furthermore, the U.S. Embassy here was presented with a petition signed by roughly 600 of the 1,100 mission inhabitants. The heading

on the four large pages of signatures said:

"Resolution of the committee: Many of us, the undersigned residents of Jonestown Guyana, have been visited here by friends and relatives. However, we have not invited and do not care to see Congressman Ryan, media representatives, members of the group of

so-called concerned relatives, or any other person who may be traveling with or associated with any of these persons."

The petition was dated Nov. 9. The invitation to Ryan came yesterday.

The temple also released a statement dated Nov. 13, the day the relatives started their long journey here in hopes of hearing first hand from loved ones about mission conditions. The statement labeled the effort an escalation of the group's "malicious campaign of lies and harassment," and it branded the visit "a contrived media event."

The statement said the visit "is being staged for the purpose of manufacturing adverse publicity for the Jonestown community, hopefully by provoking some sort of incident." It warned that if either Ryan or the group tried to enter the mission without permission the temple would request police protection.

"I want to see what Jonestown has and I don't understand why you can't look over my shoulder," he told reporters.

While most of the press corps was trying to avoid expulsion from this South American country yesterday, U.S. Embassy officials briefed Ryan about the 27,000-acre temple agricultural project.

In meetings with U.S. Ambassador John R. Burke, consular aide Douglas E. Ellice Jr. and other officials, Ryan said, he was reminded that "Mr. Jones is a private individual running a private operation in a foreign country."

Ryan said, "I am giving Mr. Jones every possible opportunity while we are here to address any and all of us."

"REPORTER'S ACCOUNT: GUYANA ADVENTURE," RON JAVERS, SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, NOVEMBER 17, 1978

Reporter's Account

*By Ron Javers
Chronicle Correspondent*

Georgetown, Guyana

I hired a car and driver yesterday and made the 20-minute trip from the center of this South American capital city to the local headquarters of the People's Temple.

It is in the Lamaha Gardens section of Georgetown, past dirt roads where men and women herded fat cows along the center of the streets while orderly rows of dark-skinned school children walked home in their neat maroon and gold uniforms.

Approaching the large yellow house that is Georgetown headquarters for the temple, I called out "Hello."

Several small dogs played in the sparse grass before the building's low, open gate.

The Temple members here — Americans, and most of them from California — appear frightened and uncertain in the face of Congressman Leo J. Ryan's whirlwind visit accompanied by a gaggle of reporters and television technicians.

Two teenagers greeted me at the door. They did not introduce themselves.

They took me inside through a clean, orderly bedroom, where several other youths, Americans like my guides, sat chatting on bunk beds.

On a side porch, I was introduced to Sharon Amos, one of the temple's leaders in Georgetown.

Amos is a small, pleasant woman of about 40.

At first she didn't want to talk. After all, I had come to her house uninvited, and I was one of the first reporters ever to visit the Temple's headquarters.

I apologized for the intrusion.

"How can we print your side of the People's Temple story if we cannot see you and talk?" I asked.

Things brightened a bit then, and I met Debbie Touchette and Steve Jones, the Rev. Jim Jones' teenage son.

I also talked with John Cobb, 18.

Debbie and John had relatives with the group in Georgetown, who were negotiating for the right to meet with them and talk.

Both Debbie, a smiling young black woman, and Steve, tall and dark like his preacher father,

appeared completely relaxed and at ease — despite the unannounced visit.

John Cobb and three other teenage youths were dressed in shorts and athletic shirts. They said they were on their way to practice basketball. The People's Temple is scheduled to play a team representing Guyana shortly, they told me.

Steve Jones was dressed in camouflage jungle fatigues rolled up to the knees.

While Sharon Amos and I talked, Steve Jones worked out with a set of bar bells.

Amos is a nervous woman, perhaps understandably so, as she copes with the glare of publicity now focused on People's Temple and its unusual way of life in this socialist republic of 800,000 people on the northeast coast of South America.

She told me she thought the press was biased against Jones, a man she said had done only good works all his life.

"It's not just these relatives," she said, referring to the group that has arrived in Georgetown from the States, "but it's a conspiracy to destroy the People's Temple."

She mentioned the CIA as one of the possible conspirators.

As we talked, her nine-year-old son, Martin, played at my feet, listening to his mother's words and wondering.

After about 45 minutes, I said goodbye to Sharon Amos and added that I hoped I could visit Jonestown and see conditions in that distant jungle settlement for myself.

I waved goodbye to several people now at the side windows of the house, got in my car and drove off.

When I arrived back at the Pegasus Hotel after the 20-minute return trip, Jim Schollares, a Congressional international relations committee staffer traveling with Ryan, told me he had just received a call from the American embassy.

They had a report, they said, from the Guyana foreign minister that I had jumped over a fence at the People's Temple headquarters and forced my way in.

Of course that was not true, but given the atmosphere of tension, distrust and mutual animosity that has pervaded our visit here — it wasn't surprising either.

**"REVEREND JONES BECAME WEST COAST POWER," LARRY KRAMER,
WASHINGTON POST, NOVEMBER 20, 1978**

By Larry Kramer
Washington Post Staff Writer

The saga of the Rev. Jim Jones and his Peoples Temple is a mysterious tale of power and influence—both political and personal.

It involves the meteoric rise of an Indiana farmboy to a position of influence matched by few other citizens in the history of San Francisco.

Jones and the congregation of his self-styled cult-like church first opened doors as the Christian Assembly of God Church in the 1950s in Indianapolis, but moved to the Northern California community of Ukiah about 15 years ago.

Jones appealed to people without a purpose in life. He built a rag-tag band of drifters, old and young, into a powerful church that drew 5,000 people to Sunday services and evening speeches. Although Jones is white, a majority of his followers are black. Many were ex-convicts or down-and-outers with nowhere else to go, who latched on to the flamboyant Jones.

Jones had a penchant for flashy ties and dark glasses. He was generally soft-spoken except when he addressed crowds with an evangelical flair that often brought them to their feet.

Promoted as a movement striving to deal with man-made problems through the use of moral force and attempting to build a "good society," the Peoples Temple has been embroiled in controversy for the past two years.

Jones, after moving the church's headquarters to San Francisco in 1970, became a powerful force in local politics. He has been visited at his church by such political luminaries as Gov. Edmund G. Brown Jr., San Francisco Mayor George Moscone, Los Angeles Mayor Thomas Bradley and others.

Moscone made him the head of San Francisco's housing authority, a post from which Jones had to resign under the pressure of controversy.

In 1976, When Rosalynn Carter swung through San Francisco for a last-month campaign speech on behalf of her husband, it was Jones who buzzed in nearly 600 of the crowd of 750 persons who heard her talk. And it was Jones who received the loudest ovation.

He had a remarkable ability to pull out campaign workers and votes for candidates he favored. His 180 precinct walkers were considered vital in Mayor Moscone's slim 4,000-vote mayoral victory in 1975.

But despite his political contacts,

Jones' world began to crumble in August 1977, when the first news accounts of alleged horrors within the church were published by New West magazine reporters Marshall Kilduff and Phil Tracy.

Their story quoted 10 former church members who detailed beatings, slave-like working conditions, extortion and death threats to those who attempted to leave the church or discredit it in any way.

The New West report and subsequent articles in the San Francisco Examiner, painted a bizarre picture of hundreds of people apparently willing to sign away all of their material possessions to the church at the time of Jones' arrival.

The accounts led to a public outcry in San Francisco, causing Jones, a 48-year-old father of seven, to leave the United States for a 27,000-acre settlement in Guyana where he said he had begun to establish an agricultural retreat "in order to assist the Guyanese government in a small measure, to feed, clothe, and house its people and at the same time to further the human service goals that have characterized the Peoples Temple for many years."

Hundreds of threats were made against reporters and publications that carried reports of church actions.

Still, they continued in San Francisco area newspapers. And the denials continued. But despite efforts by Rep. Leo J. Ryan (D-Calif.), who was killed in Guyana on Saturday, to interest the national press in the story, public exposure was limited to the bay area.

One account from the Guyana retreat, known as Jonestown, came from former Temple aide Deborah Layton Blakey last summer. In an affidavit she gave the San Francisco Chronicle after fleeing the mission, she described public beatings ordered by Jones and a squad of 50 armed guards who watched over the camp at all times.

Blakey and at least one other church member also described ritualistic mass suicide plans that could be put into effect should the mission or Jones be threatened.

Blakey claimed Jones had "a tyrannical hold over the lives of Temple

members," who had helped him amass more than \$5 million in donations.

Black members of the church were told that if they did not follow him to Guyana, they would be put in concentration camps and killed, Blakey said. "White members were instilled with the belief that their names appeared

on a secret list of enemies of the state that was kept by the CIA and they would be tracked down, tortured, imprisoned, and subsequently killed if they did not flee to Guyana."

Many former members have said they were required to confess, in writing, to crimes they had not committed

—including adultery and molesting their children. These written confessions, the former members say, were then held by the church in case these people turned against Jones.

The former church members claimed most of Jones' followers submitted to his authority because they had become almost totally dependent upon the church financially, and because they had been brainwashed.

Jones has called all of the allegations of former members "outrageous lies." Yesterday a church representative, Archie James, said in San Francisco that the Jones group had nothing to do with the ambush.

"We are a nonviolent people," he said. "Whatever the circumstances of the airstrip incident, it is not the kind of action anyone within the Temple would precipitate."

And, in response to a request from Ryan to check into alleged atrocities at Jonestown the State Department had "looked into" the Guyana mission recently, but reported back that it looked fine. It was after that report

that Ryan, according to his administrative assistant, Joe Holsinger, decided "to go down and look for himself."

It has been reported that the church had already begun to sell off some of its extensive land holdings in California. Property owned by the church in Mendocino and San Francisco counties alone is widely estimated to be worth over \$1.5 million. And it is known to own more property in southern California.

At the San Francisco church headquarters, a converted ballroom in the predominantly black Fillmore district, a large parking lot had been turned into a packing area for packages to be sent to Guyana. It is surrounded by a high wire fence and reportedly guarded round the clock.

But observers say the local church population has shrunk to "the hundreds," with most of the church staffs moving to Guyana.

Washington Post staff writer Karyn Barker contributed to this article.

"CULT HEAD LEADS 408 TO DEATHS IN SUICIDE-MURDERS," LEONARD DOWNIE, JR., WASHINGTON POST, NOVEMBER 21, 1978

By Leonard Downie, Jr.
Washington Post Foreign Service

GEORGETOWN, Guyana—With exhortations on the "beauty of dying," the Rev. Jim Jones led 409 of his followers in the Peoples Temple Church to a mass suicide-murder and was himself shot to death, according to reports yesterday from the scene of the massacre.

Guyanese authorities said most of the victims appear to have been killed with poison drawn from a vat set into clearing in Jonestown, the agricultural settlement where Jones' cult was based. Only three of the bodies had gunshot wounds.

By late yesterday only a dozen of the several hundred residents of Jonestown, who apparently fled into the surrounding forest, had returned to the compound. Authorities said the returnees were helping to identify the dead.

A survivor of the mass murder-suicide told an investigating group that visited Jonestown yesterday that the poison consisted of cyanide mixed with Kool-Aid in a vat. It was administered by Jonestown's staff doctor and nurses to men, women, children and babies. Those who tried to refuse the poison or escape were forced by armed guards to take it.

It was not known if Jones was shot by someone else or killed himself.

Authorities said Jones, wife and a son were also among the dead.

The authorities who searched Jonestown yesterday found, in addition to the bodies, more than a half-million dollars in cash scattered about the compound, a sizable quantity of gold bullion, wallets filled with U.S. Treasury checks, and more than 800 passports. There had been allegations in the U.S. press that Jones' followers had confiscated Social Security checks from Jonestown's older residents.

The macabre mass suicide and murder was directed by Jones Saturday evening after a handful of his most fanatic followers had attacked a congressional fact-finding group that had just left Jonestown.

Rep. Leo J. Ryan, (D-Calif.), three American newsmen and a Peoples Temple defector were shot and killed, and twelve others were wounded, when, gunned, ambushed, Ryan and about 30 newsmen, government aides, relatives of Peoples Temple members, and defectors from the sect at 4:20 p.m. Saturday. The group was waiting to board two charter planes on the Port Kaituma airstrip near Jonestown, and about 150 miles north of here.

Two other members of the fact-finding group, civil liberties lawyers Mark Lane and Charles Garry, had stayed behind in Jonestown. They escaped into the surrounding tropical forest when Jones ordered that everyone in the compound must die and made their way to Georgetown where they gave a detailed account of the massacre at a press conference and in interviews yesterday.

Lane, 51, and Garry, 69, hid in the forest in a heavy rain Saturday night before finding their way to Port Kaituma on Sunday. They said here yesterday that Jones was unhappy that the two-day meeting with Ryan had ended with a number of Jones' followers asking to leave with Ryan and another attacking Ryan with a fishing knife. Lane said yesterday that Jones told them some of his men had gone to attack the congressman and his party at the airstrip as they were leaving.

Then Jones, who had threatened in the past to lead his followers in mass suicide because of attacks on him in the U.S. press and courts, gathered Jonestown's residents in a large open-air meeting place and used a loudspeaker to convince them of the "beauty of dying." Lane and Garry, who had been sent under guard to another part of the compound where they saw men arming themselves with automatic rifles, escaped into the dense underbrush. While hiding, they heard more amplified exhortations from Jones, then silence, and then the sound of sustained gunfire.

They heard screaming people running through the underbrush around them and more scattered sounds of gunfire in the forest.

Officials of this nation and the small U.S. embassy located here have been overwhelmed by the enormity of the mass killings of Americans by Americans at Jonestown and at the Port Kaituma airstrip.

The government of Guyana is supervising the efforts to determine just what happened at Jonestown and at the airstrip. They were also searching with a 100-man military force for the possibly hundreds of Jonestown residents still scattered in the surrounding jungle.

Guyanese officials on the scene in Jonestown said they also found 30 to 40 weapons and "hundreds of thousands of rounds of ammunition." Among the weapons were automatic rifles, revolvers and other types of guns.

Only one arrest has been made thus far, that of Peoples Temple member

Larry Layton, who was identified by witnesses as among those firing shots at Rep. Ryan's party on the Port Kaituma airstrip.

The Guyanese defense force also has set up a heavily armed guard of at least 20 troops around the Georgetown headquarters of the Peoples Temple on the edge of the city, holding the 30 remaining residents of the large home under virtual house arrest.

Four residents there, Sharon Amos and her three children, were found dead, with their throats cut, inside the house Saturday night at about the same time the violence was occurring in Jonestown and Port Kaituma. Guyanese authorities said the Amos deaths were being investigated as murder or murder-suicide.

The U.S. Embassy prepared yesterday to send home the bodies of the airstrip shooting victims. — Rep. Ryan, NBC news correspondent Don Harris, San Francisco Examiner photographer Greg Robinson, NBC cameraman Robert Brown, and defecting Peoples Temple member Patricia Parks. Autopsies were performed by the Guyanese authorities.

The U.S. Embassy, augmented by State Department employees and military technicians, plus a dozen helicopters, being flown into this capital city, now faces the task of identifying the hundreds of victims in Jonestown and notifying their next of kin. Relatives of Peoples Temple members already have flooded the embassy here with telephone and telegraph inquiries.

Officials of both governments also have been besieged by a burgeoning international press contingent of about 100 reporters, photographers and television technicians, who have virtually taken over this city's two largest hotels.

Guyana's minister of information, Shirley Field-Ridley, said yesterday morning at a press conference, "I really can't find words to describe our reaction to this terrible thing that has happened in Guyana."

She said the Guyanese authorities first heard about the mass suicides in Jonestown Saturday night when a man who had escaped from the compound and walked 20 miles to the outpost of Matthews Ridge told police there that he had seen hundreds of people being administered poison in Jonestown.

Reached Jonestown later Saturday night, and found everyone inside the compound dead. The Guyanese government did not make any announcement of that fact until early Monday morning a few hours before Field-Ridley's press conference.

Although Guyanese authorities also were aware of the shootings at the Port Kaituma airstrip eight miles from Jonestown on Saturday night the Guyanese military did not move in to secure the area and remove the wounded and survivors until Sunday morning. The State Department said in Washington the delay was due to the lack of lights at the Port Kaituma airstrip.

Mark Lane said yesterday that he sensed an undercurrent of danger as soon as the two chartered planes from Georgetown carrying Ryan's party landed on the grass airstrip Friday.

Lane recalled that Jones, who had asked Lane to come to protect him from harassment from Ryan and his

group, at first was not going to let anyone into Jonestown.

Lane said Jones had become "paranoid" about stories in the U.S. press that people had been impressed into the cult and were being held against their will under terrible conditions in Jonestown. He said Jones had threatened to have all the Jonestown residents commit suicide about a year ago, but that Jones was talked out of it by long distance pleas from Black Panther Huey Newton, Angela Davis and others.

Once Ryan's party had arrived in Georgetown last week, Lane, communicating with Jones by radio from the Georgetown headquarters of the Peoples Temple, thought he had talked Jones out of his objections to Ryan's visit.

But when the planes landed on the Port Kaituma airstrip Friday, Lane said, they were met by a "group of angry men and women" and a man with a gun.

"This had a chilling effect on the people in the plane," Lane said. More negotiations took place before everyone on the planes was allowed into Jonestown.

On Friday and Saturday morning, things went better at Jonestown, Lane said. Ryan and the others discovered the settlement's clean, modern buildings, good medical care, advanced farming methods and racial harmony.

Ryan drew sustained applause when he told a gathering of Jonestown residents Friday night that the trip had changed his mind about the community. Ryan later told Jones, Lane and Garry that his only concern was free exit for people who no longer wanted to stay in the commune.

Jones eventually became agitated, Lane said, by a number of snowballing incidents on Saturday. A reporter wandering the compound found that he was not allowed into one building where Lane later saw residents living as close together as "slaves on a slave ship." Jones became angry, Lane said, when he insisted Jones allow reporters to tour the buildings.

Later, NBC correspondent Harris "made a peripheral tour and people approached him about leaving Jonestown," Lane said. As Harris and then Ryan gathered their names, Lane and

Garry said, Jones grew more distressed.

When a family of six announced early Saturday afternoon that they were going to leave with Ryan, Garry said Jones told him: "They never stop. This is the finish. It's finished."

Garry and Lane said yesterday they both tried to persuade Jones that even with the defections, he was "going to get a favorable report" from Ryan.

"But Jones was so paranoid," Lane said. "He saw it as a betrayal if anyone wanted to leave."

Then, shortly after most of Ryan's party and those residents Jones allowed to leave had started down the dirt track from Jonestown to the airstrip in a falling rain, came the knife incident.

Lane gave the following account:

One of Jones' top lieutenants, Don Sly, suddenly grabbed Ryan around the neck with his left arm, placed a knife against Ryan's neck with his right hand, and shouted: "Congressman Ryan, you mother—"

While Ryan struggled to push the man's hands away from his neck, Lane grabbed Sly's arms from the front and Garry, 69, grabbed Sly from behind.

Finally, "all kinds of people from the temple moved in," Garry said, and pulled Sly away from Ryan as the congressman fell to the floor. Sly's hand was cut in the struggle and blood from that cut was all over the congressman's clothes. Some Jonestown residents gave Ryan a clean set of clothes to change into later on the plane.

Jones calmly watched this incident from some distance, making no move. Lane and Ryan told Jones that police and a doctor must be called at once. Jones said they would be, but no one came.

Jones, visibly shaken, then sat down to talk to Ryan.

"Does this change things?" Jones asked Ryan, who told Jones that he still saw many positive things in Jonestown but that the knife incident did change his impression.

Ryan then asked Lane, "Are you mad at me?" Lane said, "I'm so grateful that you came here."

"I'll always be grateful that you saved my life," Ryan told Lane.

Lane said he responded by joking with the congressman: "Now no one can call this trip a junket."

After Ryan left to join the others at the airstrip, Jones took Lane aside and kept repeating, "This is terrible, this is terrible, this is terrible." Lane said he tried to calm Jones down.

Jones then told Lane, "There are things you don't know. Those men who left a little while ago to go into the city are not going there. They love me and they may do something that will reflect badly on me. They're going to shoot at the people and their plane. The way Larry (Layton) hugged me, a cold hug, told me."

Then a woman came over and whispered something to Jones, and Jones told Lane to take Garry and go to the East House on the far side of the compound.

Lane objected because he feared Jones was gathering residents of Jonestown for a mass suicide attempt, but Jones assigned a very tall, tough lieutenant to escort the lawyers away.

Lane and Garry saw eight or ten young men remove automatic rifles from storage near where they were taken. They also heard Jones speaking over a loudspeaker to the Jonestown residents about the "beauty of dying . . . it's an important part of what we've done . . . let's not fight among ourselves."

The guard watching Lane and Garry was then replaced by two young men with automatic weapons. Garry said yesterday that he recognized one of them as a man he had frequently helped when he was in

trouble back in San Francisco.

"They kept saying," Lane said, "We're all going to die . . . There is great dignity in dying . . . It is a great way to end our struggle." When he tried to argue them out of this, they merely smiled calmly and repeated, "We're all going to die."

Lane worried that he and Garry would be shot but Garry said he knew these particular men would never do that even if they had been sent there to do so.

Lane asked the two young men: "At least Charles and I will be here to tell the story of what happened, won't we?"

Lane said the men agreed to that, hugged him and Garry and turned to leave, either to join the death ritual or escape.

"Wait," Lane called out, "first how do we get out of here?"

The men told them where to run over a hill and into the forest where Lane and Garry were to spend the next 12 hours in darkness, soaked and chilled by rain, but by the rough underbrush and bitten by insects.

Lane said they could still hear Jones shouting over the loudspeaker and eventually repeating just one word over and over: "Mother, mother, mother. . ." Jones' mother died about a year ago and she was buried in Jonestown.

Finally there was a period of silence and then a large number of shots rang out. The lawyers moved deeper into the underbrush and heard screams and shots around them but saw no one except three Jonestown men rushing down a road out of the compound carrying a large trunk.

The Massacre at Port Kaituma

JUNGLE
AND SWAMPS

TENT AND FOUR
ARMED GUYANAN
SOLDIERS

CESSNA

1. Jonestown settler fires pistol inside plane loaded with defectors.

6. De Havilland crew files Cessna to Georgetown.

7. Dwyer rounds up survivors; billets the badly wounded here.

4. Tractor stops near shed. Three men begin fusillade killing Congressman Leo Ryan, Don Harris, Robert Brown, Gregory Robinson, Patricia Parks; wounding at least 10 others; and disabling plane.

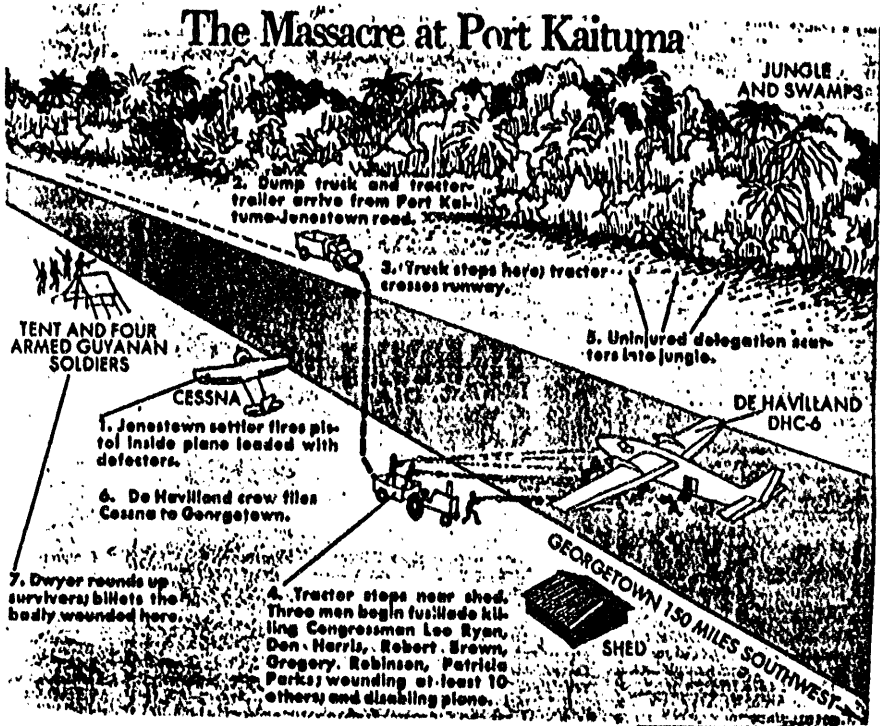
3. Truck stops here; tractor crosses runway.

5. Uninjured delegation scatters into jungle.

DE HAVILLAND
DHC-6

GEORGETOWN 150 MILES SOUTHWEST

SHED



"SUICIDE CARNAGE FOLLOWS JONES' TRIBUTE TO DEATH," BALTIMORE SUN, NOVEMBER 21, 1978

From Wire Services

Georgetown, Guyana—Hundreds of followers of the Rev. Jim Jones gathered in an open-air amphitheater and a nearby compound in the Guyanese jungle Saturday evening to speak for a final time about the dignity of dying and the beauty of death.

And then Jim Jones's words, chanted over a loudspeaker, carried through the isolated camp: "Mother, mother, mother, mother!"

As if on cue, the jungle erupted with bursts of gunfire from automatic rifles, echoed by the screams of children and their parents—the beginnings of a horrifying massacre-suicide ritual that took the lives of at least 383 American members of the cult.

Most of them died by their own hands, as Mr. Jones had often told them they must do. Mark Lane, Mr. Jones's attorney, who fled the camp as the shooting began, said yesterday he was told the cult's medical officers were preparing a large vat of poison to be administered at the final mass meeting. Another witness who also ran away from the camp reportedly told Guyanese police that cult members had lined up to receive doses of poison from a tub, before the shooting began.

Government officials said last night the poison was cyanide, mixed with flavored water. One witness said the poison was spoon fed to babies.

Some of the cult followers were apparently gunned down by Mr. Jones's guards as they tried to flee the camp. Mr. Lane and another attorney, Charles Garry, were permitted to leave when

they promised to "write the story" of Jonestown, the agricultural commune here on the northeast coast of South America, where Mr. Jones and some 1,200 followers had settled in August, 1977.

Shortly before the shooting, Mr. Lane and Mr. Garry had encountered two armed members of the sect, heading for the amphitheater.

"They said to us with smiles on their faces, 'We are all going to die.' They were relaxed and happy and I wondered if they were not doped," Mr. Lane said

"They hugged us and said good-by." The guards pointed out an escape route and the two lawyers ran into the jungle, where they were rescued the next day by Guyanese soldiers.

When troops reached the camp yesterday they found the bodies of 82 children, 163 women and 138 men, all of them apparently Americans. A police spokesman said later the number of dead had climbed to 409 and more bodies were being found. The dead included

Mr. Jones, his wife, and some of his children. "It appears that they drank some poison," said a Guyanese police chief, C. Augustus. Another report said Mr. Jones had died of a gunshot wound in the head.

The deaths were the final act of defiance by the bizarre sect Mr. Jones had gathered around him, who appeared obsessed with fear that government officials were set to persecute and destroy them.

A fact-finding inspection by Representative Leo J. Ryan (D., Calif.) apparently triggered the suicides. The congressman had questioned sect members about reports that many were kept at the jungle camp against their will and subjected to mental and physical torture to maintain their loyalty.

He was attempting to leave an airstrip near the camp Saturday afternoon with a party of newsmen and aides, and 20 members of the sect, when the group was attacked by armed members of the sect's militia.

Mr. Ryan, three newsmen, and one of the community members were felled by gunfire and then executed at close range, according to the survivors. The slaughter and suicides at the camp began about 5 P.M. Saturday, less than an hour after the attack at the airstrip, according to Mr. Lane, who gave his account at a poolside press conference at his hotel in Georgetown, the capital of the former British colony.

The story of Jonestown that Mr. Lane promised to tell must come to terms with the Jekyll-and-Hyde personality of Mr. Jones that has been described by defectors

from his cult and by prominent officials who were attracted by Mr. Jones's charismatic personality and professed concerns with humanitarian causes.

A writer who visited Mr. Jones in Guyana in August told the Associated Press that Mr. Jones believed he was terminally ill, possibly with cancer.

Donald Freed, the writer, said it appeared that Mr. Jones may have connected his own fate with that of his followers. "His medication intake was very high and he may have confused his personal condition with that of the group," said Mr. Freed, who has written books and plays about the Kennedy assassination, the Black Panthers and Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, who were convicted of spying against the United States.

"He talked like a modern-day Moses," Mr. Freed said. "Then, he would revert to talking about whether an apocalypse was coming. . . . Maybe his own [impending] death triggered him into certain decisions that became mass decisions."

Cult members and their parents have told reporters that "Bishop" Jones was a sexual deviate who used sex to dominate his followers. Steve Katsaris, a psychiatrist from Potter Valley, Calif., was one who made these charges. His daughter, Maria, was a member of the community, and his son, Anthony, was shot in the chest during the attack on Representative Ryan's group. He said that Mr. Jones claimed that he "is the only one capable of giving true love."

Debbie Blakey, a former cult member, told NBC News that children at the Jonestown camp were terrified into obeying Mr. Jones's commands.

Children who misbehaved "are taken into the forest, down by Jones's cabin, to a

well," she said. "Two people would already be in the well swimming. It's dark and you can't see. The child is thrown in there . . . and the people that are in there will be grabbing the child's feet or pulling him down, making sure he comes up for a breath."

"You can hear the child screaming all the way there and . . . back. 'I'm sorry, father. I'm sorry, father. . . .'"

But Mr. Jones sometimes presented another side to the public, said Christopher Nascimento, Guyanese minister of state, in the country's New York city office.

Press accounts suggest that "we allowed a bunch of crazies into Guyana," he said. "But in fact, the Rev. Jones presented references of the highest caliber." He released copies of letters written to Mr. Jones by Rosalynn Carter, Vice President Mondale, Joseph A. Califano, Jr., the Secretary of Health Education and Welfare, and a number of members of Congress and the state and local governments in California.

The first lady's office yesterday released an exchange of letters between Mrs. Carter and Mr. Jones in 1977. He had written a lengthy letter to her, relating his recent visit to Cuba and that nation's need for additional hospital equipment, urging that the U.S. government make the supplies available.

His letter also expressed his disappointment in not meeting Mrs. Carter's sister-in-law, evangelist Ruth Carter Stapleton, during one of Mrs. Stapleton's visits to California.

On April 12, Mrs. Carter replied in a "Dear Jim" letter. "Thank you for your letter. I enjoyed being with you during the campaign--and do hope you can meet Ruth soon."

"Your comments about Cuba are helpful. I hope your suggestion can be acted on in the near future."

Mr. Jones had been a political force to reckon with in California, able to produce sizable numbers of his followers for political rallies.

He was appointed to head the San Francisco Housing Authority in 1976 by Mayor George Moscone, in gratitude for his help in the Democrat's campaign. Political leaders in the state often praised Mr. Jones for his work with former criminals and other outcasts of society, and in 1977, Gov. Edmund G. Brown, Jr., attended a memorial service for the late Rev.

Martin Luther King, Jr., at Mr. Jones's People's Temple in San Francisco.

"If Jones was harboring some deep-seated evil intention at that time, I didn't know about it," Mr. Moscone said.

But reports began surfacing last year that members of his California cult were being beaten to maintain discipline and the group's fund-raising activities were questioned. Mr. Jones abruptly left San Francisco last year with 1,200 cult members to establish the camp in Guyana.

Dr. Katsaris said he believed many of

Mr. Jones's followers were held in sway by mind-programming. A year ago, he went to Guyana to try to see his daughter, who joined the cult in 1974.

"They kept me waiting for days for the meeting. She was extremely paranoid and angry. It appeared she had lost a lot of sleep. She said she had seen proof that I was a CIA agent. She was not my daughter," Dr. Katsaris said in a news conference Monday.

Wanda Johnson, of San Francisco, a former cult member, told reporters yesterday that "Bishop" Jones had warned his followers that a time would come when they would have to kill themselves.

"Any time Jim Jones was attacked or action taken against him, we were told to go out and kill certain officials, to kidnap their children, to kill anyone who had left the organization, then to murder our children and commit suicide," she said.

Fears of oppression were paramount in Mr. Jones's mind on Friday, when he granted an hour-long interview with Ron Javert, a San Francisco *Chronicle* reporter who was shot in the shoulder during Saturday's attack at the airfield.

"I gave all I had to this program," Mr. Jones told Mr. Javert, describing his commune. "But obviously, there is a conspiracy against me." He added that "every agency in the United States government has tried to give me a hard time.

"And they were doing that while I was taking addicts and pushers off the streets and giving them a life here." He said that physical beating had been necessary at times to maintain discipline in a group that included former members of urban street gangs.

"We haven't had beatings for many months—more than a year. Not even spankings. Now we withdraw privileges.

"I have been beaten, too," he said. "I live for the people I'm trying to save."

"PEOPLES TEMPLE HAD HISTORY OF THREATS, VIOLENCE," ART HARRIS, WASHINGTON POST, NOVEMBER 21, 1978

By Art Harris

Washington Post Staff Writer

The violence deep in a South American jungle that ended Saturday with the slaughter of hundreds was not an isolated event, but the bloody climax to a history of threats and terror swirling around the Peoples Temple and its charismatic leader, the Rev. Jim Jones.

The religious group's tactics of persuasion ranged from mass letter-writing campaigns and anonymous, late-night telephone calls to reporters and editors warning of unspecified consequences that would follow unwanted publicity; to ritual beatings of members and goon squads dispatched to harass anyone who sought to leave the fold.

But what began with a few letters to San Francisco publications, and other tactics of intimidation, ended with apparent mass suicide-murders in the Guyanese jungle and an FBI investigation into a reported Peoples Temple plan to kidnap high U.S. government officials in case Jones was arrested in Guyana.

The alleged kidnap plot, revealed to FBI agents Sunday by a number of current and former temple members, apparently was a contingency plan that was never implemented.

"The allegations are not garbage," Charles R. McKinnon, special agent in charge of San Francisco's FBI office, said when asked what credibility he gave the reports. "The information we have is reliable. Whether we'll be able to prove it in court is another matter."

Such threats to his constituents led Rep. Leo J. Ryan (D-Calif.), a 53-year-old California Democrat, to travel to the Peoples Temple jungle agricultural settlement in Guyana to investigate whether Americans were being held against their will. Ryan himself had been threatened.

In fact, the congressman, who was killed for his efforts, received a telegram from Guyana, that was "openly hostile" to his visit, said Dan Cook, a congressional investigator and close personal friend of Ryan's. Cook said Ryan received an unfriendly letter from Peoples Temple Attorney Mark

Lane before the trip. Ryan went anyway.

"He knew he would not be welcomed with open arms, but he certainly didn't expect such a senseless thing as this," Cook said.

Jones, a flamboyant leader who often harped on fears of harassment of his church by unnamed enemies, went so far as to arrange phony assassination attempts on his own life, say cult members. A speech by Jones would be interrupted by the crack of gunfire and he would announce that people were trying to kill him.

"Paranoid" is the term some former members use to describe the man who used ritual spankings and "boxing matches" to discipline followers. Reports reached the United States of an elderly woman being knocked unconscious at one such session in the jungle commune. Jones also exhorted cult members to spy on one another, former members claim.

It was the practice of the 46-year-old leader to pay visits to would-be critics with his attorney, a public relations man and a large, imposing squad of bodyguards. They would be wearing

dark-blue suits and sunglasses.

It was just such a "goon squad" that visited the offices of New West magazine as it was preparing an article critical of Jones and the Peoples Temple for publication in August 1977.

"They threatened us with libel suits if we printed the story," said New West executive editor Rosalie Wright in a telephone interview yesterday. The article described faked faith healings by Jones, members being forced to turn over their property to the church, ritual beatings, shady financial maneuverings and a creed that required total obedience to Jones.

Former members of the cult were quoted in the article as saying that members had been intimidated into signing powers of attorney to Peoples Temple and signing false confessions to such crimes as child molestation, as ways of preventing them from defecting.

No suit was filed against the magazine by the cult, but Wright said she received midnight phone calls warning her not to publish the article.

Members of the cult were exhorted

to deluge New West and other publications critical of their leader with hundreds of letters. Before the article appeared, calls jammed New West switchboards in San Francisco and Los Angeles, said Wright, who moved from her house and sent her children into hiding.

Such tactics had succeeded in having the article killed by a former editor, and had intimidated San Francisco Chronicle reporter Julie Smith to the point that she turned her profile of Jones into "a goddamn valentine," she says.

"It was so distressing," Smith said at the time. "Just this vast thing coming at you. All the letters, all the phone calls, all this murmuring from people in high places. What happened in my case was that I ended up being completely ineffectual."

Under prodding from Jones, businessmen, civic leaders and politicians weighed in to emphasize the free meals and community programs that the Peoples Temple brought into the largely black Fillmore District. It was an impressive show of force.

Letters urging another look at Jones poured into the San Francisco Examiner after the newspaper published an article delving into Jones' activities, and the paper received threats of demonstrations by members of the cult. The life of the paper's editor and publisher, Reg Murphy, who had been kidnaped several years ago and held for \$700,000 ransom by a right-wing terrorist, was threatened again yesterday, said a source close to the paper. The threat was believed to be from someone connected with Jones' group.

Mysterious visitors, assaults in her home and threats against her family have also haunted freelance reporter Kathy Hunter of Ukiah, Calif., since she returned from a futile attempt to interview Jones in Guyana.

Her trip last May turned into a nightmare when fires broke out in adjoining rooms of her quarters. Upon returning home, she was confronted by three men in her living room and warned not to write anything more about Peoples Temple.

"SURVIVOR: THEY STARTED WITH THE BABIES," CHARLES A. KRAUSE, WASHINGTON POST, NOVEMBER 21, 1978

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By Charles A. Krause
Washington Post Foreign Service

JONESTOWN, Guyana — When the Rev. Jim Jones learned Saturday that Rep. Leo J. Ryan had been killed but that some members of the congressman's party had survived, Jones called his followers together and told them that the time had come to commit the mass suicide they had rehearsed several times before.

"They started with the babies," administering a potion of Kool-aid mixed with cyanide, Odell Rhodes recalled yesterday when I revisited Jonestown to view the horrifying sight of 469 bodies—men, women and children, most of them grouped around the altar where Jones himself lay dead.

Rhodes is the only known survivor of Jones-

town who witnessed a part of the suicide rite before managing to escape. He was helping Guyanese authorities identify the dead yesterday.

Most of those who drank the deadly potion served to them by a Jonestown doctor, Lawrence Schacht, and by nurses, did so willingly, Rhodes said. Mothers would often give the cyanide to their own children before taking it themselves, he said.

But others who tried to escape were turned back by armed guards who ringed the central pavilion where the rite was carried out, Rhodes said. They were then forced to drink the poisoned Kool-aid and shortly after the mass killing began, Rhodes said, "it just got all out of order. Babies were screaming, children were screaming and there was mass confusion."

It took about 15 minutes for the liquid to take its final effect. Young and old, black and white, grouped themselves, usually near family members, often with their arms around each other, waiting for the cyanide to kill them.

They would go into convulsions, their eyes would roll upward, they would gasp for breath, and then fall dead, Rhodes said.

All the while, Jones was talking to them, urging them on, explaining that they would "meet in another place." Near the end, Rhodes said, Jones began chanting, "mother, mother, mother"—an apparent reference to his wife who lay dead not far from the altar.

Yesterday, a stiller Jonestown looked much as it must have moments after the mass suicide ended two days earlier. The bodies were where they had fallen, the half-empty vat of cyanide-

laced Kool-aid was still on a table near the altar in the open air pavilion. The faces of the dead bore the anguished expressions of their terrible deaths.

More than 300 of the bodies were grouped around the altar, many of them arm-in-arm. They were so thickly bunched together that it was impossible to see the ground beneath them.

Even the dogs that lived in Jonestown had been poisoned and now lay dead on sidewalks near the pavilion. The Peoples Temple's pet around the altar, many of them arm-in-arm.

In Jones' house, approximately 10 others lay dead. C. A. Roberts, the Guyanese police commissioner in charge of investigating the killings, said his men were "finding new bodies

in isolated places" throughout the Jonestown property.

It was a gruesome scene.

The bodies, which had been on the ground for almost three days in the muggy climate here, were beginning to bloat. A Guyanese doctor was sent in yesterday to puncture them because it was feared many would burst open before today, when U.S. Army medical teams are scheduled to arrive at Jonestown to begin identifying and shipping the back to the United States.

Of the 466 members of the community who died, Jones and two others were shot rather than poisoned, according to C. A. Roberts, the chief Guyanese police official at Jonestown yesterday.

Another who was shot was Maria Katsaris, whose brother, Anthony, had come with Ryan Friday to try to persuade their sister to leave Jonestown. Anthony Katsaris was one of those badly wounded during the Saturday massacre that left five dead and approximately 12 wounded.

Rhodes said he managed to escape when the doctor said he needed a stethoscope. Rhodes volunteered to go with a nurse to the infirmary, about 300 feet from the open-air pavilion where the suicides were being carried out.

Rhodes said the armed guards let him through with the nurse and he hid under a building when she went into the doctor's office for the stethoscope. At 7 p.m. when it seemed that the mass suicide had ended, he left his hiding place and walked through the jungle to Port Kaituma, five miles away.

It was Rhodes, according to Roberts, who gave the first hint to Guyanese authorities that hundreds had died in a mass suicide. Rhodes said he had hoped to reach Guyanese officials in time to stop more people from being killed.

Rhodes also recalled yesterday that shortly after Ryan and his party left Jonestown, Jones told his followers that Ryan's plane was going to "fall out of the sky."

The plan, according to Rhodes and other information made available late yesterday, was that one of the defectors, who really was a plant acting on Jones' orders, would shoot the pilot of Ryan's plane after it left the Port Kaituma airstrip.

The person apparently chosen for the task, however, boarded the wrong plane and started shooting before it was off the ground. Two passengers in that plane were badly wounded.

According to Dale Parks, a bona fide defector from Jonestown who was aboard that plane, the man who did the shooting was Larry Layton, a U.S. citizen who is so far the only person under arrest here in connection with any of the violence.

In addition to the man sent to infiltrate the defectors and shoot the pilot, Jones took the extra precaution of ordering a group of his followers to go to the airstrip in a tractor and trailer loaded with guns, apparently to shoot whoever was not aboard the congressman's plane. The clear intent was that everyone who had gone to Jonestown with Ryan was to be killed.

The assailants returned to Jonestown and reported, out of the hearing of lawyers Mark Lane and Charles Garry, who had stayed behind, that the congressman was dead but others had lived. It was then that Jones announced that all of his followers must come immediately to Jonestown's open-air pavilion. There he told them Ryan had been killed and that there would be "trouble."

"We've all got to kill ourselves," Jones told everyone, according to Rhodes. One woman, Christine Miller, protested Rhodes said, "but the crowd shouted her down."

Roberts said that so far the only non-American

found among the more than 400 known dead were seven Guyanese children adopted by the Jonestown community.

As Guyanese police officials continued their search Jonestown yesterday they discovered more than 800 American passports loaded in a trunk. They found cash, checks and valuable jewelry and metals, including gold.

The most perplexing question left to be answered was the whereabouts of the approximately 400 Jonestown residents whose bodies have not been found.

There was speculation that hundreds of people fled to the jungle and simply have not

yet found their way out. But there was also another theory that some of the Jonestown security men took hundreds of the commune's residents to a remote area possibly to be shot. Lending some support to that theory was the fact that Tom Kice, one of those believed to have been among the gunmen who attacked Ryan's party, has not been found.

Also, lawyers Lane and Garry, who escaped into the forest when the killing began, reported yesterday that they heard scattered screaming and shooting in the forest while they were in hiding.

According to several of the Jonestown residents who left with Ryan on Saturday and survived the attack at the airstrip, residents of Jonestown had gone through several rehearsals for a mass suicide.

The procedure even had a name. When Jones decided that his church was finished, he had told followers here he would send a coded message to his church's other headquarters in Georgetown, Guyana, and San Francisco that they should join the Jonestown faithful in taking their lives.

They were to wait for the words "white knights."

Ward P
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"BODIES IN GUYANA CAUSE CONFUSION," CHARLES A. KRAUSE,
WASHINGTON POST, NOVEMBER 22, 1978

Before the Horror

By Charles A. Krause

Washington Post Foreign Service

GEORGETOWN, Guyana—When Rep. Leo J. Ryan's party first reached Jonestown, we were all struck by the neat wooden structures so far from civilization and by the mix of blacks and whites, young and old—seemingly normal people who, we were told, had willingly chosen to live so far from home.

Marcelline Jones, the Rev. Jim Jones' wife, met us as we left the Jonestown dump truck that had brought us from the Port Kaituma airstrip, where our plane had landed several hours before and where Ryan would be killed along with four others the next afternoon.

Marcelle, as everyone called her, invited us to the pavilion, where Jones awaited us and where he would lead his followers in a mass suicide less than 24 hours later. Everything was so alive and so peaceful that Friday night, at least on the surface, that it was impossible to know that this carefully cultivated little world would soon be destroyed by a man gone mad.

Marcelle told us that supper—hot pork sandwiches and greens, fruit tarts and coffee—was ready. We would be told proudly by our hosts that everything we ate had been raised in Jonestown, this quasi-religious socialist agricultural commune carved out of Guyana's remote rain forest.

As we walked to the pavilion, residents of the commune greeted us individually and escorted us along. They engaged us in conversation, asking about our trip, telling us how glad they were we would have a chance to see that Jonestown was not the concentration camp its detractors had made it out to be.

Most of the commune residents, those who were not part of the welcoming party, were eating dinner in a nearby dining area, washing clothes in the open-air communal laundry or baking bread.

Children gathered around swings and benches near the pavilion and Jonestown appeared to be just what its brochures said it was: a peaceful place where people of all races and ages could live in peace without the violence and hate they had known in the ghetto and without the material-little anxieties of their native United States.

Jonestown was an experiment in socialism, we were told, where money, power and elitism had been eliminated. The hundreds of seniors, as the aged were called, got the best medical attention and their lives had new meaning.

For the young blacks among the more than 800 residents, Jonestown offered an escape from the drugs and crime in which we were told many of them had been involved before coming to Guyana. And for the middle class, college-educated whites—who seemed to hold the top leadership positions—Jonestown seemed to be a logical extension of the civil rights and antiwar battles they had fought over the past decade. It was the socialist society that they wanted for their native country, but that they realized was impossible, at least for now.

Although we had been told that once we got to Jonestown we would be free to wander and talk to anyone we wished, we began to feel we were being guided.

First to the pavilion, then to sit down with one of our new "friends," then to meet the leader himself, who sat at the head of our table complaining about a 103 degree fever he said he had suffered from that day. We then went to eat dinner and to watch an elaborate and highly professional two hours of entertainment provided by the Jonestown band and various amateur singers in the commune.

Ryan sat meanwhile to the side of the pavilion interviewing persons he had requested to see. "Concerned relatives" who came with us on the plane were meeting with their sisters, sons, nieces or parents. Some of the conversations were strained. Others animated. But nobody had yet told anyone that he or she wanted to leave Jonestown.

After dinner and during the show, I walked over to Ryan to ask him if he had learned anything. He said no, not very much yet, but pointed to a tall, middle-aged white man with a crew cut who, along with all of the more than 700 Jonestown residents in the pavilion that night, moved to the soul music played so loudly that it was difficult to hear, to talk, to ask questions—or to have them answered...

Ryan said there was something very unnatural about the middle-aged and older people, black and white, standing, clapping and living to music that may have appealed to the young, but not to the old.

It was an observation I would not forget. It was the first real sign that maybe these people had been either programmed or somehow forced to act in a way that conformed to an image Jones wanted to project.

I also wouldn't forget the man whom the congressman pointed out. His name, I later learned, was Tom Klee Sr., and he would be shooting at me and the others at the airstrip the next afternoon.

As I walked around the pavilion, I noticed that most people scattered as soon as I came near. I also noted that someone would always come along and be friendly. "Hi, how are you doing? Don't you want to listen to the music?"

Sure," I said, "but I can hear it from here. I'm curious to see your facilities."

The usual response was that there would be a tour the next day, that people probably were asleep in the cabins. Or some other reason was given why I really shouldn't wander around on my own.

I decided to return to the table where Jones was talking to some of the other reporters who had come along. Mark Lane and Charles Garry, Jonestown's two lawyers, were there, as were several young people who I would later learn were Jones' principal lieutenants.

"People here are happy for the first time in their lives," Jones was saying. "When can this dialogue [between Jonestown and its detractors] stop so we can all live in peace? I don't want to tear these people up."

"We can do a good job for Guyana and for the United States if they would just leave us alone," he said.

He was asked if his Peoples Temple was a religious movement, and he looked to Lane and Garry for a moment before answering.

"Yes, very much," he said. But then he said he was a Marxist, too, "in the sense that I believe in living together, sharing work, goods and services."

I was sitting right next to Jones and I remembered something Grace Stoen, a former Peoples Temple member by whom Jones claimed to have fathered a son, had told me. She told me Jones, for all his insistence that he was a caring, unselfish man, was in fact incredibly vain and power hungry.

"Just look at his sideburns," she said. "He fills them with eye liner." I was curious.

It was true.

Suddenly, as I was staring at Jones' sideburns, his demeanor turned. I didn't hear the question he had just been asked, but the answer, I thought, was revealing. "Threat, threat, threat of extinction!" he raged. "I wish I wasn't born, at times. I understand hate, love and hate. They are very close."

"They can have me," he said. "In many ways I feel like I'm dying. I've never felt this way before."

Someone asked Jones about the beatings that reportedly took place at Jonestown, about the black box that residents were said to be placed in for days at a time when they did some-

thing Jones didn't like, about the endless sermons he preached that kept his people, even the aged, up until 2 or 3 in the morning even though they had to rise again at 6 a.m. to begin work.

This prompted another rage and I almost felt sorry for the man. He was obviously sick physically and some of what he said seemed incoherent at times.

"I do not believe in violence!" "Violence corrupts. And then they say I want power. What kind of power do I have walking down the path talking my little old seniors?"

"I hate power," he continued, his rage growing.

"I hate money. The only thing I wish now that I was never born. All I want is peace. I'm not worried about my image. If we could just stop it, stop this fighting. But if we don't, I don't know what's going to happen to 1,200 lives here."

The music had ended. The interview had ended. Except for, Ryan, Ryan's aides, Lane, Garry and a representative of the Guyanese government, the rest of us were soon on

our way back to Port Kaituma, where Jones had arranged for us to sleep on the floor of a discotheque.

It was the last place Don Harris and Bob Brown of NBC and Greg Robinson, a photographer for the San Francisco Examiner, would sleep; they would die the next afternoon.

That night, we were sitting around having a drink when a local policeman came to the discotheque. He sought us out and told us some things, one of which was particularly interesting. He said he knew for sure that there was at least one gun in Jonestown, an automatic rifle, that had been registered with the Guyanese government.

Don Harris asked Jones about the gun in an interview that he taped when we returned to Jonestown the next morning.

"A bold-faced lie!" Jones thundered. "It seems like we are defeated by lies."

Jones said he believed there was a conspiracy against him and against the Peoples Temple, a conspiracy that he blamed for a number of law suits that he said prevented him from returning to the United States.

"I wish somebody had shot me dead," he said again. "Now, we're substituting a media smear for assassinations."

Suddenly, the word came that several families had decided to leave with Ryan. People were gathering. Tension, for the first time, was so apparent that it could be felt.

Circumstances were pressing in. Facts were beginning to overcome Jones' denials as fast as he could make them. Don Harris was throwing questions at Jones, hard questions that events were making even harder to answer.

"The more that leave, the less responsibility we have," Jones was saying after denying that anyone wanted to leave the idyllic life Jonestown offered. "Who in the hell wants people?"

Harris returned to the question of guns at Jonestown. "This is rubbish. I'm defeated," Jones said, clearly near the breaking point. "I might as well die. The guns have never been used to intimidate people. Anyone is free to come and go."

"The only thing I feel is that every time they go, they lie. What I thought was keeping them here was the fear

of the ghetto, alienation, the fear of industrialized society.

"I must have failed somehow.

"I want to hug them before they leave," he said as events were quickly moving beyond his control. More people wanted to go. "I will let them. But they will try to destroy us. They'll try. They always lie when they leave."

People were crying. Families were divided, with some members wanting to go, but others not—or fearing they couldn't.

Al Simon packed up his three kids and wanted to leave. As we were walking back to the dump truck for the final trip to Port Kaituma airstrip, Simon's wife began screaming, "No, no, no!" Someone whispered to her: "Don't worry, we're going to take care of everything."

Ryan returned to the pavilion. We went to the truck. A few minutes later, as we waited, we heard a commotion. The newsman ran to the pavilion, but were stopped by mean-looking security men.

Harris was allowed in as our representative. He came back to say that someone had tried to kill Ryan.

Suddenly, the congressman emerged and walked towards the truck. His clothes were covered with blood. The other man had been cut by his own knife as Lane and others wrestled with him to save Ryan's life.

Ryan was OK. But the violence had started. It was about 3 p.m. Saturday. Within 3½ hours, three gunmen would attack us as we tried to board chartered aircraft and then, in a final act of desperation, Jones would order the mass suicide his people had rehearsed so many times before.

Steven Jones, 19, who was in Georgetown when the suicides took place, said yesterday that his father had gone crazy and that Jonestown had reflected his paranoia. But Jones said his father's dream of a socialist unity was still valid, that it had proved that socialism could work.

Asked if Jonestown had not been an experiment in fascism — with its armed guard and other means of preventing people from leaving — rather than an experiment in socialism, Jones replied: "My father was the fascist. Jonestown was and still could be beautiful."

**"SON DEPICTS LEADER OF CULT AS A FANATIC AND A PARANOID,"
JON NORDHEIMER, NEW YORK TIMES, NOVEMBER 22, 1978**

By JON NORDHEIMER

Special to The New York Times

GEORGETOWN, Guyana, Nov. 21 — Jim Jones, the cult leader who died along with 408 of his American followers in a mass suicide rite in the Guyanese jungle, was described by his surviving son today as a fanatic in ill health who had turned paranoid in recent years.

"I can almost say I hate this man because he has destroyed everything I've worked for," said Stephan Jones, 19

A former colleague of the cult leader recalls an "intelligent, eager" Jim Jones of the 1950's who lived simply and helped the needy. Page A10.

years old, who has spent his entire life within the cult called People's Temple.

The young man's mother and half-brothers, all perished in the ritual, which took place after several cult members had killed Representative Leo J. Ryan and four other Americans. The son said he had escaped being caught up in the suicide because he had traveled to Georgetown with the commune's basketball team for games in the Guyanese capital.

At a news conference he said the commune members had been drilled by his father in drinking what he said was a deadly poison, but proved harmless after they had swallowed it.

"I never took them seriously," the son said about these practice sessions, adding that he could not bring himself to believe that nearly half of the members had voluntarily ended their lives.

"There was no way it could be suicide," he said at one point in a 45-minute interview. "They had to be forced."

Yet when he struggled to come up with a theory to explain the mass sui-

cide, he speculated it might have been an act of "blind faith."

"I would never say there was any kind of brainwashing," he said in response to one question. He agreed that the commune members might have swallowed the poisonous drink without being convinced that it was genuine.

In the end he came back to the explanation deemed most reasonable here — that his father had convinced his followers that the slaying of the visitors at Port Kaituma airstrip meant the commune would be destroyed.

The younger Mr. Jones indicated that there had been growing dissension with his father's leadership, which he characterized as being mostly "bravado and show," attributable to failing health and dependence on drugs. Jim Jones said he had a heart condition and various ailments.

According to the son, and had become dependent on drugs prescribed by a commune physician.

Father Termed a Frightened Man

"He claimed he was afraid of nothing, which I know was bull," the son said, his face tightening. "My father was a very frightened man. He claimed he didn't have an ego, and the opposite was true. He had one of the biggest egos I ever saw in my life."

The commune became a reflection of his father's frightened visions, the son continued, adding, "Half of Jonestown was Jim Jones's genius and the other half was his paranoia."

He described the commune in terms of a split personality. On one hand, he said, "so many beautiful things" were being produced by hard work. On the other, his father and his inner circle "overreacted" to wild fantasies of oppressive enemies on the outside.

The son conceded that some ugly things had happened at Jonestown. It was possible, he said, that children were disciplined by tying a rope around their bodies and throwing them into a deep well. He also thought possible that unruly teen-agers or runaways had been placed in "intensive care" and treated with drugs. But he said he knew nothing of locking children in a packing crate for long periods of time to discipline them or of rumors that the commune had created an assassination squad from among the younger men.

Stephan Jones is being detained with 45 other commune members at the cult's Georgetown headquarters, where four others — two young women and two children — had their throats slit on Saturday night.

Another cult member at the news conference, Paula Adams, 29 years old, of Lucaya, Calif., said she had fallen out of favor last winter after four years in the commune and had been ordered transferred to the Georgetown office. "I had questioned too many things," she said. "I was not trusted."

When she moved to Georgetown she was not permitted to take her 2-year-old child with her. "Loved ones were always left in the interior when a cult member was sent to Georgetown," she said, because Mr. Jones was thus assured that those absent would return.

Children Were Kept as Hostages

"Were the children hostages?" she was asked.

"Yes," she said in a low voice.

"And where is your baby now?" a reporter asked.

Her voice failed her. Her lips moved, but no sound came out. Her body shook and her face was frozen in horror. "I don't know," she said at last, her voice breaking on the last word. "I don't know."

At the Jonestown settlement, 130 miles away in the northwest, the bodies of the mass suicides, including 83 children, remained on the dusty ground in the central square.

"CULT CHIEF'S BEGINNINGS IN INDIANAPOLIS RECALLED," JAMES FERON, NEW YORK TIMES, NOVEMBER 22, 1978

By JAMES FERON

NYACK, N.Y., Nov. 21 — As a young churchman in Indianapolis the Rev. Jim Jones was "an obviously intelligent, eager, concerned person of great initiative" who lived simply, organized soup kitchens and nursing homes, and helped minorities, a former church leader recalled today.

"That was in the 1950's, when Jim Jones first came to public attention," said Barton Hunter, executive director of the 18,000-member Fellowship of Reconciliation, a 65-year-old pacifist organization.

A decade later, however, Mr. Jones was the leader of a new People's Temple and was "healing" the ill instead of simply caring for them, recruiting minority members to his church rather than just welcoming them, and reaching beyond local concerns to grapple with larger issues.

The charismatic leader had taken on a messianic role and, with 70 families who gave up their jobs and homes, he left for California because of what he felt was harassment in Indiana. In another decade he would move with an even larger group to Guyana, feeling that his group was harassed in California.

"Cosmic Proportions"

Mr. Jones had "come to see himself in cosmic proportions" even in Indianapolis, Mr. Hunter said. Last weekend the cult leader led hundreds of members of his cult into suicide after the slaying of Representative Leo J. Ryan and four other Americans who visited the jungle site of the People's Temple.

"You ask yourself, 'What happened? Where did it all go wrong?'" Mr. Hunter said in an interview at the converted Hudson River mansion that serves as headquarters of his fellowship. His wife, Dorothy, sat at his side, and Mr. Hunter recalled their first meeting with Mr. Jones:

"I was executive secretary of the Church in Society of the Christian Church, Disciples of Christ, and a social worker who was a member of our congregation said, 'I'd like you to meet a young man; he has similar interests.'"

"He was a minister, a Methodist pastor, with a congregation that included a small ecstatic group of people. He was involved in peace and social justice and he was in touch with depressed people. He lived with them," Mr. Hunter said.

Eventually, Mr. Hunter said, Mr. Jones withdrew from the Methodist fold and set up his own temple in a former synagogue on North Delaware Street in Indianapolis. His congregation, consisting of more black than white members, began to appeal also to fringe groups.

Synagogue Purchased

Mr. Jones purchased the building from a congregation headed by Rabbi Maurice Davis, now of White Plains, for \$50,000 "which he paid back over the course of several years."

The rabbi, ironically, has since become prominent in organizing families to fight religious cults. "Jones's name kept cropping up in the work I do in deprogramming," Rabbi Davis said, "but there was no indication of his organizing such a cult in Indianapolis."

Mr. Jones, in his People's Temple, found transients and set up a soup

kitchen. He visited a congregant in a badly run nursing home, "carried her out in a blanket," according to Mr. Hunter, and started his own nursing homes.

"They were crowded, but clean and humane, and for a while they were among the best in the city," the executive director said. "Soon he began to demand sacrifices — members of his church gave more liberally of their time and money than those of other churches."

Mr. Jones had what Mr. Hunter calls a "very positive personality" and seemed to be able to raise money easily. "He once said, 'Everything I touch turns to money. I'd have been a millionaire if I had not been called this way,'" Mr. Hunter said.

Demands for Social Justice

Mr. Hunter, whose Fellowship of Reconciliation organized some of the first freedom rides in the South and spawned both the American Civil Liberties Union and the National Conference of Christians and Jews, said that Mr. Jones demanded much from his members in the fields of social and racial justice.

"He once told me he demanded that each member of the congregation write a letter about some social issue," Mr. Hunter recalled. The pastor had set up shelters for brutalized animals, initiated a job rehabilitation program and sent young people to college.

Mr. Hunter shook his head. "Jim had ambitions and he was autocratic. The idea of that community in Guyana was not evil, hacking out a community of love. But bodyguards to enforce love?"

Rabbi Davis said, "I keep thinking what happens when the power of love is twisted into the love of power."

Then he recalled an incident in Indianapolis: "When he bought our temple we had an eternal light going. Jim asked us to leave it. He wanted to keep it burning as a sign of our friendship and what we stood for. All last night I kept wondering, where did it go out?"

'More Committed Than Some'

Mr. Jones was named head of the Indianapolis human-rights organization, Mr. Hunter recalled, and "he was seen by many as a person much more heavily committed to social concerns than the average, but a person with driving desire."

Rabbi Davis recalls Mr. Jones as being primarily involved in interracial matters. "He had an interracial family," he said. "He was part Indian, his wife was white, they adopted children of different races" — one was black and one was Korean — "and finally, in about 1964, he left Indiana, saying it was too racist for him."

Mr. Hunter recalled that, too, and more: "Jim had also become interested in the atomic bomb, Vietnam, and other matters. He had left for a while to teach at the University of Hawaii and he spent two years in Brazil organizing orphanages and a mission."

The Indianapolis church was disbanded after Mr. Jones and his followers left for California. "We visited them there once," Mr. Hunter said. "He had built a church and included a swimming pool in the sanctuary. It was supposed to be for baptisms but he told the kids to use it after school."

**"INDIANAPOLIS TO GUYANA: A JIM JONES CHRONOLOGY,"
WASHINGTON POST, NOVEMBER 22, 1978**

Here is a chronology of events in the life of the Rev. Jim Jones, head of the Peoples Temple.

1953—Jim Jones, a 22-year-old undordained minister, opens a small interdenominational church in Indianapolis, selling monkeys to raise money for a church.

1961—Jones, an advocate of civil rights, is named director of the Indianapolis Human Rights Commission.

1961-1963—Jones spends two years as a missionary in Belo Horizonte, Brazil. He pays a brief visit to Guyana.

1963—Jones returns to his Indianapolis church, now called The Peoples Temple Full Gospel Church, affiliated with the Disciples of Christ.

1964—Jones is ordained as a Disciples of Christ minister.

1965—Jones moves with about 100 followers to Redwood Valley, 100 miles north of San Francisco, claiming that the secluded area will be safe in the event of a nuclear war.

1966-1969—Jones purchases a church and other property.

1971—Peoples Temple purchases the Albert Pike Memorial Temple in San Francisco and a second church in Los Angeles.

1973—A church party of 20 visits Guyana.

1974—Jones negotiates a lease with the Guyanese government covering 27,000 acres in the jungle.

1975—Jones becomes involved in

San Francisco politics, winning the friendship of several major political figures for his support of their campaigns.

1976—Mayor George Moscone names Jones to the San Francisco Housing Authority and Jones' lawyer, Tim Stoen, is hired by District Attorney Joseph Freitas.

1977—Articles critical of Jones, based on interviews with former Peoples Temple members, appear in New West magazine and in local newspapers. They charge that Jones has hoarded \$5 million in property and cash and is beating members and taking advantage of the elderly. Jones resigns from the Housing Authority by shortwave radio from Jonestown in Guyana.

Nov. 7, 1978—Rep. Leo J. Ryan (D-Calif.) announces he plans to visit Jonestown to investigate charges made by constituents.

Nov. 13, 1978—Ryan and his group visit Jonestown, are entertained and invited to stay overnight. The next day, while waiting for transport out of the area with a number of members who asked for help in leaving Jonestown, Ryan and four others are slain and a dozen others are injured in a barrage of gunfire. A short time later, some 400 Peoples Temple members commit suicide by drinking a blend of soft drink and cyanide. Jones' body is found with a bullet wound in the head.

**"I NEVER ONCE THOUGHT HE WAS CRAZY," JON NORDHEIMER,
NEW YORK TIMES, NOVEMBER 27, 1978**

By JON NORDHEIMER
Special to The New York Times

GEORGETOWN, Guyana, Nov. 26 — "It may sound funny," said Tim Carter as he slumped, bone-tired in both body and mind, in a chair on a breeze-swept veranda of an ancient colonial hotel and reflected today on the Rev. Jim Jones, "but I never once thought he was crazy until I saw my wife and 15-month-old son dying of convulsions last Saturday."

Looking back on it now, after the events at the People's Temple jungle commune at Jonestown, the strange behavior that had become a part of everyday life for the sect has taken on new meaning and shadings.

There was the leader who wanted to be called "dad" by his flock.

"Dad knows best," the people would say when there was disagreement inside the commune. "Just do as dad tells you."

That was the approach, said Mr. Carter, that Mr. Jones would take when he had sex with the women of the commune. "He told their husbands that he only did it to help the woman," he said, "but he also did it to emasculate the men of Jonestown."

Claims of Superiority

Mr. Jones would claim a sexuality superior to that of all men everywhere, according to Mr. Carter, who supervised customs and shipping for the commune's commercial maritime activities. "Sex was competition for him, and the women who slept with him always went around telling everyone he was the best lover they had ever been with. We thought that he put them up to that kind of talk."

"Everyone had to admit they were homosexual, even the women," said Jerry Parks, whose wife was killed along with Congressman Leo J. Ryan and three American newsmen when cult members tried to prevent the Parks from leaving the commune, the incident that triggered the mass murder-suicide at Jonestown.

"He was the only heterosexual, that's what he said," remarked Mr. Parks, who had turned over his home and everything he owned in California to the People's Temple.

Yet Jones was also a bisexual who had relations with some men in the commune, according to Mr. Carter.

Unlimited Power in Commune

"He had unlimited power in Jonestown," said Chris O'Neal. "He had set up his own empire and he could do just about anything he wanted and no one could stand in his way."

Not only did most of the Jonestown residents not complain, they applauded his strength.

Why had they done it? It was a question

no one could adequately answer as the dazed survivors awaited transportation back to the United States, where they would try to piece together new lives from the wreckage they carried away from Jonestown.

"This is an example of what some Americans will subject themselves to in order to bring some structure to their lives," said Sherwin Harris, a nonmember who had lost his 21-year-old daughter and former wife in the the Saturday-night convulsion of death. "We do so many things in our society that detracts from the value of the family that people want the state, or an individual, to do everything for them."

Jim Jones called himself a socialist; his son said he had become a fascist by the time he died. Whatever the label, he embraced a form of totalitarianism that reduced the lives of his followers to that of a useful instrument to serve a single master.

An Addict's Story

Such was his control that in a matter of hours on a single day he could use this power in a murderous affront against outsiders, and then turn it against himself and his followers.

Odell Rhodes believed he had a reason for surrendering his will to Jim Jones, except for that final, fateful moment when the cups of cyanide were being passed around to the faithful. Odell Rhodes broke his bonds then.

He had been a heroin addict from the Detroit ghetto. For 10 years he had fought his habit, always losing. Heroin was too big for him alone, Mr. Rhodes explained in an interview.

One day a man he knew told him that People's Temple had helped him with drugs. Mr. Rhodes investigated. The notion of life in a jungle commune attracted him. "When I was small I used to spend time on my granddaddy's farm in South Carolina," he said. "I knew I had to get out of Detroit if I was going to lick heroin. I needed to change my environment drastically."

He was told it was going to be difficult. He said he did not mind. The harder the work the less time he would have to think about drugs. For two years he labored, toiling like a slave on the Jonestown farm, never getting wages. So with the help of Jim Jones's power he had beat heroin, he said. He felt he needed his mentor to keep him straight.

A Sense of Dedication

Chris O'Neal wanted to help the people of the world, but he could not help himself too well. He was a poor kid, part Indian, and he had epilepsy. Mr. Jones had seemed so kind, "so fatherly," in California. The slides and film clips of Jonestown looked beautiful. He arrived in

Guyana brimming with good cheer and dedication seven months ago.

"Jones met us at the gate of Jonestown," he recalled. "He was all smiles."

The smiles stopped a few days later. Chris O'Neal discovered he was in a prison. "Once you got here, you kicked yourself in the pants for getting yourself in this mess."

Tim Carter was heavily involved in drugs in California. His mother died when he was 15; his father was an alcoholic. He had been with the Marines in Vietnam during the Tet offensive in 1968. Until Saturday he believed he had lost the instinct for survival.

"There's no question that Jim Jones was a father figure for most of us," he acknowledged. "Some felt it more strongly than others."

Will to Live Prevails

These were the survivors. Their will to live was stronger than their leader's passion for their death. But what about the others? Were they coerced to die, as some have suggested, or did they welcome death?

There is Sharon Amos, the former wife of Sherwin Harris, found dead with her three daughters in the cult's Georgetown house, their throats slit. She was a bright Jewish girl from Berkeley who had lost her father at 12 years of age, had married at 18, became a mother at 19, and had labored faithfully in the vineyards of the cult for the last 10 years. Had she arranged her own death?

And what of Brian Bouquet and his wife, Claudia, presumed dead in the pile of humanity taken from Jonestown? He was blond and tall and she was pretty and black. He played the saxophone in the commune band and she was supervisor of a cottage for younger girls. His mother had been instrumental in getting Congressman Ryan to investigate Jonestown. "I am convinced that the situation is very critical," she had written Mr. Ryan in June. "The very lives of 1,100 Americans may be in jeopardy." Did Brian and Claudia go willingly with beatific smiles?

And what of John Vincent Stoen, 6 years old, for whom, it is said, Mr. Jones cared as if he were his own child. His mother, Grace, a former cult member, filed suit in Guyana to try to force the People's Temple to give up the child. A Guyanese judge ruled he had no authority.

In June another former cult member had testified in a deposition that one of Mr. Jones's mistresses had rehearsed for suicide by giving the boy a sleeping tablet to make it easier to kill him.

John Vincent Stoen's body now is in an Air Force morgue in Delaware, not far from the coffin bearing the remains of the man he called dad.

**"SUICIDES CALLED 'PUNISHMENT'," KAREN DEYOUNG,
WASHINGTON POST, NOVEMBER 27, 1978**

**By Karen DeYoung
and Paul Grabowicz**

Special to The Washington Post

Fear of widespread defections from his Peoples Temple, and particularly the threatened loss of one 6-year-old child to two disillusioned former members, was one of the catalysts that drove the Rev. Jim Jones to order the mass suicide of his congregation 10 days ago, according to a well-informed source close to the temple.

The source, who has been in close contact with Jones and the temple over the last several years, says Jones was convinced that defections would fuel growing public criticism of his cult and bring on the demise of his 20-year-old movement. He ordered the destruction of his church, this source believes, as a final collective "punishment" for the "sins" of defectors who had "betrayed" him and turned against the church.

A central figure in this unfolding drama, according to this source, was John Victor Stoen, 6, whom Jones claimed he had fathered. Stoen's parents, Grace and Timothy Stoen, had been highly respected members of the Peoples Temple. Jones considered Tim one of the most knowledgeable people about the inner workings of the church. After they left the temple in 1976 and 1977, the Stoens waged a bitter custody fight to regain their son from Jones, and were a major factor in prompting Rep. Leo Ryan's ill-fated fact-finding mission to Guyana this month.

For Jones the battle with the Stoens for custody of the child apparently became the ultimate symbol of his life-and-death struggle against defection, with the very existence of his congregation hanging in the balance.

It was Jones' fear over a year ago that he was in danger of losing John and the exposure that the Stoens' efforts to win him back would bring on the church that prompted Jones' first threat to order mass suicide in his Guyana congregation, according to a former temple member and to temple attorney Charles Garry.

And 10 days ago, according to the source close to the temple, it was the Stoens' renewed attempts to win their

child back that played a key role in triggering Jones' decision to self-destruct his church.

According to this source, a church doctrine required "group punishment" for the "sins" of those who threatened the cohesion of the group. (Errors deserving punishment committed by any member were considered errors committed by, and against, the congregation as a whole. To symbolize punishment of the group, Jones would sometimes be beaten before the individual offender.)

During Ryan's visit, it appeared that a number of church members, including young John Stoen, would commit the ultimate sin of defection.

The ultimate punishment of the group was therefore deemed necessary by Jones who, according to this source, proclaimed the mass suicide the "will of the people" to self-destruct.

The Stoen family role in the evolution of the Peoples Temple dates to 1970 when Grace Stoen joined her husband as a member of Jones' congregation in Ukiah, Calif. Timothy Stoen, then in his early 30s, rose quickly in the ranks, becoming the temple's prime legal counsel and a trusted adviser to Jones.

"I did nothing either with respect to the church or with respect to my own personal legal affairs without first consulting" Tim Stoen, Jones stated in a court affidavit unrelated to the custody issue early this year. "I am sure over the years he . . . gained more confidential information about Peoples Temple and its members than any other living person."

Grace Stoen, who was only 19 when she joined the church, also rapidly assumed a position of importance. She became a close confidante of Jones, and as the temple's "bookkeeper" gained an intimate knowledge of the complicated financial operations.

On Jan. 23, 1972, Grace Stoen gave birth to a son, John Victor Stoen, who was brought up in the temple, and raised by Grace, Jim Jones and other members of the congregation. In 1974 and early 1976, Grace Stoen signed documents, later ruled invalid, turning custody of her son over to the temple.

Grace, however, became increasingly disenchanted with Jones' operation of the church. In a court declaration in 1977 she charged that members were subjected to "beatings" and "public humiliation," and that Jones became consumed by a "paranoid world vision" and "claimed at various times to be the reincarnation of Buddha, Jesus Christ and Lenin."

"Thoroughly disillusioned," she stated, she "secretly departed" from the church in July 1976, leaving behind her son and husband. Four months later, Jones sent the child to Guyana.

After what she said were repeated unsuccessful efforts to persuade her husband and Jones to give back her son, Grace Stoen filed for divorce and custody of the child in San Francisco Superior Court in February 1977.

It was in the course of protracted legal wrangling over the case, according to Grace's attorney, Jeffrey Haas, that Jones first made the allegation that he was the actual father of John Victor. The claim was heatedly denied by the Stoens, however, and was never made an issue in the custody proceedings.

On Aug. 26, 1977, Grace Stoen obtained a preliminary ruling from Superior Court Judge Donald King in San Francisco granting her custody of the child and ordering Jones' appearance in the court. Armed with a judge's order, attorney Haas says, he flew to Guyana within days to launch court proceedings there and secure John Victor's release from Jonestown.

It was Haas' appearance and initial success in the Guyanese courts in Sep-

tember 1977 that reportedly led Jones to issue his first threat to self-destruct his church.

Temple attorney Garry said in a recent interview that he was contacted at the time by the San Francisco temple office and was told that Jones had threatened mass suicide if the Stoens were not stopped. Garry said he linked up with Jones' wife, Marcie, in Chicago and "made a telephone radio patch to Jonestown."

"I told Jones it was madness," Garry recalled. "He said the people had demanded [suicide] and that he, as their leader, had to give in."

Supporting Garry's account is a June 1978 sworn affidavit of Deborah Layton Blakey, the temple's former "finance secretary." Blakey, who was in the San Francisco temple office during the September "crisis," said Jones was bitter over Grace Stoen's defection and fearful of what Timothy, who was then also defecting, might say about the church. Jones "believed that he would be able to stop Timothy Stoen," Blakey said, "from speaking against the temple as long as the child was being held in Guyana."

With the arrival of attorney Haas at Jonestown, Blakey recalled, "the radio messages from Guyana were frenzied and hysterical." She and another temple member "were instructed to place a telephone call to a high-ranking Guyanese official who was visiting the U.S. and deliver the following threat: Unless the government of Guyana took immediate steps to stall the Guyanese court action regarding John Stoen's custody, the entire population of Jonestown would extinguish itself in a mass suicide by 5:30 p.m. that day."

Both Garry and Blakey stated that after the suicide threat they tried to contact Guyanese officials to stop the court action. "Basically at that point,"

according to attorney Haas, "the court process shut down" and the Stoens' legal efforts to regain John Victor came to a standstill.

The Stoens turned to the State Department and members of Congress to put pressure on the Guyanese government and get the proceedings moving. Their efforts bore no fruit until August 1978 when Grace found a receptive ear in Congressman Ryan.

Haas says that Grace Stoen "met with Leo Ryan two or three times" to plead her case and describe her experiences inside Jones' church. She was "one of the central figures" in the California Democrat's ultimate decision to lead his fateful fact-finding mission to Jonestown, according to Haas. The Stoens also traveled separately to Guyana during Ryan's visit.

According to the source close to the temple, the threat that Ryan's mission would reopen the custody proceedings and force the release of John, plus Jones' fear of other defections to Ryan's contingent, triggered the "punishing mechanism" and the collective suicide in Jonestown.

Six-year-old John Victor Stoen is believed to have been among the victims of the mass poisoning. Grace and Timothy Stoen, according to Haas, are now in the San Francisco Bay area. They could not be reached for comment.

"NOTE FOUND ON JONES' BODY," NICHOLAS M. HORROCK, NEW YORK TIMES, NOVEMBER 27, 1978

By NICHOLAS M. HORROCK

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27 — The Federal Bureau of Investigation released today the contents of what appeared to be a suicide note by a woman follower of the Rev. Jim Jones that was found on the cult leader's body by Federal officials.

The handwritten note said:

"Dad — I see no way out — I agree with your decision — I fear only that without you the world may not make it to Communism."

"For my part — I am more than tired of this wretched, merciless planet & the hell it holds for so many masses of beautiful people — thank you for the only life I've known."

The F.B.I. would not rule out that the note was written by Mr. Jones even though its tone appeared to be that of someone writing to him. The note was signed by a woman, an F.B.I. spokesman said, but the bureau withheld the name pending a positive handwriting identification.

The note was found on Mr. Jones's body when it was examined at the United States Air Force mortuary at Dover, Del. last Friday.

F.B.I. sources said that the signature was not the full name of Mr. Jones's wife, Marceline. It appeared to be a short nickname or endearment for a female.

The message was written on lined notebook paper that had been torn and folded. The word "Dad," a name many in the People's Temple called Mr. Jones, had also been written on one side of the folded paper as though it were being addressed.

[In Georgetown today, The Associated Press reported that it had learned that aides of Mr. Jones had met at least twice with an official of the Soviet Embassy to discuss the possibility of moving the entire Jonestown colony to Russia. Page A13.]

The F.B.I. made available photocopies

of the note found in Mr. Jones's pocket from which the signature had been cut. It is part of the growing evidence and documents the bureau is accumulating as it continues its investigation of the murder of Representative Leo J. Ryan of California in the hours before the deaths of more than 900 members of the People's Temple in Guyana.

A Letter Alleging Bondage

Meanwhile, a Department of Justice spokesman said that the more than 400 complaints it had received about religious cults disclosed that in the last three years it only received one letter alleging bondage at the People's Temple community and that this letter was turned over to the Department of State.

Robert Havel, the spokesman, said that the department had received only three letters in the last three years pertaining to the People's Temple. In two letters, he said, the writers said they were unhappy about alleged harassment of the organization by the United States Government.

The Justice Department answered the one letter that made allegations about conditions in the Temple by noting that, since the letter dealt with incidents abroad, it came under the State Department's jurisdiction. The Justice Department opened investigations of only 30 of the more than 400 other complaints about religious cults that it received in the same 1975-1978 period.

The House International Affairs Committee, meanwhile, expects a preliminary report on Friday from the State Department about how the department handled the two-year controversy over the People's Temple settlement in Guyana.

Congressman Requests Data

The committee chairman, Representative Clement J. Zablocki, Democrat of Wisconsin, wrote to Secretary of State Cyrus Vance last Monday, asking him to forward information on a range of questions raised by the tragedy at Jonestown.

His committee is seeking to learn about

whether Representative Ryan was properly warned about the dangers of visiting Jonestown; what the State Department knew and did about conditions at the colony, and details about firearms and large amounts of cash that have turned up at the colony. Mr. Zablocki and his staff warned that this was, at this juncture, not a "Congressional investigation" but simply an attempt to gather information.

Once the committee members receive the basic information from the State Department, a committee spokesman said, they will determine whether a full-scale investigation should be launched.

Late today, the F.B.I. was still preparing to conduct interviews with survivors of the Jonestown deaths as they arrived in Charleston, S.C.

Cult Members Wanted Coast Inquiry Dropped

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 27 (AP) — A recent letter from 653 members of the Peoples Temple in Guyana asked the Los Angeles County District Attorney to drop an investigation of the cult and threatened forcible resistance. The Los Angeles Times reported today.

The signers are believed to have been among the more than 900 Americans who died at Jamestown, Guyana, last week.

In the letter to District Attorney John Van de Kamp in September, they vowed to resist any attempt to jail the Peoples Temple leader, the Rev. Jim Jones, or other church members. Mr. Van de Kamp's office has been investigating claims that Mr. Jones threatened to kill an elderly couple unless they sold their property and turned it over to him.

"We want to make it clear that we have been pushed to the wall," the letter said, "that we have gone very far in this cause, which for us is identified with our very lives . . . We will very actively, dramatically and forcefully resist any attempts, from whatever quarter, to put members of our organization in jail."

**"CONSULAR OFFICERS: BABYSITTERS, ETC." GRAHAM HOVEY,
NEW YORK TIMES, NOVEMBER 29, 1978**

**And Confessors, Psychiatrists and
Social Workers, Official Says
After Guyana Criticism**

By GRAHAM HOVEY

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29 — After the State Department was badgered for days because its consular officers had failed in periodic visits to discover the repression in the People's Temple settlement in Guyana, one official said in exasperation, "We're not babysitters."

However, in a private conversation later, a high-ranking department official involved in consular affairs took issue. "That's exactly what we are — baby sitters," he said, referring to the 750 consular officers spread thinly over 250 United States diplomatic missions in 118 countries around the world.

"We also have to try to be father confessors, psychiatrists, social workers and what have you," he added.

A Fact of Life

It seems to be a fact of life that consular officers can rarely perform promptly or extensively enough to satisfy either the steadily increasing numbers of Americans who get into serious trouble abroad or their families and relatives back home.

In addition to these frustrations, there has been a steady increase in the consular officer's routine chores, such as issuing visas and passports, serving as notary public and acting as "provisional conservator" of the property of Americans who die abroad. In addition, he also often suffers from morale problems.

"It is unfortunate but true that a number of our consular officers feel that they are treated as 'second-class citizens' by their counterparts in the foreign Service and by top management in the department," Barbara M. Watson, Assistant Secretary of State for Consular Affairs, told a House subcommittee last year.

Quarters Unattractive

"Abroad, they often find themselves in cramped, unattractive, and ill-suited quarters, sometimes located blocks from the embassy. When the 'country team' meets to discuss the overall policies and goals of the mission, the senior consular officer may be conspicuous by his or her absence.

"Promotional opportunities within the consular cone are not in step with other areas of the Foreign Service because of a lower rank structure assigned to consular work. Many of our better officers find they must transfer to political, administrative and other cones to attain senior grades or to qualify for the choice assignments."

One result is that there are more consular positions in United States missions overseas than there are consular officers to fill them. However, a senior official said, "there is always a surplus of political officers."

Not Everyone Agrees

Miss Watson was in a familiar role, testifying at hearings called to investigate charges by bitter parents and relatives about the failure, as they viewed it, of United States consular officers to perform adequately with regard to Americans killed, imprisoned or missing in foreign countries.

Not all consular officers agree with Miss Watson that their service has unique morale problems. "It may sound like a gruesome job, but most consular officers enjoy their work because they are doing something, helping someone to solve his problems," an official said.

But Foreign Service professionals, reached in a week in which the State Department found itself on the defensive every day about the tragedy in Guyana, felt strongly that most Americans had no understanding of the limits of diplomatic and consular authority.

"They are not F.B.I. agents," said John A. Bushnell, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. He was referring to the consular officers who had carried out 75 interviews with members of the People's Temple without finding one who would admit to being held against his will or who wished to leave.

Not Police, Not Judges

"We are not police officers, and we are not judges," another high-ranking State Department official said. He referred to the fact that the first involvement of embassy and consular personnel with the People's Temple in Jonestown had been in connection with a legal fight over custody of a child between two factions of an American family.

Some officials admit privately that the State Department ought to have acted more vigorously on the warning it received last summer about the mass suicide pact of the People's Temple, but they say the warning was delivered to the Guyanese Government and they ask, in effect, what else would you have had us do?

"I don't know how we could have prevented this, short of going in with troops and police," a senior official said, "and, of course, in a foreign country, you have to rely on that country's troops and police."

Foreign Laws Must Be Obeyed

Running through all comments by officials on public complaints about services furnished by embassy or consular officers is the belief that a great many among the 10 million Americans who now travel abroad each year simply do not realize that they must obey the laws and adhere to the customs of the countries they visit.

In a recent year, more than 7,500 Americans were arrested in other countries; and more than 1,600 are now in foreign jails, most of them young people.

Older Americans are also traveling abroad in ever increasing numbers and this, too, adds to the work of the consuls. In 1976, more than half a million passports were issued to Americans over 60 years old. On the average, 10,000 Americans die abroad each year and 10,000 others are reported missing.

"JERSEY PSYCHIATRIST STUDYING THE GUYANA SURVIVORS, FEARS IMPLICATIONS FOR U.S. SOCIETY FROM OTHER CULTS," JON NORDHEIMER, NEW YORK TIMES, NOVEMBER 30, 1978

By JON NORDHEIMER

Special to The New York Times

GEORGETOWN, Guyana, Nov. 30 — A psychiatrist working with survivors of the People's Temple tragedy said today that there was little likelihood that any of the other 1,500 cults estimated to be currently active in the United States could be capable of similar acts of self-destruction.

There was a greater risk, Dr. Hardat A. S. Sukhdeo said, that American cults might be more of a threat to society than to themselves.

Dr. Sukhdeo is the deputy chairman of the Department of Psychiatry and Mental Health Science at the College of Medicine and Dentistry of the New Jersey School of Medicine, Newark, a sister school to Rutgers University. He is also chief of service of psychiatry at Martland Hospital, the teaching hospital affiliated with his school.

After interviewing the survivors and inspecting the recent writings of those residents of Jonestown, the People's Temple commune in Guyana, who died, he said that what happened there was an aberration, but it had disquieting implications for the rest of American society.

"Our society is so free and permissive," he said, "and people have so many options to choose from that they cannot make their own decisions effectively. They want others to make the decision and they will follow."

The commune at Jonestown was dominated by whites working under the cult's charismatic leader, the Rev. Jim Jones, a man of enormous organizing powers.

Under Mr. Jones, who died in the killings and suicides at the camp Nov. 18, the sect turned from its quasireligious, civil-rights origins to a complete rejection of American value systems.

The cult preached absolute faith and

dependence on Mr. Jones, and he apparently wielded complete control over the will of his adherents.

"In all the cults you are not permitted to express feelings," Dr. Sukhdeo explained.

"In the Moonies, for example" — a reference to the followers of the Rev. Sun Myung Moon, spiritual leader of The Unification Church — "no sexual feelings are permitted. It is considered bad."

"In the People's Temple you could only feel the way Jones wanted you to. You had to submerge all of the feelings."

The doctor's review of the letters of self-criticism written by cult members convinced him that the writers unwittingly permitted their anxieties and unhappiness to be expressed by saying they accepted what they actually resented deeply.

Psychiatrist Acted on His Own

Dr. Sukhdeo, who is organizing a private research group called the Center for Coercive Persuasion, came to Guyana on his own to investigate the pathology of the sect.

His greatest concern, he said, was that his Government was planning only for the physical return of the survivors, not doing anything to prepare them to assume control over their own lives once more.

"They've lost the underpinnings of their whole life," Dr. Sukhdeo said.

Their despair and the trauma of the last two weeks have deeply depressed them, he said, and "many may feel it's easier to commit suicide." However, he went on, Mr. Jones programmed them only for an act of mass suicide and had actually inveighed against individual acts of suicide.

Guilt and Being 'Reborn'

"He told them an individual act of suicide meant that they would have to be reborn 500 times before they could work off their guilt," the New Jersey psychiatrist said, adding that consequently, many have expressed feelings summed up in the phrase "I wouldn't mind being killed." This led Dr. Sukhdeo to speculate that those individuals may have engaged consciously in suicidal behavior back in the United States.

"WHAT THE MEDIA DID," CHARLES B. SEIB, WASHINGTON POST,
DECEMBER 1, 1978

The spinoffs have begun. Even before the headlines fade from memory, the horror of Jonestown has become a marketable commodity.

Late last week, a team of Washington Post staffers holed up in the Madison Hotel to grind out an instant book to be called "Guyana Massacre: The Eyewitness Account." Thanks to the miracles of technology, you may be able to buy it today.

Across the country, a San Francisco Chronicle team has produced "Suicide Cult: The Inside Story of the Peoples Temple Sect and the Massacre in Guyana." That, too, should be for sale today.

So in the book department, at least, Jonestown has been reduced to a contest between two fast-moving publishers—Berkley, which put out The Post's book, and Bantam, which handled the Chronicle's—to see who could tap the morbidity market first.

There may be other book projects in the works. And I suppose that in the show-biz warrens of New York and Los Angeles the possibilities of film or television docu-dramas on Mad Jim Jones and his cult are being run up the flagpoles.

That's the way it is these days, and there is no point in decrying it. But before the entrepreneurs take over, there are a few things that should be said about the coverage of Jonestown by the print and broadcast news media.

It was what we call in this business a hell of a story. And that is the way we covered it. Acres of newsprint, hours of air time were devoted to it. All the shocking developments—the airport murders, the nightmare of mass suicide at the Jonestown pavilion, the escalating body counts, the sickening task of removing the dead—were reported at length.

Never was the ability of television to destroy the insulation of distance more dramatically demonstrated. Because of

The News Business

the remarkable performance of NBC's Robert Brown, who kept his camera operating until he was gunned down, we saw the airport massacre a matter of hours after it happened—and in full color. And soon thereafter we were taken—and retaken, again and again—to the body-heaped pavilion.

Barely had the television and newspaper assaults on our senses abated when Time and Newsweek hit us with their dreadful color pictures, more horrible in a way than the television pictures because they wouldn't go away. Both news magazines displayed bodies on their covers and proudly promoted what was inside under identical titles: "The Cult of Death." Newsweek topped Time, incidentally, with 28 pages on the story to Time's 9.

Getting back to the daily coverage, the hype level was mercifully low. That favorite and, in this case, totally inadequate word "bizarre" was overworked, of course. And there were a few attempts at sensationalizing a story that was sensational enough. For example, a Chicago Tribune banner headline: "Reporters Visit 'City of the Dead.'"

As the week wore on there were the inevitable what-does-it-all-mean articles, discoursing learnedly on cults and previous mass suicides and mixing reassurances (it has happened before) with foreboding (today's society encourages this sort of thing).

One eminent purveyor of the big picture managed to relate Jonestown, the Middle East negotiations and the SALT talks, the common denominator being a decline of manners and a confusion of responsibility and authority.

In assessing the coverage, a nagging

question surfaces: Would it have turned out differently if reporters and cameramen had not accompanied Rep. Leo Ryan on his mission? Was it the presence of the press that drove the paranoid Jim Jones to his final madness?

It is a legitimate question but an unanswerable one.

Often the presence of reporters and cameras can be a deterrent to violent or irrational acts. But in this instance, there was a fatal, unknown ingredient. Jones was mad.

It could be—we'll never know—that, when he became aware that the reporters were finding members of his community who wanted out, he realized his world was crumbling and decreed its destruction.

The media have told us what happened at Jonestown. But the larger question remains: What enabled a suicidal madman to take 900 people with him? The psychiatrists, the behaviorists, the religionists and even the philosophers will be chewing on that one for a long, long time.

I hope they also give some thought to what Jonestown and its vivid media coverage did to the rest of us. Can a society take bloated bodies and trailerloads of shiny corpse containers with its evening meals and be unchanged? How much can one read and hear about the stench of death and grisly mortuary logistics and come out unscathed?

Are we emerging from the shared experience of Jonestown more caring and more aware of our common humanity? Or have we, in self-defense, become harder and more isolated?

The answers to those questions are important to the public and the media. But they must come later. For now we can say that the media did what they were supposed to do. As society's messengers, their job was to deliver a terrible and frightening message. And they did it well.

“ . . . AND WHAT GOVERNMENT CAN'T DO,” WILLIAM RASPBERRY,
WASHINGTON POST, DECEMBER 21, 1978

One of the persistent threads running through conversations about the mind-numbing tragedy at Jonestown, Guyana, is that the U.S. government was somehow at fault.

The FBI, the CIA, the State Department—*somebody*—should have done something to stop Jim Jones and his followers before they went off the deep end.

Perhaps the clearest statement of the theme came in a recent column by Carl T. Rowan:

“The gruesome tragedy in Guyana is an appalling example of governmental failure to act,” he wrote, “primarily because government officials are timid about breaching sanctuaries of ‘religion’

“It is easy enough for the State Department, the FBI, the army and a host of other agencies to spring to action after a congressman and a news team are murdered and more than 700 [now at least 912] members of the Peoples Temple are found dead.”

No less than Rowan and others who are faulting the timidity of the government, I wish the stupefying tragedy in Guyana could have been averted. Perhaps it could have been, if there had been some solid evidence that Jones had threatened beforehand to do in 900—or nine or even one—of his followers.

We did know some things that were deeply disturbing to a lot of us. We knew that Jones's followers seemed to have an unhealthy commitment to him, that thousands and thousands of dollars in Social Security and welfare checks were being endorsed over to the Peoples Temple, that hundreds of his members were signing their property to the organization and that there exist-

ed the opportunity for someone to become awfully rich as a result.

But what action would we have wanted the government to take?

Before answering that question with regard to Jim Jones and his Peoples Temple, ask yourself what government action you would recommend in the following situation:

You learn that a group of women, all of them single, many of them smilingly naive and some of them, quite frankly, “different,” has been taken to some remote place and hidden away from the public view.

You learn that they have been talked into giving up their personal property for the good of the organization and that they now live in unbelievably modest circumstances, working long, arduous hours for little or no pay. Even on those rare occasions when they are permitted to leave the compound, they must be accompanied by at least one other member.

For all you know, many of them may wish to escape, but perhaps they fear for their lives if they try to get away. Maybe someone has convinced them that some unspeakable thing worse than physical death will be their lot if they turn on their overseers. You simply don't know.

Question: Would you urge a government investigation of the organization to see what was going on? Or would you scream bloody anti-Catholic murder if the FBI raided the convent?

The point is, some things that look terrible when they are done by members of “cults” seem perfectly all right when they are done by members of established religions.

At what point does it become the gov-

ernment's role to decide which religious group is legitimate and which is only a "cult"?

Should Abraham have been convicted of attempted murder when he tricked his son Isaac up the mountain to do him in?

Should Moses have been brought up on charges for taking the children of Israel off into the wilderness, away from the fleshpots of Egypt, risking mass starvation in the process?

Should Jesus of Nazareth have been treated as a public threat (He *was* so treated) for talking ordinary hardworking citizens into quitting their jobs and abandoning their families in pursuit of His farfetched promises?

The point is not that Jim Jones (or Elijah Muhammed or Brother Gene Ewing or Rev. Ike) can be compared with Abraham, Moses or Jesus. The point is that all of these leaders were seen by their contemporaries as smooth-talking slicksters, and their followers were seen as naive fools.

But it is not against the law to be either slick or naive. The government must tread with great care in protecting people who do not wish to be protected.

And it must be a thousand times more careful when the impulse is to protect people from what appear to be misguided religious beliefs.

A lot of things went wrong—inside Jim Jones's head, among his followers and in the American society at large—to produce the tragedy at Jonestown.

But I'm not sure it's fair to lay much of the blame at the feet of governmental "timidity."

There are some things the government can't do for us—and shouldn't even try.

"THE CULT OF DEATH," NEWSWEEK, DECEMBER 4, 1978

A

lert! Alert! Alert! Everyone to the pavilion!" The Rev. Jim Jones was on the loudspeaker, summoning the members of his Peoples Temple to their last communion. Dutifully,

they gathered round; some of them, without a doubt, knew what was in store. "Everyone has to die," said Jones. "If you love me as much as I love you, we must all die or be destroyed from the outside." Mothers grasped their children to their breasts. "What have they done?"

one screamed. Jones ordered his medical team to bring out "the potion," a battered tub of strawberry Flavour-aide, laced with tranquilizers and cyanide. "Bring the babies first," he commanded.

At the fringes of the huge crowd, armed guards fingered guns and bows and arrows. Some families edged forward voluntarily. Others held their ground. The guards moved in, grabbing babies from recalcitrant mothers and holding them up to let "nurses" spray the poison down their throats with hypodermics. A

man shoved a gun into the ribs of Rauletter Paul, who was clutching her year-old son, Robert Jr. "You dumb bitch," he shouted. "You better do it or we're going to shoot your ass off." Tears streaming down her face, she shot the poison into the baby's mouth, and he immediately began to scream and go into convulsions.

Many walked willingly up to the poison vat and took away their cups of Flavour-aide. "We'll all fall tonight," said one, "but he'll raise us tomorrow." One old man resisted violently; he was thrown to the ground, his jaws were pulled open, and a cupful of poison was poured down his throat. "It is time to die with dignity," said Jones, on the loudspeaker.

'MOTHER! MOTHER!'

After they had drunk their potions, members of the Peoples Temple were led away by the armed guards and told to lie in rows, face down. Family groups often held hands or embraced. Within minutes, they began to gasp and retch. Blood flowed from their mouths and noses. On his raised chair on the pavilion stage, Jones kept saying, "I tried. I tried. I tried." Then he cried "Mother! Mother!" Finally, there was a shot. Jones toppled over backward, a bullet hole in his head. And a terrible silence began to settle over the camp deep in the South American jungles of Guyana.

The apocalyptic end of Reverend Jones and his Peoples Temple last week was a tragedy that strained all comprehension. The carnage in Jonestown conjured up comparisons with the Zealots of Masada, who killed each other rather than surrender to Rome in A.D. 73, and the 1,000 Japanese civilians who hurled themselves from a cliff in Saipan as American troops took control of the island during World War II. But in this case it was not the passions of war that had prompted the self-slaughter, but rather the paranoid fantasies of a single leader. Somehow, in Jones's twisted reason, a fact-finding mission by U.S. Congressman Leo Ryan became a mortal collision that left more than 900 people—Jones's followers, newsmen, Ryan and Jones himself—dead.

Explanations for the disaster could be drawn only from the murky pathology of madness and mass indoctrination. Jim Jones, 47, was a self-appointed messiah with a vision of a socialist paradise on earth and a lust for dominion over his fellow man (page 54). He attracted hundreds of fanatic followers, whose fierce loyalty and slavish work on his behalf smacked of the psychological disintegration that accompanies brainwashing (page 72). His success, and its awful consequences, posed disturbing questions about the flourishing of cults that has given the U.S. everything from saffron-robed devotees of Lord Krishna to the weird regimen and ugly threats of Synanon (page 78). It was as if all the zany strains of do-it-yourself religion and personality-cult salvation that have built up in America had suddenly erupted with ghastly force. And to add a touch of the macabre to the tragic, the scene was a faraway jungle outpost where corpses bloated under the tropical sun and the pile of bodies was so thick that the original count turned out to be too low by half.

The heart-of-darkness tragedy at Jonestown actually began in San Francisco eighteen months ago when Ryan received some bad news from an old friend named Sam Houston, an AP photographer. Houston's son Bob, 31, had been found dead, his body mangled, in the railroad yard where he worked. The day before, Houston told Ryan, Bob said he planned to quit the Peoples Temple. The police didn't know whether they were dealing with an accident or a murder.

Shaken, Ryan vowed to keep an eye on the Peoples Temple and he hired a special staff investigator. Over the next several months, parents and friends of Jonestown commune members told him that Jones was keeping his followers prisoners in Guyana. A former Jones bodyguard said Jones practiced physical and psychological torture regularly. Tim and Grace Stoen, two dissident communards, claimed Jones was holding their 6-year-old son hostage in Jonestown. And last spring, Debbie Blakey, the colony's financial secretary, fled Guyana with the most chilling report of all: Jones was collecting \$65,000 a month in social-security checks due elderly communards—and running regular mass-suicide drills.

STAFF WARNINGS

Other sources, however, said Jonestown was a counter-culture paradise. Jones's attorney, Charles Garry, a San Francisco radical who had numbered Huey Newton and Angela Davis among his clients, called the colony "a jewel

that the whole world should see." Last summer, Ryan resolved to see it for himself, despite warnings from his staff. "He knew it was relatively dangerous," Ryan's daughter, Pat, 25, said last week.

On Nov. 1, Ryan sent Jones a telegram. "I am most interested in a visit to Jonestown and would appreciate whatever courtesies you can extend," he wired. On Nov. 6, a reply arrived from lawyer Mark Lane, best known for challenging the Warren Commission's report on the John F. Kennedy assassination. Jones had hired Lane to collect evidence proving that intelligence agents were infiltrating and harassing Jonestown. Lane wrote Ryan that if the congressman staged a "witch hunt" in Guyana, Jones might embarrass the U.S. by fleeing to "two anonymous countries" (apparently the Soviet Union and Cuba) that were willing to offer him refuge.

Ryan decided to go ahead with his trip, and he welcomed reporters who asked to go along. "He felt the press was his best protection," said Joe Holsinger, a Ryan aide. The Washington Post assigned its South America correspondent Charles Krause. The San Francisco Examiner sent reporter Tim Reiterman and photographer Greg Robinson and The San Francisco Chronicle sent reporter Ron Javers. NBC News assigned reporter Don Harris and cameraman Bob Brown—both news veterans of Vietnam. "We all assumed they would be pretty safe—since no one would kill a congressman," said West Coast producer Steve Friedman of NBC's "Today" show.

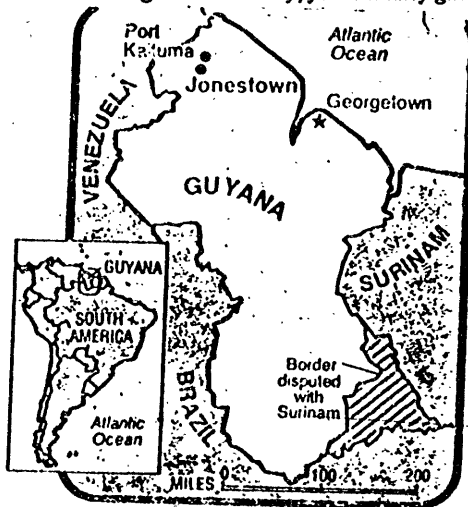
Not all the members of Ryan's party shared the same

comfortable assumption. In Washington, Ryan's legislative aide Jackie Speter, who was also making the trip, wrote out a will addressed to her parents. Speter, 28, also made sure that Ryan's own will was in order. The day before the trip, she tucked the two wills into envelopes and left them in her desk. Then she packed her bags. In Los Angeles, Bob Brown told his wife, Connie, and adopted Vietnamese daughter, Kim, that he was having frightening premonitions. The day he set off, he had breakfast with a friend. "Goodbye," he said. "I won't see you again."

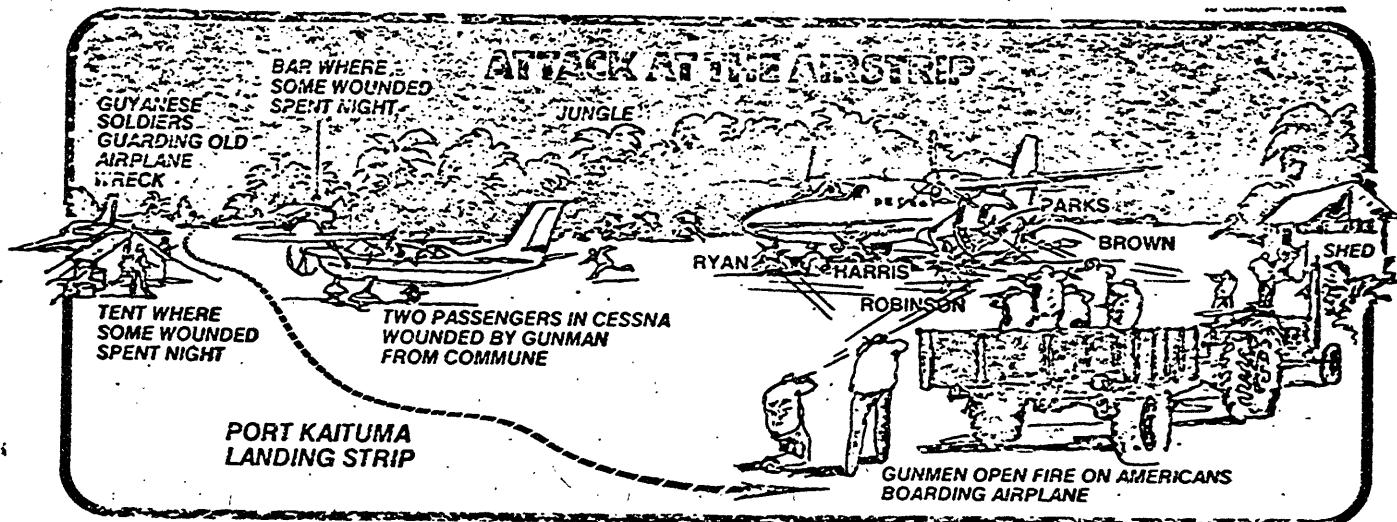
On Nov. 14, the entire group flew to Georgetown (population: 164,000), the sleepy, tin-roofed capital of Guyana. For a time, it looked as if Ryan might get no further. On Wednesday, he began to dicker for permission to enter Jonestown, a 900-acre enclave carved out of thick jungles 150 miles northwest of Georgetown. His contact was Sharon Amos, one of the commune's public-relations people who presented her unwelcome guest with long scrolls bearing the signatures of hundreds of Jonestowners. They read coldly, "Many of us have been visited by friends and relatives. However, we have not invited, nor do we care to see, Congressman Ryan." Word came that Jones was ill and wouldn't talk. But Ryan decided he would go to Jonestown whether Jones gave permission or not.

Then, Lane and Garry flew in to break up the impasse. The two lawyers, who openly spoke of the commune's commitment to integration and egalitarian values, radiocoded Jones. "You have two alternatives," Garry told Jones. "You can tell the Congress of the United States, the press and the relatives to go --- themselves. If you do that, it's the end of the ball game. The other alternative is to let them in—and prove to the world that these people criticizing you are crazy."

When Garry and Lane promised to escort the party and make sure that things ran smoothly, Jones finally gave in. The



Susan Johnston



Tim Reiterman © 1978, San Francisco Examiner

two lawyers made a dash for the airport and caught up with Ryan. His party had ballooned to nineteen members including nine newsmen and four relatives of commune members. At 3 p.m., their Twin Otter took off for Port Kaituma, a small fishing village with a landing strip nestled in thick jungles 6 miles north of Jonestown. When they landed one hour later, they were greeted by an angry group of Jonestowners, including one man with a gun. After some more bargaining, Ryan's group finally boarded a dump truck for the hour drive to Jonestown on a twisting dirt road bordered with dense jungle brush.

The scene at Jonestown was surprisingly pleasant. They found children on swings in a small playground and cheery communards baking bread and doing laundry. Commune members trotted alongside the guests, smiling and asking polite questions. Jones's wife, Marceline, led the welcoming delegation. "You must be hungry," she said. "The food is waiting at the pavilion." She led the party to a building with a corrugated-tin roof and open walls, where Jones, perspiring and looking ill, was waiting. He sat down with Ryan and the others to a dinner of smoked pork, eddoes (a root vegetable), coffee and tarts. The commune's small band broke into the

Guyanese national anthem—and a chorus of "America the Beautiful."

Jones then threw a two-hour soul review for his guests. There was an eight-man band—made up of electric guitars, drums and saxophones. Old women sang old-fashioned blues. Younger communards wailed modern soul and rock songs. Ryan interviewed 40 commune members as the show went on. Finally, Ryan stood up, took a mike and said, "I can tell you right now that by the few conversations I've had with some of the folks here already this evening that . . . there are some people who believe this is the best thing that ever happened in their whole lives." The crowd cheered for nearly twenty minutes.

BAD VIBES

If the good vibes were thunderous, they soon began to appear a bit suspect to Ryan and the newsmen. At one point, the congressman noticed that all of the commune's elderly white members were mechanically clapping and swaying to the beat of the throbbing soul music. "Look at that man's face, just look at his face," Ryan said to the Post's Krause, pointing out Tom Kice Sr., a middle-aged white in a gray crew cut who was bobbing about with glazed eyes. But when reporters edged out into the crowd to ask a few questions, most

of the communards gingerly moved away.

Krause had been sitting next to Jones. He recalled that Grace Stoen had told him that Jones was vain and power hungry despite all his protestations of humility—and that he filled out his sideburns with eye liner. Krause looked closely. "It was true," he reported to the Post later. Jones suddenly exploded in rage at one of the newsmen's questions: "Threat of extinction! I wish I wasn't born at times. I understand love and hate. They are very close." And when newsmen pressed him on the reports of physical punishments in the camp, he shouted, "I do not believe in violence. . . . I hate power. I hate money. . . . All I want is peace. I'm not worried about my image. If we could just stop it, stop this fighting. But if we don't, I don't know what's going to happen to 1,200 lives here."

OVERNIGHTING AT THE BAR

At 10 p.m., the entertainment ended. One of Jones's lieutenants told Jones that the reporters had secured lodgings in Port Kaituma and would be driven there for the night. The reporters had made no such arrangement; some argued that they wanted to stay overnight to get a better fix on living conditions in the commune. "Get them out of here. I will not have them staying here overnight," Jones whispered to his wife. The newsmen and the relatives were driven to the Weekend Bar, a tiny nightspot in Port Kaituma. They persuaded the owner to let them sleep on the living-room floor of his house nearby. A local cop told the newsmen that the Jonestowners had at least one gun, an automatic rifle, registered with the Guyanese authorities.

Ryan, Speier, Lane, Garry and two others were allowed to spend the night in Jonestown. Lane went to bed early. Garry stayed up into the night, discussing the day's events with Jones, who was in good spirits. His 103-degree fever had vanished and he seemed in control. A red-letter day, Garry told him. Ryan had been impressed—things were going well.

Jones also seemed cheerful the next morning. Ryan and the other overnight guests were given a hearty breakfast of pancakes and bacon. The dump truck went into Port Kaituma to bring back the newsmen. Then the atmosphere began to sour. Krause discovered four barnlike buildings that turned out to be dormitories. When he attempted to get into one of them—Jane Pittman Place—he was turned away. The newsmen protested. After Garry and Lane prevailed on the commune's leaders to let the reporters in, they discovered about five dozen elderly communards jammed into a small room with

long lines of bunk beds. "It was like a slave ship," said Lane.

Things took a turn for the worse when Jones agreed to sit for an interview with Harris. For 45 minutes, he sat stonily under the eye of Bob Brown's mini-camera while Harris peppered him with hard questions about weapons, drugs and corporal punishment. Finally Harris asked about the gun the newsmen had heard about the night before. "A boldfaced lie," said Jones. Then Harris showed him a crumpled note from a communitard who had asked Harris for help in leaving Jonestown. Jones's eyes narrowed slightly and his voice tightened. "People play games, friend," he said icily. "They lie. What can I do with liars? Are you people going to leave us? I just beg you, please leave us. . . . Anybody that wants to can get out of here. . . . They come and go all the time."

The possibility of real defections seemed to have rattled Jones badly. After the interview, Ryan told him, "Jim, there's a family of six here that wants to leave." Jones grew furious. "I feel betrayed," he shouted. "It never stops." "He

just freaked out," said Garry. "It was as if all hell broke loose." When Jones began to rant about liars and traitors, Garry stepped in quickly to calm him. "Let them go," he told Jones. "Who gives a shit if six leave or 60? It won't change what you've done here." Jones mumbled that he had been stabbed in the back. Garry grew more and more worried. "I just wanted to get out of there," he recalled.

At 3 p.m. Saturday, Ryan was summoned to the pavilion. An American Indian named Al Simon wanted to leave with his three children; Simon's wife refused to let the children go. Garry and Lane persuaded the parents to let a court decide the matter. Ryan then assured Jones that he would not call a Congressional investigation when he returned home. He had just thanked Lane and Garry for

making the trip possible. With no warning, a Jones lieutenant named Don Sly grabbed him around the throat and put a 6-inch fishing knife to his chest. "Congressman Ryan, you are a mother---er," Sly yelled. Garry and Lane grappled with Sly; Ryan fell free; Sly's hand was cut; blood splattered on Ryan's shirt. Jones stood watching. "Does this change everything?" he asked. "It doesn't change everything," said Ryan. "But it changes things."

'THIS IS HELL'

With Ryan finally aboard, the commune dump truck set off for Port Kaituma at 3:15. Near the airstrip, the entire family of Gerry Parks caught up with the truck and begged to be taken along. Parks, his wife, Patty, his brother, Dale, their mother and two children had arrived in Jonestown last spring. Parks had buttonholed the congressman earlier and whispered, "We gotta get outta here, this is hell." But his wife had refused to leave--until she saw the commune's security forces hauling out a stash of automatic weapons. "They started getting out the big stuff and she finally knew it was coming down on us," said Parks.

Another, more sinister latecomer also joined Ryan's party: Larry Layton, 32, a thin, blond, white man who had been one of Jones's close followers. "He's not really going," objected Dale Parks. "This is a plot--something is going to happen." The plea was dismissed, but it was prophetic. After the dump truck left the commune, Jones summoned Lane. He told him that other communards were also bound for the airstrip. "This is terrible, terrible," he said. "There are things you don't know. Those men who left a little while ago to go into the city are not going there. They love me and they may do something that will reflect badly on me. They're going to shoot at the people and their plane. The way Larry hugged me, a cold hug, told me."

At about 4:30 p.m., the Ryan entourage arrived at the Port Kaituma dirt airstrip. At about the same time, a white Cessna six-seater touched down and ten minutes later, a nineteen-seat, twin-engine Otter landed. The planes did not have enough seats for all the members of Ryan's party. He had promised to take all the defectors out first and they crowded nervously forward. "The congressman said I could go on the first plane," grumped Layton as the Otter began to load. He discreetly made for the Cessna when Ryan personally started frisking the passengers boarding the Otter.

The two planes began to warm up their engines. Aboard the Cessna, Layton suddenly whipped out a pistol and fired three shots, wounding two of the other commune defectors aboard the plane. Then his gun jammed. Dale Parks and Vernon Gosney wrestled the gun from his hands. Layton jumped from the plane and fled.

At the same moment, Harold Cordell, another of the commune defectors, looked out of the window of the Otter and saw a Jonestown tractor pulling a trailer onto the runway. Men armed with automatic pistols, semi-automatic rifles and shotguns suddenly stood up in the trailer. Gerry Parks also saw the trailer. "Now we're going

to get it," Parks thought. His wife, Patty, stood in the Otter's doorway. Shots snapped out, her head shattered and blood and brain tissue splashed into Cordell's lap. Tom and Tina Bogue, children of dissident Jones-towners, sprinted to the Otter's door. Both were wounded in a new hail of gunfire but they managed to slam the door shut. "If those children hadn't shut that door," said their mother, Edith, "those gunmen might have gotten on the plane --and we'd all be dead now."

Ryan and the newsmen on the ground outside the Otter were not so fortunate. Waving aside Guyanese civilians on the airstrip, the assassins in the tractor-trailer bore down on the two planes, firing as they came. Reiterman took a slug in his left arm; another fractured his wrist and blew off his watch. Javers was wounded in the shoulder. Krause was wounded slightly in the hip. All three sprinted for cover and survived. But the gunmen cut down cameraman Brown at the tail of the Otter. Photographer Greg Robinson fell near the port engine, his body riddled by bullets. Harris and Ryan dived behind the plane's starboard wheel. The tractor-trailer pulled around the right side of the plane--and the gunmen killed both men.

Steven Sung, 44, an NBC soundman connected to Brown by a cable, fell 2 feet from the cameraman. He put his arm over his head and feigned death. "The next thing I heard, they were walking toward us," he said. "Someone shot Bob Brown in the leg . . . He screamed 'ouch' or 'shit' . . . and next thing I know, the guy came close and blow his brain off . . . the next thing I know I have tremendous pressure, explosion right next to my head and my arm feel like falling apart." The gunmen walked up to Ryan, Harris and Robinson and fired point-blank at their heads.

As the shooting erupted, a squad of Guyanese soldiers armed with rifles stood guarding a crippled Guyanese plane at the end of the airstrip. "We need guns," shouted NBC field producer Bob Flick, who rushed up seeking help. The guards

turned away. Oddly enough, the gunmen also withdrew, leaving behind eight wounded. The terrified survivors dragged themselves from the planes. Some fled into the jungle at the edge of the airstrip. Embassy official Richard Dwyer, wounded in the thigh, took charge of the others. Night fell. The survivors huddled miserably, still fearing that the assassins would return to finish the job. A Guyanese nurse refused to come to the field to treat the victims and the local medical dispensary declined to send bandages and medication. Some residents even demanded tips when the survivors asked them to bring water to the airfield. Finally, the most seriously wounded were placed in an army tent at the end of the airstrip, and the others holed up in a nearby saloon called the Run House.

Back at the commune, Reverend Jones had a very different plan in mind. At about 5 p.m., the camp loudspeaker summoned everyone in Jonestown to the pavilion. Garry and Lane walked over, stopping to talk to Jones. He seemed calm and controlled. "Some of those people who left had no intention of leaving," he said. "They went to kill somebody . . . and they've taken every gun in the place."

'WE ALL DIE'

Jones told the two stunned lawyers to wait at a guest cottage. "Feeling is running very high against you two," he said. "I can't say what might happen at the meeting." At the guest house, two young communards named Pancho and Jim Johnson stood by the door, rifles at the ready. "We all going to die," Pancho said. "It's a great moment—we all die." The two guards explained that Jones was ordering a revolutionary suicide to protest racism and Fascism. "Isn't there any alternative?" asked Lane. When the two said there was none, Lane popped up hopefully: "And Charles and I will write about what you do?" The notion seemed to please the guards. They turned to leave. "How do we get out of here?" asked Lane. Pancho waved some directions, and Garry and Lane ran into the jungle.

In retrospect, Jones's plan seemed clear: Layton was to kill the pilot of the Otter as it was flying over the jungle, causing a crash that would wipe out Ryan, the newsmen and the defectors. Anyone left behind at the airstrip would be finished off by the gunmen in the tractor-trailer.

Afraid that the plan might fail, Jones prepared his followers for death. First he sounded the alarm for a White Night, the sect's suicide plan. With a shock, Stanley Clayton, 25, a cook, realized that this was no drill. Ordinarily, Jones allowed the cooks to skip White Nights because they had to prepare food for the commune when a drill was over. This time, a grim

bodyguard came to the camp kitchen and ordered the cooks to the pavilion.

Standing at his throne, a wooden chair on a raised dais inside the pavilion, Jones told the crowded assemblage that Ryan's plane would fall from the sky. Time passed. Nothing happened. Finally the camp's dump truck returned from the airstrip. Two of Jones's lieutenants rushed up and whispered to him. He grabbed a microphone. "The congressman is dead . . . and the journalists," he said. "The CDF [Guyanese Defense Forces] will be here in 45 minutes . . . We must die with dignity."

A JUG OF CYANIDE

In a tent next to the pavilion, Larry Schact, a medical-school graduate who acted as camp doctor, prepared a vat of strawberry Flavour-aide. He dumped a quantity of painkillers and tranquilizers into the pinkish-purple brew. Finally, Jones ordered Schact and Joyce Touchette, one of the leaders of the commune, to bring forth "the potion." Half-gallon jugs of cyanide was then poured into it. The tub was placed at the edge of the pavilion. Jones ordered the mothers of Jonestown

to bring their children forward, and the killing began.

For a while, Jones sat calmly on his "throne" and watched the carnage unfold. More and more members began to balk. The resistance angered Jones. He finally stepped down from the throne. With guards at his side, he waded among his followers, whipping them on to finish the ghastly rite. "Hurry, hurry, hurry," he shouted. "The man was crazy," said Clayton. "He was out of his mind."

In the swirling confusion, a few of Jones's followers managed to escape. Clayton, a street-wise kid from San Francisco, told guards he had been assigned to count the living; he made his way to the camp's library tent, hid, then fled into the jungle when a guard at the tent door turned aside. Odell Rhodes, 36, leaned against a fence, waiting for his turn at the poison tub and thinking "about a chance to get out of there." When a nurse asked him to go to the camp's nursing station for a stethoscope, he eagerly volunteered; he hid under the building until the enforced suicide ceremony was nearly over. Then he managed to sneak off into the jungle. He made it to Port Kaituma—and sounded the first alarm on the Jonestown apocalypse.

Before Guyanese authorities could reach the camp, Jones and his inner circle completed the suicide pact. A death squad poisoned the commune's water supply in an attempt to kill cattle, chickens and pigs. Mr. Muggs, the camp's mascot monkey, was shot. Two brightly colored parrots, a tankful of fish in the commune's school aquarium and one yellow dog survived, not much more. Jones's mistress, Maria Katsaris, and eleven disciples put their poison cups in a bread pan and small pail and carried them down to Jones's house. Five died in one bedroom, seven in another. Katsaris was shot. When the death trip was nearly complete, Jones finished it: he put a gun to his head and pulled the trigger.

Lane, 51, and Garry, 69, heard the shots as they plunged into the jungle beyond Jonestown. They struck out for the road to Port Kaituma. Emerging on a trail lined with cassava plants, and catching sight of two strange men hauling boxes on their shoulders, they ducked back into the bush and stayed there for 26 hours. Lane ripped strips from some extra sets of underwear to mark a trail, and the two lawyers eventually reached Port Kaituma, considerably on the outs with one another. "It was utter madness to go in there," Garry said in anguish last week. "Mark Lane knew about everything: the guns, the drugs, the suicide pact—and he never told anyone."

It took Guyanese authorities more than twelve hours to reach the stranded survivors of the Ryan party, in part because the Port Kaituma airstrip had no lights for night landings. At about 6 a.m., the first Guyanese Army units arrived. The survivors were flown to Georgetown that afternoon. As the evacuation planes lifted off, the dazed survivors could still see the bodies of Ryan, Harris, Robinson, Brown and Parks lying where they fell. The U.S. Air Force dispatched a C-141 medical plane to Georgetown, and the badly wounded were ferried back to Andrews Air Force Base near Washington, where they were recovering last week.

The sight that met the Guyanese troops when they entered Jonestown was as horrifying as anything out of a Hitlerian death camp. Bodies lay everywhere. The troops also found a trunk crammed with 803 U.S. passports and scores of social security checks that the older members had turned over to Jones. More than \$1 million in cash also turned up.

ANXIOUS RELATIVES

For a time, how many people had died in Jonestown was very much a mystery. After making a preliminary count of the victims, Guyanese officials set the figure first at 373, then at 409. The discrepancy between that number and the total cache of passports sparked rumors that hundreds of communards had fled Jonestown for the jungle. Anxious relatives in Georgetown and the United States cautiously hoped that Jones might not have taken all his flock with him.

Their hopes were dashed. The U.S. Government dispatched a team of graves-registration and body-identification experts to Jonestown to help the Guyanese measure the toll and to return the bodies of the Jonestown victims. In a terse news conference, Air Force Capt. John Moscatelli, spokesman for the body-removal task force, said the initial

count of the Guyanese had been "seriously in error." He set a revised figure of 780 "with more to come." The problem, he explained, was that the bodies had fallen in stacks. Adults lay on top of children, big people on small people, making it easy to miss many of the victims. As the body detail worked its way inward from the perimeter of the dying ground to the center, the stacks grew deeper—and the count rose to more than 900.

Air Force pilots made a last sweep over the jungle beyond the commune looking for survivors. Choppers flew low, announcing over loudspeakers that it was safe to come out of hiding. "There were absolutely no sightings," said one U.S. official. "They must be dead, they must be dead," wept Claire Janaro, who sat sobbing in the Georgetown Hotel as the search went on. She had hoped that her two children, Maury and Daren, had somehow escaped death.

Not all of the communards died in Jones's holocaust. In Washington, the State Department and FBI warned police in San Francisco and Los Angeles to look out for more suicides in the Temple's surviving enclaves. None occurred last week. In Port Kaituma, police arrested Layton and charged him with Ryan's murder. They also took into custody—and later released—three of Jones's lieutenants, Mike Prokes, Tim Carter and Mike Carter, who turned up in Port Kaituma after the deaths. And they arrested Charles Beikman, charging him with the murder of Sharon Amos and her three children.

'AN INSANE ELEMENT'

In Georgetown, the cult's office was sealed off, and 46 followers, including the basketball team, were put under house arrest. Steven Jones, 19, leader of the Georgetown Temple followers, disavowed his father. "There was an insane element in the leadership," he said. Despite the disclaimer, some Jonestown survivors said they feared the younger Jones as much as his father.

A C-141 military air transport brought the bodies of Ryan and the newsmen back to the United States. The congressman's body was in a metal casket. The newsmen were in plain, wooden coffins. Harris was buried in Vidalia, Ga., where he had started out as a local radio broadcaster and where local people still knew him by his original name: Darwin Humphrey. Ryan was buried on a gloomy, rain-washed afternoon in South San Francisco. Dozens of congressmen, and California's Gov. Jerry Brown attended the ceremonies in Golden Gate Na-

tional Cemetery. In the will that aide Jackie Speier had attended to before the trip, Ryan had asked to be buried in that place so his "ghost will be looking out over the bay he loved so much."

Had Ryan and the newsmen really understood what they were getting into when they set off for Jonestown? Some of Ryan's aides charged angrily last week that the State Department should have been more alert to the dangers of the Peoples Temple. State Department officials said that they had warned Ryan of flying in a small plane over uncharted jungle into a dirt airstrip that was remote, far from local police protection and beyond easy reach of the two-man United States mission in Georgetown. They also maintained that they had warned Ryan that the Peoples Temple had become "increasingly hostile" to outsiders. "But at no time did any of us think that there was any physical danger to his person," said one unhappy department officer.

'JONES BECAME A DEVIL'

The future of the Peoples Temple was another intriguing question. Less than three dozen of Jones's followers were left in the Temple's buff, brick church in San Francisco last week. Eleven adherents turned up there alongside lawyers Lane and Garry for a post-mortem press conference. "Jones became a devil," said Lane. "If you cannot be God, you don't just fall back to the rank and file . . . If you win, you're Moses, if you lose, you're Charles Manson." The remaining communards denied reports that Jones had organized a team of trained assassins. They said they would try to keep up the Temple's anti-racist, humanitarian good works. But from the beginning the Peoples Temple was very much a one-man show and without leader Jones, it seemed unlikely that it could survive.

As for Jones, there was some worry for a time that he wasn't really dead. In the Bay Area last week, worried defectors from the Peoples Temple kept bodyguards posted against the possibility that he still had hit men in place to carry out vengeance against those who had left him. But a metal coffin with the name "Rev Jimmie Jones" scrawled upon it arrived at Dover Air Force Base in Dover, Del., when the Air Force began ferrying the Jonestown victims back home last week. When they opened the coffin, the body inside was unrecognizable. A technician had to peel the skin from one hand to make a set of fingerprints. It was Jones.

—TOM MATHEWS with CHRIS J. HARPER,
TONY FULLER and TIMOTHY NATER in
Guyana, GERALD C. LUBENOW in San
Francisco and bureau reports

WHAT I SAW

By Chris J. Harper

Most of them were lying face down on the lawns near the banana bushes outside the pavilion. Husbands and wives were arm in arm. One man clutched his dead dog to his chest. Children, who only hours before they died were playing on the nearby swings, cuddled next to their parents. Some of the victims wore their best clothes, probably because of Rep. Leo Ryan's visit. A few showed the awful suffering of their last few moments of life, the five minutes or so while the cyanide was taking its effect. Their faces were twisted into violent contortions, and matted blood was smeared over them after it had streamed from their noses and mouths. It was the most gruesome sight I have ever seen.

I had flown out of Guyana's capital of Georgetown, heading to Jim Jones's commune, in the same single-engine Cessna that members of Ryan's party had taken. The bullet holes in the front passenger door had not yet been repaired, and the back of one seat was still smeared with the blood of one of the victims. We landed at Port Kaituma, where the second plane caught in the shoot-out; a Guyana Airways green and yellow twin-engine Otter, had not been moved; its left tire was still flat, punctured by bullets.

We made the final stage of the trip by helicopter. From the air, Jonestown looked like a patchwork quilt: scattered blotches of brilliant reds and yellows and blues, slivers of green and silver, a border of brown. The chopper began its descent, and the scene changed. It now resembled something like the midway at a county fair, with colorfully dressed revelers apparently shoving their way forward to see the attractions in the main tent. Even up close, it seemed surrealistic, perhaps the set of a Hollywood movie after a fierce battle scene.

I spent nearly two hours in Jonestown. It was a steamy, muggy tropical day. The shimmering heat and the stench from about 900 decaying corpses almost overcame me. I devised a makeshift face mask out of a scrap of chamouis, then began to walk toward the pavilion where most of the bodies lay. Many were not recognizable as human corpses; they had ballooned to nearly twice their size and resembled some sort of grotesque dolls.

A POISONED FIELD

Amid all the death, I saw occasional, pathetic signs of life. But it was not human life. Two parrots gazed at the bodies from atop a fence. In the classroom of the commune's school, I came across a bowl of tropical fish. And in a nearby field, a scrawny golden-brown mongrel dog was sniffing, obviously searching for food. There was a sign in the field that read: "Danger. Insecticide. Poison." I have had a dog for eight years, and I ran up to this mutt and shooed him out of the field. There was no reason, I thought, that anything else should die at Jonestown. But I knew that once I left, the dog would be back in the poisoned field—and that it too would probably die.

The day that I was in Jonestown—last Tuesday—the American soldiers who would later remove the bodies for shipment back to the U.S. had not yet arrived. A towering, 6-foot 3-inch man with a bandolier strapped across his chest, Pancho Villa style, greeted me cordially as I jumped out of the helicopter. But he and the other 200 Guyanese soldiers sent to guard the camp

kept away from the sights and smells of the corpses. They sat on the porches of mon." For the believers who flocked to the cottages farthest from the pavilion, the Jonestown commune, what they One of them had picked up a crossbow had in common was death.

and a pack of arrows—part of the arsenal maintained by Jonestown's security forces—and was idly shooting arrows into the distance. It was one way to pass the time. One soldier patiently walked with me through the field, explaining that these plants were banana trees, those were "eddoes."

"What are eddoes?" I asked. "Something like potatoes," he answered.

A PERVERSIVE STENCH

The soldier was polite, helpful, eager to tell me what he knew. But he would not go near the bodies, and neither would a third soldier I tried to talk to. He concentrated on ignoring everything around him. He had wrapped a fragrant nut in a handkerchief, and stared sullenly ahead, breathing the aroma deeply as if it could eliminate the stench that pervaded the camp.

I walked back to the pavilion, and went inside. About 50 corpses lay facing the stage where Jim Jones had transfixed his congregation with his messianic mix of religion and hatred. It was as if the dead were still worshipping Jones. The cult leader's body lay where it had fallen. He was dressed in a red dashiki and light-colored pants. He had tumbled off the dais on which his "throne" sat and he lay sprawled on his back, the fatal gunshot wound plainly visible in his head. I saw the woefully inapt quotations from Santayana and the Bible: "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." "All that believed

A BAG OF DRUGS

Finally, I went into Jonestown's inner sanctum, the cottage where Jim Jones had lived. An array of boots, adults' and children's, was meticulously lined up on a rack, but the rest of the cottage was a shambles. The porch was littered with heaps of letters written by the communards, letters in which they spoke glowingly of Jones and of the Peoples Temple—and admitted their own shortcomings. There was a pitiable quality to them: the handwriting was infantile, the words misspelled as often as not, the phrasing banal. Amid the rubble, there was a large plastic bag. I poked into it. It was filled with drugs: Thorazine, Darvon, Pentothal, Valium.

There were more corpses in the Jones cottage. Twelve commune members—including several of the camp's privileged elite—had carried their doses of poison in a bread pan and a small metal pail into the house. They drank it there and died there. Jones's mistress, Maria Katsaris, lay on a bed, her once attractive face discolored and stained with blood. A family—a man, a woman, a baby—clung to each other on a second bed, and four more victims lay on the floor. A pail of poison was next to the corpses, and a small black and white kitten was crawling among the bodies, whining. And on walls of the bedroom were a smattering of crayon drawings—simple stick figures—done by several of the commune's children. I turned and walked away.

THE EMPEROR JONES

He was a self-proclaimed messiah in a polyester suit, a man who played God from behind mysterious dark glasses that gave his followers the impression that he was omniscient. With Gantreyesque oratory and "miracles" of healing that were pure medicine-show hokum, he mesmerized his flock and demanded fanatical loyalty and adoration. His appeal to the poor, the black and the troubled—and his ability to deliver their votes and their support—made him a friend of public figures. But behind locked temple doors, he flaunted his power over people and forced them to fulfill his consuming needs for financial, egotistical and sexual gratification.

PARANOID ILLUSIONS

Jim Jones wanted to be many things: a con man and a cult hero, a political force in California and a dictator in his own Utopia. But as his public and private lives began to tear him apart and his foulest paranoid illusions loomed as realities, Jones reached out for the one dream that probably dominated all his actions. Godlike, he dealt out death.

Among grieving relatives of the dead, embarrassed friends of Jones's in high places and millions of horrified outlookers, the search for answers will go on long after the last bloated body has been counted. This was no firebrand revolutionary, but a man who preached a nonviolent socialist brand of love and racial equality. This was not a Manson, transforming the wounded birds of society into deadly weapons, but a leader who told young people who felt like "nothing going nowhere" that they

could "be someone" and do good. "He had this soft, beautiful voice," says a former member of his Peoples Temple. In and out of the Temple, it was difficult for many people to recognize the monster that was growing within the man who could always smile and reassure them: "Just call me Jim."

Perhaps the story should begin with the dream. Lynetta Jones was once a young anthropologist, working with primitive tribes in Africa and trying to decide between her career and marriage. Torn, she dreamed repeatedly of her dead mother. Finally, from the far side of a river, Lynetta's mother called to her that she would bear a son who would right the wrongs of the world. Lynetta accepted a proposal of marriage. Her first child was a boy. And she was convinced that James Warren Jones was a messiah.

Jim was born in 1931 in Lynn, Ind., a hamlet of 900 about 70 miles east of Indianapolis. His parents were white and his father, James Thurmond Jones, was a member of the Ku Klux Klan. Young Jim claimed that Lynetta was part Cherokee, and would later refer to himself with pride as "an All-American mongrel." Jim's father was in poor health and

died when he was young. The family was poor, and Lynetta worked occasionally in a factory 20 miles away, leaving her son in the care of a neighbor. But Jim was close enough to his mother to give her reason to keep believing in the dream.

"Jim always had several animals," recalls his cousin Barbara Shaffer. "He took in strays all over town. He befriended everyone, animals and people." Lynetta Jones was thrilled by her son's way with animals. She saw it as a gift from Saint Francis.

SEEDS OF HORROR

Raised as a Methodist, Jim was fascinated by pulpit oratory. "We used to play pretend-church," says Vera Price, who played with him as a child. "He'd always be the preacher, standing up making sermons." Another neighbor says that even when he was only 7, the boy would lace his speeches with calls for strict discipline. "He would have ten or twelve youngsters and put them through their paces," recalls the neighbor, now 73. "He'd hit them with a stick and make them cry. He had a power that most boys don't have."

High-school classmates don't recall any such displays of power. They say that Jones was popular but not a leader. They noticed his growing interest in religion, but never thought of him as a fanatic. Only in retrospect does anyone claim to have spotted seeds of the horror to come. "I had a hunch something bad was going to happen to him," says a middle-aged man in Lynn. "He was smart as a whip. But he had some strange ideas. He never fit in with the town. He was different."

After graduating from Richmond High School, 20 miles from Lynn, Jones required ten years of on-and-off studies before receiving his Bachelor of Arts degree from Butler University. During that decade, he worked part-time as a hospital orderly and met and married nurse Marceline Baldwin. He also became pastor of a Methodist church in Indianapolis, where his strong integrationist views made him a target of bigots who jeered him and even tossed dead cats into his church.

Soon Jones decided that "there was no love" in the Methodist Church. Disenchanted, he carried his message into a church of his own, the Community National Church. He also served briefly as associate pastor of the Laurel Street Tab-

ernacle. But his belief that blacks should be admitted there stirred up a furor on the church board, and he became committed to the idea of his own liberal-minded church. To raise the money, he sold pet monkeys door to door, at \$29 each. When bigots knocked him off his bicycle during his selling rounds, he only grew more determined. By 1956, he opened the doors of his new place of worship on North New Jersey Street in Indianapolis: the first Peoples Temple.

At that site and then at a former synagogue on North Delaware Street, the Temple seemed to flourish as a model of integration and liberalism. A soup kitchen fed anyone who was hungry. An employment desk was staffed with volunteers who helped people to find jobs. A nursing home provided health care. Jones and Marceline, parents of one boy of their own, eventually adopted eight children of varying racial backgrounds; they encouraged members of the racially mixed congregation to follow their example. In 1961, Indianapolis Mayor Charles H. Boswell appointed Jones as director of the city's Human Rights Commission. As his mother's dream had promised, Jones seemed to be making at least a dent in the wrongs of the world.

A STRANGE POWER

But while he remained unshaken by local bigots, Jones appeared vulnerable to forces within his own mind. "I think perhaps he started out to do something good," says the Rev. Raymond Bosler, a retired Roman Catholic priest who served with Jones on the Human Rights Commission. "But he had a strange power over people, and that kind of power tends to go to the head."

Ross Case, a Disciple of Christ minister who worked with Jones for several years, echoes that theme: "I've never seen anyone relate to people the way he could. He would build them up, convince them that anyone as intelligent and sensitive as they were ought to do whatever it was that he wanted them to do."

At about that time, Jones's sense of his own powers drove him toward Father Divine, the famous black cult leader in Philadelphia. He took a group of young people to visit Divine and returned with some of Divine's gospel songs, as well as the evangelist's insistence on fierce personal loyalty. Soon Jones instituted an interrogation committee in the church to question anyone who dared to speak against him. "He said everybody ought to love him," says his former associate minister, Thomas Dickson. "If they didn't, he'd get awfully violent—not physically, but verbally." Adds former disciple Judy McNulty: "I knew that was when he got his idea to play God. Not too long after that, I got out."

Those who remained witnessed some startling changes: The poor people's socialist set up several corporations and began flexing his capitalist muscle in the real-estate market. Going over the ledgers of Jones's profitmaking Jim-Lu-Mar Corp., one accountant chuckled that he was glad the Internal Revenue Service couldn't see the books. Later, when purchasing a building for one of his two nonprofit corporations, Jones coolly told his friend Case: "We'd better put this one under Christian Assemblies, because Wings of Deliverance won't stand investigation."

Cynicism was also eroding the religious beliefs of the young man who had once loved to play "pretend-church." "He tried to get me to be a minister once," recalls Edward Mueller of Indianapolis. "He said there was no easier way to make it. Once he told me, 'Just look at my hands. They're not dirty.'" If Mueller was put off by that approach, he was even more distraught when his 73-year-old mother turned over \$25,000 in

cash and property to Jones—and then disinherited her son.

By 1961, Jones was going public with his doubts. He confessed to his congregation that he no longer believed in the Virgin Birth—and demanded to know who agreed with him. Only one hand was raised—and that single ally was immediately made a trusted aide to the minister. During other sermons, Jones began to rant against the Bible. His associate Dickson recalls breaking away from Jones after the pastor threw a Bible to the floor and complained, "Too many people are looking at this instead of me." To the consternation of his fundamentalist-style flock, the man who had walked with dignity past segregationists who spat on his adopted black child was now seen spitting at the Bible.

As some followers became uneasy about him, Jones himself grew restless. He said that he had a vision of a nuclear holocaust, and he wanted to find a place that would be safe from bombs as well as bigots. He had read a magazine article about the nine safest spots in the event of nuclear war, and in April of 1962, he moved his family to one of them—Belo Horizonte, a Brazilian industrial city of nearly 2 million people, about 250 miles north of Rio de Janeiro.

MESSIANIC IMPULSES

In Brazil the dream seemed rekindled. Jones and another American, Jack Beam, threw open the doors of their large house to the poor and the desperate. Jones took out newspaper ads offering help to the populace, and spent almost two years

doling out food, clothing and counseling. He also used that period to study the work of the fire-and-brimstone Brazilian faith healer David Martins de Miranda, who is known to his followers as the "Envoy of the Messiah." But Jones's own messianic impulses were never apparent to neighbors. "He told us he was a pastor," said one. "But he mainly preached racial harmony and integration. I wouldn't say he had followers."

Amid all the good works, however, there were hints that Jones was being pursued by darker forces. He was so paranoid about nuclear war, one neighbor says, "There were times when just the sound of an airplane flying overhead would start him crying." He also spoke frequently of health problems. "He told me that he had some sort of skin disease that had turned into cancer," recalls attorney Elza Reis Rocha. "He also talked a lot about having been operated on for some warts and moles on his neck. His big fear was cancer."

In 1963, Jones visited Guyana, where he apparently had his first healing vision of a remote utopian settlement. Then his mingled fears and dreams drove him north toward home and Indiana.

There his followers sensed still another change. While his earlier gestures of power grabbing and apostasy had been mercurial and sporadic, he returned in a purposeful mood—a man in a hurry. "If you had money to donate to the church, he would still grab you and hug you," says former disciple Wanda Johnson. "But if you didn't, he would shun you. You weren't welcome if you didn't have any money." His stay in Brazil also seemed to have heightened Jones's gift for exaggeration. "He stretched everything," says Johnson. "If he brought ten people to the altar, he would say there were twenty."

LUSTFUL GIANT

Among intimates, his hyperbole soared even higher. "You go out and preach me," he told black assistant minister Archie James, "and I'll back it up with miracles." Ross Case says that when Jones returned from Brazil, "Jim wasn't even a Christian." But the concept of Christianity was very much with him. Jim Jones began telling friends that he himself was Jesus Christ.

In 1965, the messiah rushed onward to Redwood Valley, a hamlet near Ukiah in far northern California—an area Jones also deemed safe from nuclear holocaust. Only about 100 of the Indianapolis faithful followed him, and many left as the services focused increasingly on Jones as God. But California proved fertile ground for the Peoples Temple. Gradually Jones built a new flock that probably grew to several thousand—about one-fifth of his own inflated estimates.

Among the redwoods, God as played by Jim Jones emerged as an awesome caricature of the Biblical force: he seemed a wrathful, lustful giant who doled out unspeakable punishments along with his "miracles" and appeared before various audiences in whatever shining guise would serve his purpose. To build a just society, he told his listeners, people needed a living God rather than a scriptural one. And Jones was willing to resort to almost anything to seize that role.

The "healings" were strictly carnival stuff. Whitie Freestone, who claims to have been skeptical even while his wife was following Jones west from Indiana, offers an outline of a typical cure: "Jim had people go to a house and use the bathroom. They would look into the medicine cabinet and find medicine for, say, heart disease. Then they'd get this person to come to the church, and Jim would pick the guy out, scare him to death, and say 'You've got heart trouble.' Other times he would tell a person he had cancer. Then they would send the person to the bathroom—usually Jim's wife would go, too—and his wife would carry back a towel with bloody meat in it. Jim would holler, 'Don't get too close, that's cancer.' But I would look right at it and you know, it was the same piece of meat every week. I think they kept it refrigerated."

Eventually Jones refined the cancer act, commanding his top aides to find a better prop. They devised a mixture of chicken entrails and their own blood. Then they left it in a warm room until it congealed into a rancid and apparently convincing mess. Jones also allowed congregations to eavesdrop on his conversations with "spirits"—aides who hid in crawl spaces in the ceiling. Once he even healed himself of a mysterious gunshot wound from an unseen sniper—and he displayed his bloody shirt in a glass case like an icon. The stunts were often orchestrated to suit the audiences. The elderly blacks who formed a majority of his followers usually witnessed old-fashioned tent-revival-style cures, for example, and visiting radical celebrities might be treated to a seance with the soul of sainted labor leader Joe Hill.

INTRAMURAL TERROR

Jones was just as meticulous in structuring his congregation. The paranoia that was his constant companion was also his weapon: he loved loyalty by convincing many members that without him they would be killed or imprisoned by the Ku Klux Klan, the CIA or any number of free-floating forces of evil. But as an extra safeguard, he encouraged intramural terror. Members were encouraged to inform on spouses or children who transgressed, and his supposedly classless society was set up according to a rigid and unforgiving hierarchy.

Closest to Jones were a dozen or more "Angels," who handled Temple finances, acted as advance men when he approached public officials and meted out vengeance and punishment—perhaps including the ambush of Rep. Leo Ryan and his party. The second echelon, the Temple Planning Commission, was assigned many day-to-day chores such as organizing bus pilgrimages to San Francisco and Los Angeles and enforcing

petty rules. But when Jones called for acquisitions of members' property, severe public paddlings or the serving of fake poison in suicide-practice rituals, he usually called on the Angels.

He also called on them for sex. Jones's sexual self-image was as tormented and exaggerated as his religious one. Night after night he would harangue his followers about the "curse" of his huge penis, which he said made women plead constantly for his attentions. To make that particular gospel come true, Jones required every woman who was close to him to have sex with him regularly. Often that idea was instilled early in church training. "Once Jim handed out a questionnaire that asked, 'Do you fantasize about "Father" sexually,'" says former member Sandy Rozynko Mills, 19, who left the Temple three years ago. "Here I was 14 years old and I was thinking, 'What ... ?' But we all knew we were supposed to say yes, so I said yes."

Jones was also intrigued by homosexuality. "He'd say that everybody else in the Temple was gay and he was the only heterosexual," says Mills. "And we didn't question it. If Father said we were homosexual, then we must have been homosexual." Straight or not, Jones also had several male lovers. But sex with males was used as a tactic to control, humiliate or blackmail them. Often he would require a male follower to engage in sex with him and call in some female member to observe or photograph the act. "He'd explain," says Mills, "that the only reason he went to bed with anyone was to help the cause."

SEXUAL BOASTS

The contradictions in Jones's sex life were as blatant as those in his theology. On his organizational charts he was listed as the "main body," and he took the term literally. Everyone in the cult was expected to recognize "Father" as the only meaningful source of guidance, discipline—and sex. Jones also took pleasure in rising above his own rules.

While underlings were beaten for homosexual acts, Jones would arrogantly flaunt his own such behavior.

Like his crowd estimates at services, however, his sexual boasts may have been exaggerated: he once told his attorney Charles Garry that he had had sex sixteen times in one day—with fourteen women and two men. For all his posturing Jones had a scared and secret side. Five years ago, he was arrested for making a lewd advance to an undercover cop in a Los Angeles adult theater. Charges were dropped because of insufficient evidence.

The sexual theme was central to the survival of the Temple. Young women with posters of movie stars were forced to replace them with huge portraits of Jones. Parents were required to prove

their love for their leader by signing away not only their possessions but their children; some signed bogus confessions claiming that they had hideously molested their kids. In the Temple, no love counted but love of Jim Jones. Those who experienced such twisted love would not leave and expose his secrets. The rest, Jones hoped, could not leave—out of shame and terror of the photographs and documents they would have to leave behind.

While old members hesitated to depart, new members kept joining. In 1971, Jones purchased new temples in San Francisco's Fillmore district and in Los Angeles. To create the impression of vast local followings, he required hundreds of members to ride a fleet of eleven buses to his sermons at the distant temples. The groups traveled in the overcrowded vehicles—with children often sleeping on overhead racks and some members

riding for hours in airless luggage compartments—while Jones alone enjoyed a private compartment at the rear of his bus. Perhaps the enormity of Jones's public mirage can best be shown by the juxtaposition of those nightmarish all-night rides against a state assemblyman's gushing tribute: "Anytime you wanted a crowd, you called Jim."

But the public acclaim of Jones was all too genuine. His people earned much of it by establishing effective drug-rehabilitation programs, clinics and nursing homes—although much of the state funding for the latter appears to have supported Jones rather than elderly patients. Jones also had a keen sense of public relations. He contributed money to local police forces and to newspapers in "defense of the free press"—and received kid-glove treatment in return from both sources. Above all, when a solid liberal politician needed telephone volunteers, enthusiastic crowds or a few hundred crucial votes, Jim Jones was the man who could deliver.

CELEBRITY STATUS

Jones's clout was strikingly illustrated in 1975, when he delivered a bloc of votes that helped liberal Democrat George Moscone to edge a conservative rival in a tough San Francisco mayoralty race. The grateful Moscone offered Jones a seat on his city's Human Rights Commission. Jones thought the reward wasn't good enough, or so it's said, and turned it down. Then he was made chairman of the Housing Authority. He soon turned that fairly routine position into his kind of podium, packing meetings with his supporters and basking in their adulation when he solved what he described as crises.

Such bizarre scenes failed to trouble many politicians. In addition to Mayor Moscone, Temple visitors included San

Francisco District Attorney Joe Freitas, Assemblyman Willie Brown and Gov. Jerry Brown. When Walter Mondale campaigned for the Vice Presidency in 1976, Jones was invited aboard his plane. When Rosalynn Carter appeared, Jones helped gather one of her largest campaign crowds—and dined with her later at the Stanford Court Hotel.

Ironically, it was his sudden celebrity status that led to Jones's ruin. Apart from an occasional appreciative feature about one of his community projects, the press had largely ignored him until he began to wield political power. But in late 1976, a San Francisco Chronicle reporter, Marshall Kilduff, proposed a probe behind the locked doors of the Temple. His city editor, who had been befriended and frequently praised by Jones, vetoed the idea. So Kilduff took the story to New West. A few months later, Kilduff and magazine staffer Phil Tracy were ready with a piece quoting ten Temple defectors about the beatings and misuse of funds under Jones. As publication neared, New West editors learned even more about Jones's influence: they received protest letters from advertisers, politicians and even the American Civil Liberties Union. "Can you believe it?" says Kilduff. "He had the ACLU trying to kill a news story."

When his pressure tactics failed to squelch what he knew would be a devastating piece, Jim Jones prepared to move on again, this time to his leased tract of 27,000 acres in Guyana. As usual, he built his travel plans on paranoia. Black followers were warned that if they stayed behind they would be put in American concentration camps. Whites were told they were on a CIA "enemies" list. And always, there was the threat of blackmail and violent reprisal against defectors. Finally, with the New West piece due on the stands within weeks, Jones slipped

out of California and went to Guyana. "I'm not running away," he told a friend. "I'll be back." But he never intended to return. And when the Aug. 1, 1977, edition of New West appeared, it was clear why.

In the aftermath of that article, more defectors appeared. One, Gwen Johnson, told The Indianapolis

Star of beatings of children as young as four months old. In California, others recalled that Jones had watched such punishments with a bemused smile. He was discredited, and his temples became little more than supply depots for those who wanted to follow him to his Guyana settlement. And, incredibly, 800-odd souls were ready to do just that.

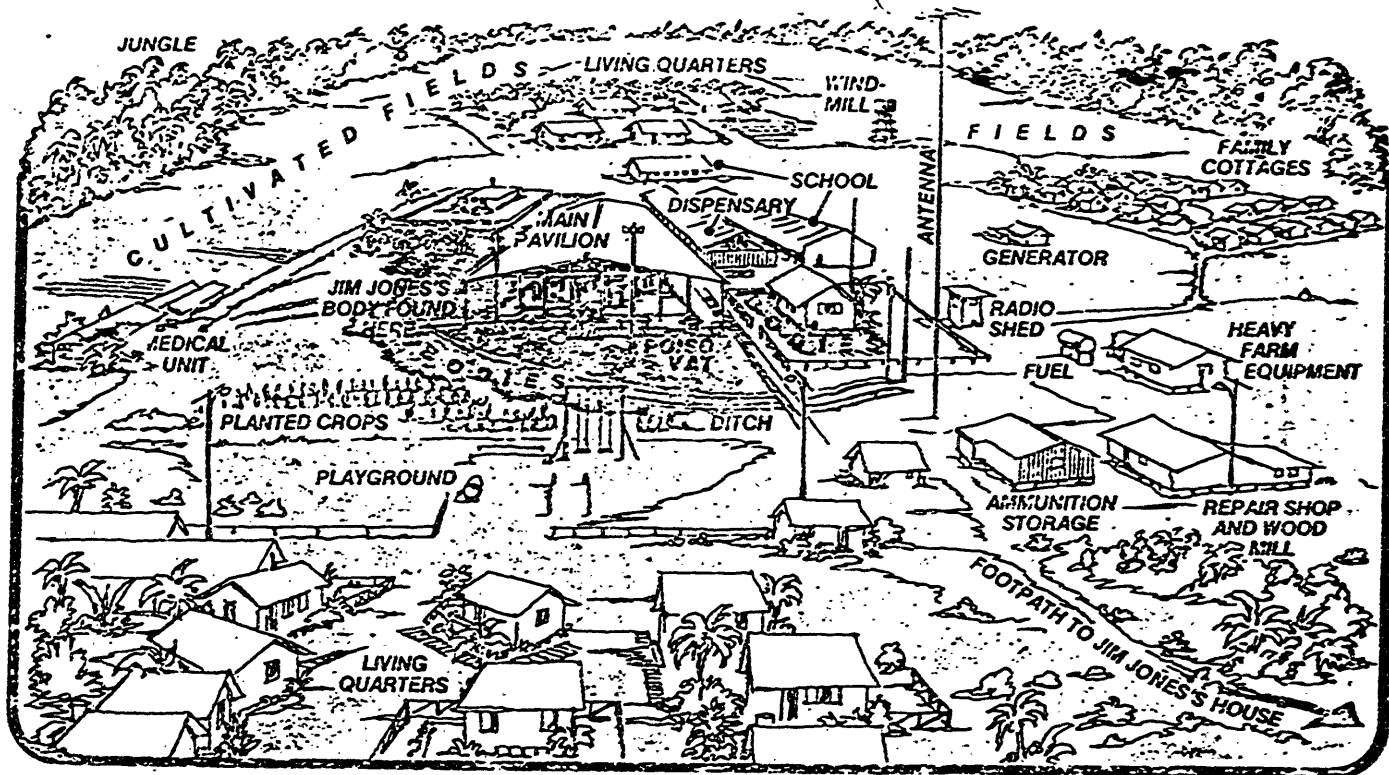
The ultimately tragic exodus began shortly after the article was published, as busloads of believers crossed the country to Miami and flew on to their promised land. They found a hothouse where the evils of the California temples grew like jungle weeds. At the same time, Jones's own health was unraveling. His lungs were racked with a fungus infection. A prostate condition rendered him unable to urinate, and he had to be catheterized. His blood pressure soared and his temperature ranged between 101 and 105, as aides tried desperately to hold it down by packing their leader in ice. Jones was sometimes rambling and incoherent; at other times he was sullen and almost comatose. The "Living God" was subsisting on rising dosages of drugs—and staring wild-eyed at the specter of death.

PARADISE LOST

It arrived in the form of Ryan and his media entourage. Jones sat helplessly through the visit. Then came the airstrip assassinations. Now Jones's most grotesque fears had come true, and the world would know of his secrets. He felt surrounded by real and imagined inquisitors—the media, the CIA, the defectors in his midst. His \$10 million fortune was useless to him now. So were his former friends in high places and his powers over his flock. Paradise was a hideous trap. There was only one exit.

Lynetta Jones had died a year earlier, but perhaps in his last moments her son believed that he could speak to a spirit who wasn't secreted in a ceiling. Just before he put a bullet through his head, Jim Jones cried out to his mother. It could have been the final hopeless shriek of the dream messiah who had long ago lost his way.

—PETE AXTHELM with GERALD C. LUBENOW, MICHAEL REESE and LINDA WALTERS in San Francisco, SYLVESTER MONROE in Indianapolis and bureau reports



Jones's jungle outpost: A tropical socialist commune that turned into a fear-ridden concentration camp

LIFE IN JONESTOWN

The color movies and glossy promotional brochures painted the picture of an idyllic tropical paradise, a love-filled commune dedicated to good works and racial harmony. They showed smiling, suntanned women cheerfully making bread and doing laundry. They showed comfortable, well-furnished cottages, complete with drapes and carpeting. As the leaders of the Peoples Temple told it, their devout and dedicated members had conquered 900 acres of hostile jungle and in its place they built Jonestown—"an interracial, sharing community" with lush fields, a school, a clinic and even the beginnings of industry. And every day at Jonestown, the brochures said, "the laughter of children rings through the air. Our children are our greatest treasure."

There may have been a day when some, perhaps much, of that was true. In 1974, the followers of Jim Jones heeded his call to build a Christian, socialist commune in the wilds of Guyana. They planted their crops and built substantial, if plain, housing. They established medical facilities that were advanced by Guyanese standards. There was little racial friction. Children seemed especially happy. "I just picked up a hurt monkey out of the jungle and he's going to be all mine," Maury Janaro, 16, wrote to her mother in San Francisco. "I love it here."

Then, about a year ago, life at Jonestown began to change. Meat, served twice a day at first, was served once, then

not at all. The workday increased from eight hours to eleven. The commune's security forces began to impose harsher discipline. Jones himself seemed to deteriorate physically; he began gaining weight, he started to slur his words, he looked dazed—and the rumors began to spread that he was on hard drugs, or seriously ill. Last spring, Deborah Blakey, once a trusted aide, escaped from Jonestown and Jones went into a frenzy. He shouted endlessly over the loudspeakers; "I am the alpha and the omega." From then on, well before its grisly end, Jonestown turned into a virtual concentration camp.

RICE AND GRAVY

By day, all but a select handful of Jonestown's residents labored under the broiling sun; by night, they endured endless re-education meetings and sleep-destroying harangues that boomed out over the camp's public-address system. Their living quarters—the pleasant cottages of the film—were crammed with as many as 30 people. Their food was rice and gravy. Their sins—drinking a glass of wine or snatching a packet of powdered fruit-drink mix—were punished by public beatings. Not even the children were exempt. When they misbehaved, they were tied up and left in the jungle at night, or dropped into the waters of a well, to be pulled out only when they screamed for forgiveness. In every sense, says Edith Bogue, who escaped

from the camp hours before the mass suicide, Jonestown was "a nightmare."

Jonestown's day began at 6 a.m. The public-address system blared out the wake-up call, and the communards lined up in a tent for the food they were given at every meal: boiled rice, occasionally flavored with bits of pig oil or a bitter, green vegetable that the cult members called "pig weed." Then they set off for the fields, for what was often a futile day's work. "We had agronomists, botanists and chemists out there," recalled Harold Cordell, 42. "But you couldn't make anything grow. The weeds would come back and choke the plants within 24 hours." Each day, Jones's security forces followed the workers to the fields, lurking in the shade of the surrounding jungle to spy on them. "We'd work in temperatures as high as 120 degrees all day with only a ten-minute break," says Bogue's daughter, Juanita, 21. "If you stopped to rest and leaned on your hoe, the security forces would write down the time you wasted."

The commune was billed as an agricultural experiment designed to help the Guyanese people. But there was not even enough food to feed Jonestown's settlers, and the few who escaped last week's mass suicide were undernourished, with half-healed sores covering their bodies. "They just popped out, boils and blisters," says Jim Bogue. "We weren't getting enough protein." There were cattle, pigs and chickens at Jonestown, but meat was either sold or reserved for "selected people"—namely Jones, his family and his favorites. The community's elite enjoyed imported coffee and soft drinks, canned ham and tuna fish. When Jones wanted to reward a cult member, he occasionally did so by passing that person a few leftovers from his second heaping plate of food.

Jones and his handpicked lieutenants regulated every aspect of life at the commune, even the sexual lives of the cult members. A couple who wished to live together applied to the camp's Relationships Committee for approval, and had to spend a three-month trial "dating peri-

od" before they could have sexual relations. Even then, they received no special living arrangements. Like single members of the commune, couples slept on a narrow mattress, separated from others in their living cottages only by a sheet hanging from a cord. "There was no privacy," says Harold Cordell. "People could hear your every noise, cough and whisper. We were packed in like cattle."

PUBLIC HUMILIATION

Interracial "partnerships" were encouraged in Jonestown. Promiscuity was not, and commune members who violated Jones's moral code were subject to beatings and public humiliation. One woman who had had sex with a male cult member without the permission of the Relationships Committee was forced to have sex with a second man—while all other members of the cult watched. At the evening meetings, Jones often ordered women and men to tell of their sexual relations with him. "I've been----- by Jim Jones and believe me, sisters, it's the best----- I've ever had," women would say.

In the early years of the commune, the "business meetings," as Jones called them, were held only once or twice a week. In Jonestown's final months, they became a nightly ritual that often lasted from 7:30 until 3 a.m. Jones would ramble on for hours, railing against everything from the white man's sins in Africa to the venality of some communards who balked at giving him their wristwatches. "If you started to nod off, the security people would come up behind you," recalls Cordell. "They would hit your shoulder and tell you, 'Wake up. Stand up if you have to. Stay awake.'" After the exhausted cult members finally went to sleep, Jones would often flick on the public-address system, screaming "Alert, alert, alert!" He would then order all of Jonestown's residents to gather in the commune's pavilion to listen to his warnings about impending attacks by the U.S. Army, the Central Intelligence Agency or other "enemies" of the settlement.

To Jones, almost everyone—including the cult members themselves—was a potential enemy. The inhabitants of Jonestown were unable to communicate with their families, and letters from relatives in the U.S. were never delivered to those in the commune. When Edith Bogue tried to speak to her husband by shortwave radio before she moved to Jonestown from San Francisco, she was invariably told, "Sorry, too much atmospheric static. Maybe next time." Only carefully selected members were allowed outside the camp, and even then their children were kept at Jonestown as hostages to ensure their return.

The strict isolation of the communards was only part of Jones's rule. In the commune's final weeks, rebellious teenagers were put in Jonestown's extended-care unit—isolation cells where they were pumped full of sedatives and other drugs. "When they came out a week later, they were changed," says Cordell. "They couldn't talk to you and they walked around with empty faces." Cult members considered to be guilty of minor infractions, such as faking an extra rest period during the workday, were called on "the floor" at the nightly meetings. Forced to stand in front of the chair

that Jones called his "throne," they were harassed and threatened by the armed security forces until they broke down, wept and pleaded to be forgiven.

More severe "crimes"—attempts to run away, unwillingness to give personal possessions to Jones, direct criticism of Jones—were punished with severe beatings. The beatings were usually administered by the security forces as the other commune members watched. On one occasion, Jones ordered a group of elderly communards to beat a woman with their canes, explaining, as one witness recalls, that "it will be good for your hypertension."

WEIGHTED GLOVES

At other times, transgressors were forced into boxing matches with husky members of the security forces wearing weighted gloves. One woman, whose husband turned her in to the authorities when he caught her drinking wine, was lashed 100 times with a leather belt. When another communard, Tommy Bogue, 17, tried to escape, he was called on the floor and beaten unconscious by a security guard while his fellow commune members were ordered to shout, "Kill the little bastard." After the beating, Bogue was dragged out, shackled in red-hot metal cuffs and put in a hard-labor work detail clearing away a section of the jungle.

There were special tortures reserved for errant children. Sometimes they were taken into a darkened room where electrodes were attached to their bodies; after the electric shocks, they were told that was what happened to children who failed to smile at Jim Jones or forgot to call him "Dad." At other times, they were blindfolded, tied to a stake in the jungle and told they would be left there until poisonous snakes bit them.

When Jones wanted to punish children especially harshly, he threatened them with a mythical creature that the communards called Big Foot. After dark, a child would be tied up and taken to a well in which two commune disciplinarians were hiding. The youngster would be lowered into the well where the cultists would grab his feet, pull him under the water and then let him be pulled out—only to be dragged in again and again. As one commune member recalls: "You could hear the child screaming all the way there and all the way back, I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Father. I'm sorry, Father. And if he didn't scream loud enough how sorry he was, then [Jones] would send the child back down."

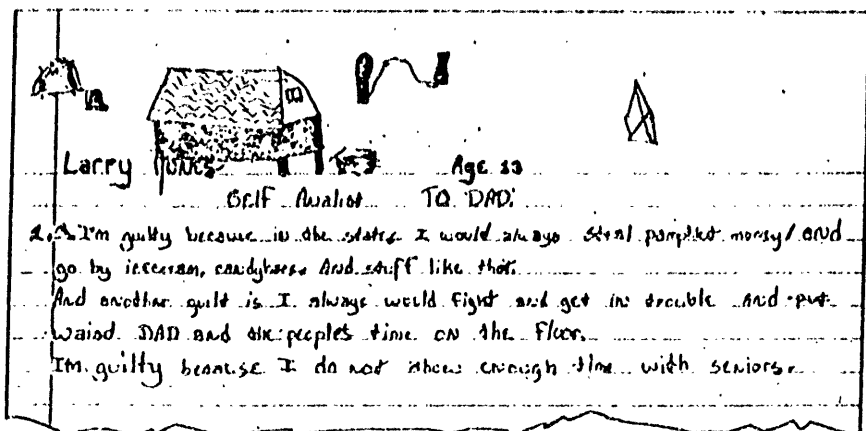
"WOULD YOU KILL?"

Toward the end, Jones called the cultists together for one of his White Nights, this one a three-day period of brainwashing and intimidation. "Would you kill one of your children?" he asked. "You would if you loved them enough." He pointed to people in his captive audience and asked, "How would you kill your child?" When some suggested a violent method, Jones said, "Well, I wouldn't kill them that way.

I would do it gently with a sedative. Just put them to sleep."

Amounting that the commune was on the verge of being destroyed, Jones then ordered a 30-gallon vat filled with orange drink brought into the pavilion. He told the commune members that all must drink, and sacrifice themselves for the Peoples Temple. They would begin to feel dizzy, Jones told them, and when they did, they were to move outside to a grassy area and lie down. The commune members drank. Two women among them, apparently shills, began to moan and toppled over, and suddenly dozens rushed outside and began to keel over. There was no poison in the orange drink—they had been felled by the power of suggestion. That White Night was just a rehearsal for the deadly performance that was to come.

—RICHARD STEELE with TONY FULLER and TIMOTHY WATERS in Georgetown



True confessions: An exercise in self-analysis by a Jonestown youth

LETTERS TO 'DAD'

Newsweek's Chris Harper examined a number of letters that members of the Jonestown commune wrote to Jim Jones. Excerpts:

From Rosa Kanton, 71:

Thanks for all the wonderful opportunities which you have provided for us all who are members of this beautiful Socialist family ... You, Dad, have bought six months food for us here in Jonestown, at the cost of \$675,000. No one else would do that. You practice the highest principle of Socialism-Communism than anyone else in the entire universe. We should emulate you and Mother because you are the best Father anyone can have. Mother is the best Mother that we can have ... I have given material things, money and time to the cause, but I will not betray my trust to the cause knowingly. I do not have a commitment to anything but the cause ... I know that

one is due to obey authority and respect authority. I try daily to be obedient and respectful ... I have no hostility towards Dad for anything and I do not regret being in the cause. I only am sorry that I did not know about it 20 years ago ... Up until 1959, I was afraid of death and dying, but since then I have thought of death and dying as just going to sleep ...

From Larry Jones, 13:

... I'm guilty because in the states I would always steal pamphlet money and go by ice cream, candybars. And stuff like that ... I'm guilty because I do not show enough time with seniors. I tear down structure in class. I take advantage of people kindness. I talk about the states. I gossip about people, specially sisters. I don't like to stop my games and listen to the news. I sleep in service because I like to act bad and tough in front of my friends. I talk

back to my teacher when
he or she confronts me in
class . . .

From Osislog Hilton, 84:

. . . I am so glad to be in
Jonestown. This is the
happy time of my life.
Started August 18, 1977
when I got here . . . Dad,
you no the first white
night we had here before
then I was asfired to die, I
stood in the rain that
night. I saw divided time
between life and death, I
have not ben asferid elence. I have
something to die for now and some-
thing to live for. I love the little
childrens, see them grow here, them
crying, see them smiling. Watching
the elders, hoping they are glad as I
am because they are here . . . I
brought four blankets here. Have
not got one now, someone els have
them. I love to have one nice blan-
ket. Thank you . . .

*From Stephanie Jones, age
unknown:*

. . . Sometimes I'm over hard on
the children I teach which Im sure
studds their groth. Im lazy in my
work and I dont put your examples
you show me into action . . . I think
that when people say oh I want to
dies its selfish as hell and I hate the
fact that people say it. It pisses me
off because they arn't thinking of the
children that hafe to try to under-
stand it . . . I also think its selfish
because they want to die so bad and
they can take so much pain but they
cant take the pain to work . . .

LEO RYAN'S LAST MISSION

To some of his wary colleagues, Rep. Leo Ryan looked like one of those moral grandstanders not unfamiliar to their ranks—a reformer who liked causes, and liked his publicity, too. Whether donning jailhouse denims for an inmate's-eye view of California prison conditions or wrapping himself in an arctic windbreaker to witness the slaughter of baby seals in Newfoundland, the 53-year-old Democrat seldom failed to get his picture taken in the process. This fall, when he tried to enlist fellow lawmakers for an on-scene investigation of the Peoples Temple colony in Guyana, he didn't get a single taker. Said one Californian who declined the invitation: "I just thought, 'There goes Leo on another one of his things'."

But to constituents and staffers, Ryan's commitment to oppressed citizens—or seals—seemed genuine. Outrage at the witch hunting of the McCarthy years propelled him into politics, they said. As the son of a crusading Nebraska journalist, he displayed an affinity for press people, and as a Shakespeare buff, he had an admitted instinct for the theatrical. Yet he withheld announcing the Guyana trip until after his landslide reelection last month to avoid any implication of a vote-grabbing ploy, and aides claim that reporters, scenting a good story, joined the journey largely on their own initiative. Ironically, they speculate now, Ryan might have survived the chancey venture had he gone without the newsmen and TV cameras.

EYE-CATCHING SORTIES

Lanky, silver-haired Leo Ryan was a congenital activist. Born in Lincoln, Neb., he emerged from a World War II Navy stint to earn a master's degree in Elizabethan drama and teach English in Nebraska. Moving to California, he embarked on a political career that carried him from the city council of South San Francisco to the state legislature and on to Congress in 1972.

As the first Democrat from San Mateo County in 39 years, he attracted notice with some of his eye-catching investigative sorties: having already taught school in Watts and served eight days in Folsom prison, he rushed off to Newfoundland to denounce the annual seal-pup "harvest." Yet, he was not so much slainboyant as headstrong. "On issues," says California Rep. John Burton, "he would take on anybody, sometimes just for the sake of taking them on."

Even though the Peoples Temple stood outside his district, he took it on at the behest of an old friend whose son had mysteriously died after proposing to quit the cult. San Francisco Examiner reporter Tim Reiterman, who had been following the story closely, got permission to accompany Ryan, together with photographer Greg Robinson. The San Francisco Chronicle asked him to make room for reporter Ron Javers. Meanwhile, West Coast free-lancer Gordon Lindsay, who had been pursuing the story on his own, contacted NBC and The Washington Post. NBC's "Today" show decided to send him as a consultant along with investigative reporter Don Harris and cameraman Robert Brown, and the Post dispatched South America correspondent Charles Krause.

There was a mutual convenience in the suddenly swollen Ryan contingent. For the reporters, the congressman's mission gave them entree to Jonestown. For Ryan, his aides say, the presence of reporters and TV cameras seemed to provide insurance against possible violence. But inevitably the expedition hit Jonestown like a blunderbuss. Reporters began wandering around on their own, asking hard questions. When tough-minded fact-finder Don Harris handed Jones a letter from cult members seeking to leave, it was plainly provocative to a man who seemed explosively primed for provocation. In the violence that followed, Ryan, Harris, 42, Brown, 36, and Robinson, 27, were fatally shot; Krause, Reltzman, Javers, NBC producer Robert Flick and sound man Steve Sung survived (Lindsay had been barred from entry into Jonestown).

After last week's funerals for Ryan and the slain newsmen, there was some agonized reflection in San Francisco city rooms and network studios. Said one NBC staffer: "We had long talks about our fault in sending Harris and Brown. We believe we did the right thing. But the toughest thing to face is the question, would it have happened without a TV camera?" Others argued that violence was implicit in the Jonestown situation and would have burst forth anyway. "Any guy who's going to hold suicide drills and pull a trigger is going to do it whether there are cameras rolling or not," said ABC news producer Av Westin.

'ACTION PEOPLE'

Ryan himself was not insensitive to the dangers, but he followed his usual penchant for investigating things firsthand. "You have to put fear aside and do what you think is right," he told Holsinger on the eve of the trip. Holsinger recalls that when Ryan met Harris and his camera crew, an immediate rapport developed. "They were action people," he said. "You could see the camaraderie forming."

Harris, too, had been troubled by the "gray area" of conflicting reports out of Jonestown. According to co-workers, he was determined to get the answers. But in sad retrospect, it was as if the adventurous group had been drawn together inexorably, for an appointment in Samarra.

—DAVID GELMAN with GERALD C. LUBENOW in San Francisco, BETSY CARTER in New York and bureau reports

HOW THEY BEND MINDS

How could more than 900 people be twisted to the point of swallowing fatal doses of poison?

Clearly, the immolation at Jonestown wasn't entirely voluntary. But the orderly rows and heaps of dead and the linked arms of family groups were powerful testimony that Jim Jones's disciples hadn't enough will to resist his orders, backed up by a few armed guards. And perhaps the greatest horror in the scene lay in the realization that more or less ordinary people had been so indoctrinated—and in the seed of fear that nearly anybody might be manipulated the same way.

In a sense, such mind-bending is only an extreme form of familiar human experience. In military training, soldiers are taught to take appalling risks in the name of discipline and love of country; extending that process, Japan's kamikaze pilots in World War II accepted certain death. Jailers can be permitted to abuse and even torture their prisoners, and citizens easily shut their eyes. At the extreme, Adolf Hitler engineered the Holocaust that massacred 6 million Jews. Powerful personalities often gather groups of dependent admirers: the demonic charisma of Charles Manson mesmerized his ghoulish groupies to murder total strangers with sadistic pleasure. Jones was only the latest extreme in the wave of cult leaders of the past decade.

To many scholars who have studied the new American cults—and to many ex-cultists themselves—the behavior of Jones's following was shocking but not surprising. "As a Moonie, I would have done exactly what they did," maintains

Erica Hestmann, 26, who left the Omnicast Church of self-styled Korean messiah Sun Myung Moon more than two years ago. "I was drilled and instructed to kill." Isolated from the real world and pressured by their peers, converts become wholly accepting of the leader's power—and his paranoia—and they put their welfare and their will totally in his hands. Jones's people even practiced suicide drills, in which they swallowed a drink of bitter liquid he said was poison. "I would think, before being told it wasn't poison, that soon I would be dead," recalls Wanda Johnson, 42, who and lost her youngest child at Jonestown. "I would think, 'It doesn't matter if I'm dead.' I felt relief."

Almost any passionate enthusiasm can generate cultic behavior if there is a charismatic figure to beguile disciples. In recent decades, cults have coalesced around crusading politicians, rock stars, visionary intellectuals and gurus of the human-potential movement.

CHARISMATIC LEADERSHIP

In religion, sociologists typically distinguish cults from mainline churches, which serve as custodians of normative values, and from sects, which partially withdraw from society in order to purify established doctrine. Cults emerge when groups wholly withdraw from prevailing religious practices and members commit themselves completely to the leadership of charismatic and highly authoritarian figures. Although today's cults vary widely in their ideologies, the

most successful use much the same methods of indoctrinating converts.

Most cults know exactly which kind of recruits they are looking for. Synanon guru Charles Dederich prefers drug addicts, whom he can rehabilitate and then bind to his community for life. Jones sought out the oppressed—especially poor blacks, prostitutes and other outcasts—who would welcome his message of egalitarianism and his offer of a communal home. But religious groups such as the Moonies, the Children of God and the Hare Krishnas prefer college students of above-average intelligence and idealism who will be a credit to the cult. In her own interviews with more than 300 former cult members, University of California psychologist Margaret Singer found that no more than a third were suffering from marked psychological distress at the time of their induction.

'A SENSE OF BELONGING'

Timing is the key factor in seeking converts. Religious recruiters like to hit the college campuses at exam time, sit in libraries, waiting to make "eye contact" with students who are having difficulty deciding on a course of major study or recovering from a broken romance. In cities and resort areas, proselytizers seek out footloose backpackers who have taken time off from school to "find" themselves. "These kids are looking for a sense of significance and belonging," says UCLA law professor Richard Delgado, who has been studying cults for years. "Everybody is vulner-

able. You and I could be Hare Krishnas if they approached us at the right time."

Studies indicate that the Moonies have devised the most sophisticated methods of luring converts. They call the first phase "love bombing." Once recruiters spot lonely students, they draw them into friendly conversation that typically ends with an invitation to dinner. Surrounded by smiling strangers who hold their hands and shower them with compliments, the students are then invited to

a weekend retreat. "As instructors, we didn't tell them the truth," recalls Erica Hefmann. "If we had told them that we believed Moon was the Messiah or that we stayed up all night praying in the snow, they'd never join."

During the retreat, guests are subjected to an endless round of games, singing, exercise and vague religious discussions, with little time for sleep. Only the most discerning recruits realize that they are not being allowed to ask probing questions or make close friends. Yet every recruit is assigned a monitor who accompanies him everywhere, even to the bathroom. On Sunday, the potential converts are pressured to stay on for one last party. "Once they called their family or employer and told them they weren't coming in on Monday, we knew we had them for seven full days," says Hefmann. "And if they stayed seven days, they almost always became a member."

Isolation—from family, friends and all contact with the outside world—is the first step in what Los Angeles psychiatrist Frederick Hacker calls "the washing stage" of cultic mind control. Next, recruits are made to feel guilty about their past lives and recognize their need to be reborn like their all-knowing "brothers and sisters" in the new family of the cult. Several cults, such as the Children of God and Hare Krishna, even give recruits new names or devise private measurements of time to underscore the cult's new reality. But the development of a new personality is gradual. It requires various forms of sense deprivation, inculcated through loss of sleep, low-protein diets and exhausting rounds of chanting, praying and indoctrination in the thought of the new father figure.

TOOL OF SATAN

"It's all so simple," observes Tufts University psychiatrist Stanley Cath, who has studied the conversion techniques used by cults. "Converts have to believe only what they are told. They don't have to think, and this relieves tremendous tensions." Indeed, at Synanon, members tell recruits, "We will

do your thinking for you," and inside Moon's camps independent thought is labeled a tool of Satan.

A critical point in the conversion process occurs when recruits are forced to make a major commitment to the cult. This may mean signing over one's property, bank account or children to the group, as in some religious cults, or even joining in drug or sex orgies, as demanded by Charles Manson in his "family." "Once you've done something, that major, it's very hard to admit even to yourself that you've made a mistake, and subconsciously you will go to great lengths to rationalize what you did," explains Stanford University psychiatrist Donald T. Lunde. "It's a very tricky mental-defense mechanism exploited to the hilt by the charismatic leader."

Cults may also exploit members by sending them into the streets to solicit funds or sell things like flowers, usually on behalf of pseudonymous organizations. "The leader tells you to go out and get \$250," says Sherry Dietrich, 28, who joined the Children of God after a divorce in 1974. "Believe me, you beat your brains out to get that \$250, and you don't come home until you get it."

In virtually all cults, sex is a central means of controlling members' lives. Some cult leaders, like Manson and Jones, use some of their followers—both male and female—for their own pleasure. But most religious cults rigidly segregate males and females and teach them that sexuality itself is evil. "Father" Moon not only arranges all marriages but also demands such powerful repression of sexual feelings that many members revert to pre-puberty innocence. "Women stop having their periods sometimes, and men may find that they do not shave as often," reports ex-Moonie Christopher Edwards, 24. "People begin to look younger. I was 22 when I came out and people told me I looked 15."

OUTLET FOR AGGRESSION

To bind members tighter to the cult, its leaders create the image of an evil out-group that is supposedly trying to destroy them. For Hitler, it was the Jews. For Manson, it was blacks. For Jones, it was the FBI, the CIA and the Ku Klux Klan. For Synanon's Dederich, it is the government and the news

media. And for most of the militant religious cults, the enemy is the members' natural parents. "Cults allow people to hate without feeling guilty and provide a safe, group-sanctioned outlet for aggression against the enemy," observes psychiatrist Hacker. Cult leaders also persuade members that they will die, either at the hands of enemies or cult loyalists, if they defect. The Children of God tell defectors that either God or Satan will strike them dead, and perform exorcisms on those who persist in leaving. Ex-Scientologists recall warnings of the "2:45" solution—anyone who drops out should get two .45-caliber slugs.

BASIC NEEDS

What transforms some cult leaders from spirited humanitarians into frenzied despots? Jones, for one, began his career by providing a humane haven for society's outcasts, yet ended up crushing those in his care. In such cases, a charismatic leader, who may be slightly disturbed, discovers that he is fulfilling a basic human need for increasing numbers of people. "Pretty soon, he is believing more and more in his own power, and it grows so that he begins to be burdened by it and a little paranoid," reasons psychiatrist Ari Kiev of the Cornell University Medical College. So he develops new, more punitive measures for binding his followers to him. "And if there comes a threat, a terminal illness or exposure, the leader resents the idea of anyone surviving him," adds New York psychiatrist Herbert Hendin. "He doesn't want any part of whatever is left to survive."

Jim Jones's Peoples Temple differs from other cults because of its emphasis on suicidal imagery, says Yale psychiatrist Robert J. Lifton, a specialist on death and thought control. Last week's atrocity, Lifton believes, "was a mixture of submitting to mass suicide and submitting to murder." As his own mind deteriorated into paranoia, Jones prepared his people for collective death by running them through suicide rehearsals. This enforced group commitment and the illusion that death for them would merely be a transition to an eternal community. "When Jones asked them to die for him, some may have gone willingly with him, but a large number probably just didn't know how to resist," Hendin argues. "You're dealing with a suicide, not of the mass group, but of the leader, who is taking the group with him."

Thus the tragedy at Jonestown was only superficially like past cases of mass suicide—the Jewish Zealots at Masada who killed themselves rather than be captured by the Romans, for example, or the Japanese who died on Saipan rather than surrender to the Americans in World War II. Instead of patriotism, religious faith or a cause larger than themselves, Jones's followers were ensnared by Jones himself. And like most charismatic figures, he left no one who could replace him as the personal embodiment of the cult. Although survivors in San Francisco insist that the Peoples Temple will go on, ex-members say it cannot survive without Jones.

Inevitably, the Jonestown atrocity has triggered national debate over cults and whether they can—and should—be curbed. Church scholars caution that the religions of Jesus, Muhammad and Buddha all began as cults, and civil libertarians warn that religious practices, no matter how odious, are protected by the First Amendment. The only legal way to attack them would be to prove that the psychological techniques practiced by some cults amount to coercive mind

control, leaving their victims legally impaired. But the theory is tenuous. Dr. Stephen P. Hersch, assistant director of the National Institute of Mental Health, believes that the brainwashing attributed to cults is, in most cases, "high-pressure salesmanship." "Just because converts adopt beliefs that seem bizarre to their families, it does not follow that their choices are dictated by cult leaders," he says.

Historians say cults emerge whenever there is a serious break in the structure of society. The Industrial Revolution in England, the French Revolution and the westward movement in the U.S. all spawned new religious sects. Some scholars believe that the traumas of the '60s attracted young Americans to charismatic politicians and then, after the war in Vietnam, to equally charismatic religious figures. Although some experts think the current interest in cults has peaked, most insist that the better-financed groups, such as Moon's, will be around as long as the basic institutions of society—the family, schools and established churches—continue to turn out emotional orphans susceptible to a cult leader's blandishments.

A HEAVY PRICE

Even critics concede that many of today's cults work for social good and individual need by drawing recruits away from drugs and anomie into a steady life of service. But at best, the price is a heavy one in a free society: in joining a cult, the recruit surrenders a large measure of personal responsibility and potential growth in exchange for spiritual security. The mass deaths at Jonestown may yet do some good if they make searching young people think twice before seeking a family among the cultists.

—KENNETH L. WOODWARD with MARY HAGER in Washington, JANET HUCK in Los Angeles, MICHAEL REESE in San Francisco, RACHEL MARK and WILLIAM D. MARBACH in New York and bureau reports

THE WORLD OF CULTS

They crouch in dark basements in New York and San Francisco, worshipping the Devil. They wait patiently for the Second Coming or scan the skies for the spaceship that will bring the New Age. A few practice polygamy in isolated mountain communes. Tens of thousands have abandoned their families, friends, educations and careers to follow the teachings of a leader they will never meet.

By one estimate, 3 million Americans espouse the teachings of 3,000 religious and nonreligious cults. The groups run the gamut from the Bible-toting pacifists of The Way in Ohio to the marijuana-smoking Rastafarians from the Caribbean, who revere the late, deposed Ethiopian Emperor Haile Selassie as the Messiah. Some cults condemn all forms of violence and serve as unquestioned forces for good in the world: The Farm, for example, a 1,200-member commune in Tennessee, has donated more than \$1 million to build homes and hospitals for earthquake victims in Guatemala. The Bible of the Church of Satan, on the other hand, declares: "If a man smite you on the cheek, smash him on the other."

DEFENSIVE ALLIANCES

Cults have ebbed and flowed through American history almost from its beginning, and there are signs that the latest wave may have peaked in the mid-1970s. But after the horror of Jonestown, warns sociology Prof. Jim Richardson of the University of Nevada, "there's a possibility of a backlash. There is already an anti-cult movement that has tried to get investigations and tax rules against cults." In reaction, some cults are exploring defensive alliances; last April, the Church of Scientology, the Unification Church and the Children of God formed APRI, the Alliance for the Preservation of Religious Liberty. Synanon donated at least some supplies and equipment to the People's Temple, and links have

been reported between Synanon and the Hare Krishnas.

Among the more conspicuous—and controversial—cults now active:

SYNANON: When Charles Dederich, a former alcoholic, founded Synanon in 1958, it was considered a revolutionary therapeutic community. Hundreds of alcoholics, drug addicts and down-at-the-mouth toughs moved into the California drug- and alcohol-rehabilitation center and, through a rigorous self-help pro-

gram, emerged healthy and happy. Aided by its skillful PR and contributions from wealthy liberals, Synanon became a \$20 million business.

But as the community grew and prospered, it changed. Dederich, a powerful, hypnotic leader, came to see Synanon as an alternative to the outside world. He ordered his followers to shave their heads and swap spouses. When he decided there were too many children at Synanon, he mandated vasectomies for men (himself excluded) and abortions for women. Dederich, 65, began a campaign of intimidation against the media and anyone else who criticized the community. One lawyer who won a \$300,000 judgment against Synanon was bitten by a rattlesnake left in his mailbox—allegedly by two members of Synanon. Today, the 900-member community resembles a cult far more than it does a drug center, and Dederich is trying to have it formally incorporated as a religion.

HARE KRISHNA: "We don't consider ourselves something that's sprung up in the '60s, founded by some man, but followers of an ancient tradition stemming from Krishna himself," says Laxmi Nath, president of the Berkeley, Calif., temple of the International Society for Krishna Consciousness. The Hare Krishnas began in the sixteenth century in India, where they were just one of many sects worshipping a reincarnation of the Hindu god of creation. A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada brought one version of Krishna worship that was never very popular in India to the U.S. in 1965 and it turned into an easily identifiable cult. Young Hare Krishnas shaved their heads, put on saffron robes and took to the streets with their Hindu chants. They studied the ancient Vedic texts and promised their followers inner peace as an alternative to political chaos.

The Krishnas can be aggressive in their repeated requests for money, and some members have had serious run-ins with the law. But for the most part, they live quietly on several large farms they own, or in the houses they rent in metropolitan areas. Since Prabhupada died earlier this year, the group has not had a charismatic leader and may now be becoming more sect than cult. Most members now dress conventionally in public, and have stopped their street-corner chanting. Stillson Judah, who has studied the Krishnas at the Graduate Theological Union in Berkeley, believes the group wants to find a "way of accommodating itself with society."

UNIFICATION CHURCH: South Korean evangelist Sun Myung Moon, 58, controls the lives of 37,000 U.S. followers. When they join the Unification Church, young Moonies (their average age is 24) are encouraged to break all ties with their families and work as long as eighteen hours a day soliciting donations. As is typical of many cult leaders, Moon lives in comfort on a \$625,000 New York estate while his followers reside in communal centers and are encouraged to give all their possessions to the church.

Moon preaches a contorted blend of Christianity, Puritan morality and Oriental philosophy. His followers hardly seem to notice that his spiritual message—that all the world's religions should be merged into a single movement headed by Moon himself—sounds

secondary to his financial and political motives. He controls an empire of at least \$75 million that ranges from a Wyoming delicatessen to a Tokyo trading company, and the U.S. Congress has investigated his ties to the authoritarian government of South Korea. Moon, who came to the U.S. in 1972, does not seem worried.

"God has been very good to me," he says.

CHILDREN OF GOD: They began standing on street corners in the late 1960s, exhorting passers-by to give up their worldly ways and follow God. At first it was hard to tell them from the other Jesus freaks of the time. But the Children of God were clearly different. Their leader, David (Moses) Berg, now 58, taught that doomsday was just around the corner—and that he was God's messenger for the final days. He communicated with his followers through rambling "Mo letters."

Many of these epistles show a preoccupation with sex. In recruiting, Berg urged his female disciples to use their charms: "You roll those big eyes at them and peck them with that pretty little mouth and you flit all around them," advised one Mo letter. By at least one report, things didn't stop there: on the island of Tenerife, COG women were accused of taking prospective recruits to bed. When local prostitutes complained of the competition, Berg reportedly put a curse on the island—and shortly after that, the worst accident in airline history took 583 lives on the runway at Tenerife.

Life with Berg isn't easy. Former COG members tell how they had to memorize Bible verses before they could sleep or eat, and pick through garbage for food and clothes. Berg fled the country in 1974, just before the New York attorney general published a highly critical report on the COG. But the cult still claims 10,000 members in 120 communes around the world, and Berg still keeps in touch with periodic Mo letters.

Some organizations can come to resemble cults even though their members do not live communally or share religious beliefs. Werner Erhard, for example, has impressive power over thousands of Americans who have taken his est courses. He promises them spiritual and emotional fulfillment in 60-hour seminars in which the chief techniques are attacking the ego, restricting food

and drink and inducing mental strain.

Growing numbers of parents of cult members are worried enough about losing their children to take the extreme, and costly, step of kidnapping and "deprogramming" them. Ever since deprogrammer Ted Patrick was sentenced to a year in prison in 1976 for such a kidnapping, many have first sought legal sanction through "conservatorships" to temporarily gain court-ordered custody of their adult children. The process is clearly working. Hundreds of devotees of various cults have been deprogrammed in the last few years. But some cults are fighting back with lawsuits to bar deprogramming as an infringement on religious freedom, and sometimes the faith of the young believer is not shaken. Several have successfully sued their deprogrammers for invasion of privacy.

In desperation, some parents have asked the Federal government for help. But government spokesmen say their hands are tied by the Constitution's guarantee of religious freedom, lack of hard evidence that specific cults are committing crimes, and by agency guidelines. The Justice Department must have information that a "kidnap" victim is being held against his will, for ransom and has been taken across state lines before it can prosecute a case. (Before last week's tragedy in Guyana, the FBI had only one complaint against the Peoples Temple: a letter from the worried mother of a cult member alleging kidnapping, but there was no evidence that he was being held against his will.) The Federal Bureau of Investigation can

monitor a group only when there is evidence that it has broken Federal law or poses a security risk. Many government officials say they would not change the present laws, even if they could. "We can't have it both ways," said Homer Boynton, bureau spokesman. "In a democracy, in order to have freedom and liberty, there has to be a certain amount of risk-taking."

'ATTRITION IS VERY HIGH'

But cults—even the most religious—are not above the law. The government can prosecute a group when it appears to have committed a crime. Last summer, for example, eleven Scientologists—members of the quasi-scientific, self-help cult founded by former science-fiction writer L. Ron Hubbard—were accused of breaking into a government office and were indicted on 28 counts of conspiracy, stealing government property, obstruction of justice and perjury. Six states outlaw use of marijuana and other drugs in cult religious ceremonies.

In the end, the best hope for those concerned about the power of cults may be that many members are dropping out of their own accord. "A lot more people leave these groups voluntarily than they or the deprogrammers would like to admit," says sociologist Richardson. "Attrition is very high." Even within the mind-bending anthills of the cults, Americans seem to retain at least some of their native wit—and their stubborn independence.

—MELINDA BECK and SUSAN FRAXER with ELAINE SHANNON in Washington, JEFF B. COPELAND in San Francisco and bureau reports

"SATURDAY NIGHT HORROR," NEVILLE ANNIBOURNE, THE GUYANA
CHRONICLE, DECEMBER 6, 1978

WHEN I was assigned to accompany US Congressman Leo Ryan and his party of "Concerned Relatives" and curious journalists to Jonestown I looked upon the 126-mile trip to Port Kaituma as a pleasant interlude from the hurly-burly of the city. But it turned out to be the most deathly and nightmarish experience in my life.... the scenario played out on a remote blood-spattered airstrip amidst whistling bullets, shrieking voices and falling bodies as twilight engulfed the surrounding jungle.

The party had left Timehri early on the afternoon of Friday, November 14, aboard a chartered Guyana Airways Twin Otter for the one-hour trip to Jonestown the 3,000-acre settlement established on the Guyana-Venezuela border by the semi-religious American sect, People's Temple, and named after its charismatic and controversial leader, Rev. Jim Jones.

Congressman Ryan had come to Guyana to investigate reports of mistreatment and coercion at the agricultural community the majority of whose approximately 1,000 residents had come from the California constituency which he had represented in Congress for the last six years.

Of course, Temple officials had originally raised all manner of objections to Ryan and the others going in, but on that Friday morning after a meeting with sect lawyers - well known radicals Mark Lane and Charles Garry - the Congressman announced that the greenlight had been given and that a representative few would be travelling later in the day.

The concerned relatives had spoken of large quantities of arms and ammunition. Ryan was aware of this as well as the oft-repeated assertions of Temple spokesmen that should his visit bring the organization into disrepute (as Jones and his lieutenants feared it would) members had taken a collective decision to die rather than be harassed from continent to continent.

But at no stage did Ryan or any of those selected go in fear for their lives. There was more of an air of expectancy as relatives were anxious to see or receive word about their loved ones.

So at around 2.15 p.m. the Twin Otter began its ill-fated journey to Jonestown. Some of those on board would not return... alive.

About an hour later we were over Port Kaituma. Eager anticipation, excited chattering. But their spirits dipped as the pilot announced he had been informed that the airstrip was bad and therefore he would not be able to land. Disconsolate "concerned relatives" disappointment clearly evident on their faces and in their voices, requested the pilot to fly over Jonestown. Suddenly it appears. A tiny speck of civilisation in the dense forests. Necks crane. Cameras click. And perhaps sensing the mood, the pilot decided to take another look at the airstrip and after zooming in low decided to land and do so.

Disembarking, the passengers were told by police corporal Rudder that he was instructed by his superior not to allow anyone to go into Jonestown unless they had permission to do so from Rev. Jim Jones, head of the People's Temple. Failing this they would have to get back on the plane and return to the city.

Meanwhile lawyers of the People's Temple, Mark Layne and Charles Garry, who came on the same plane were holding discussions with a small group from the commune. The lawyers later informed the Congressman that they were going into Jonestown to discuss the matter with Jones.

However, five minutes later the dump truck reappeared and we were informed that only Congressman Ryan, his aides, Deputy US Embassy Chief of Mission Richard Dwyer and myself (after I had indicated that I was from the Ministry of Information) would be permitted to enter Jonestown.

They then informed the journalists and the 'concerned relatives' that they would have to remain at the airstrip until permission was granted for them to proceed to Jonestown.

After a five-minute drive we reached the entrance of Jonestown. At the gate there was a big sign "People's Temple Agricultural Settlement." The chain across the entrance was removed as the unarmed guards received a signal from a female member of the cult on board the dump truck in which we were travelling.

On arrival at Jonestown itself we were met by the wife of Rev. Jones along with other members of the organisation. She informed the Congressman that Rev. Jones who was not in the best of health, would be with us in a short while.

We were then escorted to the main auditorium after which the party was taken on a short conducted tour of the settlement by Mrs. Jones.

On our return to the auditorium Rev. Jones was there to greet us. After a brief introduction we all sat around a large table with Jones and the Congressman sitting at the head.

Congressman Ryan wasted no time in informing Jones that journalists and 'concerned relatives' were at the airstrip awaiting his permission to enter Jonestown.

Jones said that he was perturbed over the fact that the Congressman did not bring along with him journalists from Third World countries.

He said he was not keen on permitting journalists from the US to enter Jonestown because they had been writing "a lot of lies about the place" and he was "fed up" with what they wrote.

Ryan then told Jones that "this place is much too important much too alive to be jeopardised by misinformation." He then pleaded with Jones to allow the journalists in. His plea was reinforced by Garry, one of Jones' lawyers, who was of the opinion that the publicity would do the Temple more good than harm.

Jones succumbed to the pleas and gave permission not only for the journalists to come into Jonestown but also the concerned relatives.

Ryan then began discussions with Jones on the reasons for his visit to Jonestown.

Ryan gave Jones a list of names of residents he would like to interview and told Jones that "you have been accused of having a totally closed shop where no one can leave."

Jones countered by alleging that a lot of lies were being peddled about the place and he invited the Congressman "to see what you want to see. Talk to whom you want to talk... I am sick and tired of all the lies. We have come here to build a peaceful community because it is more comfortable than in San Francisco."

He added: "Guyana is one of the friendliest non-aligned countries. The Guyana people are not anti-American and we have seen no evidence that Guyana is a threat to the U.S."

Ryan, who said he was impressed by the agricultural activities while coming in the hospitality extended to them.

After the show came to an end about 11:30 p.m. Jones continued to answer questions put to him by the journalists.

In answer to a question whether people were free to leave the Temple whenever they wished Jones repeated that they were "free to do so at any time."

Asked who controlled the funds of the Temple and how much money was spent on the project Jones said that "I don't have control over the Temple funds. This is handled by a committee. I cannot say off hand how much money was spent on the project. This could only be answered by the accountant but I know for sure that several million dollars were thrown into it."

RESULT

He however, stated that "we are losing money and as a result we are living on our reserves."

In reply to a question whether he is a Socialist Jones said: "I am a Socialist with a reservation for full democracy."

Concluding the night's interview Jones declared: "We are not seeking anything. All we want is to live in peace. I do hope after I

have been gone justice will be seen."

The journalists then asked Jones to allow them to stay on at the Temple for the night because they were not sure of finding accommodation at Port Kaituma at that hour of the night. This request was denied by Jones who told them that reaccommodation was only provided for the Congressional party and myself and they along with the 'concerned relatives' would have to return to Port Kaituma.

The next day, Saturday, October 18, at about 9:30 a.m. Congressman Ryan and Jones continued their discussion and at about 11:00 a.m. the journalists and 'concerned relatives' returned to Jonestown after spending the night at Port Kaituma.

SUSPICIOUS

They were then taken on a conducted tour of the settlement by Mrs. Jones and some of Jones' chief lieutenants.

During the tour an elderly white woman joined the group and called aside Bob Harris, the NBC reporter and told him something. They both left the party and went back to the auditorium hotly pursued by some Temple members who became suspicious of this strange happening.

The tour did not last long after and as we all returned to the main hall the word was passed around that some members of the cult wanted to defect. From this moment the atmosphere became tense. The expression on Jim Jones' face changed distinctly.

There were about 12 persons at this point in time who had requested to leave. Jones was asked if he would grant them permission to do so. He then said: "I have failed." But the journalists told him that it was just a few persons out of a total of about 1200 and that would not affect his programme. But Jones said "I am a perfectionist and if for that matter one person decides to leave, I have failed."

He however stated that "I do not put pressure on anyone who wants to leave. I promise them transportation from Jonestown to any point of exit from Guyana. I live for my people because they need me but whenever they leave they tell lies about the place. We are an open society and I don't feel anything when they leave."

DRUGS

"What keep people here is because they want to get away from racism, annihilation, crime, drugs and poverty in the U.S. Guns have never been used as a means of intimidation. I live my life. I live for my people. I want to hug them up before they leave."

As we were about to leave Jonestown more people requested to quit numbering about 20. Jones hugged and kissed some of them and asked that they keep in contact with him on their return home.

On our way to join the dump truck, our only means of transportation out, a woman started screaming and shouting not to allow her husband who had defected to take her two children with him.

This caused a hold up in our departure as the father

and the kids along with Congressman Ryan and Jones returned to the auditorium to have the matter resolved.

After waiting in the truck for some time we heard a commotion in the auditorium. We later saw the Congressman accompanied by lawyers Layne and Garry walking at a brisk pace coming towards the truck.

When they arrived those of us who were in the truck waiting learnt that an attempt was made by a cultist to assassinate the Congressman with a knife but he was held back by the lawyers.

As the Congressman got on the truck and we were about to leave a late defector who turned out to be Larry Leyton came on board. When asked by his fellow defectors how he suddenly decided to quit he said: "I was thinking about it for some time now but I have only now decided to make the move."

Arriving at the airstrip at Port Kaituma at about 4.30 p.m. the planes which should have arrived at 2.00 p.m. were not there.

Richard Dwyer then asked me to accompany him to find the Administrator of Port Kaituma to report on the fate of the Congressman and to have the police sent into Jonestown, for fear of what might happen in there. He was also going to return to Jonestown to look after those defectors who would have to be left behind because all could not be accommodated on the planes.

The same dump truck took us to the Administrator and while Dwyer was speaking to him a trailer with about seven cultists in it passed us on its way to the airstrip. The dump truck left us stranded and followed the trailer. By this time the planes had arrived - a Cessna then the GAC Twin Otter.

On our return to the airstrip a decision had already been taken to put the defectors on the plane before anyone else because of the limited space on the plane with a view to get them out of the area as quickly as possible.

The defectors were being picked for arms as we returned. It was suspected that a bogus defector was in the group.

CULTISTS

As they all boarded the Twin Otter I went in to leave my traveling bag in the plane and to return to the main party that was yet to board the plane. At the time the Congressman and others were standing and talking around the plane.

I laid down my bag and as I was on my way out I heard strange sounds as if the cultists were stoning the plane as a mark of protests against the defectors.

The people in the plane then shouted at me "duck down they are shooting at us". The women and children began screaming. I decided to lay low on the floor of the plane next to pilot Spence. The shooting stopped for a short while so I raised up to observe what was going on and as I looked through one of the windows up front I saw both black and white cultists in the trailer aiming their guns at the plane and the shooting began again. Both engines of the plane were working at the time but the right side engine went dead after receiving a bullet. The pilot then made several attempts to cut off the other engine but to no avail as the shooting continued.

I suggested to the pilot it was time for us to get out of the plane because if any bullets only hit the gas tank within seconds the plane would be engulfed in flames, but he did not budge. I then resigned myself to death as the bullets pierced the body of the plane, seeming to get nearer and nearer to where I was. My only thought then was when will the plane explode killing all of us on board. Then there was a sudden bang. The shooting which lasted for about five minutes had stopped.

The pilot got up and I after him. As he tried to get the plane moving I told him that I was getting off and he said go right ahead as he leaned forward to allow me to jump through the door of the cockpit.

As I made it to the ground I ran for the shed which was about 50 feet away from the plane for cover, not knowing whether the assassins had left the area or not. Looking back at the plane I saw people lying on the ground.

Having realized that the gunman had left the scene I along with Dwyer rushed back to the plane only to discover that those persons lying under and around the plane were dead, the Congressman included, but with the exception of NBC's Tape Recorder Operator Sung, who was seriously injured. At first I thought he was dead then I saw him move a little and his eyes opened. I asked him if he was alright and he nodded signifying o.k. I then told him not to move until the all clear.

In the meanwhile other injured persons and even those who had escaped injury sought refuge in the nearby bush. When all was o.k. I assisted in carrying for the injured.

Shooting also took place in the Ceana plane where Larry Leyton was apprehended and his revolver taken away as he was placed in custody.

The airstrip flames began at 5:00 p.m. so we did not remove the injured persons from the bush until it was dark. Three seriously injured and three were four of them, were placed in a GDF tent which was at the eastern end of the airstrip, for protection by the four soldiers there at the time carrying out repairs to their plane.

The soldiers when asked why they did not come to our assistance said that it was a difficult assignment because the majority of the people were white and they did not know who was shooting at whom. "It was a difficult decision to make," Lieutenant Joseph said.

POISON

Meanwhile the Ceana had taken off carrying with it the pilots of the Twin Otter and one of the defectors who had been seriously wounded.

Then came the ordeal of the long night in Port Kaituma airstrip. We could not afford to relax for one minute because no one knew whether or not the assassins from Jonestown would be returning.

First intimation we had of the massacre events at Jonestown came when we heard from Port Kaituma that some cultists had fled from the settlement in order to escape from the suicide rituals which Jim Jones had enacted there.

We heard that hundreds of the soldiers had been forced to drink poison and those who had refused to drink had been shot. It was believed that armed guards who were enforcing the suicides would be coming back to the airstrip to deal with those defectors who were still alive there.

You can believe me none of us slept a wink that night and with the rising sun we still could not relax because we had no way of knowing that the danger had passed.

Fortunately soon after day break the first members of the GDF arrived at the airstrip by foot from Matthews Ridge and took control.

Not long after a GDF plane and a second GAC Twin Otter arrived and we were able to make arrangements for the seriously wounded and the journalists to be brought to the city. The defectors and concerned families wished to remain behind to learn of the fate of their families who had to remain at Jonestown.

For me it was the end of an ordeal, the like of which I have never before experienced and hope never to experience again.

"JONES' SUICIDE CALLS, GUNSHOTS HEARD ON TAPE RECORDING FOUND AT JONESTOWN," THE BALTIMORE SUN, DECEMBER 8, 1978

Georgetown, Guyana (NYT).—A tape recording of part of the final night of madness at Jonestown has been found among the ruins of the jungle commune, American government sources disclosed yesterday.

At the same time, a Guyanese government official said that \$2.5 million in cash had also been recovered at Jonestown.

Children's shrieks pervade the tape recording, the Americans said, and gunshots can be heard clearly in the background.

A transcript was not available, but the Americans said that the baritone voice of the Rev. Jim Jones dominated the recording, at several points urging mothers to calm their young.

"He kept telling them, 'Mothers, you must keep your children under control,'" an American said, paraphrasing the recording. "They must die with dignity."

Another American said: "He kept telling them to shoot the poison down the backs of their throats, to get it way down in there. I guess he meant with the syringes."

The Americans said the recording appeared to have been started shortly after Mr. Jones gave the order for the "revolutionary suicide," and the first to die, mothers and children, had begun to drink from the vat of poisoned soft drink.

The recording of the death ceremony was one of hundreds of reel-to-reel tapes and cassettes that government forces and Federal Bureau of Investigation agents have recovered from the commune, along with numerous cartons of directives, memorandums, receipts, commentaries, contracts, deeds and letters.

These are believed to detail the history of a community of more than 900 men, women and children who followed the charismatic Mr. Jones from zealous Christianity to fanatical socialism and, finally, to death.

"Jones was a freak about keeping records of what he did," one American said. "He put everything on paper or tape. He apparently didn't learn his lesson from Nixon."

The recording of the night of November 18 is believed to have been discovered by Guyanese forces in a machine on the stage of the commune's pavilion, near the heavy wooden chair from which Mr. Jones presided. The Guyanese are believed to have turned over the recording, or a copy of it, to United States authorities.

The tape recording appears to confirm in large part statements made earlier by several Jonestown survivors. The paraphrases offered yesterday were in some instances almost verbatim reiterations of statements made by some of the survivors.

Just how complete a picture of Jonestown can be pieced together is an open question, because there has been widespread looting—first by the few Guyanese living nearby, then by government soldiers and police.

By the time a group of more than 40 foreign journalists reached Jonestown, a week after the night of November 18, when the cult members died, they found the tin-roofed houses ringed by papers, clothing, and furniture that had been tossed from windows, as though in a hasty process of sorting. There still seemed to be plenty of interesting material, though, and the journalists helped themselves.

In an interview at police headquarters, Commissioner Lloyd A. Barker said the \$2.5 million in United States and Guyanese currency had been found in a chicken pen and at several other locations within the commune. He said it included more than \$500,000 that three members of the cult had tried to take with them in a suitcase when they fled as the others were dying.

Commissioner Barker said he did not know how much more money the Peoples Temple might have in the bank accounts that it reportedly kept in Georgetown, the Guyanese capital. He said his officers also had confiscated 19 rifles and shotguns and 13 handguns. Another source said thousands of rounds of ammunition also had been found.

Four agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, in jeans and sunglasses, went to Jonestown Wednesday. They stopped first at the airfield at Port Kaituma, where Representative Leo J. Ryan (D., Calif.) and four other Americans were shot to death. The twin-engine de Havilland Otter that the congressman's party had attempted to board remained disabled there. The agents examined the bullet-riddled fuselage.

They then formed a line with the American helicopter crewmen who had flown them from Georgetown and slowly picked their way across the airfield. The sweep, it was reported, netted them two .22-caliber shells, the metal jackets of two high-powered slugs, fragments of shotgun shells, a broken pair of eyeglasses and several bullets. Timothy Glen Jones, an adopted son of cult leader Jim Jones, arrives at Kennedy Airport in New York from Guyana. Seventeen Peoples Temple followers who arrived Wednesday were subpoenaed to appear before a San Francisco grand jury to tell what they know about the slaying of Representative Leo J. Ryan (D., Calif.) and of human skull bones.

In Jonestown, they had hoped to recover the bullet that ripped through the head of Jim Jones. But that proved impossible.

A Guyanese detective reportedly stood on the stage of the pavilion in the position he believed Mr. Jones assumed as he—or someone else—angled the barrel of a handgun behind the cult leader's right ear and fired upward. "The bullet went flying out the left side of his head into space," an American said later, "and it just kept going. There was nothing but open space, nothing to stop it."

17 from cult subpoenaed for questioning in Calif.

New York (AP)—Seventeen survivors of the Peoples Temple have been subpoenaed for questioning—some as soon as today—by a San Francisco grand jury investigating the murders of Representative Leo J. Ryan and four other Americans in Guyana.

The cult members were subpoenaed early yesterday after nine hours of questioning by FBI agents following their arrival in New York on Wednesday night. It was the first legal action taken against any of the 44 cult followers who have returned to the United States thus far.

At least seven of the 17 said they were to appear in San Francisco today, tomorrow or next Wednesday. It was not known when they would leave New York.

**"JONES' TAPE OF 'WHITE NIGHT' REVEALS DISSENT TO SUICIDES,"
LEONARD DOWNIE, JR., WASHINGTON POST, DECEMBER 9, 1978**

Arguing in a plaintive voice that "there's no way we can survive" because "we've been so betrayed" by defectors who made it safely out of Jonestown, cult leader Jim Jones had to summon all his oratorical power to shout down dissenters and force his 900 remaining followers to commit mass suicide.

An extraordinary tape recording of the first 45 minutes of the "white night" of Saturday, Nov. 18 — which is filled with children's screams, Jones' amplified exhortations and shouted arguments among his followers — shows that many of them were very reluctant to follow his orders to drink poison.

But Jones told them that Jonestown defectors who had survived an armed ambush of the fact-finding mission of Rep. Leo J. Ryan (D-Calif.) at the nearby Port Kaituma airstrip

would "get back to the states and criticize Jonestown. They'll make our lives like hell ...

"We are sitting on a powder keg," Jones shouted to his followers, who had been massed around him by Jonestown guards armed with guns and crossbows. "If we can't live in peace, let's die in peace."

The tape, which was recorded on a machine Jones kept next to his wooden throne chair on the stage of Jonestown's open-air pavilion to record his almost nightly harangues there, provides U.S. and Guyanese investigators with the best evidence yet of just how the forced mass suicide was carried out.

FBI technicians in Washington and police officials in the Guyanese capital of Georgetown are now studying copies of the tape and making transcripts. The tape was found by a State Department representative on a tour of Jonestown a day or two after the massed

dead were discovered there, according to law enforcement sources who provided The Washington Post with a detailed account of the tape's contents.

U.S. and Guyanese investigators also found "mountains of other tape recordings" and more than 5,000 pages of Peoples Temple Church

FBI says those sought in Rep. Ryan's slaying are known to be dead. A12.

"political, financial and internal documents" in Jonestown, according to the sources. Most of this evidence reportedly is still in the hands of Guyanese authorities, who also recovered an estimated \$1 million in U.S. and Guyanese currency in and around Jonestown.

According to the sources familiar with the 45-minute tape recording of Jones urging his followers to take the poison, Jones had considerable difficulty persuading all 900 to join him in death. Sounds of continued arguing made it clear that the killing was far from finished when the tape apparently ran out.

The tape began, according to the sources, with the sounds of church music and children talking and crying. This apparently was when the residents of Jonestown were herded around Jones and encircled by the armed guards at one end of the pavilion, as witnesses have already reported.

Jones' exhortations and the shouted rejoinders and arguments from various individuals in the crowd were punctuated frequently by loud bursts of applause, according to the sources' account of the tape.

"I tried to give you a good life," Jones began. "In spite of all I tried to do, a handful of

our people who are alive have made our lives impossible."

He apparently was referring to the men, women and children who had left Jonestown with Ryan's party that afternoon and had survived the ambush by the gunmen Jones sent to kill them all. Ryan, one of the Jonestown defectors and three journalists were killed in the gunfire at the Port Kaituma air strip. But the rest of the group of about 30 U.S. and Guyanese officials, journalists and Jonestown defectors survived, and Jones had just learned that from the gunmen on their return to Jonestown.

"There's no way to detach ourselves from what's happened today," Jones told his followers. Later in what was described as a very anguished tone of voice, he added: "We've been so betrayed."

After explaining that the surviving defectors

would make too much trouble for Jones after they returned to the United States and told their story, Jones said, "I propose that we not commit suicide but a revolutionary act" by taking the poison.

In "white night" rehearsals in previous months, Jones had told his followers that suicide would be the only way they could deny ultimate victory to enemies who would invade them from the surrounding jungle.

"So my opinion is to be good to the children and seniors," Jones said, as he urged that the babies and elderly be administered the poison first by the able-bodied adults.

When many of the children began screaming, Jones repeatedly asked the adults to settle them down and keep them quiet. He told the adults to administer the poison to the children by spraying it down the backs of their throats, apparently with the syringes found later at the death scene.

Many of the adults also shouted their objections to the mass suicide. One woman said she did not mind dying if her son could live. Others argued that the best way was to stay alive and fight.

But Jones was joined by others in the crowd in shouting down these dissenters.

"Dad," someone shouted, referring to Jones, "has brought us this far. My vote is to go with Dad."

Jones also appeared from the tape to be arguing with his wife, Marceline, about the mass suicide. According to the sources, those who have listened to the tape closely believe Jones was shouting at her scoldingly when he kept repeating the words, "Mother, Mother, Mother."

"Mother" is what Jones and others in Jonestown called Marceline, just as everyone referred to Jones himself as "Father" or "Dad."

Earlier, officials and journalists had theorized that Jones was calling out to his own mother, who had died at Jonestown a year earlier and was buried there.

As the tape ran out, according to the sources, it appeared from the cophony of screaming that many people had drunk the poison, or had it forced down them, while Jones still could be heard arguing with others to take it.

Some listeners also have heard what sounded like gunfire, according to the sources, but they are not certain after repeated hearings of the tape whether it was gunfire or other sounds reverberating in the pavilion. Sounds are somewhat garbled at various places on the tape, according to the sources, although its overall quality is considered remarkably good.

Jones died on the steps of his throne on the pavilion stage of gunshot wounds. Although a handgun was found near him, authorities are not yet certain whether he took his own life.

Two other Jonestown residents were found dead of gunshot wounds elsewhere in the encampment. The rest of the more than 900 victims are believed to have been killed by the poison, including the security guards, whose weapons were found alongside them.

Besides the tape recorder, Jones had filled Jonestown with sophisticated electronic devices. There was a closed-circuit television system, reportedly including video taping capabilities, although no videotapes yet have been reported among the possessions found in Jonestown.

Most of this expensive equipment had been left untouched by Guyanese and U.S. soldiers, Guyanese who lived near Jonestown and journalists. Some of the visitors, including soldiers and journalists, looted the sites of clothes, letters and other documents before Guyanese soldiers finally sealed it off.

Guyanese authorities reportedly have decided to confiscate all of Jonestown's facilities and some, if not all, of the cash found there.

No decision has been made yet on what use to make of Jonestown. Guyanese officials have discussed various possibilities from leaving it as museum or tourist attraction to using it for a military encampment or government-run agricultural installation.

**"PAPER CALLS JONES COMMUNIST IN 1950's," NICHOLAS M. HORROCK,
NEW YORK TIMES, DECEMBER 20, 1978**

GEORGETOWN, Guyana, Dec. 17 — Jim Jones, whose People's Temple settlement here espoused more socialism than religion, was a Communist from the early 1950's on, according to a rambling, disjointed personal history found among his effects and published by the Government-owned newspaper here.

Carl Blackman, editor of The Chronicle, this nation's largest newspaper, said the document appeared to be legitimate, to be Mr. Jones's personal writing and thoughts, prepared in 1974.

The document implied throughout that Mr. Jones was always a Communist and that he used his religious connections only to further Communist ends and to politicize congregations.

Interviews with members of the People's Temple who survived the Nov. 18 death ritual indicated that the group had not been formally religious for several years, even though it registered as a religion with the state of California and took advantage of the provisions for religious organizations in Federal income tax laws. And they said they heard a great deal of "socialist rhetoric."

Attachment to the Technique

Several survivors, like the former farm manager, Jim Hoge, suggested that Mr. Jones's attachment to religion was not to the substance but to the technique. Mr. Jones, he said, had found evangelical speaking, music, faith-healing and other tent-meeting techniques useful in attracting and controlling the many working-class members, particularly the aged, whose Social Security and Government support checks were an important resource.

According to the document, Mr. Jones, while studying at the University of Indiana, "somewhere along in 1949-1950," became convinced there was a conspiracy in the United States to ostracize Communists.

"And if you had any Communist connections, your grandma or your cousin, or your trade union, you wouldn't get into this country (the United States). Immigration barriers were horrible. But Nazis kept coming in by the umteen thousands. That is why I became very pro-Jewish. The strongest on the Communist side were Jews."

He recalled "I was in a coma when the Rosenbergs [Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, convicted of treason in the sale of atomic secrets to the Soviet Union] were being executed. I was ready to die, infectious hepatitis." Mr. Jones said that he would have "marched till there were holes in my shoes trying to petition" to save them and that he kept asking his wife, Marceline, "Are they dead yet?"

"I Wish I Could Have Died Then"

"I just died a thousand deaths. I wish I could have died then. Hell, you can have only so many revolutionary deaths," he wrote. Some time after the Rosenbergs were executed, Mr. Jones said, "I quit crying. Don't cry any more. Rough being a Communist. Lot of persecutions would make good stories but I don't know how to get them out, too painful."

The document continued: "I'd get picked up hitch-hiking, talking Communism — car would come to a screeching stop, and I'd be ordered out of the car, middle of nowhere. Happened not once but dozens of times."

It said that talking about Communism was what put Mr. Jones in touch with a man he called "Martin," a Methodist superintendent, who put him into his first church.

"He said I want you to take a church. I said, you giving me a church. I don't believe anything. I'm a revolutionary ... and he appointed me, a Communist, to a church, and I didn't even meet him through the party, I met him in a used car lot. This was in 1953," the document said.

Religious Trappings Absent

At Jonestown, newsmen noticed that there were no religious placards or outwardly religious trappings in the community. There was a map of the Soviet Union; a sign over Mr. Jones's mother's grave read: "Lynette P. Jones, in commemoration of a true fighter for the just, who gave the ultimate, a son, so he could serve the people in the struggle for justice, for freedom from oppression and for the foundations of socialism."

Two survivors, both of whom asked during interviews that their names not be used because they feared retaliation, strongly believe that, even if Mr. Jones did not have a clear ideological position, a tight clique of militant Marxists surrounded him.

Indeed, several Jonestown leaders went to great lengths during the settlement's last hours to bequeath some \$7 million to the Soviet Union. The money, in Panamanian and Venezuelan bank accounts, was placed in the names of several of the Temple's leaders.

The rambling memoir has little detail on Mr. Jones's understanding of Marxist socialist ideology, but it contains a rather superficial view of 20th Century Communist political history:

'I Went With the Maos'

"But when [Mao Tse-tung, the late Chinese leader] turned against the Soviets, I had troubles with that period even though I idolized him for what he did in the long march, I thought that was tremendous; but I had real trouble. Because Mao was the lover of the Soviets, he loved Stalin [Joseph Stalin, former Premier of the Soviet Union]. I never would accept that Stalin was all that bad as he was portrayed."

The document added that when revisionists condemned Stalin "that's when I broke with the C.P. The American C.P. [Communist Party]. I broke all my connections and went with the Maos. Because of loyalty again, deep-seated loyalty."

One long section of the document extols the virtues of Stalin, stating, "If it hadn't been for Stalin, Russia would have never won the war."

"MASS CULT IMMIGRATION VIOLATED JONES' AGREEMENT WITH GUYANA," NICHOLAS M. HORROCK, NEW YORK TIMES, DECEMBER 24, 1978

The following article is based on reporting by Nicholas M. Horrock, Joseph B. Treaster and David Vidal and was written by Mr. Horrock.

GEORGETOWN, Guyana — As the remote agricultural station of Jonestown turned into a crowded armed camp in its last 15 months, the Guyanese Government turned a blind eye to the mass immigration of Jim Jones's followers and a deaf ear to numerous warnings that the camp was out of control, according to interviews and documents.

Interviews with Guyanese and United States officials and with private citizens and survivors of the tragedy indicate that the immigration of some 800 people in 1977, in violation of an agreement with Guyana, set the conditions for deterioration at Jonestown that ended in tragedy.

Threat to Deputy Minister Reported

Mr. Jones seems to have staved off official interference through an inexhaustible public relations campaign to woo public officials and camouflage the People's Temple's shortcomings; through numerous small charitable and political contributions, and through some active domestic political work. There were reports by United States officials that sexual favors had been extended to politicians and that, when other methods failed, threats of mass suicide were issued.

Deborah Layton Blakey, a former member of the People's Temple, said that in September 1977 she and Terri J. Buford delivered a threat of mass suicide to Dr. Ptolemy Reid, the deputy prime minister of Guyana, while he was traveling in the United States.

Dr. Reid denied receiving such a

threat, though he said he was in Washington and New York in early 1977, on a trip to attend the signing of the Panama Canal treaty. One American and one Guyanese Government source, however, said that as far as they knew this threat was delivered and was ignored by Guyana.

Though initially proposed as a model

community that would be integrated with the Guyanese life surrounding it, Jonestown became, after August 1977, an isolated, armed camp to which even Guyanese Government officials did not have full access.

Official sources said the People's Temple was permitted to ignore Government customs requirements and regulations on medical certification, educational standards, internal travel and administration.

Middle-level Guyanese officials, who asked that they not be identified by name, said regional officials in the remotest northwestern area around Jonestown had filed written reports expressing concern that the Jonestown settlement was out of control and was involved in questionable activities, but the central Government refused to investigate.

At least two officers who raised questions were transferred, and there is a suspicion that a third senior officer who was transferred was shifted because of his criticism of the community.

The story began five years ago this month when Jim Jones came to Guyana with four members of his Temple and a request to pioneer the largely unsettled hinterland of this country. Mr. Jones went through Claude Worrell, the honorary Guyanese consul in California who had practiced law in Los Angeles for 20 years.

A lot has been written about how Guyana and the People's Temple were suitably matched. This is a virtually non-white, socialist country; Mr. Jones had a following that was roughly 75 percent black, and he espoused a crude Marxist-socialist philosophy.

But Guyana has another tradition: since the days when it hid escapees from the penal colony at nearby French Guiana, it has been a safe haven for those on the run.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation, for instance, has issued arrest warrants for four Americans it believes are living in Guyana with the protection of the Government. Two men are being sought in connection with murder, one on a charge of rape and the fourth on a multiple blackmail conviction.

One Fugitive in National Service

One of the four, Albert Louis Bradford, who is wanted in St. Louis, Mo., on charges of rape, armed robbery and attempted murder, serves as a senior training official in Guyana's National Service under the name of Paul Adams, according to Guyanese officials and bureau sources.

"This is a position of considerable responsibility," said one Soviet bloc source. "The National Service is an armed paramilitary organization, and the Government wouldn't give him the job if it didn't have faith in him."

Several well-placed Guyanese Government sources, and independent representatives of other governments, said Guyanese officials exact a very heavy price for this kind of hospitality.

Mr. Jones, who fancied himself on the run from harassment from the press; if nothing else, had a lot to offer. He was proposing to clear, plant and develop land in an area the Government had been unable to get its own people to settle.

Plan Approved as Reasonable

Dr. Reid, the Deputy Prime Minister, said in an interview that Mr. Jones was shown some 27,000 acres from which he could choose a parcel. He said the lease was not granted until Mr. Jones had actually created a settlement.

In 1975, in getting preliminary approval for the lease, Mr. Jones filed a plan with the Ministry of Agriculture that committed him to pay all costs in bringing in settlers and making capital improvements and to guarantee the care of his followers. He said that the People's Temple was ready to spend \$1 million on this development.

The proposal also said that between Aug. 1, 1974, and March 1, 1976, there would be 30 workers at Jonestown and that by September 1977 the contingent would be increased to include only the families of workers, or about 200 persons.

Based on this plan, the Government signed a lease with Mr. Jones for 3,852 acres, of which about 3,000 could be developed. The stated scope of the Jonestown project was considered viable and reasonable. Its capital development would be supported by an economically profitable organization in San Francisco. Moreover, though the cultivation at that point would not support 200 persons, the commune was closer to the goal of providing subsistence from its own crops.

Jim Bogue, a survivor of the People's Temple mass deaths and once the group's farm manager, said the plan was developed only to dupe the Government. But, he said, had it been adhered to, there was sufficient production to make a sensible and viable agricultural community. It was not adhered to.

Orders to Process Settlers

Between January and September 1977, some 800 persons migrated from San Francisco and Los Angeles to Jonestown. Vibert Mingo, Minister of Home Affairs, the department that handles immigration, said his office did not impose its normal requirements and restrictions on the Jonestown settlers.

"I was ordered to process them," he said. The order, he added, came from Deputy Prime Minister Reid.

The massive influx doomed Jonestown. Its agricultural base was far too slim to support so large a group; housing was totally inadequate; medical care, particularly considering the large number of elderly settlers, was inadequate, and school facilities were makeshift.

Moreover, Mr. Jones ended up with a population that was untrained to be productive in its environment, with too few young or middle-aged people for a strong work force and too many old, school-age or infirm people.

Guyanese Knew of Press Reports

By mid-1977, the Guyanese Government knew that the California news-media were reporting serious criticisms of the Temple.

Kit Nasciemento, a Minister of State who is in the United States on special assignment, said in an interview that, when his Government learned of the allegations of mistreatment and imprisonment raised by an article in New West magazine in July 1977, it instructed Guyana's Ambassador to Washington, Lawrence Mann, to investigate.

According to Mr. Nasciemento, Mr. Mann reported that he had made inquiries of Joseph Freitas, the District Attorney in San Francisco and had been told the case was closed. "We didn't settle for that," he said. "We stepped up our political intelligence-gathering by having senior political figures pay unannounced visits" to the commune.

But Mr. Jones and his followers seemed to be moving to blunt the criticisms and thwart the intelligence-gathering efforts.

'Provocative' Means Employed

Paula Adams, a member of the Temple's board of directors, said in interviews that during that period she was engaged in a love affair with Ambassador Mann in Georgetown. She said it was a "personal thing" and not done to further the Temple's aims.

But two senior United States officials, who asked not to be identified, said that it was well-known in Georgetown that several women members of the Temple were using "provocative" means, as one source put it, to halt criticism, and they questioned Mr. Mann's ever having conducted an inquiry in the United States.

Mr. Mann, in a statement released by his embassy in Washington, denied that he had an improper relationship with Miss Adams.

Whether the Georgetown Government stepped up inspection visits to the remote settlement cannot be independently established: Mr. Jones kept a visitors' book until mid-January 1978, but it is in the hands of the Guyana police and its contents are not public.

In any case, the trips would not have been unannounced, since the powerful radio receivers that Mr. Jones had could monitor all aircraft radio channels and keep track of when planes were taking off for Jonestown.

Visitors 'Were Never Alone'

Moreover, when the visiting dignitaries got there, they were subjected to pre-arranged theatrics that made it nearly impossible to learn what was going on at the camp, they said. Margaret Ackman, a member of parliament who visited Jonestown only a week before the mass deaths, said that in the camp "you were never alone, there was always someone coming up to you or walking with you."

While she was there, Mr. Jones had a custom-made evening dress sewn for her, and he pledged contributions to several charities she was involved with.

A Guyanese school official, who asked that his name not be used, visited Jonestown four times. He said he, too, felt that his treatment was "faked." On several occasions he recalled, the school classes were teaching the very same thing they were teaching on his previous trips.

Jonestown Special Privileges

Further, according to Guyanese officials and former cult members, the Jonestown settlement continued to enjoy these privileges.

Its school was never integrated with the nearby Port Kaituma school system and was, in effect, the only private school in the entire country. The school issue was apparently one key reason that Mr. Jones was so afraid of the child custody case involving 5-year-old Jon Victor Stoen. The boy's parents, former followers of Mr. Jones, unsuccessfully sued him in San Francisco and Georgetown to regain custody, and a Guyanese judge sought custody of the child in connection with the case. Mr. Jones, who contended that he was actually the boy's father, was worried that if he let the Government take the child, it could result in the Government compelling other children to go to a public school.

The People's Temple was able to sell imported goods on the market at Mabaruma, a port town near the ocean, and receive unchecked night shipments aboard the trawler Cudjo. When officials at the regional level questioned those actions, they were overruled by Georgetown.

Medical authorities were unable to force either the group's doctor, Lawrence Schacht, or the women working as nurses, like Ann E. Moore, to complete work in local hospitals for certification.

No Investigation of Beating Report

Two middle-level Guyana Government officials independently confirmed that in either late March or early April of this year a man who had been beaten escaped from Jonestown and was given refuge by the local people. His plight was reported to the central Government in Georgetown, they said, but no investigation was ever launched.

By mid-1978, Mr. Jones appeared to have three practical concerns in wanting to keep the Guyana Government out:

His agriculture experiment was a failure and he was supporting his followers through either cash purchases, begging from merchants in Georgetown or sale of Jonestown products such as stuffed toys sold in Georgetown department stores. If this failure were established, it could well have threatened Mr. Jones's plans to expand the settlement.

Groups of two and three men and women, often led by Mrs. Sharon Amos, went tirelessly from official to official, trying to cajole, threaten or manipulate special treatment, some of the officials recall. Minister Mingo remembered that once, when Mrs. Amos wanted him to stop court action against Mr. Jones, she broke down and cried. He said he resisted her entreaties.

No evidence of large political payments has been found, but there are records of some \$2,000 in Guyanese money being given to organizations of the People's National Congress, the ruling party, in Port Kaituma and Georgetown. The People's Temple also became involved in local political activities in the Port Kaituma area, and May Day ceremonies in Georgetown.

When these methods failed, several separate and reliable Government sources reported, there were heavier-handed tactics. One involved efforts to blackmail officials who may have been to a party at the Georgetown People's Temple headquarters, and others involved threats of mass or individual violence, such as the one said to have been delivered to Mr. Reid.

In the long run, interviews with survivors seem to indicate, Mr. Jones failed to control the Guyanese, and that may explain his stepped-up effort to move to Cuba or the Soviet Union.

He also could not afford to have widespread defections from the colony. The only new income that came in was the Social Security and other payments members were receiving from the United States Government. If they left, the payments left also.

Finally, if Jonestown became a political embarrassment to the Government of Prime Minister Forbes Burnham, he would be forced to either close it down or sharply reduce its size.

Unrelenting Campaign Against Visits

For more than a year, Temple representatives in Georgetown kept up unremitting letter-writing, personal visits and parties to try to keep Guyanese Government officials from intruding.

In a country where there is no television, only a handful of newspapers, Government-run radio stations and little modern advertising, the People's Temple public relations campaign was startling.

**"JONESTOWN EXPLOSION MAY BE YET TO COME," BILL RHODEN,
THE BALTIMORE SUN, DECEMBER 28, 1978**

San Francisco—As founder and spiritual leader of the Peoples Temple, the Rev. Jim Jones played a number of roles and played them well.

He was self-proclaimed healer, part-time redeemer, occasional prophet and surrogate father.

In death, the 46-year-old Mr. Jones, who died along with 913 church members in Jonestown, Guyana, last month, continues to dominate the thoughts and actions of his former disciples.

"Jim Jones was not an ordinary man," explained Archie Hames, a longtime member of the Peoples Temple and the oldest of Mr. Jones's associates.

"The man had the ability to instill fear through unspoken threats. That's why a lot of people are still frightened—because of threats he made."

"But in recent weeks, as the reality of Jonestown washes up on relatives of the dead, fear of hit lists and death squads has given way to a new-found sense of outrage."

Recent news of Mr. Jones's million-dollar accounts in foreign banks has only aggravated feelings of deception and exploitation among his former disciples, most of whom were poor and black.

"Most of the victims in Guyana were black," said the Rev. Cecil Williams, of Gilde Memorial Church. "To many of their families, it simply looks like Jim Jones was just another white man who betrayed their trust. They're hurt and angry and frustrated."

At least two observers in San Francisco's Fillmore district, the black ghetto in which Jones established the Peoples Temple in 1971, believe the anger is building. They express anxiety at a possible explosion.

"I'm afraid that the most bitter part of this story hasn't happened yet," said Mr. Williams.

"At first," he said, "with all the media hype and the interviews and talk of hit lists," relatives of those who died "didn't have a chance to really realize what had happened."

"But when they start putting their heads by brothers and sisters in the ground (most of the 900 bodies flown to Dover, Del., have not yet been claimed, according to United States government officials), the full impact of the tragedy is going to finally hit them. I'm fearful of what will happen after that."

Early last week, a brief but bitter confrontation occurred between remaining temple members, who number between 25 and 30, and relatives of those who died at Jonestown.

The meeting was called to discuss property rights. Many relatives wish to reclaim property signed over to the temple by now-deceased members and they need money to help with burials.

They were told, however, that temple assets are frozen. Estimated conservatively at \$3 million, the assets were ordered frozen by the Superior Court here when the temple petitioned to be dissolved as a church.

"In plain terms," explained Donnetta Lane, director of the San Francisco Council of Churches, "that means the relatives are going to have to pay for the shipment of bodies from Delaware as well as burials."

"Most of these people are poor, and now that there's no money available, some are going to have to take out loans."

"I'm disappointed in the way the temple has handled this," added Ms. Lane, whose organization believes that the temple, as part of the council, has a financial and ethical obligation to help pay for burials.

According to Bishop Paul Miles, who is coordinating the shipment of bodies from Dover to San Francisco, relatives who wish to have remains shipped here must pay \$135 a body and an additional \$67 for each 100 pounds.

According to a spokesman at Dover Air Force Base, only 259 of the 913 bodies have been claimed. "Others have not been identified and others are being readied for shipment," the spokesman added.

"They [Peoples Temple] could have handled the burials of their members before petitioning the court," Ms. Lane said. "It almost seems that they're trying to get out of it. It has really created an explosive situation."

Jim Jones thrived on high drama, and many of his former disciples say that he preached—even promised—an Armageddon. During administrative council meetings, according to former close aides, he would discuss the possibility of mass suicides and contract killings of "defectors," as he called former members.

Some who deserted him before Jonestown say they had come to regard him as a bad dream, and had begun to rationalize his threats as idle lunacy.

But then Jonestown erupted: A congressman was killed, along with members of the press. Within hours more than 900 men, women and children at the Jonestown commune were dead—victims or partners in an apparent mass suicide ritual.

Suddenly, it seemed that everything Mr. Jones had promised was coming to pass.

"In P.C. [Planning Commission] meetings, Jim Jones would always talk about taking contracts out on people, and he'd brag about his connections with the underworld," said Theresa Cobb, 26, who lost three members of her family at Jonestown.

"I knew he had the financial resources to make connections because I still worked in the money room," she added. "I saw so many Social Security checks passing through there that I couldn't even begin to count them."

Ms. Cobb became a member of Peoples Temple at the age of 14. She left it in 1973, when she was 21. She said news of Jonestown reactivated a terror in her she had managed to forget.

"I remembered how back in Indiana

[where Mr. Jones founded the temple in 1960] he would talk about suicides and murders, and I would think, 'That's crazy. This man isn't going to do that.' I was just 16 and I knew I wasn't about to kill myself or let anybody kill me.

"Then this thing happened," she added. "Everything the man predicted—suicide, murders—everything was happening right in line, one two three."

Ms. Cobb's terror was deep enough to make her suspect that her own brother, John, 18, might be planning to kill her after Jonestown. John Cobb, as one of 11 members of the commune's basketball team, which also allegedly served as its "security squad," has been mentioned by federal officials as a possible "death squad" member, if such a squad exists.

The basketball team was away from Jonestown at the time of the carnage, and John Cobb is now back in California.

"I love my brother," Ms. Cobb said, "but I told him that I was frightened because I didn't know what was happening with the temple, and I didn't know where he was coming from."

Ms. Cobb talked with her brother for a week straight, sometimes until 4 and 5 in the morning, meeting in her home outside Berkeley, or near the University of California Berkeley campus at the Human Freedom Center, a privately run center that offers assistance to special cases of poverty or persecution.

"I just wanted to see what he knew," she said. "My older brother, my father and I were the first to leave the temple, and I know Jim Jones never forgave us for it. Our leaving got a lot of other people to thinking that something wasn't right. So I just asked my brother point-blank was he supposed to kill us, or were bygones bygones?"

"He finally convinced me that he was still my brother and he loves me. It took a lot of convincing, on both sides because we both were paranoid, and still are."

Ms. Cobb and her brother are not the only "paranoid" former Jones disciples.

In the wake of news describing death squads and hit lists, many temple members, after early interviews with reporters, have decided they will not be interviewed further.

Many relatives of the victims have also withdrawn from circulation, though less because of fear than of grief.

A woman who lost two young brothers and a sister said, "A lot of us talked when this thing first happened because we were confused and hurt and bitter and mad. Then we started reading and watching the reports and, God, they were so cold. It was hard news to them, but they were talking about my brothers and sisters whom I watched grow up, kids we had bought Christmas gifts for."

The FBI will neither confirm nor deny the existence of a "hit list." But a spokesman adds, "We've been in touch with those people who are supposed to be on such a list, and have warned them of as much."

Last week, Terri Buford, a former top aide to Mr. Jones, told reporters here that Mr. Jones had indeed ordered assassinations if the temple were ever threatened. Targets, she said, included not only temple "defectors" but also public officials such as Senator John C.

Stennis (D., Miss.) and Senator Barry M. Goldwater (R., Ariz.).

She also mentioned Evelle J. Younger, outgoing California attorney general, and G. William Hunter, the U.S. attorney in San Francisco. Assemblyman Willie Brown, who was a Jones supporter, also has been named as an alleged target.

Ms. Cobb, her earlier fears about her brother notwithstanding, says she is "almost sure those guys on the basketball team don't have anything to do with a hit squad. I know them and I've been around them and for the most part, they're just babies. They're into playing basketball and having fun."

But a temple member who asked to remain anonymous disagreed, citing the team's part in discipline sessions in the temple.

"Sometimes there were so-called boxing matches, in which two people would be put against each other. One person, the one to be punished, was always inferior in ability to the other. They created some bloody scenes."

"Jim Jones's entire program was based on intimidation," he added. "That's how a lot of the property was received. Jones's whole program was based on coercion and intimidation. Once you made a commitment to the church you got the impression that requests were commands, and that it would be in your own best interest to do as you were told."

He said that had the basketball team been in Jonestown when the communists died, "They would have been shooting around like everybody else."

The Rev. Hannibal Williams, pastor of the New Liberation Presbyterian Church in Fillmore, is convinced that a "death squad" exists, and he believes high-ranking temple leaders are members.

"My secretary has messages which she saved with the names of some of the members who called up to threaten me," Mr. Williams said.

"I was one of the first black men in this city to stand toe to toe against Jim

Jones, and he resented the fact that a black person would have the nerve to challenge him."

Along with the Rev. Amos Brown, of Third Baptist Church, the largest and oldest black church in San Francisco, Mr. Williams called a meeting in 1976 of local black ministers to discuss ways of dealing with the temple, which they saw as a destructive force in the black community.

"When I first came to San Francisco," Mr. Brown recalled, "I would get stacks of letters from people in the temple praising my work in the community and involvement with black people—and I had never even met the man. After our ministers' meeting, the letters suddenly stopped."

Within days of the meeting, Mr. Williams said, he began to receive threats on his life.

Mr. Williams said the threats and harassment by temple members against himself and his family continued with increasing intensity for two years. He said that despite complaints filed with the San Francisco Police Department, nothing was ever done.

According to one source, the Police Department's Internal Affairs Unit is now investigating possible conspiracy between Mr. Jones and high-ranking members of the department, including the chief of police, to prevent investigations into the temple.

"I can't comment on an investigation," said Capt. John Mahoney, head of the Internal Affairs Unit.

Mr. Williams, however, said he has been interviewed by at least one detective from the Internal Affairs Unit since allegations of police coverups surfaced last week.

"People don't understand how deep this thing goes," Mr. Williams said. "We're talking about a man who had connections with everybody from the chief of police to the mayor to business men and ministers. If he couldn't get through to you by ego stroking, he'd try to do it through intimidation."

"I know for a fact that there was a contract taken out on me," he added, "and I know that there is a death squad in this country—and they're dangerous."

But to hundreds of families here, the question of hit lists and death squads is irrelevant.

Other damage has already been done.

Part of the damage is the feeling here of betrayal and exploitation, based largely on revelations of Mr. Jones's financial accumulations, which some reports estimate as large \$18 million in banks on three continents. It was acquired, for the most part, from temple members, most of them poor.

"I poured half of my life and savings into this thing because I believed in it," one member said. "Now I find out they've been using us all this time for their own benefit."

Another part is racial bitterness.

The majority of Mr. Jones's dead "foot soldiers"—the men, women and children who made up the bulk of his temple—were black. But most of the Jonestown survivors—including those closest to the millions deposited in foreign bank accounts—are white.

And San Francisco, as a city, has not exhibited deep concern for the families who suffered. Last weekend, a memorial service for the dead held on the steps of City Hall was not covered by the local media—nor was it attended by Dianne Feinstein, the city's new mayor.

"You wonder," a minister said, "what would have happened if 700 white folks had died."

A final aspect of the tragedy is simply the angry pain in the Fillmore district at the loss of loved ones, made worse by the Christmas season, and worse by the attention of the press.

"They (reporters) used to ask me how I felt about what happened when this thing first went down," Theresa Cobb said in a slightly broken voice.

"I think back on what they asked me, it's like 'Damn, man, how do you feel asking me something like that?'"

"The truth is that I don't even know how I feel, because I've gone through every type of feeling there is. Then I wake up and realize there's more. Every day there's something new. There's always something else or someone else, and it keeps coming at me and coming at me."

"I'm just realizing that I lost family, man, and all I really know is that it hurts."

The mother of those children, an older black woman who left a leading church in San Francisco to join Jim Jones's temple, explained that her reasons for remaining silent were not based on fear or paranoia.

"It's just that nothing I can say is going to bring them back, or erase the pain. So why? Why should I?"

"JONES COMMUNE FOUND STOCKED WITH DRUGS TO CONTROL THE MIND, NEW YORK TIMES, DECEMBER 29, 1978

GEORGETOWN, Guyana, Dec. 28 (AP) — The People's Temple commune at Jonestown was stocked with thousands of doses of dangerous drugs, smuggled into Guyana. Two survivors of the sect said at least some of the drugs were used to control those who might defect.

A list of the drug inventory found in Jonestown shows large supplies of depressants. Survivors and law enforcement officials here said at least some of these were used to control the behavior of persons viewed as dangerous by the Rev. Jim Jones, the leader of the Temple.

Included in the drug warehouse were Quaaludes, Demerol, Valium, morphine and 11,000 doses of Thorazine, a drug used to calm people with extreme mental problems.

Checks with medical officials and medical journals produced a profile of a drug supply that promoted suicidal tendencies, could cause hallucinations, blurred vision, confusion, speech disturbances, involuntary movements and emotional euphoria and depression.

Since there were no records, it was impossible to determine how frequently or extensively the drugs were used.

Perhaps Imposed Forcefully

Visitors to Jonestown have reported there were indications that these drugs were used liberally, and perhaps imposed forcefully in some cases, in the hourslong mass killings and suicides in which more than 900 people died. Some had drunk a punch laced with cyanide.

The drug inventory, which has not been completed, is being made by brand names. It shows that the majority of the drugs were manufactured by United States concerns. They were smuggled into Guyana by members of the People's Temple to avert this country's strict importation regulations on pharmaceuticals, officials said.

Drugs bought for use in Guyana must be registered with and cleared through a government agency. None of the drugs found in Jonestown were, according to officials in the drug industry here.

Spokesmen for United States concerns that manufactured the drugs found at Jonestown denied any involvement.

Dr. Joyce H. Lowinson, a psychiatrist and member of President Carter's

Strategy Council on Drug Abuse Prevention, said the list of drugs from the People's Temple indicated "there were a lot of psychotic patients, or they were using them to control people."

Dale Parks, a nursing supervisor at Jonestown who is a trained therapist for respiratory ailments, said that he knew some of the drugs were used to control would-be defectors in the commune's "extended care unit." But he professed shock at the extent of the drugs found there, saying, "Oh, my God, I don't believe it."

Mr. Parks fled Jonestown on Nov. 18 with Representative Leo J. Ryan, a California Democrat who had been there on a fact-finding mission. A short time later, Mr. Ryan, three American newsmen and Mr. Parks's mother were slain at a remote airstrip.

"Those are absolutely hard-line, hard-core drugs," Mr. Parks said when read a partial inventory from Jonestown.

"There's no way that many people were receiving treatment," he said in reference to the amount of drugs found in Jonestown. "I know they were using things to keep people under control, but not like this."

Control Sessions Explained

According to Mr. Parks, the control sessions took place in the extended-care unit of the commune, which consisted of eight beds separated from the regular medical facilities.

"If a person wanted to leave Jonestown or if there was a breach of rules, one was taken to the extended care unit," he said.

"It was a rehabilitation place, where one would be reintegrated back into the community. The people were given drugs to keep them under control."

After a few days or weeks, the patients lost their desire to leave and no further behavioral problems were anticipated, Mr. Parks said.

Another former Jonestown resident, who refused to let his name be used, said, "People who wanted to leave were fed drugs like Thorazine."

Many of the drugs are habit-forming, according to medical journals. Some are especially dangerous, according to the journals, and have precipitated unpredictable, severe and occasionally fatal reactions.

"PROFILES OF SEVEN WHOSE FAITH IN JIM JONES CARRIED THEM TO DEATH IN GUYANA," NEW YORK TIMES, DECEMBER 20, 1978

The Rev. Jim Jones, who founded the People's Temple in Indianapolis in 1953 and perished with it last month in the tropical jungle that became its last refuge, had been followed there by young and old, black and white, the privileged and the poor, the well-educated and the barely literate. Following are closer looks at seven of the more than 900 who died at Jonestown, Guyana, on Nov. 18.

Jann Gurvich, 25; Poet Moved to Politics

Jann Gurvich read Shakespeare, studied law and translated Sanskrit. Everyone who knew her described her as brilliant.

But in a letter she wrote to the Rev. Jim Jones four months before she died in Jonestown, Guyana, the 25-year-old woman declared that that was "just not so."

"I'm educated but I'm not gifted with any extraordinary intelligence, and there's a big difference," she said.

Miss Gurvich grew up in New Orleans in a conservative, upper-middle-class family. Her father, Louis, operates the largest private patrol and detective agency in New Orleans.

The family decided that she should go to the best schools, and for 13 years Miss Gurvich attended a private academy in New Orleans, the Ecole Classique. Mr. Gurvich described it as white, upper-class and "quaint." It was there, he remembered, that she took fourth place in a statewide French contest.

It was also there, her father believes, that were planted the first seeds of the political radicalism she would later embrace: "Instead of turning out conservative, as you might expect from a school like that, she felt she had been given privileges that poorer blacks, for example, were denied."

In 1971, Jann Gurvich entered Newcomb University, which is affiliated with Tulane University in New Orleans. She was an honors student, and she became involved in the civil rights and antiwar movements on campus.

The next year she transferred to Vassar, but became ill and stayed just one semester. She went on to the University

of California at Berkeley, where she majored in comparative literature and took her undergraduate degree in 1975.

Friends who know her then said that she gradually began to read literature less and politics more and to express vaguely defined wishes "to be part of something" and "to be of service to society." She left behind her poetry and entered the Golden Gate University Law School in San Francisco.

Miss Gurvich, friends said, had a succession of boyfriends but no serious relationships. She spent so much time with her law studies and political causes, such as support for Chilean refugees, that she did not eat properly. Her health began to fail and, as school gave way to politics, so did her grades.

At some point she discovered Jim Jones and his peculiar brand of fundamentalist religion and Marxism seemed to fill a void. Carmen Garrett, a law-school classmate, recalled that "all she talked about was the People's Temple."

On Aug. 22, 1977, Jann Gurvich took a bus to Miami and got aboard an airplane for Guyana. As she left, she told Mrs. Garrett that she would try the life in Jonestown for two years, then return to finish her legal studies.

But in the last letter that Mrs. Garrett received from her friend, a few weeks before Jim Jones, Jann Gurvich and most of the rest of Jonestown's residents died, the young woman said that she had decided to abandon the law to spend her life teaching children.

It had been the greatest joy of her life, she wrote, to teach the children of Jonestown and watch them grow up free.

The Willis Sneeds; They Cared for the Infirm

For most of their lives Willie and Cleveyee Sneed didn't have much of their own, but those who knew them say they shared a passion for taking care of the infirm and those who had even less.

Willie Delois Sneed, 59 years old when he died in Jonestown, was born in East St. Louis, Ill., and went to school there. His wife, Cleveyee Louise, one year younger, was born in Covington, Tenn., and studied for a year at Le Moyne College in Memphis.

In the late 1950's, the couple moved to southern California. Mrs. Sneed took a day job as a nurse's aide at Victory Hospital in North Hollywood and another in the evening at a small sanitarium in West Los Angeles.

She liked the work, and after a few years of scrimping and saving she and her husband acquired a financial interest in the sanitarium. It was a financial success, and in 1967 they took over a larger facility, the 100-bed Fair Oaks Convalescent Home in Pasadena, Calif.

By then Mrs. Sneed, who is remembered by friends as an exceedingly pleasant and warm person, had become licensed as a vocational nurse. Although she shared the ownership of Fair Oaks with her husband, it was she who saw to the operation of the home while Mr. Sneed kept his job as a maintenance man for the Bank of America.

But Los Angeles health department officials say that Mrs. Sneed's concern for the sick and aged exceeded her abilities, and records there show that Fair Oaks was cited for a number of violations over the years.

The Fair Oaks home, officials said, was simply not managed well. There were not enough nurses, the medication control log was never up to standards, diets were found inadequate, the home itself fell further and further into

physical decay.

But Fair Oaks was at least a financial success. The Sneeds drove a blue Cadillac and seemed to neighbors to have acquired some money. The Sneeds were well respected in Pasadena's large black community, where they lived in a neat, stucco, ranch-style house on a pleasant, tree-lined street. Through it all, they seemed never to lose sight of their religion.

The office at Fair Oaks was filled with religious pictures and objects, and one county official remembered an incident that showed the depth and nature of Mrs. Sneed's religious commitment.

His department's attention had been attracted to Fair Oaks because no funeral arrangements had been made for a patient who died a few days earlier. The official went to investigate and found the body surrounded by members of the immediate family, who were meditating over it.

The corpse had not been moved, Mrs. Sneed told him firmly, at the request of the family, whose church did not permit such a thing. She added, just as firmly, that she herself was a member of the church.

No one knows whether the Sneeds had joined the People's Temple at that point. But join they did and, with the State of California threatening to put them out of business, sold their failing rest home to a corporation in Seattle.

Whether they were driven to Jonestown by the loss of the home or by a thirst to finally succeed at being of service to the disadvantaged, no one can say. But whatever their reasons, Willie and Cleveyee Sneed were disappointed for the last time in the Guyana jungle. Friends of the Sneeds in Jonestown say they were not at all happy there.

Ellen Dupont, 48; All Her Marriages Failed

By the time Jim Jones found her lying drunk outside his People's Temple in Ukiah, Calif., Ellen Peterson Kerns Dupont had failed at three marriages and had long since released her dreams of becoming a writer.

But Mr. Jones had a talent for kindling dreams, and Ellen Dupont later told her daughter Jeanette that the preacher with the beneficent smile had been the first man to recognize her literary talents.

"The People's Temple offered my mother all the things she had been looking for," Jeanette said of the woman who had struggled between jobs and household chores to write poems about the pain of raising four children alone.

Ellen Peterson was born in Tucson, Ariz., in November 1930, the third child of a construction worker. She was pretty and popular in high school, was a good student and had ambitions of attending college until, a year after her graduation, she met and married Rollin Kerns, a sailor.

Mr. Kerns was away for long periods

and his wife grew frustrated and lonely. Finally, in 1960, the couple was divorced and the mother and children left their comfortable, middle-class home near Norfolk, Va., for what was to be a far more chaotic life in California.

"I think that's when my mother's problems began," Jeanette said. "Before the divorce, my mother had been a meticulous housekeeper who never drank and who had the time and energy to teach us everything from swimming to playing the guitar. After the divorce she was devastated. She had to work at low-paying jobs she hated because all my father could afford to send was \$200 a month."

After two years on her own, Ellen Kerns married Donald Dupont, a widowed engineer with five children. Mr. Dupont purchased a beautiful home in Lancaster, Calif., but the marriage broke up after only a year over differences on raising the children.

Constance Frohm, 23; Religious and Rootless

When Constance Frohm was attending high school in Houston a few years ago, she must have found the work easy. Her grades, teachers remembered, were well above average, even though she seemed to spend less time studying than writing the poetry for which she was known best.

"She was a very good student," Mary Getty, who taught a creative writing course for seniors at Houston's Austin High School, recalled. "She could finish her work and then start writing these poems. They were all about goodness, God or the bright Hereafter."

"I asked her once why she never wrote about other things, and she told me, 'My mind is mostly with God.'"

Even as a teen-ager, Constance Frohm lacked roots. She did not live at

home with her mother, Mrs. Genevieve Rayford, but with a communal religious group. She told her teachers often of moving from place to place in Houston's black neighborhoods because members of her fundamentalist religious group were not permitted to live with a family for long, certainly not long enough to become close friends.

Mrs. Rayford, who still lives in Houston, refused twice to discuss any aspect of her daughter's life or her death. But records show that Constance was born Feb. 9, 1955, in Louisiana.

In 1973, the year when Constance Frohm graduated from high school with a high "B" average, she was living with N.C. Crain, a Baptist preacher, and his wife. It was that year that Jim Jones held a national convocation of People's Temple members in Houston, and during his stay there he preached at Mr. Crain's church.

A few months later, Miss Frohm left Houston and moved to California, where the Temple was based. The relatives and friends she left behind did not hear much more about her until her body was identified in Guyana.

The Rev. Bill Lawson, a Baptist pastor who conducted a memorial service for Constance Frohm in Houston earlier this month, said that she had seemed to be "a fiercely loyal girl."

"When her family didn't fill her needs, she clung to the pastors, and then transferred her loyalty to Jim Jones. I think she would have been loyal enough to commit suicide," he said.

"I can see why she would get into a group like that, the kind that looked to a brighter time and a better life. She always wrote about a better thing, a happier life. I guess because she didn't have one here."

Richard Tropp, 36; Scholarly, 'Private' Man

When Richard Tropp was pursuing undergraduate studies in English at the University of Rochester in his native New York in the mid-1960's, he left an indelible impression.

"Mr. Tropp," one faculty member there wrote, "is one of the three or four most brilliant students I've ever taught. Truly exceptional."

A member of the history faculty concurred: "Brilliant talents and great independence. He has the capacity to become a great teacher and a fine writer."

Within the People's Temple, according to former members, Dick Tropp's writing talents were put to good use by Jim Jones, who made him chief of the Temple's letter-writing unit, an efficient machine that ground out tens of thousands of missives to the politically powerful and otherwise influential people Mr. Jones wanted to cultivate.

Although Dick Tropp, the 36-year-old son of Jewish parents, was not reluctant to flaunt his academic credentials to the world outside — he received a master's degree in English from the University of California at Berkeley in 1967 — he was defensive about them with other Temple members.

After graduating from Berkeley, Dick Tropp taught English at Fisk University in Nashville and then at a junior college in Oakland, Calif.

In 1969, the year that he joined the People's Temple, Mr. Tropp moved to Ukiah, the northern California community where Jim Jones then had his base. He taught at a private ranch school for a year and then took a job as a machine operator, giving his earnings to the Temple's treasury.

In the fall of 1972, he joined the faculty of nearby Santa Rosa Junior College. Colleagues described him variously as an accomplished professional, a delightful person and a "private man."

During his years at Santa Rosa, Dick Tropp became increasingly involved with Mr. Jones and the Temple, as did his sister, Harriet, 28, who died with her brother at Jonestown, and his wife, Kathy, who is believed to be living in San Francisco.

Lena Pietila, 28, a former Temple member who studied biology and nursing at Santa Rosa, remembered Mr. Tropp as an informal adviser to her and the other Temple members who attended the college.

If a Temple student fell into academic difficulty, she said, Dick Tropp was the one to smooth things out. But he also reported their failings to other Temple officials, who sometimes prescribed "counseling" or discipline.

When Jim Jones left California for Guyana in the summer of last year, Mr. Tropp went along, but, like many of Mr. Jones's other followers, apparently only to see how he liked the communal life in the jungle.

He did not resign his teaching post but quietly took a year's leave of absence, telling his associates only that he was engaging in unspecified religious missionary work.

No one at the college knew he had gone to Guyana until he wrote from Jonestown, asking that some of the well-thumbed books he had left behind be forwarded to him there.

Elaine Keeler, 27; Sought 'Promised Land'

"Well here I am in Jones Town Guyana with all my friends from San Francisco we're all very happy," Elaine Keeler wrote to her "Dear Mommie and Daddy" last month.

The letter arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Keeler at 2369 Seventh Avenue, near 148th Street. Elaine, who was born in New York 27 years ago, visited her parents there in August and September. She told them then that she was going to Guyana, and she tried to reassure them about the People's Temple and its leader, the Rev. Jim Jones.

A week after the letter arrived Elaine was dead and her parents were plunged into anguish. They succeeded in having her body found, identified and brought here for burial.

"She said Guyana was 'the Promised Land,'" Elaine's mother, Ellen Keeler, said in an interview in her office at Modern Photography magazine, where she is an editorial assistant. Mr. Keeler is a bridge operator.

"It's so far away, so far fetched," Mrs. Keeler said that she and her husband told their daughter, "Why don't you come home instead?"

"We tried to argue, but she said no, because Jim said so. She insisted that it was the Promised Land. If you went there, you wouldn't want to leave. It has fresh fruit, fresh air and Jim said it is the only place on earth an atomic bomb cannot do any damage.

"She was the fourth generation of our family to go to the Abyssinian Baptist Church. Our family was never interested in 'off-beat' kinds of religions. We were against it."

Elaine joined the People's Temple three years ago in San Francisco. She had left her parents' home here to "be on her own," according to her mother.

Not long after joining the People's Temple, Elaine went to live in its Redwood Valley commune. She wrote her parents "how she was taking care of animals and the elderly, what compassion the church had, how beautiful all the brothers and sisters were, no racial barriers, everyone the same," Mrs. Keeler said.

The Keelers' only other child, Irving Jr., a high school teacher in Queens, went to California to check on his sister. He reported to his parents that his sister looked well.

When Elaine came back for a month's visit with her parents last summer, "We saw only positive changes," the mother said. "She was calmer, more receptive to her parents, solicitous about her grandmother, willing to do what she was told, willing to do housework."

In her final brief letter to her parents, Elaine, who had hopes of taking up veterinary medicine, wrote: "The dogs are very understanding. I love them and the cats are my heart-warmer. I also love them."

Mrs. Keeler does not know how her daughter died. She has not received a death certificate. She assumes that Elaine was not shot, because among the documents accompanying the body

to New York was one reporting that there were "no obvious signs of trauma."

Elaine Roslyn Keeler, sometimes called "Pat," was born in Morrisania Hospital in the Bronx May 8, 1951. Her parents were then living at 2415 Williamsbridge Road, the Bronx. They moved to Berkeley, Calif., when she was 4 years old. She attended Longfellow Elementary and Willard Junior High Schools there and graduated from Berkeley High School.

She came back to New York with her parents in 1963 and lived with them until 1974, when she moved to California. Surviving Miss Keeler, in addition to her parents and her brother, is her grandmother, Lydia McCloud, also of Manhattan.

"THE APPEAL OF THE DEATH TRIP," ROBERT J. LIFTON, NEW YORK
TIMES MAGAZINE, JANUARY 7, 1979

Was anyone prepared for the Rev. Jim Jones and his People's Temple? The death drama staged in Guyana jolts us not only because of its incredible statistics and the dreadful power of a mad leader

over his followers, but because we sense in it a terrible caricature of real struggles taking place in American society. To sort out what happened at Jonestown, it is necessary to examine three basic issues: the pattern of killing and dying that took place there, the quality of obedience behind that pattern, and the psychological and historical readiness of young, and not so young, people for such cult experiences.

The People's Temple is probably unique among contemporary cults in the degree of its preoccupation with suicide. And, as is often the case, this preoccupation turns out to be inseparable from the potential for violence toward others. The suicidal person can create a future only by killing himself. His particular kind of despair becomes associated with a vision beyond the present.

In most cultures, suicide is related to inordinate despair (the depressed individual who feels he has nothing to live for), but in some, like Japan, there is a strong affirmative vision (the samurai who dies for his lord, or kamikaze pilot for his emperor). Yet all suicides involve some combination of both. In the case of Jim Jones and the People's Temple, the two elements were intense and visible. Jim Jones's despair was of

Dr. Robert Jay Lifton, professor of psychiatry at Yale, is author of "Thought Reform and the Psychology of Totalism," among several other books.

"Some survivors claim that Jones began his rehearsals of mass suicide when he felt he was losing his struggle for custody of a 6-year-old boy whom he claimed as his own, after the boy's real father, one of Jones's closest disciples, defected. Jones was quoted as saying that the child "could not go back because it would be ruined," and "we are so solid that if anything happens to one of us, it is happening to us all." When Representative Leo J. Ryan's investigative visit began to result in further defections, Jones spoke of being "betrayed" by "liars and traitors," and said, "I'm defeated. I might as well die." And then, in his increasingly psychotic state: "Threat, threat, threat of extinction. I wish I wasn't born. . . . They can have me. . . . In many ways I feel like I'm dying."

The threat of extinction had to do both with the potential collapse of the cult and Jones's increasing psychological decomposition — with the death of the mind. But Jones's call to collective suicide made specific claim on the future as well. Hence his own and his followers' declarations: "We're going to die for the battle against fascism and racism. . . . In revolutionary suicide with dignity and honor," and, "We'll all fall tonight, but he'll raise us tomorrow." They could say, "It's a great moment — we all die," and speak of the "beauty of dying." Through this collective act the group was to connect itself with socialist and Christian eternity — was to immortalize its otherwise failed visions of a perfect society and equally perfect spiritual purity. The cult would, once and for all, defeat and transcend the evil of the outside world.

But neither individual nor collective suicide tends to be performed on the whim of the moment. Rather it requires an image of possibility that takes shape in the mind, the formation of a suicidal mental construct. For Jones and the People's Temple, that construct became, at least during recent months, what could be called a cult element — that is, an aspect of the

a characteristic kind — not mere hopelessness, but the sense that he, himself, and all that he had created were about to be annihilated.

cult's primitive theology. To be a loyal cult member, one had to be prepared to die for this vision of immortality, however ill-defined it might be.

No other contemporary cult has had this kind of link between suicide and theology. We see, then, that

violence toward Representative Ryan and his party was but a preamble to the more fundamental suicidal project. That project in turn depended upon the special quality of obedience developed in the People's Temple. The suicidal theology, after all, was essentially Jones's own. His influence made it an aspect of cult discipline.

But Jones's spiritual authority wavered as he became more bizarre, and the discipline became increasingly external — guards, strong men, punishments and threats of punishment. During the ceremony of suicide, these enforcers were active in helping along, if not actually killing, those who hesitated or resisted. Indeed, under such conditions, suicide and murder blur into one another. Still, the startling fact was the willingness with which the majority of cult members joined not only in the act of self-annihilation but of killing their own children as well. The level of submission was impressive — despite all of the cult's strains and the madness of its leader.

How did that degree of obedience come about? The People's Temple resembled other cults in its combination of manipulation from above and idealism from below. Its social idealism was greater than that of most cults, as reflected by the diversity of its membership — whole families, older people, large numbers of blacks — and its expressed emphasis on racial harmony. But Jones was characteristic of the kinds of leaders who have emerged in many contemporary cults — in his combination of messianic claim, hypnotic-like skills in winning and controlling followers, financial and sexual self-aggrandizement, and extreme emotional instability.

I believe that the extraordinary degree of psychological submission such leaders can achieve from followers has to do with the promise of transcendence they offer. A disciple who attaches himself to such a leader and a simple, all-clarifying — that is, totalistic — theology, is able to feel part of something larger than himself — something that will never die and will never permit him to die.

Yet this kind of relationship requires

cultivation and maintenance, and that is where thought-reform (or "brainwashing") methods come in. Here, I would mention several psychological principles that messianic leaders learn to apply over the course of their experience. The first is the control of all communication in a given environment — a pattern particularly extreme in an isolated area like the Guyana jungle, but one practiced by virtually all the contemporary cults. The control can extend to the individual's internal communication with himself, making it possible for leaders to apply systematic manipulation from above that can have the appearance of spontaneous behavior from below.

The second principle is the stimulation and manipulation of individual guilt feelings, perhaps the most important form of manipulation that can be exercised over a person. Inner doubts about even the most bizarre cult doctrine and practice are then attributed to one's own evil, the influence of the devil, as represented by the society outside, or in some cases specifically by one's own parents. Control over individual guilt is perpetuated by a variety of small and large group meetings, stressing criticism, self-criticism, continuous confession — and, at times, public humiliation of those who appear to deviate.

Finally, there is the principle of dispensing of existence. According to cult doctrine as usually promulgated by the leader, only those who have seen the light and follow the true path to virtue are entitled to exist. The rest have no such right. This designation is usually social and symbolic, a distinction between God's true children and sinners.

But it can become literal and violent, especially toward cult defectors, who pose a particular threat to the cult's moral and psychological claims, and the further threat of revealing to the outside world the true inner workings of the cult.

The use of "dirty tricks" and other forms of harassment, sometimes violent, against defectors or opponents can be justified by the cult's claim to a "higher purpose." (I described these patterns in a book I wrote years ago, now of interest not only to parents of cult members and defectors but to some of the cults themselves. I have been told that, within one cult, seminars have been held on what I characterized as a "totalistic environment," for the ostensible purpose of denying any such characteristics in their own.)

The People's Temple, however, carried the dispensing of existence to a new extreme. After violently ending the existence of an outside group deemed threatening (the Ryan party) they — that is, mostly Jim Jones — insisted upon a new level of existence for themselves that could be achieved only in dying by their own hands.

Significantly, there were to be no survivors. The *Götterdämmerung* was to encompass children, animals, even the cult's pet monkey. Jones was in effect perpetuating his own power over life and death by making his offering to the eternal future that of the total cult. Now true existence depended upon becoming a part of that offering. In modified Cartesian sequence, the progression is from "I believe, therefore I am" to "I obey, therefore I am" to "I die, therefore, I am."

Neither Jones nor the People's Temple nor cults in general can be understood apart from the particular currents of our times and apart from the questions of psychological and historical readiness. We may view the cults as a continuation of the experiments and protests of the 1960's. They are a product of historical dislocation — of the loss and frequent dishonoring of traditional symbols of family, religion,

authority, government — the life cycle in general. In the past, these symbols have provided means of continuity beyond the self, or what I call symbolic immortality. That is, they connected ordinary life with eternal structures and spiritual principles.

Doubts about those structures and principles have led many people to what I have called the *Protean style* (after the Greek god Proteus, a notorious shape-shifter who could change himself into virtually any human, animal or natural form, but had difficulty holding onto a single shape, his own.) The Protean style, which seemed to thrive during the 1960's, permits relatively easy shifts in personal involvements and beliefs and enables one to maintain multiple images concerning how one is to live. The Protean style can be highly creative, but also tends to be accompanied by considerable anxiety around rootlessness and diffusion.

Hence the emergence of the seemingly opposite but related tendency — really its mirror image — the *constricted style*. Here the struggle is to hold on to a single, absolutely unchanging sense of self, and to block out or condemn whatever influences might question that self-image. Broadly speaking, the emergence of the cults represents a shift from the Protean style to the constricted style. They are also part of a worldwide impulse toward fundamentalism, or what I call *restorationism* — an illusory attempt to fend off currents of change through the construction of an airtight moral and social order, through restoring the perfect harmony of a past that never was, or projecting a similar future (as in the case of the

People's Temple) based on imagery of a past golden age.

The Protean and constricted styles involve a hunger for transcendence — indeed, that hunger is central to our age. And the success the cults have had depends no less on their indoctrination procedures than on the quality of transcendence they have promised. They can offer the most intense form of "community high." This consists of an immediate sense of being surrounded by a caring, loving group in sharp contrast to the rootlessness and confusion one has known. More than that, cults provide communal forms of ecstasy — psychic states so intense that time and death disappear.

For the young, these cult experiences can have some of the psychological function of initiation rites in primitive societies — including the sense of being confronted, threatened and challenged, and then ecstatically united with a new group. One of the reasons why cults have helped many people kick drug habits is that they have substituted for them alternative forms of transcendence that can themselves be habit-forming or even addictive. But their success in doing so reflects the impoverishment of opportunities for transcendence in our culture at large.

In this and other ways, contemporary cults can be both radical and reactionary. They can on the one hand mount a

telling critique of the contradictions and hypocrisies of American (or any) society, and on the other hand invoke as their solution a premodern form of authoritarianism — what could be viewed as internal fascism.

The satisfactions and ecstatic experiences offered by cults, moreover, have a built-in contradiction, one that in Jonestown was literally fatal. Consider Jones's words in summoning his followers to death: "Everyone has to die. If you love me as much as I love you, we must all die or be destroyed from the outside." What he really meant was, "If you believe in my divinity, you must die with me."

For while the cult claims a suprapersonal, transcendent vision (in the case of the People's Temple, one combining Marxism and Christianity) as the basis for its existence, its psychological dynamic revolves around the person of the charismatic leader. Increasingly, the large spiritual principle is replaced by deification of a particular, highly imperfect individual.

That process is likely to be as harmful to the leader as to his followers. He cannot psychologically tolerate the level of worship he asks for and receives. He is divested of the grounding and restraint both he and his followers so desperately require. His already existing grandiosity is likely to be accentuated and his potential paranoid psy-

whom he closely identified also had elements of parody — as perhaps did his claim to be part Cherokee and therefore "an all-American mongrel."

Jones's relationship to nuclear war has a similar quality. During the early 1960's, he had a vision of nuclear holocaust, following which he moved his family to a place in Brazil he had read about as one of the nine safest spots in the world should there be a nuclear war. His later choices of areas in northern California and Guayana were also influenced by his fear. "There were times when just the sound of an airplane flying overhead would start him crying" was one description of his anxiety.

While we cannot say that his nuclear fears were totally unfounded, his way of expressing them reflected his general death anxiety, his lifelong psychological sensitivity to the idea of extinction. That sensitivity was expressed in his long-standing personal fear of cancer (which he apparently did not have, although he had other medical conditions toward the end of his life). But as with so much else, he found ways to parlay these fears into manipulative techniques. He would stage

bogus, melodramatic demonstrations of extricating "cancer" — actually chicken gizzards he provided for the occasion — from the bodies of disciples. And by later preaching about the danger of nuclear war, he could evoke further terror in his disciples in ways that tightened his control over them.

The death scene itself was apocalyptic parody. Jones ordered his assistants to bring out "the potion" — an old tub containing a mixture of cyanide, tranquilizers and a strawberry-flavored drink. Jones had instituted a special suicide drill called "white night," but this one was the real thing. From his "throne" on the central pavilion he ordered his disciples to file past and take their portions of the mixture, mothers first.

Then he left the pavilion to exhort people directly: "Hurry, hurry, hurry." This was his last messianic harangue, his ultimate expression of total control over his disciple-victims. (To me, a particularly sinister aspect of the event was its "medical" side. The potion was meant to provide a sweet-tasting, quiet death. It was mixed by the cult's doctor, known in the past as an idealistic medical student, and actively distributed and administered by "nurses." Having been interviewing former Nazi doctors over the past year, I am again struck by the ready collusion between totalistic movements and their physicians in creating a medical aura around mass killing.)

The power of contemporary cults derives from the fear of extinction that haunts our age. As in the case of European terrorists, the cults take hold of the absurdities and threats of our existence in ways that render our world still more absurd and still more threatening. Jim Jones and his disciples went so far as to act out the apocalypse we fear in response to terrors we all share. These terrors extend beyond American shores, but Jones's death scene was quintessentially an American event. We might even see it as an unhinged quest for a new frontier.

We need to make careful distinctions among cults, and restrain them legally when they employ violence, coercion and deception. But we must also probe what is behind them, what they reveal about our time, from what weakness in our society they draw their strength. We may then find alternative means to confront the issues they raise. ■

"PRACTICES OF CULTS RECEIVING NEW SCRUTINY," MISS JO THOMAS,
NEW YORK TIMES, JANUARY 21, 1979

The following article is based on reporting by Jo Thomas and Nathaniel Sheppard Jr. It was written by Miss Thomas.

Some have been highly visible in airports and on street corners, offering flowers and soliciting donations, but until 914 people died in Jonestown, Guyana, most of the thousands of Americans who have joined religious cults in the last decade remained in the nation's peripheral vision.

There were groups that were considered odd, such as the Bo and Peep U.F.O. cult or New York's carpet-cleaning cult. And some practices seemed strange, such as the mass marriages arranged by

the Rev. Sun Myung Moon. As religious groups, however, cults were protected by the First Amendment and by a general feeling that their aura of good intentions might at worst cloak fraud.

Then, last November, the People's Temple collapsed on itself with a violence

They have a living charismatic leader who says he has been given new, exclusive revelations about God or reality. Anyone who does not believe his teachings, he says, is not only wrong but also satanic.

The leader creates a family, often a communal living arrangement, and takes a name such as "Dad." Members frequently take new names when they join and sever ties with their real families.

The leader sets absolute rules, but he does not necessarily obey them himself. He usually lives far more luxuriously than his followers.

The group has an apocalyptic view of the world, in which moral rules may be discarded in the service of the leader. Members also discard their belongings, their occupations and, occasionally, their regard for their own physical well-being.

Certain behavior-control techniques are practiced, usually in a setting isolated from the outside world. Members see the techniques as a religious regimen. Outsiders call them brainwashing.

Although the Carter Administration opposes any broad investigation of such groups on constitutional grounds, some members of Congress favor inquiries into their activities abroad and into the tax-exempt status they frequently have at home.

Troubling Signs

Even before the bizarre episode in Guyana, there had been troubling signs.

The complaints came first from parents who said their children had been brainwashed, a charge echoed by former members of some cults. The complaints were denied by the cults and many were virtually impossible to prove in court. A wave of kidnappings by parents ensued, and a new profession appeared—"deprogramming," a way of erasing religious indoctrination.

There were reports that the Children of God had started practicing prostitution and that Synanon had changed from a group treating drug addiction into a cult that ordered mass divorces and vasectomies, abortions and beatings, and that it threatened those who tried to challenge it or to report on its activities.

Paul Morantz, a lawyer who had successfully sued Synanon on behalf of a couple who charged brainwashing, kidnapping and false imprisonment, was bitten by a rattlesnake placed in his mailbox. The rattlesnake attack resulted in charges of attempted murder against Synanon's founder, Charles Dederich.

Cults in America

First of a Series

that raised fundamental questions about how the nation could deal with religious groups that wooed the young and the idealistic, persuading them to give up

their possessions, their family ties, their freedom and, at Jonestown, their lives.

Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition, does not distinguish between a cult and a religious sect, but it does note that any religion regarded as unorthodox or spurious might be called a cult. Groups that find themselves described by outsiders as cults usually object to that designation.

Interviews conducted across the country with leaders and current and former members of groups commonly described as cults, as well as with relatives of the members and with persons who have studied cults, show that the groups share

at least some of the following characteristics:

Raids on Scientologists

The Federal Bureau of Investigation raided the Church of Scientology, charging that church representatives had infiltrated Federal agencies and placed electronic bugs in offices of the Internal Revenue Service. The raids yielded guns, dossiers on the church's enemies, lock-picking and bugging equipment, and such items as a blackjack and a vial labeled "vampire blood."

The House Subcommittee on International Relations, concluding an eight-month study of the Rev. Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church, said it had found evidence that the organization had systematically violated Federal laws on taxes, immigration, banking, currency transactions and foreign-agent registration, as well as state and local laws relating to charity fraud.

The People's Temple was an extreme example of the cults that have flourished in the United States in the 1970's as goals of the drug culture of the 1960's — escape, truth, community, rapture — were reconstituted in the names of all sorts of prophets, messiahs and religions.

Estimates of the number of Americans who belong to cults range from 300,000 to 3 million, depending on who is counting.

Large and Small Followings

The Church of Scientology claims a world membership of 5.4 million. The Unification Church and lesser-known cults, such as The Way International, draw thousands. The Love Family is so small — about 250 — that members can all take the same last name. The Druids, a group that supplied a hotel in Gallup, N.M., with most of its workers, had fewer than 40 members.

"I don't know what a cult is," Attorney General Griffin B. Bell told an audience in Los Angeles early in December. "I am a member of the Baptist Church. I suppose I am in a cult."

The backgrounds of cult leaders are diverse. In recent years, cults have been started by an airline pilot, an engineer, a country-western singer and a real estate salesman, as well as by ministers of established churches.

Bo and Peep, who formed a cult in 1973 based on their prophecy that they would be assassinated, return from the dead and leave the planet in a craft from outer space, were Marshall Herff Applewhite, 47 years old, a musician and opera singer, and Bonnie Lu Trousdale Nettles, 51, a professional nurse.

According to Robert Balch, a sociologist at the University of Montana who studied the group for several years, Bo and Peep videotaped their "final statement to the earth," left it in Oklahoma and disappeared, along with 98 followers. Mr. Balch believes the group has diminished to about 60 to 75 members, organized in three "families."

Bible Cult Sponsored Refugees

Ben Sebastian Sapio, 49, who founded a fundamentalist Bible cult called The Way, The Truth and The Life, was a hairdresser. In 1973, his group asked to sponsor 11 Vietnamese refugees, all Buddhists, at a commune in North Carolina.

The refugees spent a month with the group, and left after complaints about their treatment were made to Senator Jesse A. Helms, Republican of North Carolina. The refugees said through an interpreter that they had been worked hard by day, indoctrinated by night in English they did not understand, and prevented from leaving. Some said the experience had led them to consider suicide.

Mr. Sapio and other leaders of the group announced last year that they were leaving North Carolina. Their whereabouts are unknown.

Stewart Traill, 43, a former vacuum cleaner salesman who teaches that the Bible was written in code, founded a group in Pennsylvania called the Forever Family. After opposition arose from groups of parents of members, the group changed its name to the Church of Bible Understanding and moved to New York City, where members stand on street corners soliciting business for the cult's carpet-cleaning company. The group also has a mission in Haiti.

Characteristics of Cult Members

Who is likely to join a cult? Prof. Ronald Enroth, a sociologist at Westmont College in California and the author of a book about cults, said in an interview that a typical cult member is 18 to 22 years old, white, middle or upper-middle class, and has at least some college education and a nominally religious upbringing.

Shari Smith, now 25, was a lonely 19-year-old freshman at the University of Wisconsin when she struck up a friendship with an older girl who was a member of The Body of Christ, a group founded by Sam Fife, a minister from Miami, and C.E. Cobb, an airline pilot.

Miss Smith joined The Body — for “a sense of security, friendship,” she said — and was sent in January 1973 to a farm it owned near Eupora, Miss. The Body also had wilderness settlements in South America, Canada and Alaska, and a fleet of airplanes to reach them.

“A big thing with this group is demons — people are possessed,” she said. “By hurting the flesh, you can make the spirit overcome the devil. They beat on me because I sassed.”

She described their methods this way: “They tell you to kneel and put your hands on a chair, and then they take a wooden paddle and whip you a few times, three times if you’re lucky. The first time, I got three. Other times, I don’t remember.

Cold Showers for Punishment

“Rebellious people were tied to a bed or chair or on the floor. They put a headset on them and played preachers from the group. The length depended on how long they fought it. One day or two days. They would also throw people in cold showers for running away. They would throw you in with your clothes on and keep you until you hollered ‘Jesus!’ loud enough.

Miss Smith said the longest shower she was ever given lasted four and a half hours.

She said that she stayed at the farm until September 1974, then went to live with Mr. and Mrs. Cobb, where, she said, she was told “not to tell what happened at the farm.” In December 1976, on a visit to her parents, Miss Smith said, she was persuaded during a deprogramming session to leave the cult.

Neither Mr. Fife nor Mr. Cobb could be reached for comment.

In most cases, conversions to cults involve no coercive measures, and law enforcement officials therefore are generally reluctant to intervene. But some cults, usually small ones, have run into trouble with the law over matters concerning their beliefs about health, diet or keeping dead bodies around for a resurrection.

Deaths of Two Children

Raymond Alvin Archer, 29, who sold produce and is the founder of the Theocratic Commune Natural Health Service, was charged last summer with manslaughter after the bodies of his 1-year-old son and 3-year-old daughter were found buried in the commune’s yard on Detroit’s East Side.

A former cult member told the authorities that the group advocated a strict diet of raw fruits and vegetables and that the children were not given meat or dairy products. A medical examiner testified that he believed the girl had died of malnutrition. The cause of the boy’s death could not be determined in an autopsy.

In rural North Webster, Ind., Melvin Greider, a 42-year-old farmer, and Robert Freeman, a theologian, founded the Glory Barn Faith Assembly, which did not believe in doctors. The group attracted 1,000 followers and was the object of public outrage over the deaths in childbirth, between 1975 and 1978, of two mothers and seven infants.

One woman bled to death over a period of two days in the presence of a registered nurse. According to the local authorities, the nurse explained that she was in attendance only as a friend. No charges were ever brought against the Glory Barn.

Plans for Apocalypse

Mr. Freeman could not be reached for comment. Mr. Greider parted ways with the group early last year, because, his wife said, it was following Mr. Freeman more than Jesus. Mr. Greider is planning to build underground houses to survive the final days of the planet, in which the major credit-card companies will allegedly put a laser mark on everyone’s left hand.

In New York, Eric Bozar, a 59-year-old former opera coach who asserted that he was Christ, was found praying over the decomposing body of a follower who had died of cancer and was charged with failing to report a corpse. On April 14, 1977, the day he was to stand trial, he jumped from a 10th-floor window and killed himself. He had once said, according to some reports, that if he jumped out a window, God would bounce him back.

**"DA ACCUSES DEPUTY OF PRO-TEMPLE PLOY," JAMES A. FINEFROCK,
SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER AND SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE,
JANUARY 21, 1979**

Former Deputy District Attorney Timothy Stoen tried to interfere with an investigation involving Peoples Temple in 1976, according to San Francisco District Attorney Joseph Freitas.

Freitas said he learned of the attempted interference, which he termed a firing offense, during a recent in-house review of Stoen's conduct while a deputy district attorney.

At the time, Stoen was a temple member and served as the Rev. Jim Jones' top legal adviser. He later defected and became one of the temple's most bitter opponents.

The 1976 case, assigned to DA's

something of a rivalry with Jones' for members, told The Examiner that he had been given the "brush-off" by the DA and other agencies, including the San Francisco police and the FBI, to which he made complaints.

Corrlea said he neglected to report the Stoen incident to anyone because "it was a matter between him and me."

Through attorney Patrick Hallinan, Stoen denied he had acted improperly in any way while a deputy district attorney. He said he never discussed his job with Jones.

The DA's handling of Hannibal Williams' complaint is part of a massive probe now being conducted by the state attorney general to determine whether Stoen or the DA's office engaged in any cover-up of illegal activities involving Peoples Temple.

The state is focusing its attention on whether Stoen, as Freitas' voter fraud prosecutor, obstructed any investigation at the behest of the temple. The Examiner has learned that the state also is looking into how Stoen won his job in Freitas' office and whether he used his influence to kill other investigations into the temple.

"Our investigation is basically two-pronged," said state Deputy Attorney General Timothy Reardon. "One, we're trying to find out if there was any actual voter fraud by temple members. Two, we're trying to determine if Stoen acted... improperly as a deputy district attorney." Reardon refused to comment further.

The state investigation was prompted by information turned over to it by federal investigators. Freitas

investigator Robert Corrlea, concerned death threats allegedly made by a Peoples Temple member to black minister Hannibal Williams.

In a brief confrontation two days after Corrlea interviewed Williams, Stoen allegedly told Corrlea that Jones was a "fine guy" and questioned why Corrlea was investigating him.

Corrlea said Stoen's attempt to interfere had no influence on the investigation; but he acknowledged that, even though the investigative file was kept open, the allegation was not pursued because of a lack of leads.

Williams, whose church was in

later also asked the state to conduct an independent inquiry.

There have been allegations by former members that Peoples Temple brought busloads of illegally registered voters to San Francisco in 1975 to cast ballots in The City's November general election and December mayoral runoff.

During 1976 Stoen successfully prosecuted about 40 persons, many of them city employees, for voting illegally in those elections. No temple members were prosecuted.

Freltas now says he believes the voter fraud prosecutions carried out by his office had a "therapeutic effect." But critics maintain that allegations that thousands voted illegally in 1975 due to lax procedures in the city registrar's office were never fully explored.

Through Hallinan, Stoen said he was never aware of any voter fraud allegations involving Peoples Temple.

DA voter fraud investigator Bruce Austin said, "Every case we worked up that was a bona fide violation was presented to the grand jury by Stoen. There was no way he covered up anything."

By December 1976, shortly before he left Freltas' office, Stoen had moved on to welfare fraud investigations. In February 1978 the DA's office told the registrar it was no longer necessary to retain 1975 election files. They were subsequently destroyed.

In its own investigation into Stoen's conduct as voter fraud investigator, The Examiner has learned:

- Allegations of voter fraud against hotelier Melvin Swig were turned over to Stoen by Fred Whisman, Stoen's predecessor as voter fraud prosecutor. Former temple adviser Terri Buford has testified to a federal grand jury that Jones was furious when Stoen told him he was going after Swig on voter fraud. She said Jones was afraid Swig would bring down an investigation on Stoen and the temple in return. Swig was not prosecuted. Both Stoen and Freltas say there was no basis for prosecution.

- Some of the DA's voter fraud files, including handwritten notes by Stoen, were discovered by temple members at the Peoples Temple here and turned over to the law office of Charles Garry.

- Freitas traveled to Los Angeles at temple expense on May 23, 1976, to speak at a "spiritual jubilee" co-sponsored by the temple and the Black Muslims. Freitas said he had no qualms about traveling at temple expense to an event aimed at reducing friction between the two groups. Other public officials shared the podium with Jones and him, he said.

- The destruction of 1975 voter rosters by the registrar's office, after it was told by the DA there was no reason to keep them, could now prevent state investigators from determining whether Peoples Temple members committed voter fraud, according to sources in the state attorney general's office.

When Stoen was looking for a job in the San Francisco DA's office, Jones wrote a glowing letter on Stoen's qualifications to Freitas. The Dec. 28, 1973, letter remains a part of Stoen's personnel file.

"SOME IN CONGRESS SEEK INQUIRIES ON CULT ACTIVITIES," MISS JO THOMAS, NEW YORK TIMES, JANUARY 22, 1979

The following article is based on reporting by Jo Thomas and Nathaniel Sheppard Jr. It was written by Miss Thomas.

Despite a number of disturbing reports in recent years about unorthodox religious cults, Congress has generally been reluctant to investigate such groups on the ground that their freedom of belief and practice are constitutionally protected.

But the assassination of Representative Leo J. Ryan and the deaths of some 600 members of the People's Temple in Guyana last November may have

changed that. Congressional inquiries into the People's Temple are under way, and there are signs that Congress may also look into the activities of other cults in the United States and abroad.

Members of the staff of the House Committee on International Relations, of

which Mr. Ryan, Democrat of California, was a member, are interviewing People's Temple members in San Francisco in an attempt to find out whether the Guyana deaths could have been avoided. Representative Clement J. Zablocki, Democrat

of Wisconsin, the committee chairman, has asked the State Department to determine how many other colonies of American cults are in foreign countries.

Mr. Zablocki says he believes that a number of his colleagues intend to take a closer look at "these cults that are not really religions."

Elsewhere on Capitol Hill, Senator Robert Dole, Republican of Kansas, has invited his Senate colleagues to hear a panel of experts on mind control testify at a special hearing on Feb. 5. The hearing, according to persons involved in preparing for it, may be a prologue to an effort to establish a commission that would look

into whether religious cults are a destructive element in American society.

Such inquiries would be at variance not only with Congressional tradition but also with the long-standing position of the Carter Administration, reiterated after the Guyana deaths, that because of constitutional considerations the Government would not embark on broad investigations of religious groups.

The tradition notwithstanding, an investigation into the operations of the Rev. Sun Myung Moon was concluded last October by the House Subcommittee on International Organizations.

That subcommittee reported that it had found evidence that Mr. Moon's international organization had systematically violated United States tax, immigration, banking, currency and foreign-agent registration laws, as well as state and local laws on charity fraud. It also noted that several Federal agencies, including the Securities and Exchange Commission, the Internal Revenue Service and the Department of Justice, were investigating the group.

Senator Dole, a Kansas Republican who is expected to become the ranking minority member of the Finance Committee, cited the Moon report and the Guyana deaths last month in calling on Senator Russell B. Long, Democrat of Louisiana, the committee chairman, to "review the tax-exempt status of certain so-called religious groups as soon as possible."

The concern in Congress over the Jonestown deaths appears to mirror misgivings felt across the country by relatives of persons who have joined religious cults. Depending on the source of the estimate, such cults may have anywhere from 300,000 to three million members.

Attorneys who represent cults report a rash of kidnappings of cult members by their parents. In Island Pond, Vt., the town manager said that a citizens' group had come to him asking how to run a cult out of town.

"We're Scared"

"There are thousands of us parents who don't sleep at night," said a woman whose daughter is a member of the Unification Church. "We're scared. This isn't an act of God. This is something the Government is allowing."

The Justice Department has in the past rebuffed requests by Senator Dole, Mr. Ryan and Representative Robert N. Gaiuso, Democrat of Connecticut, that it in-

vestigate allegations of brainwashing and physical abuse in cults. It has said such investigations would violate constitutional protections of religious freedom.

Between 1975 and 1978, according to Robert Havel, a Justice spokesman, the department received about 400 letters alleging cult members had been brainwashed, threatened and subjected to extortion.

Most of the allegations did not warrant a formal investigation, Mr. Havel said. The Federal Bureau of Investigation looked into 30 complaints, but none resulted in prosecution.

Warning to Prosecutors

The Justice Department's position is based in part on the New York State Supreme Court decision in a 1976 case in which a grand jury in Queens indicted two leaders of a Hare Krishna group on charges that they illegally imprisoned followers through brainwashing.

In dismissing the case, Justice John J. Leahy said, "Religious proselytizing and the recruitment of and maintenance of a belief through a strict regimen, meditation, chanting, self-denial and the communication of other religious teachings cannot under our laws — as presently enacted — be construed as criminal in nature and serve as the basis for criminal indictment."

He emphasized that his decision was intended as a "dire caveat to prosecutorial agencies throughout the length and breadth of the land."

"There is no way a free society can prohibit an individual from making choices and taking risks that may not be in the person's own interests without jeopardizing the fundamental autonomy a person ought to have," said Barbara Shack, associate director of the New York affiliate of the American Civil Liberties Union.

First Amendment Protection

"All religions are equally good or bad. That's what the First Amendment says," commented Jeremiah S. Guttman of Manhattan, a lawyer who has handled many matters for the A.C.L.U. and is representing a number of cult members in lawsuits charging their parents with kidnapping.

Richard Delgado, a law professor at the University of Washington who has suggested possible legal challenges to cults, disagrees. He says that he believes that meaningful distinctions can be drawn between protected religious practices and the allegedly coercive actions of certain cults.

"Religious cults expose their indoctrination to a greater variety of classic brainwashing techniques and with greater in-

tensity," Mr. Delgado said, and therefore, "two essential elements of informed consent — knowledge and capacity — are not present simultaneously."

Government agencies in California and Vermont have conducted hearings into allegations of brainwashing by a variety of cults. In 1974 the New York Attorney General published an extensive study of the Children of God, an American cult that now has about 80 percent of its membership overseas.

Allegations of Abuse

The report cited allegations of fiscal chicanery, obstruction of justice and mental and physical abuse, including rape. The report concluded, however, that the Attorney General could recommend no direct action "because of the constitutional protection of the First Amendment."

The findings of government investigations commonly are dismissed by the cults as evidence of persecution. The Children of God alleged such persecution on the part of the New York investigators and said their findings were based on testimony from "false witnesses." Similarly, the Unification Church has assailed the House subcommittee's report as evidence of persecution, noting that despite investigations by a number of government agencies, no formal charges have been brought against the church.

First Amendment protections are regarded as insufficient by Mr. Guttman, who said in a recent interview that he is encouraged by the filing of criminal complaints by cult members who have been kidnapped. He said he did not intend to rest until all the most active "deprogrammers" — persons hired to erase religious indoctrination — are in jail.

Such litigation has had some success. Ted Patrick, a widely known deprogrammer, was jailed in Denver for his activities. And in Minnesota, two persons found guilty of intentionally causing emotional distress in connection with a deprogramming case were fined \$10,000.

Training in Weapons Use

Recently there have been reports that a number of cults have weapons and members trained in using them.

The Way International, which has a college at Emporia, Kan., enrolled its student body and faculty in marksmanship and weapons safety classes at the National Guard armory in Emporia in 1976 and 1977. Sgt. Vernon Buck, who said he was present at these classes, said more than 500 people took the 16-hour course with .22-caliber rifles. A spokesman for The Way said these were merely hunters' safety classes.

At its headquarters in New Knoxville, Ohio, The Way maintains an armed police force, authorized by a local edge ordinance. It also sold state-issued permits for security at church gatherings. A spokesman for The Way said that the security force was merely to prevent vandalism of its property.

County police have refused The Way's requests to have its guards deputized and to have use of the county's jail and radio dispatcher.

In Moundville, W. Va., members of the New Vrindaban Community of the International Society for Krishna Consciousness acquired weapons after two out-of-state men shot and wounded four people on the commune in 1977.

When four armed men in a pickup truck

stormed the commune three years later, the Krishnas met them with guns and called the police, who disarmed both sides.

"We never had guns until we were attacked," said Kuladri Das, president of the community. The guns were bought, he said, "to let people know they can't come in and defile our deities and shoot people up."

A few cults may have used extralegal means to retaliate against criticism and investigation by government agencies or the news media.

According to documents obtained by The New York Times, the Church of Scientology has well-organized and sophisticated plans for retaliating against critics with such efforts as "black PR."

A confidential Scientology board policy letter dated May 30, 1974, on how to handle "hostile contacts" advised that one should "always attack" in a press release, never defend or deny.

"Spot who is attacking us," the letter directed. "Start investigating them promptly for FELONIES or worse using our own professionals, not outside agencies."

The letter also advised, "Start feeding lurid, blood sex crime actual evidence on the attackers to the press."

In the letter, reporters were described as "a kiss of death, unless one really is an expert PR man himself."

"If truly Friendly they have to be wooed," the policy letter said. "If not they have to be handled. The routine is: whisper of a bad story, get a lawyer, threaten suit, totally discredit...."

In response to inquiries about these practices, the church issued a statement saying that "black PR" was "an intelligence technique of lies or half-truths or exaggerations" that was used for 21 years against the church. The statement denied that Scientologists use such methods.

Files on Critics Found

In raids on Scientology offices in Washington and Los Angeles in 1977, F.B.I. agents seized memorandums and files on writers, parent groups, professors, politicians and others who have criticized the organization.

An affidavit supporting the F.B.I.'s request for search warrants for the raids said a former church official had told the bureau that the church had called for an all-out attack on the Internal Revenue Service in 1974 because the agency had from time to time withheld tax-exempt status from certain church subsidiaries on the ground that they had not satisfied criteria for exemption.

The affidavit also alleged that persons working on behalf of the group had forged I.R.S. credentials and bugged a conference room in which I.R.S. officials were to discuss the tax-exempt status of the church.

The Unification Church has also taken on its critics, notably former Representative Donald M. Fraser of Minnesota, who was chairman of the House Subcommittee on International Organizations during its investigation of the group's political and business activities. During the investigation, according to the committee's report, the church's newspaper, the New York City-based News World, published articles charging that Mr. Fraser was a Soviet agent.

MANY FIND COERCION IN CULTS' HOLD ON MEMBERS," NATHANIEL SHEPPARD AND JO THOMAS, NEW YORK TIMES, JANUARY 23, 1979

The following article was reported and written by Nathaniel Sheppard Jr. and Jo Thomas.

Thomas Paris was 20 years old, at the crossroads of youth and adulthood. He had grown tired of college life in Ohio and set out for the West Coast in search of truth and purpose.

As he eased his van along the snaking Oregon coast highway, he picked up three hitchhikers who appeared poor but

seemed at peace with themselves and the world — the way he would have liked to be. Their names were Innocence, Diligence and Zeal.

They said they followed Love Israel, a man who headed a Christian family that lived faithfully by the principles of the New Testament. Mr. Paris followed the men to Seattle and joined their Church of Armageddon.

A few months later, on Jan. 14, 1972, he watched two members, Solidarity and Reverence Israel, lose consciousness and die during a ritual in which they inhaled fumes from toluene, an industrial solvent used for breaking down rubber.

"We Were So Brainwashed"

"Love Israel did nothing," Mr. Paris recalled. "He wouldn't call the police or emergency squad. He just told us to pray over them and that they would rise again in three days. He explained the incident away by saying they had not been strong of faith. We were so brainwashed nobody questioned this."

Mr. Paris is one of many former cult members who say they were victims of mind control.

Cult leaders deny that they practice brainwashing, and, despite the airing that mind control received as a legal issue in the Charles Manson and Patricia Hearst trials, it is a question that local and Federal authorities have been loath to confront, especially in the conduct of church groups protected by law from interference in the practice of their beliefs.

A number of persons who have studied cults compare their techniques with the brainwashing methods — isolation, sensory deprivation, forced confession — used on American prisoners of war in Korea.

Dr. John G. Clark, assistant clinical professor of psychiatry at the Harvard Medical School at Massachusetts General Hospital, has examined about 60 former and present cult members and has talked with hundreds of their relatives over a five-year period. He said that "coercive persuasion and thought-reform techniques are effectively practiced on naive, uninformed subjects with disastrous health consequences."

A series of interviews by The New York Times with leaders, members and former members of cults, as well as with their relatives and with persons who have studied such groups, showed that cults employ similar techniques in attracting, keeping and manipulating converts.

When recruiting new members, former members said, the cults looked for bewildered young persons who showed signs of being transient or troubled.

A former member of the Unification Church said: "We recruited everywhere — bus terminals, airports, college campuses, and even around military bases, especially naval bases with a lot of changing traffic. Anywhere there would be a lot of kids."

Practices Produce Trances

Dr. Clark attributes the cults' recruitment success to their ability to induce trances without the knowledge or consent of new recruits. Such trances can be brought about, he said, with constant chanting, singing, dancing, preaching, scripture reading and peer pressure in a controlled, isolated setting in which only short periods of sleep — about four hours — are allowed.

"It is the same process as hypnosis, except that with cults you don't have to have willing subjects," he asserted.

Potential converts are commonly greeted with an outpouring of affection, called "love-bombing." Often they are sent to "babes" ranches in secluded areas, such as the The New Ideal City Ranch operated by the Rev. Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church in Booneville, Calif.

The ranch was usually described to potential converts only as a communal farm that would welcome visitors for the weekend. Former followers of Mr. Moon said they were not told that the farm was connected with the church until long after they arrived. This, they said, was later justified by church members as "heavenly deception." Kathie Lowery, a church representative, denied that the church ever uses deception in recruiting.

Once a cult's potential converts are iso-

lated, they get their first exposure to the cult's teachings, combined with more "love-bombing" and intense peer pressure. They are never left alone, and there is no time to talk over doubts with other newcomers.

It is an approach that can overcome strong resistance.

Ford Greene, then 23, was so angry at learning that his younger sister had be-

come a Unification Church member that in 1974 he drove to the Booneville ranch to persuade her to leave. Instead, he joined.

Cults commonly require new members to work long hours at menial jobs or to go out in search of donations and recruits. They are given daily quotas and are chastised if they fail. They are allowed little sleep, and are fed a high-carbohydrate diet based on rice or oatmeal and bread, with little or no protein. Fasts are sometimes mandatory.

In Gallup, N.M., Lindsay McConahy, a teacher, joined a Bible-astrology cult called the Druids and was put to work as an all-night waitress at a hotel for which the cult supplied labor.

Meditation on "Mother"

During the day she was given chores such as sweeping up dirt at the group's desert commune at Witch Wells, Ariz., and was encouraged to meditate for hours on "Mother" — Laura Copeland, born Gerrie Leah Garcia, the cult's high priestess, whose whereabouts are no longer known.

Converts to cults typically are required, as proof of their commitment, to give up their material possessions. In numerous instances they have turned over cars and large sums of money.

Timothy Goodwin, a quadriplegic recruited in Long Beach, Calif., by members of The Way International, was asked for 15 percent of the \$1.4 million settlement he had received in the automobile accident in which he was injured two years earlier.

The members of The Way promised that the power of their prayers would heal Mr. Goodwin so that he could walk within a year, he said, and he signed a contract, the pen in his teeth.

At the end of a year, he was not healed and decided to leave. Members of The Way told him that if he did so, the devil would kill him. By this time, he had made out a will leaving all his money to The Way. He sued and was repaid in an out-of-court settlement.

The charges made in the lawsuit were denied by the Rev. Lonnell E. Johnson, a spokesman for The Way, which is based in New Knoxville, Ohio.

Confession is another typical facet of behavior control in cults. It may be called "witnessing," as it is in the Tony and Susan Alamo Foundation, a fundamentalist Christian group in Arkansas, or "sharing," as it is in the Unification Church.

Little Contact With Outsiders

Cult members are encouraged to believe they are wretches, and have little contact with skeptical outsiders who might challenge such beliefs. Former cult members said in interviews that their mail was opened and that they had limited access, if any, to telephones.

A number of former cult members said they were told that it was better to commit suicide than to be "deprogrammed" — that is, persuaded to reject the cult's teachings.

The authority of the leader is absolute within the cult. Doubts are seen by cult members as a sign of weakness or evil. The teachings of the leader, however patent the contradictions they contain, may not be questioned.

Cult leaders can, and often do, use sex as a means of control. They may decree abstinence, marriage, abortion or divorce.

Cult Decrees Prostitution

David Brandt Berg, 59, the leader of the Children of God, has even decreed prostitution, telling women members it is permissible to seduce wealthy and influential businessmen to save souls and raise money for the church.

The Children of God, investigated by the New York Attorney General in 1973 and 1974, began moving its followers abroad in 1972. At that time, a church spokesman said the exodus reflected the group's desire to preach the gospel worldwide, and its conviction that the United States was soon to fall under the judgment of God.

The group, now also called the Family of Love, has a worldwide membership of 8,010 adults and 1,518 children, in 820 colonies, according to a 1978 newsletter. Only about one-tenth are left in the United States.

Mr. Berg, a recluse believed to reside in Switzerland and Spain, extols women members to "be fishers of men," and they are often required to frequent discotheques, singles bars, luxury hotels and other places where they might trade sexual favors for money. Within the cult, the practice is called "flirty-fishing," and it is a serious business.

Women are required to fill out forms for each person they seduce. The form's entries note "the type of fish flirted" — Government officials, including police-

men and military personnel, professionals, journalists, salesmen and others — the amounts of money received, and the amounts spent on clothes, jewelry, perfume, drinks and transportation. The monthly "witnessing" report also requires that women members list their "top three FF winners of the month."

A woman who asked that her name not be used was married to another Children of God member but was still required to "flirty-fish" potential wealthy supporters. She sometimes spent weeks traveling with a regular customer who paid \$500 for each date.

"My husband and I felt terrible about it internally, although we were so brainwashed that we pretended we were glad to have the chance to win over a new soul," the woman said. "We did not dare say anything because our dedication would have been called into question."

Left Cult Over Woman

Thomas Paris — who took the name Enthusiasm Israel, became a trusted member of the Church of Armageddon and was sent to establish a colony in Alaska — said he left the cult because he fell in love with a woman he met in Alaska and Love Israel "gave her to somebody else."

Mr. Paris left the cult two and a half years ago and, even with psychiatric help, still finds himself unable to resume normal relationships with people. He feels they respond just as strangely to him now as they did when he in the cult.

"Tom is not of very sound character. He is mostly confused," Logic Israel, a spokesman for the cult, said in an interview in Seattle. Mr. Israel is the son of Steve Allen, the entertainer.

"We believe in order," Mr. Israel said, when asked about behavior control. "Our family has a head. We're a body. So order is a very important part of our lives. Everyone is here because of exercise of free will. Everyone has to give of him or herself to the family, or there would not be the love that exists between our members. Anyone is free to leave at any time."

"FBI HAS COPY OF CULT'S RADIO ORDER TO KILL," CHARLES A. KRAUSE, WASHINGTON POST, JANUARY 29, 1979

By Charles A. Krause

Washington Post Foreign Service

GEORGETOWN, Guyana, Jan. 28

—The FBI has transcripts of at least some of the radio messages sent between Jonestown and the Peoples Temple headquarters in Georgetown during the hours immediately preceding the mass homicide-murder that left more than 900 of the late Rev. Jim Jones' followers dead Nov. 18.

The transcripts have provided the FBI with evidence that Jones or one of his top lieutenants at Jonestown ordered loyalists in Georgetown to kill 10 members of a group of concerned relatives who had stayed behind while others had traveled to Jonestown

with Rep. Leo J. Ryan (D-Calif.) on his ill-fated trip.

The Peoples Temple radio link from the remote agricultural commune to the Georgetown headquarters was monitored during those final hours by an American, who said he copied down the coded messages but could not understand them at the time. He agreed to discuss his activities on the condition that he not be identified.

Now the messages have been decoded, based on a Peoples Temple codebook obtained by the FBI, and are being used in the U.S. investigation of events surrounding the death of Ryan at Port Kaituma and the suicide-murder at nearby Jonestown.

The 10 relatives ordered killed were staying at the Pegasus Hotel here and had not yet learned of the congressman's death.

The message, according to informed sources here, was received probably by Sharon Amos, one of the Temple's leaders in Georgetown, who it is believed ordered the killings to be carried out. Amos and her three children were later found dead; their throats slashed, in a bathroom of the cult headquarters.

Why the 10 members of the concerned relatives group were not killed is still a mystery. It is known that Stephen Jones, the Rev. Jones' only natural son, and a group of other cult members did go to the

Pegasus to meet with some of the concerned relatives after the message was received. What their intentions were is still a matter of speculation, although it is known, from the radio messages, that the temple headquarters here was not stocked with guns or ammunition.

This is now known because members of the temple group in Georgetown, who were ordered to kill themselves after killing the concerned relatives, radioed back to Jonestown saying that they had nothing to kill themselves with.

A message came back, again in code, spelling out the beginning of the word "knife." According to sources familiar with the decoded

messages, only three letters "k-n-i" were transmitted — apparently enough to get the message across.

This message was received, according to the sources, by three persons then in the radio room at the Georgetown house. Among those there at the time was Lianne Harris, Amos' daughter by a first marriage, who indicated over the radio that she wanted to die along with those at Jonestown, the sources said.

Charles Belkman, a temple member, and Stephen Jones have been charged by Guyanese police with the murders of Amos and her three children. Sources who have knowledge of the radio message transcripts said that, even if Harris indicated she was pre-

pared to die, that would not necessarily mean she and the others were not aided in killing themselves by someone else. Almost everyone familiar with the manner in which Amos and her children died agrees that they could not all have slashed their own throats without assistance.

According to those familiar with the transcripts now in the FBI's possession, the decision to monitor the Peoples Temple radio link was made more by accident than design. Thir shortwave radio operator in Georgetown said he had inadvertently learned the frequency used by the Peoples Temple and decided to listen in on the communications being sent

back and forth because the operator knew that Rep. Ryan was at Jonestown.

When the operator sensed that there might be trouble, largely because of the urgency with which the messages were being sent, he began copying down what he was hearing even though he could not break the code. The operator said he did not copy down all of the messages.

However, Mike Carter, who served as Jonestown's chief radio operator, is still alive and is now in the United States. Carter escaped from Jonestown when he was chosen to be one of three cult members to carry more than a million dollars in cash and various letters to the Soviet Embassy in Georgetown.

Although Jonestown is a ghost town occupied only by a detachment of Guyanese police, the headquarters in Georgetown still serves as a residence for about seven cult members who have either chosen not to return to the United States or are being held as material witnesses in the Amos deaths.

Observers here have wondered how remaining members of the Peoples Temple still in Guyana have been supporting themselves. They dine regularly at this city's best restaurants. One of the Georgetown survivors, Paula Adams, still has contacts with prominent Guyanese, including an ambassador and a well-known attorney. She has said she had an affair with the ambassador.

In another development, it was learned here that Rex McKay, the attorney representing Belkman, Jones and Larry Layton, traveled recently to the United States. Layton has been charged with killing Ryan and four others at Port Kaituma and attempt-

ing to kill three other persons in the same attack Nov. 18. McKay reportedly went, in part, to arrange for payment of his legal fees.

Sources said McKay asked one of the defendant's families for \$20,000 to be paid to a bank deposit outside Guyana. Whether he received the money or whether he met with anyone else connected to the Peoples Temple while in the United States is not known, the sources said.

Report of Jones Fortune Denied by Mother-in-Law

RICHMOND, Ind., Jan. 28 (AP)—The mother-in-law of Peoples Temple leader Jim Jones, the man who led more than 900 followers to their deaths in a mass suicide-murder ritual last year, has denied reports that the cult founder left a multimillion-dollar estate.

"What has been publicized about Jim and his millions just isn't true," said Charlotte Baldwin, mother of Jones' wife, Marceline, who died along with Jones and two of their children at the temple settlement in the steaming jungles of Guyana last November.

Baldwin, who lives in this western Indiana community where Jones and his wife were raised, said Jones' adopted daughter, Suzanne, 26, told her a \$17,000 account in Nassau and some property were Jones' only remaining assets.

However, at a hearing held Tuesday in San Francisco to dissolve the church and establish a receivership, it was determined that Peoples Temple had known assets of \$12 million.

Superior Court Judge Ira Brown, named Robert Fabian, an attorney, and began to wind up the temple's financial affairs as its receiver.

BEST AVAILABLE COPY

"JONES' LAST WILL: ESTATE TO WIFE, 5 OF 7 CHILDREN," TIM REITERMAN, SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER, FEBRUARY 8, 1979

Communists if family didn't live

By Tim Reiterman

Peoples Temple pastor Jim Jones left a will in which he bequeathed his estate to his wife and five of his seven children and, if they did not survive him, to the Communist Party USA.

The value of the estate has not been determined, although sources have said Jones kept a Bahamas bank account containing more than \$200,000.

Three of the five sons named in Jones' will survived the Nov. 18 mass deaths, so the provision referring to the Communist Party will not be implemented. Jones specifically excluded his two daughters without explanation.

John Victor Stoen, the 6-year-old at the center of an international paternity dispute between Jones and former San Francisco Assistant District Attorney Tim Stoen, is not included in the will.

The will, which has not been made public but has been obtained by The Examiner, is dated Aug. 6, 1977.

"This is my will," begins the handwritten, two-page document. Although it is not witnessed or notarized, temple attorney Charles Garry says he believes it is truly Jones' last will and testament.

Garry said that Jones' wife of 30 years, Marceline, hand-delivered the will and an essentially identical will of her own shortly after they were written. He said it was his impression that Jones, who left the United States when allegations of former temple members were published in summer 1977, had written his will in Guyana, then Marceline wrote hers in San Francisco.

Garry said he talked to the couple about the wills but did not discuss the contents in detail. "They (the wills) don't mean anything," he said. "The (estate) just goes to the children."

The most fascinating feature of the will is the omission of the name of John Victor Stoen, the boy who both Jones and Stoen, who also is a former Mendocino County assistant district attorney, claim to have sired.

At one point in his will, Jones wrote, "I am married to Marceline Mae Jones and I have the following children: Timothy Glen Jones, Stephan G. Jones, Jim W. Jones Jr., Lew Eric Jones, John Moss Jones, Agnes Pauline Jones and Suzanne O. Jones."

It is curious that Jones wrote "I" instead of "we" when he listed the children and that he did not set apart Stephan Jones, his only natural son, from his adopted children.

When the absence of John Stoen's name was pointed out, Garry smiled and said, "That's interesting."

The attorney said that one explanation for the omission — other than the possibility that the boy was not Jones' son — was that Tim Stoen had not yet openly declared himself an enemy of Jones. He could offer no other reason for the phrasing.

Grace and Tim Stoen — the legal parents who are now estranged — claim that the omission means Jones acknowledged indirectly that they also were John's biological parents. The child is believed to have perished with Jones in Jonestown.

"It says a lot, doesn't it?" Grace Stoen said of the will.

"This (omission) was made because Jones' claim to be the father was recently contrived," said Tim Stoen.

In February 1978, in an interview by radio-telephone from Guyana, Jones told The Examiner that he had sired the child at the request of Tim Stoen. Stoen denied that, although he had signed a document stating so. Stoen, a onetime temple leader, contended that he had signed the "false" document as a sign of faith.

Jones had maintained that fear of losing the boy was the only thing preventing him from returning to California.

"The boy was his only reason for staying there," Garry insisted.

In his will, Jones also wrote, "I have intentionally omitted to make any provision for my daughters Suzanne and Agnes."

Garry did not know why Agnes, 34, a Jonestown victim, was excluded. But a source close to the temple said that Jones and his wife omitted Suzanne because she had left the church and had joined the "concerned relatives" anti-temple group.

Jones had planned to parcel his estate among the five children and his widow. To John Moss Jones — an adopted black son and the Jonestown security chief who died in the death ritual — he left 10 percent of the estate. The remaining 90 percent was to be divided equally among Marceline, who died at Jonestown; their natural son Stephan, who was at the temple's Georgetown commune and survived; Lew, an Asian-American adopted son who died; Jim Jones Jr., an adopted black son who was safely in Georgetown; and Tim Jones, an adopted white son who also was in Georgetown.

The will asks that Jones' estate pass to the Communist Party USA if none of the five children or his widow survive his death by six months.

In his last interviews, Jones described himself as a socialist. And in a written interview among documents recovered from Jonestown, he said that he was a "lover of Stalin." Yet he also said that he went with the Maoists and broke all his American Communist Party connections when Mao "turned against the Soviets."

Garry, appointed executor of the estate, said that shortly after the Jonestown deaths Suzanne Jones, Jim Jones Jr. and Tim Jones came to his office for their parents' personal ef-

fects. The attorney said he gave them three boxes of photographs, bank records, and property records and other documents brought over by a Peoples Temple representative.

Garry said that he did not probate the will because it would be a possible conflict with his role as a temple attorney. He said he gave copies of the will to Jones' children.

Among the property listed were a one-family dwelling, a two-family dwelling, a four-family dwelling and an undescribed piece of property, all in Indianapolis, where Jones started his church in the 1950s.

Federal investigators have been unable to determine the personal assets of Jones and his wife. Sources have said that even if the Jonese bank accounts are located, it might be difficult to establish whether the money belongs to them personally or to Peoples Temple.

This is my will. I revoke all
 prior wills and codicils made
 by me. I am married to
 Marcia Lee Jones and I have
 the following children: Timothy
 Allen Jones, Stephen L. Jones,
 Jim W. Jones, Jr., Drew Eric Jones,
 John Moses Jones, Agnes Pauline
 Jones, & Suzanne O. Jones.
 To my son John Moses Jones
 provided that he survives
 my death by six months I
 give 10% (ten) percent of my
 estate. To three of my wife
 and children (except for
 Agnes Pauline Jones and Suzanne
 O. Jones [Cartmell]) who survive
 my death by six months I
 give equal proportions of the
 remainder of my estate. I
 have intentionally omitted
 to make any provision for my
 daughter Suzanne and Agnes.
 In the event that none of
 the above for whom I made
 provision survive my death by six months
 then I give my estate to the Communist Party
 U.S.A. & appoint my attorney Charles
 Garry as executor.

II

Garry as my executor to
 serve with full bond.
 Signed on this Saturday
 the 6th day of August of
 the year 1977,
 James Warren Jones Jr.

TEMPLE ATTORNEY GARRY BELIEVES THIS IS JONES' LAST WILL.
 He says that Jones' wife of almost 30 years delivered it to him.

**"WHY 900 DIED IN GUYANA," NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE,
FEBRUARY 25, 1979**

By Carey Winfrey

Why did they die? Perhaps no explanation will ever satisfy completely. But to review the massacre months later through the eyes of those most deeply involved is to discover a dozen different clues in the deadly dynamics of Guyana, from faith to fear to murder.

We know now through firsthand witnesses that once Jim Jones learned of the Port Kaituma killings of a Congressman, three journalists and a "defector," events moved quickly. Jones called his followers to the main pavilion.

According to reports of a tape recording of the commune's last hour, he began by telling them: "I tried to give you a good life. In spite of all I tried to do, a handful of our people who are alive" -- presumably meaning other defectors -- "have made our lives impossible." Then, referring to the earlier airstrip killings, he continued: "There's no way to detach ourselves from what's happened today. We are sitting on a powder keg. If we can't live in peace, let's die in peace."

For some -- their identities irrevocably intertwined with Jones -- his suggestion sufficed. As Odell Rhodes, a survivor who escaped while the killings took place, put it, "Some of these people were with Jim Jones for 10 or 20 years. They wouldn't know what to do with themselves without him." Another voice on the tape: "Dad has brought us this far; my vote is to go with Dad."

Christine Miller, an elderly woman, asked why they couldn't flee instead to Russia. Jones answered calmly that the Russians wouldn't want them now because they had been disgraced by the killings at Port Kaituma. "I want my babies first," he then commanded. "Take my babies and children first."

Stanley Clayton, another eyewitness escapee, testified at the Guyana Inquiry that many in the commune seemed at first to think it was just another drill. In calling for "babies first," Jones surely knew that mothers duped into killing their children would want to take their own lives.

Clayton testified that, in some cases, "nurses took babies right out of their mothers' arms. The mothers were frozen with shock, scared out of their wits." The nurses then squirted the deadly liquid down the children's throats, sending them into convulsions.

"After you watched your child die," Paula Adams -- a Jones follower who survived because she was in Georgetown that Saturday -- speculated later, "you'd think, 'What's there to live for. I may as well die.'"

When most of the babies were dead or dying, Clayton testified, "people began realizing this was really taking place."

The crowd grew restive. Jones took another tack. "He kept telling them, 'I

Carey Winfrey is a reporter who was part of The New York Times team that covered the events in Guyana.

love you. I love you. It is nothing but a deep sleep," Clayton recalled. "It won't hurt you. It's just like closing your eyes and drifting into a deep sleep."

Then, Clayton said, Jones stepped into the crowd and began guiding people toward the vat of fruit drink and cyanide. Jones's wife, Marceline, also walked among the followers, embracing them and saying, "I'll see you in the next life."

Jones himself did not believe in reincarnation; but he knew that many of his followers did. "We'll all fall tonight," one communist said, stepping forward for his cup of poison, "but he'll raise us tomorrow."

According to Rhodes, Jones told the group that if they didn't drink the potion, they would be tortured and the men castrated by the Guyanese Army. "Troops will come in here," Rhodes quoted Jones as saying. "They will torture our babies. They will kill everybody. It's better that we die with dignity." The many who shared his paranoia about a C.I.A.-Treasury Department-Guyana Defense Forces conspiracy to destroy the Temple undoubtedly believed him.

Jones "made them feel that in a couple of hours the army was going to be there and take them and put them in concentration camps," Stephan Jones said later. Stephan, the cult leader's natural son, escaped the carnage. As a member of the Jonestown basketball team, he had gone to Georgetown for a game.

To those who felt death inevitable, Jones's repeated entreaties to "die with dignity" would have proved powerfully persuasive, former followers agreed. "If I was down there," said Grace Stoen, "I would say I'd rather go down bravely than be shot in the back. That's the choice they had."

Others may have felt that they had run out of alternatives. Virtual prisoners in a jungle outpost 150 miles from a major airport, lacking money, resources or passports, many must have believed they had come too far, repudiated too much, to turn back.

"In San Francisco, they'd have run," said Willard Gaylin, a psychiatrist who is president of the Institute of Society, Ethics and the Life Sciences. "And once a few ran, it would have changed the whole dynamic and power of the group. But where the hell were they going to run to in Guyana?"

For some, a return to the United States was psychologically out of the question, as Dr. Harat Sukhdeo, a Guyanese-born cult specialist now working in New Jersey, observed. "They were people in Jonestown," he said of the survivors he interviewed in Georgetown. "For the first time in their lives they were persons." Michael Carter, one of three who escaped with a suitcase containing more than half a million dollars, offered another version of the same thought. "A lot of the people," he said, "had nothing else but the People's Temple and Jonestown."

One more factor in their acquiescence was Jones's call for "revolutionary suicide"; the belief, as Michael Carter reconstructed it, that "we're

going to show how a force of so many people can do so much to shape the world." Two who apparently shared this belief were the guards sent to warn (or possibly to kill) the two visiting Temple attorneys, Charles Garry and Mark Lane.

"It's a great moment -- we all die," Mr. Garry later reported one of the guards saying. "They had this smile on their faces. They said they were going to die, that it was a pleasure to die for revolutionary suicide, that this is the way it's got to be done as an expression against racism and fascism."

The group need was also critical. For many, the anxiety of being separated from the group -- which even at the last moment represented love and security -- perhaps outweighed fear of death. Odell Rhodes related that, as he was escaping, he came upon a dormitory full of elderly inmates. They all said they wanted to join in the suicides. Some asked him to escort them to the pavilion. Others, who could walk, picked themselves up and made their own way.

When 74-year old Hyacinth Thrash awoke the next morning, after sleeping through the holocaust, she panicked. "I thought everybody had run off," she explained after she was rescued. "I started crying and wailing. 'Why did they leave me? Why did they leave me?'"

"It may be a less sick thing," Dr. Gaylin said of suicide, "when it's done as part of the group than when it's done individually, because of the immensity of group pressure on insecure people."

The haste inherent in the event, giving the communards little time to think things over, also helps account for the compliance. "If I was one of the first," Michael Carter admitted, "I think I would have done it willingly. I think as things went on, I would have tried to rebel. I can't imagine no one tried to rebel, [at least] 30 or 40. I know a majority followed him willingly." But, given time, Carter said, "there was definitely a minority in Jonestown of at least 30 people who would have rebelled, with a hundred more in the closet."

Some did rebel. In addition to Rhodes and Clayton, 79-year-old Grover Davis simply walked away from the pavilion and hid in a ditch. "I didn't want to die," he said later.

There is evidence that others also didn't want to die. Mr. Clayton testified that Jones, backed by security guards, pulled some people from their seats and propelled them forcibly toward the vats of poison.

A report by Dr. Leslie Mootoo, the Guyana Government's chief medical examiner, noted that several of the 39 bodies he examined showed punctures "consistent" with injections.

He and police estimated that at least 70 persons might have received injections. Mr. Rhodes said he saw some people injected when the poison they took orally failed to kill them.

By one reckoning — counting the 70 "rebels" as murdered, as well as 200 children and five elderly women who may have mistaken the poison for routine medication — perhaps a third of those who died at Jonestown were not suicides at all. But by almost any other reckoning, murder and suicide became so hopelessly intermingled that it was impossible to tell which was which.



The signs were there for sometime.

Grace Stoen, one of Jim Jones's closest aides, remembers that, in September 1972, Lester Kinsolving wrote a series of skeptical newspaper articles detailing Jones's claims as faith healer and prophet. "That bad press just freaked Jones out and he got even more paranoid."

A year later, by her recollection, Jones expounded the idea of mass suicide. "We've got to go down in history," she recalls him saying in September 1973. "We've got to be in the history books." And he said, "Everyone will die, except me of course. I've got to stay back and explain why we did it: for our belief in integration."

Two days later, the defection of eight Temple teenagers ushered in a new era at the Temple. "We hated those eight with such a passion because we knew any day they were going to try bombing us,"

Neva Sly, a former member recalled recently. "I mean Jim Jones had us totally convinced of this."

The defections, following so rapidly the first mention of "revolutionary suicide," may also have persuaded Jones to set the notion aside — at least temporarily. For it was not until about three years later, according to Mrs. Stoen, that the idea came up again. On New Year's Day, 1976, Jones told about 30 inner-circle followers that he loved them so much he would lift his abstinence rule and allow them each a glass of wine. When all had drunk, he informed them that they would be dead within an hour. Mrs. Stoen says that while she didn't believe him, others did. She recalls Walter Jones, who was attending his first meeting as a member of the Planning Commission, standing up and saying that he just wanted to know "why we're dying. All I've been doing is working on bus engines ever since I got here and I want to know that I'm dying for something more than being a mechanic working on all these buses."

Mrs. Sly, whose husband, Don, threatened Representative Leo J. Ryan with a knife at Jonestown, also believed Jones that evening. She remembers Jones telling the assemblage that the F.B.I. or the C.I.A. was closing in and

would kill everyone. "I had so much going through my mind that the 30 minutes was like 20 hours." After a while, Mrs. Sly reported, "Jones smiled and said, 'Well, it was a good lesson. I see you're not dead.' He made it sound like we needed the 30 minutes to do very strong, introspective kind of thinking. We all felt strongly dedicated, proud of ourselves."

Today Mrs. Sly, whose son died at Jonestown, says she had not been afraid of death that evening. After all, she says, Jones "taught that it would be a privilege to die for what you believed in, which is exactly what I would have been doing."

Deborah Layton Blakey has an equally chilling memory of the same evening. She said that Jones took her and a handful of other trusted aides into a room and asked their advice about how to kill off the entire Planning Commission. He suggested sending the group on an airplane trip, she said. Once aloft, "one of us would shoot [the pilot] and the whole plane would go down. And that way he'd have the whole P.C. dead. Then he thought of taking all the buses and running them off the Golden Gate Bridge."

"His big concern," Mrs. Blakey continued, "was that people were starting to leave his church, P.C. people. He got scared and thought the best thing to do was just kill them off."

Those gathered on the Golden Gate Bridge for a Memorial Day service for those who jumped from the landmark, might also have heard intimations of things to come. Jones, an invited speaker, departed from his prepared text to extemporize about the depressing effect a New West magazine article, by San Francisco reporters Marshall Kilduff and Philip Tracy, was having on him and his congregation.

"These past few days," Jones said, "we as a congregation of several thousand have undergone a considerable amount of pressure. It seems that there are elements in society, very wrongfully, who want to use us as an embarrassment to this administration. So I can empathize [with suicide victims]."

"This week my son said to me," he continued, "For the first time, Dad, I felt like committing suicide . . . Maybe it might cause people to care if I jumped off the bridge while you were speaking.' We worked our way through that, but I think that perhaps we all should identify closely with that kind of personal experience. Because at one time or another we have all felt the alienation and the despair. I think the despair got to me yesterday. If it hadn't been for an Academy Award-winning actress joining our church . . ."

I think I would have been in a suicidal mood myself today for perhaps the first time in my life." (Jones was mistaken; Jane Fonda, the "Academy Award-winning actress," visited but did not join the People's Temple.)

Less than a year later, in March 1978, Jones would write a letter to United States Senators and Representatives. "We at People's Temple," he said, "have been the subject of harassment by several agencies of the U.S. Government and are rapidly reaching the point at which our patience is exhausted. . . . I can say without hesitation that we are devoted to a decision that it is better even to die than to be constantly harassed from one continent to the next."



There are further clues to the tragedy in the life histories of the people themselves.

Long before threats of suicide had appeared in letters to Congressmen, the People's Temple had helped drug addicts break their addictions, offered food and shelter to the destitute, run schools and senior-citizen centers, reformed prostitutes and found jobs for the uneducated. It helped an illiterate black woman become a nurse and a heavy drug-user become a doctor. Although the reality never matched the Temple's stated egalitarian aims, and although some racial friction always existed, blacks and whites worked together in considerable harmony.

Neva Sly remembers that, at her first visit to the Temple in 1967, "a force of love just slapped you in the face." Within a month, she and her husband had moved to Ukiah, Calif., to work full time "for the cause. It was the greatest feeling to me, that I was really giving my all to something."

"When we first joined, it was beautiful, interracial humanitarianism," Jeannie Mills, another defector, recalls. "When you walked into the church, everybody greeted you with hugs. I had never experienced this kind of love before."

"I went into this group to serve mankind by building a tightly knit utopian society which would be a model," said Grace Stoen's husband, Tim, a lawyer who was Jones's most trusted adviser until he defected in April 1977 and became his most hated traitor. "I wanted utopia so damn bad I could die. In fact, I fully expected to die. I really took to heart that verse in Ecclesiastes: 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'" Mr. Stoen, then an assistant district attorney, gave the Temple his house, turned over his salary, sold his Porsche sports car, and began buying his suits at the Salvation Army.

At the center of the tragic scene, holding it all together, was Jim Jones — darkly handsome, spellbindingly loquacious and, by the evidence available to most members, committed to the ideals he espoused.

"Jim Jones was warm, friendly, outgoing," recalls Harold Cordell, who joined the "church" at the age of 18 in 1956 and stayed for 20 years. "There were outings for young people. He made young people feel they were part of something. He was meeting the needs of senior citizens. There were programs for the poor. It looked like a good thing. I saw

a place I could relate to and feel like I was a part of something. I wanted to feel I was contributing to society. I wanted to do good works."

"Jones was a master myth-maker," adds Stoen. "I've never seen anybody who could weave the tapestry of a utopian dream so beautifully."

But the tapestry never appealed to a broad constituency. In his first four months as a new member, Stoen brought some 35 lawyer friends to hear Jones speak, fully expecting each to be quickly converted, as he had been. To his surprise, not one returned a second time.

Stoen estimates that, in 10 years, somewhere between 50,000 and 100,000 people came to hear Jones speak. But, he says, despite Jones's boasts of 20,000 members, the actual membership never exceeded 3,000.

In the main, the Temple attracted two kinds of people: white, upper-middle-class idealists and uneducated, disenfranchised blacks. The latter outnumbered the former by about 4 to 1; but whites, notably white women, held most of the leadership positions. Jones once referred to

his rank-and-file members as "the refuse of America."

"I remember some black mothers would tell you they had seven sons and five were in prison," says Tim Stoen. "Nobody else had ever taken them and looked them in the eye and said, 'I love you,' which Jim would do. When I saw Jim kiss old black ladies on the cheek and their eyes would light up, I would cry, I was so touched."

In the "self-analysis" letters that Jones asked his Jonestown followers to write to him last July, feelings of guilt and worthlessness run rampant.

"Historically, I have been very insecure," wrote Tom Grubbs, the Jonestown high-school principal. "Had a very strong inferiority complex all my life, felt frightfully inadequate: . . . I want to work every damn minute I'm not asleep, largely so I don't have to face my feelings of unworthiness, inadequacy, insecurity."

Agreeing to do whatever the leader asks in exchange for relief from feelings of worthlessness and guilt is a familiar pattern, says Dr. Stanley Cath, a psychiatrist and student of cults at Tufts University.

"Anyone in a group like this says, 'My God, if I'm thrown back on myself, and have to put up with what I put up with before . . . ' Then he says of the leader: 'You converted me, you snapped something, you gave me the light and I didn't feel that way anymore. You stopped the pain.'"

The self-analysis letters, rich in avowals of redemption and gratitude, support Dr. Cath's thesis.

"After meeting you I found out that I didn't do anything about love," wrote Odel Blackwell to Jones, "because you are all love. ... I love you & Mother, and what you say do I will do it, because I no what ever you tell me to do, I can do it if I try."

"Jim Jones was the best friend I ever had," said Bea Orsot Grubbs, a survivor. "When I couldn't pay the rent once, he paid the rent. Nobody else ever did that, including my rich relatives."

Returning to the United States on an airplane two weeks after the massacre, Mrs. Grubbs, 52 years old, tried to explain why the year she spent in Jonestown was "the happiest of my life." "I never had the feeling of being treated different because I was a black woman," she said. "I was respected for my mind and what I could offer people as a whole. We lived in a cooperative community. We shared with each other, caring for people other than yourself. That was very fulfilling."

Last July, Mrs. Grubbs had written to Jones that "I would never betray you, no matter what. ... I shall not beg for mercy either in that last moment. I shall proudly die for a proud reason." But Mrs. Grubbs was not called upon to put her loyalty to the ultimate test. She was 150 miles away, in Georgetown to keep a dental appointment, during the mass suicides.

As Jim Jones's message of love turned gradually to one of hate and fear, Grace and Tim Stoen, Alfred Cordell, Deborah Layton Blakey, Neva Sly and others grew disillusioned. But because they were committed followers who had entrusted their identities, as well as their financial resources, to his care — who had sacrificed homes, possessions, husbands and wives to their belief in a higher calling — breaking away was a complicated, painful process.

"Once people have made the commitment," Dr. Gaylin observes, "they've invested in the truth of that decision. They become frightened to go back on it. It's terrifying to go back."

"We always blamed ourselves for things that didn't seem right," Neva Sly remembered. "I think we suffered from a lack of confidence."

Jones seemed to have an answer for everything. His end-justifies-the-means philosophy accommodated most doubts. "He had a vision in his mind of a perfect world," Tim Stoen said, that "will come about only when people destroy their own egos from within and replace them with a collective ego. And in order to get people to do that you sometimes have to play tricks. ... He may have to set you up and embarrass you: Have your spouse attack you in front of everybody so that you can think less of yourself. And after a while, because you think less of yourself, the instinct for self-preservation is more and more destroyed."

Jones dismissed protests against family separations on

the grounds that personal alliances diminish concern for the oppressed. He explained his requests for self-incriminating documents as simple tests of loyalty; tests most were willing to take. "Oh, heavens, yes, I'd totally incriminate myself on anything," Mrs. Sly remembered. "I was loyal. I was dedicated. I believed. I totally believed in this cause. Why wouldn't I go through a loyalty test?"

Mr. Stoen said he agreed to sign a paper certifying that Jones had fathered his child because "I loved the man and I thought, O.K., his reason for asking me to do so was that if I ever defect from the organization, it would cause me embarrassment."

"You didn't know how to get away," said Grace Stoen. "You didn't know where to go. You didn't know who could help you. You always thought you would be found. And there were always these threats that you would be killed."

In the beginning, Jim Jones had little trouble persuading his people to go to Jonestown. As one former communist recalls, "To me, my God, it was the greatest privilege in the world to go to Guyana. Gee whiz, to be able to work to build Paradise. Whooo!"

"Even though everyone is making good reports and making good fronts," a prophetic communist wrote last July, "we could be sliding downhill to sink." The slide would be rapid.

In the beginning, Jones had little trouble persuading his people to go to Jonestown. As Neva Sly recalls, "To me, my God, it was the greatest privilege in the world to get to go to Guyana. Gee whiz, to be able to work to build paradise! Whooo!"

Tim Stoen also remembers Jonestown with something like fondness. "Everything would run pretty happily when Jim was not around," he says of the three months he spent

there in 1977. Deborah Layton Blakey also recalls working in the fields in the summer of 1977 and thinking, "Jonestown would be nice if Jim Jones weren't here."

But Jones was there. He had arrived that June, shortly after delivering his Golden Gate Bridge suicide speech and only days before the New West magazine article he so feared was published. He fled San Francisco telling Temple members there that he would be imprisoned for life if he did not do so.

"I came here with no feeling of a future," he later told a Guyanese interviewer. "Our movement was dead. If I didn't come here, our movement was finished. We would be destroyed in the U.S.A."

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

bade the communards to leave the compound without permission. Beatings, sexual humiliations, solitary confinement—all became commonplace. By last September, according to testimony of former residents, all mail into and out of Jonestown was censored by a four-member committee. Five armed guards patrolled the commune each night to prevent defections.

But it was as the only source of news in the isolated jungle compound that Jones derived his final power over men's minds. At last he was able to paint a world entirely in hues of his own choosing. For hours on end, and sometimes all night, Jones used the camp loudspeakers to amplify his nightmare vision of a "fascist, racist, imperialist" United States determined to put black people in concentration camps and to destroy Jonestown. Money his followers had spent in the United States, he told them, had financed C.I.A. killings of black babies and of socialists all over the world. He expressed admiration for Charles Manson and the kidnapers of former Italian Prime Minister Aldo Moro.

Disoriented by the isolation, by low-protein diets and little sleep, the people of Jonestown did not doubt their leader. By September 1977, the communards were starting their days by looking for mercenaries at the jungle's edge and finishing them with self-recriminations. "I feel so guilty," Carrie Langston wrote, "about the money I spent and the food and drinks. I sure didn't know I was helping to murder people."

To commit suicide as an individual, Jones would say, was terrible: You would be reborn into the world of 5,000 years ago and have to live 500 lifetimes just to get back to the 20th century. But a "revolutionary death" put one on a higher plane.

"If I could die," wrote Clifford Geig, expressing a common refrain, "I would like it to be a revolutionary death where I would take some enemies down with me. That would be the final goal of my life."

"I'll be glad to die for Communism," said Maryann Casanova. "I want to help make a world where no one has to be born in a capitalist system."

Eleven-year-old Mark Fields wrote to Jones last July that "if the capitalists came over the hill I'd just drink the poison as fast as I could do it. I wouldn't let the capitalists get me but if they did I'd indoor it. I would not say a word. I'd take the pain and when I couldn't stand it anymore I'd pass out."

The attempt by Grace and Tim Stoen to regain custody of their 6-year-old son, known as John-John, hastened the denouement. Jones's rational and irrational fears came into sharp focus. By holding John-John hostage, Jones felt he could keep the Stoens quiet and punish them as well. (Mrs. Stoen says she did not take her son with her when she left the People's Temple in 1976 because she feared for his life. By the time her husband left the Temple, Jones had sent John-John to Guyana.)

In August 1977, the Stoens obtained a ruling from a California judge granting them

custody and ordering Jones's appearance in court. By then, both Jones and the boy were in Guyana where -- with the help of the affidavit Stoen had signed years before as an act of loyalty -- Jones claimed to be the boy's natural father.

In September, Jeffrey Haas, an attorney representing the Stoens, arrived in Guyana. He succeeded in obtaining a bench warrant ordering the child removed from Jonestown. According to Deborah Blakey and Charles Garry, Jones's attorney, the issuance of the bench order led Jones to issue his first threat to destroy the Jonestown commune.

Mrs. Blakey, who was manning the People's Temple radio in San Francisco at the time, remembers that she was told by Jones "to get in touch with [Deputy Prime Minister Ptolemy] Reid, who was in the United States; to call him and tell him that unless something was done in Guyana, they'd have 1,100 people dead in Jonestown. 'They were all in a big circle. Jones said: 'O.K., listen, my people are with me.' You could hear them all saying 'Yeah!' in the background. You could hear them all the way to San Francisco."

"He freaked out," recalls Charles Garry, who spoke to Jones by telephone at the time. "He said, 'This child cannot go because he'll be ruined.' He said, 'We are all so solid that if something happens to any one of us, it's happening to all of us.'"

The Guyanese did not enforce the order for the child's removal, and Jones called off his suicide threat. Later he assured Garry that it had simply been a ploy.

But according to Mrs. Blakey, who came to Jonestown three months afterward, Jones issued similar threats on two other occasions when he felt threatened and under attack: once when Guyanese officials asked that the People's Temple doctor, Laurence E. Schacht, take his internship in a Georgetown hospital and again when the Guyanese asked to place a Guyanese teacher in the Jonestown school.

"If things didn't sound exactly the way he wanted them to be," Mrs. Blakey said, "he'd call for a 'black night' -- a term Jones converted to 'white night' because he considered whites, not blacks, the enemy.

"One time, it was 3 or 4 in the morning," she said. "people had to jump out of their bunks, grab their kids and run up to the main pavilion. They took a head count. You'd give your name to this woman and the guards would go search the cabins. You stayed there 12 hours, maybe 20. He'd discuss how the mercenaries were coming. He'd throw out maybe five variables and ask what you'd rather do: Go to Africa and help the people there fight imperialism? Go to Russia? Go to Cuba? Somebody would say, 'No, no, let's stay here and fight it out to the death.' You never knew if you were going to live through it or not."

On one such night, according to Mrs. Blakey, after telling the group that the situation was hopeless, Jones told everyone to line up. They were all given small glasses containing a red liquid and told it was poison; they would be

dead in 45 minutes. After the time had passed, Jones informed them that they had been through a loyalty test. Now he knew that the communards would do as they were told.

Mrs. Blakey says she had drunk the liquid that night because "the whole pavilion was surrounded by guards. You also knew that if it was not the real thing and you said, 'No,' and lived through it, you'd have your butt kicked severely. After a while, after you continually had these 'white nights,' after you'd seen your best friends beaten up and you were estranged from your family, after a while you just wanted to be dead."

Stephan Jones, the surviving son, says he spoke out against a mass suicide during a "white night" last May. "They're going to say we're fanatics," he told the group. "It's not going to be understood. But I got shut up. I got booed down by everybody."

He reports that his mother, Marcelline Jones, also argued with Jones against a mass suicide, but only in private. "Mother would say, 'You can't kill 914 people. There are going to be people [left] alive, brain-damaged. It's going to be a horrible scene.'" But his father always countered that the only alternative was torture.

By all indications, Jones was deteriorating physically as well as mentally. Three months before the mass suicides, he asked Carlton B. Goodlett, a San Francisco physician, to come to Jonestown to examine him. Jones was a diabetic who had run a 103-degree fever for a month before the examination. Dr. Goodlett said, adding that he suspected a rare, often fatal, but treatable fungal disease (progressive coccidioidomycosis). Jones promised the physician that he would enter the hospital after Representative Ryan's visit. Others, including Odell Rhodes, who knew the signs, said Jones was an amphetamine addict.

"I told myself I was looking at a man in decay," a reporter traveling with Ryan later recounted. At one point, he said, Jones babbled almost incoherently. "Threat of extinction! I wish I wasn't born at times. I understand love and hate. They are very close. . . . I do not believe in violence. I hate power. I hate money. All I want is peace. I'm not worried about my image. If we could just stop it, stop this fighting. But if we don't, I don't know what's going to happen to 1,200 lives here."

In a matter of hours, the world found out. ■

"JONESTOWN," MICHAEL NOVAK, AMERICAN ENTERPRISE INSTITUTE,
REPRINT NO. 94, MARCH 1979

Jonestown: Socialism at Work

If Jonestown was a religious colony, why did it have no church, no chapel, no place of prayer? It had a day-care center, a school, a clinic. The religion of Jonestown was explicitly and unequivocally socialism, not Christianity. The cult in Jonestown was socialism. Jim Jones proclaimed mass suicide under the concept of "revolutionary suicide" and "suicide for the glory of socialism." He chose Guyana, the only socialist nation in Latin America, for his protective cover. At his death, he was negotiating with the Soviet Union for a new home for his "experiment in socialism."

The evidence is overwhelming. But "progressive" writers in the press and in the public at large have failed to identify it, preferring to shuck the blame upon "fundamentalist religion." They do not wish to face the real supply of "true believers" today. Jim Jones easily fooled left-wing, progressive politicians. By his own testimony, Jonestown even fooled eyewitness Charles A. Krause of the *Washington Post*, author of *Guyana Massacre*. Right up until the time a bullet hit his leg, Krause says, he intended to write a piece describing how much he admired the ideals of Jonestown. The religion of Jonestown—as he saw it during two days—was in all its essentials the religion of progressive politics. He was impressed.

Krause tried to win the confidence of radical lawyer Mark Lane, as Lane tried to win his, by saying that he was "open-minded." Lane tried to give him favored access. Krause was captivated by two top aides of Jones, Sarah and Richard Tropp, veteran socialists and participants in the antiwar and civil rights movement. They explained how they had always hated American society. They loved Jonestown, they told him, because there they could build the experimental socialist community they had always worked for. For the Tropps, who were Jews, and others, Jonestown demanded no Christian commitment; its doctrine was "social change."

Other liberal politicians were just as easily fooled. Governor Jerry Brown, Lieutenant Governor Dymally, Mayor Moscone, the social action director for the Council of Churches (until, finally, he awoke, on religious grounds), and many in the liberal establishment of California were deceived by the ideals and principles of Jim Jones. How could they not be? He repeated back to them the catechism of radical politics. He could fill halls with enthusiastic political supporters. He could place 2,000 campaign workers in the fields. He gave money to radical causes. He controlled several thousand bloc votes. Radical politics was his religion, and it was in the air.

Even the name he chose was instructive. His Temple was not God's Temple. It was the People's Temple. Marcelline Jones told the *New York Times* in September 1977 that her husband was a Marxist who held that religious trappings were only useful for social and economic uplift. "Jim has used religion to try to get some people out of the opiate of religion," she said. She told how he had once slammed a Bible on the floor while exclaiming, "Marcie, I've got to destroy this paper idol."

"Neither my colleagues nor I are any longer caught up in the opiate of religion," Jones wrote in his organization's magazine, *People's Forum* (January 1978). After the "socialist suicides," two of his most trusted aides were dispatched with \$500,000 to take to the Soviet embassy in Guyana.

Given a rude shock by nine hundred deaths, Krause dimly saw that he had gone to Jonestown as to a "Potemkin village," as so many "progressive" persons have gone to China, the Soviet Union, Cuba, and other socialist experiments over the years. The capacity of socialists to stage illusions for the true believers of the free world is always underestimated.

The techniques of indoctrination used at Jonestown were not original, but borrowed from those of other socialist experiments, in China, in the Soviet Union, in eastern Europe, in North Vietnam, and elsewhere. People were not permitted to emigrate. Family members were kept hostage. Egalitarianism was effectuated by force. "Socialization" was accomplished by breaking down the individual (bourgeois) ego, by public humiliation, by restricting permissible emotions. Experiments in socialism have, by now, a familiar pattern. Rhetoric which destroys the individual and exalts social consciousness clears the way for the socialization of all emotions and the surrender of individuality. The family is the main institutional defender against the collective; it must be destroyed. From being a bastion of privacy and individuality, sex must become publicly and socially administered.

The logic of socialism is anti-individualistic and leads, unless interrupted, to the submersion of the individual self. Egalitarianism is so opposed to the unequal patterns of natural gifts, to the variety and diversity of consciences, that it can only be imposed by force. Those who are attracted to socialism by its moral ideals--by a kind of religious feeling for equality and justice--find it hard to face its actual practical results. Of Jonestown, Mort Sahl said, "Socialists don't do that." The awful truth is that they do. Millions have died in our century showing that they do. In more places than Jonestown, socialism begins in mysticism and ends in terror. It is the fundamentalism of our time.

December 17, 1978

The Press and the Jonestown Suicides

Suppose that Jonestown had been governed by right-wing rhetoric, and that Jim Jones had modeled himself on Hitler instead of Lenin. Suppose that he had chosen military Chile for a location, instead of socialist Guyana. Suppose that Ronald Reagan and Barry Goldwater had been his sponsors, rather than the liberal politicians of California. Suppose that corporate officers from ITT and the Bank of America had given letters of introduction to Jim Jones, rather than progressive politicians. Would the suicides at Guyana have been treated differently by the press?

Oh, how the presses would have hummed with singing phrases about extremism on the right, about the unreason of right-wing fanatics, about the paranoid style of the right. Instead, what we learn from Jonestown is the vulnerability of the news media to deception from the left. For years, the essential facts about Jim Jones have been available. In 1972, the *San Francisco Examiner* ran four articles exposing the fraudulence at the People's Temple. *New West* magazine ran an exposé in July 1977. Deborah Layton Blakey submitted a sworn public statement, under penalty of perjury, on June 15, 1978, describing the cruel patterns of daily life in Jonestown, the concept and the ritual practices of socialist suicide, and a full 37-point indictment that has proven to be accurate in every detail.

Still, the press would not believe evil of Jim Jones or Jonestown. Why? What faith, on the part of the press, was stronger? If, as you read the eyewitness account of the *Washington Post's* Charles A. Krause, you ask yourself, "What is Mr. Krause's susceptibility?" the answer is dismaying.

Krause was skeptical about the defectors from Jonestown, but impressed by the chief aides to Jim Jones. "I was so skeptical I thought Stoen was crazy," Krause writes of Tim Stoen, a Stanford-trained lawyer among the defectors. "But the settlement itself had left a favorable impression on my mind, as had several of the Temple members who had talked to me, especially the Tropps." The Tropps "impressed me as intelligent, articulate and well-educated people," he writes. They "were prototypes of American intellectuals who had gone through the civil rights and anti-war turmoil of the '60s and '70s and were now seeking the good society they had never found at home. They were dedicated socialists with a very clear idea of what the good society meant to them. It meant Jonestown." He became friendly with them, later even kissed Sarah Tropp goodbye, and intended, even as he approached the airplane just before the shooting, to write very favorably about them.

Why? Because they believed in a religion he found compatible with his own values. Their ideals were rather like his. Their piety—"intelligent, articulate and well-educated"—was of the sort his own spirit resonated to.

The socialist suicides in Guyana were not merely mad, irrational, without meaning. On the contrary, the socialization of consciences at Jonestown had been so thorough that private will and individuality no longer had space to breathe. Jonestown was a lesson in socialist extremism. It was a cult of suffocation of the individual, even unto death.

The techniques for socializing human conscience have been well established in the twentieth century. At Jonestown, the regimen of work went from 7 A.M. until 6 P.M. six days a week, and from 7 A.M. until 2 P.M. on Sunday. Food which gives only minimal energy was served. Long public harangues—often for six hours a night, sometimes all during the night—instilled the social ideology. Public humiliation (beatings, screams, tortures) was administered for "crimes against the community," after which the punished were expected to show gratitude. No technique of the Gulag Archipelago or of the Cultural Revolution appears to have been overlooked at Jonestown.

For outside visitors, Jonestown, warned in advance, conducted a ritual theater of the happy, egalitarian, socialist republic: disciplined, happy people, dancing and eating and singing. Individuals assigned to talk to outsiders were carefully briefed about what to say and to whom. Those predisposed to believe the socialist myth found what they were looking for. The power of socialist illusions over the intellectuals of the free world affords one of the great examples of fundamentalism in recorded history.

So dramatic is the refutation of this gullibility at Jonestown that paragons of progressive politics cannot digest it all at once. They insist that Jonestown was fascist; they never say socialist. Walter Cronkite reported: "At the end, cult leader Jim Jones was described as a drug-crazed, paranoid, power-hungry fascist." In practice, socialist totalitarians and fascist totalitarians are virtually identical. But what is striking is that the press finds it hard to speak ill of one but not of the other.

After having recorded in his own account that Jonestown was a socialist experiment, Krause still tries to evade the evidence and asks Jim Jones's surviving son "if Jonestown had not been an experiment in fascism—with its armed guard and other means of preventing people from leaving—rather than an experiment in socialism." Steve Jones, too, evades the facts of socialism and says: "My father was the fascist. Jonestown was and still could be beautiful."

"Everything beautiful is socialist." Such is our most pervasive fundamentalism, the opiate of the articulate by which the Rev. Jim Jones dazzled progressives even after his death.

December 18, 1978

No Valid Escape from Freedom

The celebration of Christmas offers a perfect occasion for reflection on the socialist suicides at Jonestown, because Jim Jones offered himself to the world as a messiah. Indeed, the cult he represented, socialism, is essentially a messianic cult, diagnosing the malady that afflicts the world as "alienation" and offering a method to remove it. "We have passed beyond alienation," Jim Jones wrote from Jonestown in 1977. "We have found security and fulfillment in collectivism"—even, it was to come to pass, in collective death.

Christianity is a messianic religion, by contrast, in a way that is anti-messianic, that does not promise to remove alienation, that urges us to "take up the cross and follow" the crucified. Christmas celebrates a messiah who does not come as a messiah, but as a child born in mean poverty in a subjugated nation, "abject and despised, and the world esteemed him not" (Isaiah 53). He did not so dazzle others as to take away their liberty. He did not come as a king or general, but as a child. He did not come as blazing God, but as a man. Christmas is the festival of the anti-messianic messiah.

True religion is separated from false by several signs. True religions point beyond any created thing to the Transcendent, in whose light all dishonesties are exposed. False religion makes a god of a leader, of some created object, of some historical system. Thus, Jim Jones referred all things to himself, wishing to be the sole object of desire and power and attention. True religion does not promise to remove all alienation on earth, or to permit human beings to escape from responsibility. It judges even the secret acts of the heart, and scrutinizes every deed, promising a path to be walked in darkness and suffering, as Jesus walked. ("Life is suffering," said the Buddha.) Finally, true religion permits free egress, even apostasy, for it is an affair of conscience. False religions—or true religions corrupted—coerce.

Modern religion—whose most powerful expression is socialism—promises to remove alienation. It promises the beautiful, fulfilled society on earth. It is utopian. Martin Diamond, one of America's most brilliant political philosophers, was for six years of his life a full-time employee of the American Socialist party. He later came to recognize that the very essence of socialism is not its economics or its politics, but its messianic promise. He wrote: "Socialism had initially come to the world messianically proclaiming its unlikeness to all other parties and doctrines and promising the advent of the 'truly human' society. . . . [T]he socialist economic arrangements . . . would transform the human and generate the new human order. The

fullness of the utopian intention must be kept firmly in mind. Socialists did not intend merely to mitigate the evils of capitalism or merely to introduce some regulation and control of the economy. They intended its wholesale replacement. Socialists did not intend merely to improve international relations or to moderate the scale or frequency of war. They intended to create the universal family of mankind and to end war forever. They did not intend merely an extension of democracy and equality, but rather the transcendence of democracy and the creation of a new human order of profoundly equal and elevated mankind."

Christianity shares many of the ideals of socialism —cooperativeness, brotherhood and sisterhood, equality, responsibility for changing history. But Christianity, as the festival of Christmas shows, is not utopian. There was no room for Jesus in the inn. In Bethlehem, he was a stranger, vulnerable to Herod and to Roman rule. Infants were slaughtered in an attempt to do away with him. He himself died on the cross, the starkest symbol both of alienation and of the absurd in human history. (If God so treats his son, shall the rest of us get off more lightly?)

The God of Christianity and Judaism permits his people to wander in history in a wilderness. The sufferings, loneliness, anguish, and misery he permits them to share are fathomless. The Jewish-Christian God is no *deus ex machina*, no Pollyanna, no goody-two-shoes. He obliges each individual, in the darkness, to exert his or her own inner liberty and choice. He is the God of liberty. He exacts enormous and wearying responsibilities. He is the God of humble deeds and hidden virtues, who delights in the motions of the heart even of the most forgotten and most miserable among us, a God who sees not only external circumstance but interior life.

The God we turn to on Christmas is not a God made in our measure, nor is he a function of our needs, personal or social. He does not rescue us from our responsibilities, mistakes, or betrayals. For our ideas, we bear the consequences. He offers no escape from the toils of history, chance, and contingency. He is the Lord of the absurd, hidden from view, not understandable. He transcends our purposes and our needs.

Many cults today, political and pious, offer an easier messianism, a happier salvation, a more utopian political and social hope. The God of Jews and Christians obliges us to struggle and to suffer, even when there is no hope. There is no valid escape from freedom, even in despair; such is the anti-messianic messianism of Christmas.

December 23-24, 1978

Why Jonestown Destroyed the Family

Many commentators seem not to wish to understand how nine hundred persons could voluntarily go to their deaths at Jonestown. But Jim Jones understood well enough how to organize collective death, so the answer cannot be all that mysterious.

Beginning in September 1977, more than a year before the actual suicide, Jim Jones held late-night emergency alerts at Jonestown at least once a week. His collectivists had worked in the field six days a week from 7 A.M. until 6 P.M., had been kept awake for as long as six hours a night for public harangues, were poorly fed on rice, beans, and weak tea, and in this condition were told, week after week, that they were about to die. In sworn testimony on June 15, 1978, which the press refused to take seriously, Deborah Layton Blakey, one of Jim Jones's closest aides, testified as follows: "Life at Jonestown was so miserable and the physical pain of exhaustion was so great that . . . I had become indifferent as to whether I lived or died."

On many occasions, Jim Jones made all of his followers drink a red liquid. Sometimes he told them in advance that they were about to drink poison, sometimes he told them after they had drunk it that they would die in fifteen minutes. Thus, socialist suicide was enacted not once but many times. The early rituals, Jones explained, were a "loyalty test." "There was constant talk of death," Mrs. Blakey testified in June 1978. "In the early days of the People's Temple, general rhetoric about dying for principles was sometimes heard. In Jonestown, the concept of mass suicide for socialism arose."

Jim Jones taught the evil of individual will. He supplanted many individual wills with one socialized will. The techniques for doing this have been known since at least the time of Plato's *Republic*, although modern collectivized states have routinized the science. The first and chief obstacle that must be eliminated before individual liberty can be destroyed is the family.

This, no doubt, is why the People's Temple depended on the destruction of the family. The family is a mediating institution, a center of resistance to the collective. It is a source of noncollectivist loyalties, a protector of linked individuals, a haven of privacy, common sense, and self-determination. Through a grave weakness of political thought since Hobbes, only two poles of human reality are analyzed carefully, the individual and the state, while the family and other mediating institutions are tragically neglected. Jonestown flashes glaring light on this inadequacy.

Jim Jones subjected marriage, child-bearing, and child-rearing to collectivist controls. He imposed marriages. He forced them to dissolve. He bred different men with the same woman, different women with the same man. He instructed family members to spy upon each other. He took children from their mother, from their father, or from both. He forced women to watch their men have sexual intercourse with other women or with men. He forced men to watch their wives submit to other men or women. He placed all women and men on call to himself, so that he might be the sole legitimate and overriding object of desire. He wished to be, not only the community's one true god, but also its one true center of sexual will. He wished to destroy individualism.

In destroying family relationships, Jones "deprivatized" sexual relationships. He destroyed not only family loyalties, but sexual privacy, and—in the process—self-determination. For in reality there is a complicated mystery to human sexual relations, little understood in these days of play-matehood and popular mechanics. In ways difficult to analyze, our own freedom and identity are deeply affected by sexual communion. Sexual communion is a unique symbol of free giving and free belonging. Rape is so brutal an act because it violates this liberty, destroys this symbol of freely given friendship, and for the person raped injures it for many long years.

What appears to have motivated Jones is not solely lust, nor solely the power over women and men that sexual commerce provided him. Rather, it was the profound knowledge that to socialize sexuality was to destroy individuality. Sexual identity is a citadel of self-determination. To destroy the self in sex is to destroy the self. To destroy the family is to rob sex of its protective institution and its lovely symbol of abiding friendship. To destroy the family is to destroy a pattern of loyalties and interests potentially hostile to those of the collective. In this sense, the family—that bond of permanent friendship between a man and a woman, poignantly expressed by the communion of male and female body, and expressive of the survival of the human race through procreation—is the strongest single source of individualism. Strong families nourish strong individuals, even against the state.

Thus, Jones had to destroy the family: first, to wipe out individual will, so that into its empty place might sweep collective will; and, secondly, to break the ties of one generation to the next, and thus abort his community. Then and only then could nine hundred former individuals, in ranks of fifty, be led to fall face-down, embracing one another in collective death.

December 30, 1978

Guyana and Liberty's Results

People I know who wouldn't dream for a moment of subscribing to the notion of original sin in individuals far too easily see sin and sickness in society. They read every new event as fresh evidence that this society is sick. Crime rates prove that America is sick. The Symbionese Liberation Army and the Manson gang prove that this society is sick. The mass suicide of 909 emigres in Guyana shows that America is sick. Tom Wicker has even written that genocide in Cambodia is due to sickness here.

One would have thought that any free society would permit rather ample exhibition of sickness among human individuals. Such evidence would serve to measure the health of liberty in that society. For a free society does not accept responsibility for every pathological expression of human liberty in its own midst. It yields its freedoms not only to those whose health is certified but also, without discrimination, to all.

In an odd way, then, the suicides in Guyana are a tribute to the health of liberty in the United States. Liberty is an instrumental good. It does not, of itself, command that those under its regimen must act in such and such a manner, doing only thus and so. It does not give one answer only to the question, Liberty for what? It permits to individuals a staggering array of choices.

The members of the People's Temple who died in Jonestown did not represent the first radical utopian community upon these shores. Their stated beliefs and principles up to the time of the mass suicide were a pastiche of utopian socialism, fundamentalist religious piety, and sexual experimentation. They were free to practice—even to invent—a political life, a religion, and a sexual practice of their own. For the most part, apparently, they were law-abiding, good, well-meaning persons, manifesting evidences of idiosyncrasy.

Such people might a form of communal life they felt could be better practiced in the outlands of Guyana than here. Their leader, Jim Jones, going mad, apparently had plans for a community that could not survive the scrutiny of the free institutions of the United States. Far from the press, far from congressional committees, far from public supervision of any sort, he obscurely felt, practices could be developed that a free society would judge as less than free. Indeed, the extension of the institutions of a free society into his midst triggered the final madness. Better death, he seems to have concluded, than the argument, scrutiny, and criticism of a free society.

Had the disaster occurred within the continental United States, under

the sway of our free institutions, even that mass suicide would have been a mad, erroneous, but clear tribute to liberty. So long as institutions do not harm others or the basic practices of liberty, such institutions are permitted to grow here. For generations, serious thinkers argued that no democracy could survive the madnesses harbored in the human breast. Popular excesses would destroy democracies, such thinkers believed. The noble experiment conducted on these shores for some two hundred years has proved this pessimism wrong.

Yet the price we pay for our liberties is high. Each of us is assaulted, night and day, by conduct and ideas we feel instinctively "there should be a law against"—conduct and ideas we find corrupt, unfree, destructive, dangerous. Still, our institutions properly instruct us to be tolerant, to live and to let live, to concentrate upon our own moral visions, without undue efforts to force others to conform to ours. We suffer many fools, much madness, and an uncommon fund of criminality.

A free society is not a society in which every person is healthy and good (according to one vision of health and moral goodness). It is a society in which competing visions clash, in which individuals find their own way through countless mazes, in which confusions multiply and insecurities abound, in which the experiences of nothingness and alienation and loneliness are, for many, daily bread. But these are signs of health. These are the necessary accompaniments of liberty on earth.

Liberty means, in practice, the right to sin, the right to err, the right to do what is (in the eyes of others) corrupt and even self-destructive. Liberty does not make humans good. It permits what humans are to express itself and to become visible. That is why free societies must, necessarily, seem shocking. That is why they must seem to those brought up under more severe traditions scandalous, of flagrant wickedness. For what individuals in their liberty decide to do with their lives cannot reasonably be expected to be in all cases saintly, good, enlightened, or even reasonable.

The power of goodness and reason in individual human lives has always been weaker than optimists have longed for. Yet, given the powerful support of traditions, rituals, and institutions that try to teach, instruct, and strengthen enlightenment and moral goodness, individuals in a free society do give evidence of an astonishing degree of goodness and reason. "In political life, one should expect," Aristotle taught, "only a tincture of virtue." Our institutions have trained us to strive for more than a tincture of virtue. Many attain it. Yet precisely because our institutions are free, they also permit us to see the worst that liberty can lead to, even the horrors.

December 9, 1978

**"PORTIONS OF A TRANSCRIPT OF TAPE FROM JONESTOWN,"
NEW YORK TIMES, MARCH 15, 1979**

Following are excerpts from a transcript of a tape recording obtained by The New York Times from the International Home Video Club Inc. of New York. It purports to be a recording of the final 43 minutes of the mass deaths at Jonestown, Guyana, last Nov. 18 in which the followers of the Rev. Jim Jones died. Sources who are familiar with investigations of the People's Temple have indicated that the contents of this tape are identical with portions of the Government-held tape that have been disclosed over the last few months.

JONES: I've tried my best to give you a good life.

In spite of all that I've tried, a handful of our people, with their lies, have made our life impossible. There's no way to detach ourself from what's happened today.

Not only are we in a compound situation; not only are there those who have left and committed the betrayal of the century; some have stolen children from others and they are in pursuit right now to kill them, because they stole their children. And we are sitting here waiting on a powder keg. I don't think this is what we want to do with our babies. I don't think that's what we had in mind to do with our babies. It was said by the greatest of prophets from time immemorial: no man takes my life from me, I lay my life down.

So, to sit here and wait for the catastrophe that's going to happen on that airplane — it's going to be a catastrophe. It almost happened here. Almost happened when the Congressman was nearly killed here. You can't steal people's children. You can't take off with people's children without expecting a violent reaction. And that's not so unfamiliar to us, either, even if we — even if we were Judeo-Christian — if we weren't Communists, The world opinion suffers violence and the violent shall take it by force. If we can't live in peace then let's die in peace. [Applause.]

We've been so betrayed. We have been so terribly betrayed. [Music and singing.]

But we've tried. And as Jack Dean Maufin said — I don't know where he's at right this moment — hi, Jack — he said if this only worked one day, it was worthwhile. [Applause.] Thank you.

Predicted Downing of Plane

What's going to happen here in a matter of a few minutes is that one of those people on that plane is going to shoot the pilot — I know that. I didn't plan it, but I know it's going to happen. They're gonna shoot that pilot and down comes that plane into the jungle. And we had better not have any of our children left when it's over. Because they'll parac?te in here on us.

I'm going to be just as plain as I know how to tell you. I've never lied to you. I never have lied to you. I know that's what's gonna happen. That's what he intends to do; and he will do it. He'll do it.

What's with being so bewildered with many, many pressures on my brain seeing all people behave so treasonous — there was just too much for me to put together. But I now know what he was telling me. And it'll happen. If the plane gets in the air even.

So my opinion is that you be kind to children, and be kind to seniors, and take the potion like they used to take in Ancient Greece, and step over quietly; because we are not committing suicide — it's a revolutionary act. We can't go back; they won't leave us alone. They're now going back to tell more lies, which means more Congressmen. And there's no way, no way we can survive.

Anybody. Anyone that has any dissenting opinion, please speak. Yes. You can have an opportunity, but if the children are left, we're going to have them butchered. We can make a strike, but we'll be striking against people that we don't want to strike against. We'd like to get the people who caused this stuff; and some — if some people here are

prepared and know how to do that, to go in town and get Timothy Stone, but there's no plane. There's no plane. You can't catch a plane in time.

He's responsible for it. He brought these people to us. He and Deanna Myrtle. The people in San Francisco will not — not be idle. Or would they? They'll not take our death in vain, you know. Yes.

WOMAN: Is it too late for Russia?

Too Late for Russia

JONES: At this point, it's too late for Russia. They killed. They started to kill. That's why it makes it too late for Russia. Otherwise, I'd say, yes, sir, you bet your life. But it's too late. I can't control these people. They're out there. They've gone with the guns. And it's too late. And once we kill anybody — at least, that's the way I've always — I've always put my lot with you. If one of my people do something, that's me.

And they say I don't have to take the blame for this — but I don't live that way. They said, deliver up Ejar; we tried to get the man back here. Ejar, whose mother's been lying on him, and lying on him, and trying to break up this family. And they've all agreed to kill us by any means necessary. Do you think I'm going to deliver them Ejar? Not on your life.

MAN: I know a way to find Stone if it'll help us.

JONES: No. You're not going. You're not going. You're not going. I can't live that way. I cannot live that way. I've lived with — for all; I'll die for all. [Applause.]

I've been living on hope for a long time, Christine and I appreciate — you've always been a very good agitator. I like agitation, because you have to see two sides of one issue — two sides of a question.

But what those people are gonna get done; and what they get through will make our lives worse than hell. Will make us — will make the rest of us not accept it. When they get through lying.

They posed so many lies between there and that truck that we are — we are done in as far as any other alternative.

WOMAN: Well, I say let's make an air — airlift to Russia. That's what I say. I don't think nothing is impossible, if you believe it.

JONES: How are we going to do that? How are you going to airlift to Russia?

WOMAN: Well, I thought they said if we got in an emergency, they gave you a code to let them know.

Death Not Fearful

JONES: No, they didn't. They gave us a code that they'd let us know on that issue; not us create an issue for them. They said that we — if they saw the country coming down they'd give us a code. They'd give us a code. We can check on that and see if it's on the code. Did you check with Russia to see if they'll take us in a minute but otherwise we die?

I don't know what else to say to these people. But to me death is not a fearful thing. It's living that's cursed. I have never, never, never, never seen anything like this before in my life. I've never seen people take the law and do — in their own hands and provoke us and try to purposely agitate mother of children. There is no need to finish us; it's not worth living like this. Not worth living like this.

"COPY OF JONESTOWN TAPE REVEALS HOW JONES PERSUADED 900 TO DIE, NEW YORK TIMES, MARCH 15, 1979

By JOSEPH B. TREASTER

In an apparently complete copy of the tape recording made as more than 900 persons died at Jonestown, Guyana, last Nov. 18, the Rev. Jim Jones is heard exhorting his followers to poison themselves.

"You'll regret it if you don't," he says fervently and beseechingly, because Guyanese paratroopers are on the way to torture and murder the comunards, he says.

The copy of the tape, which has been withheld by the governments of Guyana and the United States, runs 43 minutes, suggesting that the deaths occurred in much less time than the earlier estimates of several hours. The tape matches almost exactly the length of the tape that the two governments have refused to release, and persons who are familiar with

Excerpts from tape, page B8.

Investigations of the Jonestown deaths have indicated that the contents of the tape obtained by The New York Times are identical to material from the Government-held tape that has been disclosed at various times in the last several months.

The tape begins with the avuncular voice of Mr. Jones and ends with a faint cry, a sigh and then nothing more than the soft, recorded chords of an organ and a funeral choir.

The eerie chronicle of one of the largest mass deaths in history runs out with no sound of the gunshots that reportedly killed Mr. Jones, his personal nurse and a still unidentified man.

The tape was made available to The New York Times by Beau Buchanan of the International Home Video Club, Inc.,

at 237 West 54th St., who said he obtained it from "someone who was in Guyana" shortly after the deaths last fall and "didn't know what to do with it."

Mr. Buchanan said he plans to begin selling phonograph records and tape cassette copies of the final evening at Jonestown in the next 10 days for \$9.95 each. He said he decided to turn the tape over to The Times after a brief segment, obtained through another source, was broadcast yesterday morning on the National Broadcasting Company's Today show.

Less than 24 hours earlier, Michael Prokes, a principal aide to Mr. Jones, shot himself to death after walking out of a news conference he had called to protest the withholding of the tape by authorities. Mr. Prokes had said that, as the others were dying, he was sent out of Jonestown with a suitcase containing more than \$500,000 intended for the Soviet Embassy in Guyana.

A spokesman for the Federal Bureau of Investigation and Christopher Nascimben, Guyana's Minister of State in the office of the Prime Minister, said both governments had refused to make the tape public because of "investigations in progress."

'A Delicate Political Matter'

Last December senior government officials in Georgetown said they had hoped to play the tape for a coroner's jury but had been denied permission "because it's a very delicate political matter."

Before he shot himself, Mr. Prokes contended that the tape would show that cult members had not been coerced into dying.

From the beginning of the tape, however, Mr. Jones insists to his followers that torture and death are inevitable and that the only dignified solution for them is to take their own lives.

At least twice he calls himself a prophet, saying at one point, "Christian life without me has no meaning."

"This is a revolutionary suicide," he says at another juncture, "this is not a self-destructive suicide."

He talks about reincarnation and a better life awaiting "on the other side," adding, "If you knew what was on the other side, you'd be glad to be stepping over tonight."

Bursts of Temper

Several times, his strikingly calm demeanor is disrupted with bursts of temper. "Adults, adults," he screams well into the ceremony, "I call on you to stop this nonsense. I call on you to quit exciting your children when all they're doing is going to a quiet rest. Quit telling them they're dying. All they're doing is taking a drink they take to go to sleep. That's what death is: sleep."

What the tape seems to show most clearly, through the chilling cries and moans, the bursts of applause and cheering, and the screams of dying children, is a man gone mad.

"I've tried my best to give you a good life," Mr. Jones says in the first words on the tape. "In spite of all that I've tried, a handful of our people, with their lies, have made our life impossible. . . . We're sitting on a powder keg. . . . If we can't live in peace, then let's die in peace. We've been betrayed, so, terribly betrayed."

**"TAPE HINTS EARLY DECISION BY JONES ON MASS SUICIDE,"
BALTIMORE SUN, MARCH 15, 1979**

New York (AP)—A tape recording that NBC says was made during the last moments of the People's Temple commune indicates the Rev. Jim Jones had decided on mass suicide before he learned a plan to kill all members of a visiting congressman's party had gone awry.

After the cult leader learned the congressman had been killed on the ground—not in the air as planned—the tape indicates he urged others to "get moving, get moving, get moving" with the "medication" which would kill them in a mass poisoning.

More than 900 persons died the weekend of November 18 and 19 in a mass suicide-murder at the cult's agricultural colony in Guyana, most from drinking a fruit-flavored drink laced with cyanide.

Yesterday, NBC-TV broadcast on its "Today" show 4 minutes excerpted from a 43-minute tape recording it said Robert Hager, an NBC News correspondent, obtained from sources close to an investigation of the tragedy.

The mass deaths occurred after Representative Leo J. Ryan (D., Calif.) and

several others had visited the settlement, Jonestown, to investigate charges of coercion. Survivors have said there was a plan to sabotage Mr. Ryan's flight home by causing a crash in which all in his party would die.

As things worked out, though, the party was attacked on the ground Saturday, November 18. Mr. Ryan and four others, among them an NBC newsman and an NBC cameraman, were killed by gunfire at the airstrip, but several others survived.

In obtaining the tape, Mr. Hager had to agree to not disclose how he got it, and to only make public four minutes from it, NBC said.

The transcript of the tape reads:

"Jones: 'What's going to happen here in a matter of a few minutes is that one of a few on that plane is gonna . . . gonna shoot the pilot. I know that. I didn't plan it but I know it's gonna happen. They're gonna shoot that pilot and down comes the plane into the jungle. And we had better not have any of our children left

when it's over cause they'll parachute in here on us.

... So, my opinion is that we'd be kind to children and be kind to seniors and take the potion, like they used to take in ancient Greece and step over quietly, because we are not committing suicide. It's a revolutionary act.'

...
"Woman (identified as Christine Miller): 'I feel like that as long as there's life, there's hope. There's hope. That's my feeling.'

"Jones: 'Well, someday everybody dies. Someplace that hope runs out 'cause everybody dies.'

"Crowd noise: 'That's right, that's right!'

"Christine Miller: 'I said I'm afraid to die.'

"Jones: 'I don't think you are. I don't think you are.'

"Christine Miller: 'But, uh, I look at all the babies and I think they deserve to live.'

"Jones: 'I agree.'

"Christine Miller: 'Yunno.'

"Jones: 'But also they deserve much more. They deserve peace.'

(Noises of approval can be heard from crowd)

"Unidentified man: 'It's over sister, it's over. We've made that day, we made a beautiful day. And let's make it a beautiful day.'

(Again, crowd shouts approval)

"Unidentified woman (sobbing): 'We're all ready to go. If you tell us we have to give our lives now, we're ready.'

(Crowd shouts approval)

...
"Another unidentified woman: 'So we might as well end it now, because I don't...'

"Jones: (interrupting): 'Keeping talking, the congressman has been murdered... the congressman's dead. Please get us some medication. It's simple. It's simple, there's no convulsions with it, it's just simple. Just please get it before it's too late. The GDF (Guyanese Army) will be here. I tell you, get moving, get moving, get moving.' ... How many are dead? Aw, God Almighty, God Almighty. ... It's too late, the congressman's dead. The congressman's aides dead. Many of our traitors are dead. They're all layin' out there dead.'

"Nurse: 'You have to move, and the people that are standing there in the aisle, go stay in the radio room yard. So everybody get behind the table and back this way, O.K.? There's nothing to worry about. So everybody keep calm, and try to keep your children calm. And the older children are to help lead the little children and reassure them. They aren't crying from pain. It's just a little bitter tasting but that's . . . they're not crying out of any pain.'

"Another unidentified woman: 'I just wanta say something to everyone that I see that is standing around and, uh, crying. This is nothing to cry about. This is something we could all rejoice about. We could be happy about this.'

. . .

"Jones: 'Please, for God's sake let's get on with it. We've lived. . . . Let's just be done with it, let's be done with the agony of it.'

(Noise, confusion and applause)

' . . . Let's get calm, let's get calm.'

(Screams in background)

'I don't know who fired the shot, I don't know who killed the congressman. But as far as I'm concerned, I killed him. You understand what I'm saying? I killed him. He had no business coming. I told him not to come.'

' . . . Die with respect. Die with a degree of dignity. Lay down your life with dignity. Don't lay down with tears and agony. Stop this hysterics. This is not the way for people who are socialistic communists to die. No way for us to die. We must die with some dignity.'

' . . . Children, it's just something to put you to rest. O, God!'

(More crying in background)

' . . . I tell you, I don't care now many screams you hear, I don't care how many anguished cries, death is a million times preferable to 10 more days of this life.'

' . . . If you'll quit telling them they're dying. If you adults will stop this nonsense. I call on you to quit exciting your children when all they're doing is going to a quiet rest.'

' . . . All they're doing is taking a drink they take to go to sleep. That's what death is, sleep.'

' . . . Take our life from us. We laid it down. We got tired. We didn't commit suicide. We committed an act of revolutionary suicide protesting the conditions of an inhuman world.'

(No more talking on tape, just noise of music from speakers at Jonestown, going on for another several minutes.)

"JONES AIDE DIES AFTER SHOOTING HIMSELF," THE BALTIMORE SUN, MARCH 15, 1979

Modesto, Calif. (AP)—"I guess he finally made the decision he couldn't make in Guyana," said a reporter who talked with Michael Prokes moments before the former Peoples Temple spokesman killed himself.

Kent Pierce, bureau chief in Stockton, Calif., for KCRA-TV in Sacramento, who had worked with Mr. Prokes, was among those at a news conference that Mr. Prokes had called Tuesday night at a motel in Modesto, his hometown.

At the end of the news conference Mr. Prokes, 31, walked into a bathroom, closed the door, turned on the water and shot himself. He died at a hospital several hours later.

Other reporters surmised that Mr. Prokes might have felt guilty being alive when his Peoples Temple friends were dead.

"He was one of the few survivors of Guyana. He lost his adopted son there and he lost most of the people he knew," said Richard Ibarra, of KOVR-TV in Stockton, who was at the news conference. Mr. Prokes's wife, Carolyn, was also among the victims.

A suicide note found in the bathroom said Mr. Prokes was not depressed over the Jonestown tragedy.

It added, "If my death doesn't prompt another book about the end of Jonestown, it wasn't worth living."

Mr. Prokes had called the news conference to charge that the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Central Intelligence Agency were withholding a tape recording of the final moments in Jonestown that he said would show the cult members were not coerced into dying.

Ironically, a transcript of a tape made public by NBC News has Mr. Jones exhorting his followers to "take the potion . . . and step over quietly."

Several of the reporters present when Mr. Prokes shot himself had worked with him when he was a TV reporter and cameraman in Stockton for KXTV, a Sacramento station. It was as a reporter that he met Mr. Jones in 1972, later joining the church.

Mr. Prokes became the Peoples Temple's chief press spokesman. He was one of 80 temple members in Guyana to survive last November 18 when more than 900 persons perished in a murder-suicide ritual after Representative Leo J. Ryan (D., Calif.) and four other Americans were killed in an ambush near the jungle commune.

"HURRY MY CHILDREN, HURRY" NATION, MARCH 26, 1979

A recording reveals the death throes of the Jim Jones cult

First had come the numbing photos: nearly 900 colorfully clad bodies clustered near a vat of poison. Next, the anguished accounts of the bewildering tragedy by its few survivors. Last week, nearly four months after they had occurred, the mass deaths at Jonestown in the remoteness of Guyana's jungles took on a new and far more personal dimension. Americans sat in their living rooms and heard the actual sounds of the Peoples Temple dying.

In an incredible aftermath to a bizarre event, NBC television broadcast a tape recording of the Rev. Jim Jones' pleading with his followers to "die in dignity" by sipping a cyanide-laced drink. A few of the cultists protested. Some women screamed. Children cried. Armed guards took up positions around the camp to keep anyone from escaping. Other cultists, assembled around their leader's wicker-chair throne in an open hall, applauded as Jones implored in a high-pitched, agitated voice: "Please, for God's sake, let's get on with it."

Someone in the schizophrenic California-based cult, which hacked a spare living out of the Guyana soil while banking millions in secret Swiss accounts, had recorded the final 43 minutes of the colony's existence. The tape was found by a U.S. consular employee in Guyana and turned over to the FBI. Guyanese officials were given a copy. While both Guyana and the U.S. Justice Department refused to release the tape, copies somehow proliferated. The one obtained by TIME last week discloses that Jones' death decree was met with stubborn resistance as well as fatal acquiescence.

Jones had called his followers together after a two-day visit by California Congressman Leo Ryan. The Temple leader was outraged by the fact that a score of the cultists had asked Ryan to help them escape the colony. Ryan's party and the

defectors had left Jonestown to fly home from a nearby airstrip. Jones knew of a plot by his group to shoot the pilot of one of the visitors' two planes. He was not aware, at first, that Ryan and four others in the party had already been ambushed and slain at the airfield.

Jones: We are sitting here, waiting on a powder keg. To sit here and wait for the catastrophe that's going to happen on that airplane—it's going to be a catastrophe. It almost happened here when the Congressman was nearly killed here. [A cultist had attacked Ryan with a knife.] You can't take off with people's children without expecting a violent reaction. [Some of the defectors were children whose parents had split on whether to flee or stay.] We've been so terribly betrayed.

What's going to happen here in a matter of a few minutes is that one of those people on the plane is going to shoot the pilot. I know that. I didn't plan it, but I know it's going to happen. And we better not have any of our children left when it's over. Because they'll parachute in here on us. [He feared the Guyanese army would retaliate.] So you be kind to the children and be kind to seniors, and take the potion like they used to take in ancient Greece, and step over quietly, because we are not committing suicide—it's a revolutionary act.

Cultist Christine Miller: Is it too late for Russia? [The colony had considered fleeing to Russia if life became too difficult in Guyana.]

Jones: It's too late. I can't control these people. They've gone with the guns. And it's too late.

Miller: Well, I say let's make an airlift to Russia. I don't think nothing is impossible, if you believe it.

Jones: How are we going to do that? How are you going to airlift to Russia?

Miller: Well, I thought they said if we got in an emergency, they gave you a code to let them know.

Jones: No, they didn't. [Apparently to pacify the woman, Jones said he would try to check with the Russians, but doubted it would help.] To me death is not a fearful thing. It's living that's cursed. It's not worth living like this.

Miller: I think that there were too few who left for 1,200 people to give their lives for those people that left.

Jones: Do you know how many left?

Miller: Oh, 20-odd. That's small compared to what's here.

Jones: 20-odd. But what's gonna happen when they don't leave? When they get on the plane and the plane goes down? That plane'll come out of the air. There's no way you fly a plane without a pilot. You think Russia's gonna want us with all this stigma? We had some value, but now we don't have any value.

Miller: Well, I don't see it like that. I mean, I feel like that as long as there's life there's hope.

Jones: Well, everybody dies. I haven't seen anybody yet didn't die. And I like to choose my own kind of death for a change. I'm tired of being tormented to hell. Tired of it. [Applause.]

Miller: But I look at all the babies and I think they deserve to live.

Jones: But don't they deserve much more? They deserve peace.

Miller: I think we all have a right to our own destiny as individuals. And I have a right to choose mine, and everybody else has a right to choose theirs.

Jones: The best testimony we can make is to leave this goddam world. [After applause, more argument breaks out in the crowd. Jones' voice, remarkably controlled, begins to rise.] Everybody hold it! Hold it! Hold it! Lay down your burdens. Down by the riverside. Shall we lay them down here by the side of Guyana? When they start parachuting out of the air, they'll shoot some of our innocent babies. Can you let them take your child?

Voices: No! No! No!

Mam: I'm ready to go. If you tell us we have to give our lives now, we're ready; all the rest of the sisters and brothers are with me.

Jones: I've tried to keep this thing from happening. But I now see it's the will of sovereign Being that we lay down our lives in protest against what's been done. If they come after our children, and we give them our children, then our children will suffer forever. [Cultists returning from the airstrip tell Jones that Congressman Ryan has been killed.]

Jones: Please get us some medication. It's simple, there's no convulsions with it. Just, please get it. Before it's too late. The G.D.F. [Guyanese army] will be here. Get movin', get movin'. Don't be afraid to die. Are you going to separate yourself from whoever shot the Congressman? I don't know who shot him.

Voices: No! No! No!

Jones: How many are dead? [One of the airstrip party reports that others were killed.] Aw, God, Almighty God. It's too late. They're all laying out there dead. Please, can we hasten our medication?

Woman: O.K. There's nothing to worry about. Everybody keep calm and try and keep your children calm. Let the little children in and reassure them. [The children are given the poison first.] They're not crying from pain; it's just a little bitter-tasting.

Jones: It's hard only at first. Living is much, much more difficult. Raising in the morning and not knowing what the night's bringing.

Woman: This is nothing to cry about. This is something we could all rejoice about. I'm looking at so many people crying. I wish you would not cry. [Applause.]

Jones: Please, for God's sake, let's get on with it. We've lived as no other people lived and loved. We've had as much of this world as you're gonna get. Let's just be done with it. I want to see you go. They can take me and do what they want, whatever they want to do. I don't want to see you go through this hell no more. No more.

Mary: The way the children are laying there now, I'd rather see them lay like that than to see them have to die like the Jews did, which was pitiful. Like Dad [the cultists called Jones "Dad"] said, when they come in, they're going to massacre our children. And the ones that they take capture, they're gonna just let them grow up and be dummies. And not grow up to be a person like the one and only Jim Jones. [Applause.]

Jones: Let's get gone. Let's get gone. We tried to find a new beginning. But it's too late. I don't know who killed the Congressman. But as far as I'm concerned I killed him. He had no business coming. I told him not to come.

Lay down your life with dignity. Don't lay down with tears and agony. It's just stepping over into another plane. [Crying and screaming in background.] Stop this hysterics. This is not the way for people who are socialistic Communists to die. Children, it's just something to put you to rest. Oh, God. [Continued crying.]

Mother, mother, please. Don't do this. Lay down your life with your child. Free at last. Keep your emotions down. Children, it will not hurt. If you be quiet. [Music in background. Children still crying.] I don't care how many screams you hear; death is a million times preferable to spend more days in this life. If you knew what was ahead of you, you'd be glad to be stepping over tonight.

I call on you to quit exciting your children. Stop this nonsense. Hurry, my children, hurry. Quickly. Quickly. Quickly. No more pain. No more pain. All they do is take a drink to go to sleep. That's what death is, sleep. Have trust. You have to step across. This world was not our home.

The tape ends in a long period of silence broken only by mournful music that is made more eerie as the tape recorder's batteries seem to run down. The sound stops before the crack of the pistol shot that killed Jim Jones, presumably fired by his own hand. ■

Following the Flock

He had called the press conference, he said, to charge that the U.S. Government was withholding a tape recording that would show that no one had coerced the members of the Peoples Temple colony in Guyana into killing themselves. On the contrary, contended Michael Prokes, 32, who had been one of Jim Jones's top aides, the tape would prove that "they chose to die because it was an act of courage and a commitment to their beliefs."

Eight newsmen crowded into the motel room in Modesto, Calif., to hear Prokes read his statement. A former TV reporter, he had gone to Guyana with Jones in August 1977. Prokes had fled Jonestown just before the mass deaths. While carrying some \$500,000 of the Temple's cash through the jungle, he and two others were arrested by Guyana police. They claimed they had been ordered by Jones to deliver the money to the Soviet embassy in Georgetown. Released by Guyana officials, Prokes had returned to California.

At his press conference, Prokes spoke for 25 minutes, defending Jones and insisting that the tape would show that the followers had gone serenely to their deaths. Then he walked into an adjoining bathroom, closed the door, placed a Smith & Wesson .38 against his right temple and killed himself.

Next day, when NBC-TV broadcast portions of the tape, it became clear that the mass suicides were not entirely voluntary. If Prokes had known that the tapes were about to become public, said his tearful mother, "he would, at the least, have waited" before joining his fellow cultists in death.

**"REVEREND JONES ACCUSED OF COERCION," NEW YORK TIMES,
APRIL 12, 1979**

SAN FRANCISCO (AP)

— Peoples Temple leader Rev. Jim Jones is using intimidation and coercion to keep followers on his agricultural religious center in Guyana, a group of parents and relatives of Temple members says.

"It is our belief that they do not know the full Peoples Temple story and have been prejudiced against their families," the group said, referring to the estimated 1,000 persons in Guyana.

The group accused Jones of using physical intimidation, psychological coercion and other steps to help keep followers in Guyana.

Twelve persons who said they had children or relatives living at Jones' jungle encampment attempted to present "demands for relief" to local Temple officials Tuesday, but gave it to a young man guarding the gated grounds at the rear of the church after they found the building locked.

In the petition, the group said it is "bewildered and frightened by circumstances apparently set up by the Rev. Jim Jones that have torn the very fabric of our families' lives."

Led by Tim Stoen, a former church member and onetime assistant district attorney in San Francisco and Mendocino counties, and Steve Katsaris, a Ukiah educator, the group asked that their relatives be allowed home for a one-week visit.

The relatives said they would provide round trip air fare "and not interfere with their return to Guyana at the end of the family visit should they so choose."

**"REAL STORY BEHIND THE 900 GUYANA SUICIDES," JEANNE MILLS,
NATIONAL ENQUIRER, APRIL 17, 1979**

Ever since the shocking tragedy in Guyana, when more than 900 people slavishly followed madman Jim Jones to their deaths, the world has wondered — what made them do it? Here, exclusively in *The ENQUIRER*, is the untold story of how cult members were beaten, humiliated and degraded so completely that they were willing to commit murder and suicide at Jones' command. Al and Jeannie Mills lived under Jones' evil spell for six years, and Jeannie has written a chilling account of how the self-proclaimed Peoples Temple "God" bent his followers to his satanic will. In this first installment from her new book, "Six Years With God," Mills recounts a vicious, ghastly prank Jones pulled three years before Jonestown — telling his congregation that he'd poisoned their wine, and they would all die within minutes.

By JEANNIE MILLS

Jim Jones' eyes slowly scanned the people seated in the room. He announced in a matter-of-fact voice, "Now that you have all finished your wine, I have something to say to you. The wine you just drank has a slow-acting poison in it.

"Within 45 minutes each of you will begin to get very sick, and soon after that you will die. I have drunk the same wine and I will die with you."

I glanced around the room to see how the other Temple members were reacting.

Patty Cartmell was the first to break and run for the door, and the guards grabbed her. They brought her back to the front of the room.

"Where were you going, Patty?" Jim asked innocently.

"I'm sorry, Father, but I don't want to die. I know I've always told you I was willing to die, but I don't want to die. I want to get out of here right now." Patty was fighting off the guards who were attempting to hold her. At a nod from Jim, another guard stepped forward with a rifle and shot her in the arm. She fell down and was quickly carried out of the room.

"Are there any other traitors in here who want to try to get to a doctor?" Jim taunted.

No one moved. He had produced the desired effect. Fear was on every face. Jim had always said that people could be ruled by fear, and now he had proved it to himself. Forty-five minutes passed, and Jim finally announced that it had only been a test. Patty was returned to the room. The guard had shot her with a blank.

"I have tested you all tonight. I know now which of you can be trusted and which of you cannot. We will never mention this night to anyone, Patty. I hope you've learned a lesson about yourself. You are still enamored with life, and until you are so tired of living that you want to die, you can never be trusted to do great things for this cause."

BEST AVAILABLE COPY

That was 1976. Even then I wanted to leave the Peoples Temple, but it wasn't that easy. Once in it, it was tough to get out. People on the outside don't understand. They can't. Maybe this formal letter we prepared on Oct. 10, 1976, after we did break from the Temple will help you understand a little. It was addressed:

**"TO WHOM IT
MAY CONCERN:**

"This document and supporting papers are prepared in evidence against Pastor James W. Jones (a.k.a. Jim V. Jones), pastor of Peoples Temple Christian Church of the Disciples of Christ Denomination.

"We, Al J. Mills and Jeannie Mills, formerly known as Elmer J. Mertle and Deanna M. Mertle, were members of this group from November 2, 1969, until October 16, 1975. Five of our children were also members of the church during that time period. Steve, Linda, Diana, Eddie and Daphene. Linda Mertle is currently still a member of the church.

"Because of many of the documents we were forced to write and sign, under threat of punishment or humiliation, we have had to legally change our names. We changed our names because we had signed blank sheets of paper which could be used for any imaginable purpose, signed power of attorney papers, and written and signed many unusual and incriminating statements, all of which were untrue. These statements include statements that we had molested our own children; statements that we had asked Pastor Jones to have sexual intercourse with us; statements that we had conspired to do

harm to the President; statements that we were communists; statements indicating that we were unfit parents; blank statements, and a host of other statements.

"The scope and number of these papers are impossible to imagine. We had to sign different statements whenever Pastor Jones felt that it was necessary to 'protect himself' by having more incriminating statements against us.

"After we left this church, Eugene Chaikin, attorney-at-law, member of the board of this church, took one of these letters which had been signed 'Mert' (nickname for Elmer Mertle) and showed it to a Mr. Johnson (not a member of the group), father of Nichol Johnson, a foster child who has lived with us for five years and still lives with us.

"This letter had been written by Elmer Mertle (Al Mills) at the insistence of Jim Jones and stated that 'Mert' had molested his children and was an unfit parent. Mr. Johnson asked Nichol about this letter. She assured him it was untrue and that all members of Peoples Temple had had to write similar letters at the insistence of Jim Jones.

"It is a common practice in the Peoples Temple Church to have people write things and for them to notarize it afterward without the consent or knowledge of the person who has written the statement. It is a common practice in the Peoples Temple Church to notarize statements that are unsigned and then have someone forge the signature of another person. In evidence of this practice we have included notarized statements like this that could be used to take children out of the country without their parents' consent.

"This minister, Pastor Jim Jones, has a strange power over his members. The power is fear, guilt and extreme fatigue. While we were in it we did many strange things. We each had to admit that we were homosexual or lesbians. We were forced to stop all sexual activities with our marriage partners. Pastor Jim Jones claimed that he was the only person who knew how to love, and frequently had the women and men he had had sexual relations with stand up and testify to what an excellent lover he was. We had to participate in humiliating and often painful punishments for various things that Pastor Jones felt were 'bad.'

"Some of the punishments were boxing matches (unevenly matched by Pastor Jones), beatings, strappings, humiliating people by making them take off their clothes in front of the members of the church, making young and old alike stand for six to eight hours during a meeting, giving them medications that made them appear to 'drop dead' as a lesson to others (to be 'resurrected' later by Jim Jones' 'metaphysical' power). There were 'purification' meetings where one person would be brought 'on the floor' for all the people in the church to humiliate and embarrass.

"These disciplines were for such minor things as forgetting to call Jim Jones 'Father' or for talking about the church to an 'outsider' or for losing secret church papers, for giving a piece of candy to one child and not to another, and other trivial things.

"The beatings were brutal. They used large people such as Jack Bearn and Ruby Carroll, both of whom weigh about 200 pounds. Many times the beatings would be done on children 4 and 5 years old. The board they used was three-quarters of an inch thick and about 2½ feet long. Children were beaten the number of times decided by Pastor Jones, often as many as 150 times. During the beating, Jim Jones would demand that a microphone be held to the child's mouth so that the audience could hear the groans of pain.

"The microphone was unnecessary as the screams could be heard throughout the entire building. After the beating the child or adult would be held up and forced to say, 'Thank you, Father.' If they didn't say this, they would be beaten again. During these brutal punishments, guards would be stationed around Jim Jones in case he became overcome with anger — to keep him from personally attacking the person. One person, Pauline Groot, was not protected quickly enough, and Jim Jones had to be pulled away from choking her.

"Pastor Jim Jones operates through fear and through tiredness. His members are praised for staying awake far into the night. His meetings have been known to last all night and his counselors' meeting always lasts all night long. He is a professed healer, and most counselors are expected to act for a fake healing or to testify to something that didn't really happen. Each of us was told that

we were doing this 'for our pastor' and we were the only ones that did it.

"He claims to be 'God Almighty' and to have power over life and death. He claims that if any person ever leaves the group, and does harm to the group, he will 'get him.' He has men go to people who have left the church and threaten them with torture or death if they ever dare to do anything to harm the church or Pastor Jones.

"While we were in the church, we were so frightened of him and his power that we would have sworn to anything he asked. He (Pastor Jones) uses this fear to protect himself. We would have perjured ourselves in court to swear that he was innocent of whatever charge was brought before him, as would most of the people who are still in the church now. We sincerely believed that he would always take care of us and would never do anything to hurt us, even though we'd witnessed daily atrocities that should have convinced us otherwise. It is impossible to explain the effect of his brainwashing. We do know that it took about two months after we were out of the church before we were able to think and act as normal people.

"Since we have left the church, we have truly seen the cruelty and insanity of Jim Jones. Our children have been harassed, threatened, and intimidated. Pastor Jones sent some of his counselors to our house, to threaten that if we ever spoke against the church, his wife, Marceline Jones, would have our rest home license revoked. She is an employee of the State of California as an inspector of nursing homes, and she could possibly do this to us, leaving us without any means to support our family. They threatened to beat us up, and to kill us if we did anything to expose them.

"They took a vote in the church to cut off Deanna's ear because they felt that she (Jeannie Mills) might expose them. They also have sent anonymous threatening letters to our home. These letters were left in our home (after they broke in through a bathroom window), on our porch, or in or on our mailbox.

"The church operates a mission field in Jonestown, Guyana (near Georgetown). Members of the church, who have gotten in legal difficulties or who are beginning to act hostile against the church, are sent there to work. Once there, it is impossible to contact them or for them to contact anyone else, except through carefully censored letters by one of the church secretaries. . . . Mysteries surround the deaths of some of the previous members of the church, such as Maxine Harp in Redwood Valley, who supposedly committed suicide after an altercation with members.

"Emily Leonard, who was trying to recover some of the property the church had taken from her, died the day she was supposed to go to court against Jim Jones. Curtis Buckley, a minor child, while he was away from his parents, died without being taken to a doctor when he was sick. His guardians were told to place Jim Jones' picture on the child rather than find him medical help.

"Most recently, Robert Houston died under unusual circumstances two weeks ago, while working for Southern Pacific. He had been called 'treasonous' by the church. His wife, Joyce, had left the church a few weeks before this time. One of the threatening letters to us makes reference to the death of Max-

Ine Harp, These are some of the reasons that the more than 60 persons who have left the church in the past three years have not come forward to prosecute the church and try to recover the money they have lost.

"We fear for the lives and well-being of our families and ourselves. Pastor Jim Jones is a wise and shrewd man. He is making powerful political connections.

"To try to fight Jim Jones in court would be useless. Every person who is still in the church would be forced to swear to anything he asked, even going to their death to protect him. This letter is prepared and kept in

evidence only as a defensive measure, in the event that Jim Jones or his members should carry out his threat to 'kill every person who has ever left the church.' It is also a defensive measure if he should try to accuse us of some wrongdoing based on the letters he forced us to write and sign. We do not want to use it to place our lives, or the lives of our children, in jeopardy, unless it is the only alternative in an altercation started by Pastor Jim Jones and Peoples Temple Church.

"We, Al J. Mills and Jeanpie Mills, swear that the above statements are true. We swear that we have never molested

our children, plotted against the government or the President, conspired to bomb trains, sent out mailings that were not approved by Jim Jones, had sexual intercourse with Jim Jones, or did any of the other things we had to write and sign in Jones' presence. We are not communists. We love the government of the United States and would fight to keep it a free country."

NEXT WEEK: Jones stuns members by reciting intimate details of their lives — gleaned by secretly going through their garbage.

From the book SIX YEARS WITH GOD by Joseph White, © 1978 by Prometheus, Inc. To be published by Avon Publishers, Inc.

"VOICES FROM GUYANA BACK REVEREND JONES," SAN FRANCISCO
CHRONICLE, APRIL 18, 1979

About a dozen persons, all of them claiming to be members of the Rev. Jim Jones' People's Temple project in Guyana, South American, called San Francisco on short-wave radio yesterday to claim their happiness with the controversial minister.

The event took place in the offices of attorney Charles Garry, the San Francisco counsel for the Rev. Mr. Jones.

Last week about 25 persons with relatives living with the Rev. Mr. Jones in Guyana appeared at the San Francisco temple at 1859 Geary and demanded they be allowed to visit their kin at his project, named Jonestown.

The group accused the Rev. Mr. Jones of "human rights" violations including prohibition of telephone calls, personal visits and the censorship of mail.

Garry, at the time, called the charges "bull—".

Yesterday's press conference consisted of Jonestonians, included the voices of several teenagers, who denounced their parents and praised their leader.

Another voice, identified as that of Marie Katsaris, 25, whose Ukiah father, Steven A. Katsaris, has helped form Concerned Parents to fight the Rev. Mr. Jones, said, "I can come and go as I please. I want no part of my father. Leave me alone."

The Guyana mission regularly keeps in touch with the San Francisco Temple by shortwave radio.