

CHRISTINE RENEE LUCIENTES

B. Sacramento, Calif. January 22, 1952

I grew up pretty much in a middle class atmosphere without the pain of physical deprivation. I, like so many millions more, grew up with the pain of shallow relationships and superficial exchanges. My dad, Jose, bought a tile company in Ukiah, Calif. and we moved, my mother, father, brother and sister and I, from Sacramento to Redwood Valley.

My dad always seemed to be a bitter and restless man and I suppose it was this in his nature that made him seek something outside the routine of his established life and into the budding drug cult of the 60's. Whatever the reasons, his searching wrought dramatic changes to his already shakey family. Jose, like a volcano, was always on the verge of a great outpouring in his case, of deep emotion, most generally anger; often gentle, sensitive and reflective, he was an enigma to me. His quick "Latin" temperament brought much grief to his offspring, yet this one has since come to the realization that he is merely a product of the pain and hurt that society heaped upon him. It was sad that he has always been ashamed of a Latino heritage and denied it with great vehemence. Certainly he was never conditioned to have pride and it never grew under a barrage of vicious teasing, "wetback" etc. that he received as a child.

My mother Gail, a passive person in many ways yet deeply affectionate, was a buffer to the violence of my dad and I feel indebted to her for what shreds of sanity I managed to salvage. Certainly she suffered as much or more than anyone in the Lucientes' circle.

As my parents experimented with drugs so did they with people. Our home was always filled with people since I was a small child but the diversity of our company increased with their psychic ventures into the unknown world of the great stranger- the mind. Drugs were viewed as the mystic vehicle to self-realization and actualization, yet dramatic illuminations and brilliant insights happened while personalities crumbled and deteriorated.

I was given marijuana at the age of 14- already a troubled personality- my problems were magnified and if I got any deep insights they were lost or absorbed in the chaos of my personality. The great clincher was the first LSD experience. While others had profoundly beautiful visionary experiences, or at least made claims to such, in my typically contrary hostile manner I had magnificent nightmares of undiscrivable dimensions. Deeply affected by the Vietnam war, my hallucinations consisted of napalmed Asian babies and I screamed out in outrage. It was quite an experience for the adults dealing with me as they tried to steer me away from the whole topic. In my mind it grew to paranoic proportions of international significance, the more they tried to get me off the subject the more I viewed it as a fascist plot to keep my concern off of Vietnam. It was an agonizing ten hours or so and I remember at one point, in an effort to divert my mind from the babies, someone removed a Christmas package from under the tree in the living room and allowed me the childish delight of opening a package- to my horror it was a meat cleaver and once again I was off on the subject of Vietnam.

I met Jim Jones as a friend of the family was trying to start a branch of the Peace and Freedom Party in Mendocino Co. We went to the Jones' home and spoke to Marceline Jones who graciously made arrangements for us to meet at Ridgewood Ranch after a People's Temple meeting for further discussion. Sue Jones, Jim's Korean daughter, was a classmate of mine and she introduced me to members of the organization and explained the vegetarian dishes as she served us plates. It seemed strange to me to meet people thoroughly mid-western in dress, speech and manner, yet strangely radical.

A few years later I heard of Jim Jones through students of his at the Ukiah Adult Education Night classes. All the young people in attendance raved about his class. I was at the high school one night with a friend and we decided to drop in the class for a visit. I must say I was very much unnerved when I found myself standing at the door, after class had started, peering into the window to discover a class packed wall to wall. I was ready to call it a day and go home. My friend was persistent and I entered the class with much trepidation and full anticipation of being physically tossed out of the room for 1) being a hippy 2) disturbing the class with our late entrance. Neither 1 nor 2 occurred. Number 3, Jim said, "Hello, how are you? We are so pleased to have you. Could someone get these young ladies

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a chair?" I sat down in amazement and gratitude. It was a shock to be treated like a human with respect and decency. I was very touched by his ability to find justice in every situation as he taught current events to a very mixed class ranging from rednecks to radicals.

One evening our home was further disrupted, my mom had recently separated from my dad after he moved his young girlfriend quite boldly into our house. I had just been kicked out of the house again by my dad. After a few weeks at a friend's house I came back and was accepted back without tomatoes and rotten eggs hurled at me. Unfortunately my timing was bad, it was the same night that Mendocino Co. decided to make an election issue out of the drug traffic in the county. Our home was descended upon. I was in my bedroom and saw cars entering the driveway at highspeed, thinking it was more company, I pointed out that someone had just arrived. Someone shouted, "It's the fucking cops." I ran out to the living room to inform Jose of this new development. With perfect and short-lived command Jose told me not to worry about anything. Always a worrier, I ran from door to door locking them. I got to the living room door to be greeted by two six foot giants, Sheriff Howard and Sheriff Bartolomé bursting in fully armed. I proceeded to try to stuff them back out the door and was quickly knocked down to the ground. When I got back to my feet I was standing between the cops and my dad who was holding a shotgun. The cops commanded him to drop his gun. He countered with a, "put your gun down." and "Where is your search warrant?" (not totally ignorant of his rights, though terribly naive). One cop said truthfully, "We don't need one." The other one lied, "It's in the car." By this time the entire house was filled with Sheriffs, Highway Patrolmen and Police as well. My dad was overwhelmed, knocked to the ground, disarmed and handcuffed. At this point I found it expedient to go back to my room and stuff the bag of marijuana down my jeans. I came back to the dining room to see my dad struggling as they drug him out of the house. I screamed out in anger, "You can't take my dad away!" I tried to run after him and one cop grabbed me by the arm. I drug him through the dining room, the kitchen and out the back porch, struggling, fighting kicking and cursing. Another cop assisted him and they handcuffed me and drug me off to another car. I managed to get one handcuff off and eat the grass in the bag.

Meanwhile back in the house, some of the local high schoolers had managed to make it upstairs and up into the attic before being apprehended. They would have made a clean escape if the football star among them with the bum knee hadn't shifted his cursed joint into a more comfortable position, bumping the trap door and alerting the officers of justice. They were drug down one at a time and frisked. Another enterprising soul, unaware that the entire house was surrounded by swarms of law officers, opened a downstairs window anticipating a quick getaway, as he stuck his head out his forehead was met with the barrel of a shotgun and the implied threat to get back in the house. My brother David age 15, decided it was time to have a little fun. He came downstairs with a billy club and was immediately relieved it by an untrusting officer. David then announced that the little knob (thermostat control) would cause the entire house to be blown up when turned. The officers stopped dead in their tracks and exchanged furtive glances between themselves, my brother, the thermostat and the exit. They were not amused.

My dad in one car, the minor females in one and the minor males in another, we were all driven to Ukiah, that is except for Dean Morehouse, the only other adult in the entire cast of arrestees. Somehow after serving the officers coffee, he convinced the law enforcement jokesters that he was necessary to stay at the house and guard it. His fifteen year old daughter Ruth Morehouse was also arrested with us. Why he was not arrested was a source of much suspicion to me. While he slept comfortably in bed we were bitterly lodged in a little cell. On the way to Juvenile Hall I admonished all the young ladies not to tell the pigs a thing. I must say we did a much better job than our weak kneed brothers, we didn't say a word and two of them signed statements. We locked arms and refused to talk. The others gave their names but I was determined to be totally uncooperative. I wouldn't tell them my name, in fact I told them that it was none of their motherfucking business. They told me to watch my language and I informed them that no one was in control of me and I could say what I fucking well pleased, further, they were a bunch of motherfucking punks. One officer went out of the room and asked an obliging little punk what my name was. It was downhill from there on out. I'll never forget the feeling of lying on the top bunk of the cell unable to sleep after they shut the damned door and one at a time all the youngsters with families that had money were removed and sent home.

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The charges were dropped against everyone but my dad. I believe that I was charged with resisting arrest, striking an officer, being a minor out of parental control and being in a house where drugs were being used or sold. They found no drugs in the house (while I was scuffling with the cops, my brother took the other bag of grass to the bathroom and hid it under the loose floorboard under the bathroom rug). My dad was charged with selling marijauna to an undercover agent. It was election year for Sherriff Bartlomei and he played up this whole issue to the hilt, as if he had cleaned up the major drug traffic in the county. In the months that followed I experienced one of the most painful events in my life. It easy to make light of now but at the time I was deeply affected and disturbed. The Ukiah Daily Journal took a little bit of fact and wove the most outrageous distortions that I could imagine. I was filled with an impotent rage that seemed to consume my personality. Already ostracized in the little provincial community we became nearly totally outcast. I remeber that I was not allowed to go to people's homes- the few times that I did it was under an actual assumed name! This was a new perspective for me as I had formerly been Girls Athletic Manager, Vice-President and President of the student body and people had related to me as being among the "popular set." I was used to my peers looking up to me and had a rude awakening to the shallowness of such relationships.

I continued to go to Jim's nighclass and was amzed that he was concerned about my family's situation. One time in class he asked me if my father's business was suffering as a result of the bad publicity. The subject was a difficult one for me and a bit of the pain must have flickered across my face. Jim immediately said, "Never mind, I don't want you to talk about it. I can see it is too painful for you to discuss." I was quite touched at that sensitivity, for it was very rare.

I became increasingly disturbed and quit attending night class. Jim continued to show concern and sent his associate minister, Archie Ijames, to my dad's trial. After Jose was sentenced to prison, Archie opened his home to Jose's girlfriend and she moved in with the Ijames family and began attending People's Temple.. Eventually I began attending, I was intrigued by his social message but had an extremely difficult time adjusting to the religious vernacular and mid-western constituency. I had always had a great deal of independence as a child and had to adjust myself to the tight-knit community of People's Temple. It was difficult for me to remember the importance of being accountable. People's Temple was the subject of harassment by racist elements in the community, threatening phone calls, torture to animals, etc., therefore it was necessary to be accountable, just for safety sake alone.

It seems to me that People's Temple tried in every way to affect change in the States. We worked with whoever would work with us, we spent hours writing letters, getting petitions signed, marching, working, distributing newspapers. We visited most of the major cities with a message that was extremely radical yet garbed in language that would be acceptable. This was done by people in many cases who had been nearly crushed by the society. It was amzaing that we were able to do as much as we did in view of what we had to work with. I feel that there is no hope for the United States in it's monopoly fascist stage. The apathy is worse than that of Hitler's Germany and the potential for evil is so much greater. With the fall of the economy racism flourishes and the climate for scapegoating, for genocide grows. I am confident that we did the wisest thing in leaving before we were crushed by a move that was orchestrated at a high leve!.

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DAVID BETTS JACKSON ("POP" JACKSON)

b. 1874

I'm setting around here free this morning. Ain't nobody got no pistol on me. Ain't nobody running up behind me, "Pull over there". Th. white man alwa wanted to know what you doing--where you been last night. "Put your hands on that car", and they go around putting stuff in your pocket. You better take that stuff out of my pocket.

Everybody that come up that want to do something for a nigger they shot him. They shot Martin Luther for trying to talk for his race. They killed the two Kennedy brothers for trying to tal. for the people Sho him right through the head. And you tell me...ahh, shit. They say, "This is the white man's world". As long as you work with the white man you live. If you didn't, they do you just like Martin Luther, you're shot.

You know one thing. I seen white folks just come right out and just kill niggers. A nigger passes church one Sunday morning on his way home and he was whistling and he got in his car. and went 'round that way and cut that nigger off. He got right out of his car--the nigger was whistling a tune, you know--and went right up behind him and shot him through the head. That was in Shreveport, Louisiana. He killed that nigger dead as a hammer. The police come and said, "Who done this?". The man said, "Me", the policeman said, "You done a good job". You think I wanted to live in a place like that??

I could spend my life telling you because I spent my life back there. And all the dirty things I'm telling you they happened. Now, when it comes to Jonestown, I'm telling you it's the best place that ever was. I had never been to a place like this. It ain't been took up and dried up and you take the best and I took the worst. I want Jonestown to be cared for because it cared for me. Whne I came here it was just getting started. I been fooling around the United States for a hundred years and it didn't do a thing for me. The United States is the last place you ought to stop to. You in danger. You should go around that because if you go around, you'll live longer.

I was just laying down last night in my bed looking up in the roof and I say, "Free at last, free at last". One hundred years under slavery. They used to hire me out and they draw the money in the river. You're gonna drown or you're gonna get killed. So what you gonna do? Do what they say do. Last hired and the frist knocked off. If the white man made \$2.00, I made 50¢.

I had some land back there and they done took it. It had some oil on it They done took it. My wife had land with a oilfield on it --they done took it. They took it and put us outdoors. No, I ain't goin back there. One hundred years of slavery is enough for me. You don't know--you really don't know--just how much Jonestown means to me after that.

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SHABAKA VALGENE BAKER

b/ 1965

Well, ever since I was small I was always a quiet person, so that always made me feel kind of left out. I grew up in the small town of Pomona. Nothing ever went on there and I was always excessively bored. I never had many friends-- one or two maybe, if I'm lucky. I didn't know too much about drinking and smoking. So all I did was watch t.v. and eat plums. Sometimes I would try something new, "sex". But all I ever did was rub butts, and that wasn't no fun. I was spoiled and got my feelings hurt easy. What was really a put down was that everyone in my family had at least one or two baby pictures except me. I would bother my mother from time to time asking her, "Why don't I have a baby picture?". All she ever showed me was a picture when I was about four years old, but that never did satisfy me. The more I bugged her, the more angry she got, so I just left it alone. Still I never forgot that when I asked to see my baby picture, she said, "Oh honey, you do have a baby picture," and pulled out that picture of me when I was four. Finally she came to me one day and explained why I had no baby picture. She said, "Well son, I was going through a lot of changes when you were born-- you understand, don't you?" "Yeah, I understand, I didn't want to see myself anyway." Well, I soon went through that era in my life, but still I was bored.

Sometimes, when I would come home from school and watch the school students walking, chatting with their friends, I would always envy the fun they had. It was hard for me because I was so quiet. All I succeeded in getting was one "stick buddy" and that was frustrating. His name was Lamont and I must have been a masochistic fool because he put me through some hell-- he and his brother Demetrius, but everyone always called him Weechie. My grandmother told me to stay away from them, but Lamont was the only so-called friend I had. I felt I couldn't leave him or I'll go back to my stagnant way of life. My grandmother said I would pay and I did.

One time I was playing at Martin Luther King Park. Me and Lamont were throwing dirt rocks. Finally we got tired and we went behind a big dirt hill. I was sitting down digging in the dirt; Lamont was standing up throwing rocks (hard rocks). I didn't pay much attention til I heard a loud yell. I jumped up as soon as Lamont ducked down. All I saw was a big, strong dude and two other guys walking to where we were. None of us said a word; he walked over and asked "Who hit me with that rock?" We both denied it. He finally said, "Alright, then I'll hit both of you then". Lamont yelled out, "He did it" pointing at me. I looked shocked and tried to deny it all I could but that did no good. He threw rocks at me hitting me in the face. Dirt went all in my mouth. I was lied on by my own friend. I thought soon after he and his gang left, Lamont looked at me nervously, smiled and said, "I really threw the rocks". My reaction was he's the only friend I have, so I just stayed with him. (When I look back I was a fool.) His brother Weechie could beat me up at the time.

Every time I would come home from kindergarten, Weechie and his friend Perry would always trap me and stick my head in the sand. After about fifteen or even thirty minutes of sand being thrown in my face and getting beat up, I finally gave up my money. Well, everyday this would go on and I would try to endure as long as I could. Finally, I got fed up; they stuffed my head in only once and I jumped like a roaring lion. I pushed Weechie off of me and started beating up on Perry. He ran away and I guess Weechie was in shock, but I got him too. I started to walk home strutting a proud strut, walking a proud walk. It was like every step I took was like walking on a street of gold. Well, I finally realized that those little cliques weren't what I thought they were. But when I came to Peoples Temple, I really found friends. I didn't expect people to like me simple because I looked down on myself too much. But when I came to the Temple I got confidence in myself-- self-pride.

I had a lot of fun at the Redwood Valley Peoples Temple. I would just feel the love and solidarity and I wanted to stay there forever. But when I got back to Pomona, it was like going on another planet. More Mexicans were moving in from Tiajuana. Blacks and Mexicans were always fighting. At first, it was the whites vs. the Blacks; now two other races were fighting. It made me sick. Then, when it seemed

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like the Mexicans were winning (and finally they did), everybody wanted to be Mexican.

I would have never come to the Temple if it weren't for Chris Lewis, my uncle, but in my heart he was my daddy. When my dad Bill Baker wasn't getting along with my mom, Barbara Baker, one day he just got in his car and drove away. I didn't see him for about three years. Well, my mom didn't own the house, she had no job and didn't know how to drive. With four young children on her hands, she didn't know how to do it on her own. When Chris and my grandmother found out, they quickly moved in and helped. Chris was a gangster then, so he gave my mom lots of money.

My grandmother took care of us and taught my mom how to drive. I disrespected my grandmom very much. I took my hostilities out on her simply because she was old. When she got sick and ready to die, I started to realize what I did-- how I disrespected her. So before she died, I just had to show that I really did love her. My granddad, I never knew him. He died of cancer before I was born. All I know is he was from Trinidad. His name was Rudolf Alexander Lewis. He was a very handsome man from the pictures and participated in many riots in New York. He and his wife and three children, Barbara, Ruthann, and Chris moved to L.A. in 1945 into my great grandmom's three story house. Inherited from my grandmom, Chris was always outstanding. Barbara loved to party. Ruthann was the kind searching for Beverly Hills and she got it too. She worked at a job that I would have hated to be at. She worked in a prison. My mom worked as a pre-school teacher. She was put through a lot of hell because of racism and she wouldn't take no shit from her fellow workers (white). It would have been easy for her to have asskissed because she was mopping and scrubbing floors before she got the job. But she didn't sell out and she got fired. She took it to court because it was a conspiracy. She didn't win but everyone in that preschool will never forget the hell she put them through. She was the best teacher and all the kids called her Teacher Baker.

Chris was a gangster and hooked on heroin til he came to Peoples Temple. When I lived with them, it was still far away from the Temple and it was hard for me coming from a loving society back to a hateful one (when I moved from Redwood Valley Peoples Temple back to Pomona). I started getting into fights and was expelled from school. Sometimes I would smoke about six packs of Winstons. I would rip off wine and beer. I just started throwing my life away. Once I was so depressed, I drank six glasses of eighty proof brandy.

I never smoked weed because I had seen what it did to my brother. He almost got killed from getting too high off Angel Dust. I got into homosexual and regular sexual relationships. I started fires and almost burned someone's house down. I broke out car windows and broke into houses. I stole out of stores almost everything that a depressed boy would steal. Then finally, my dad came back and he took us on trips. That fulfilled my life a little bit but not enough. I was looking for Peoples Temple once again which I had left two years before.

Well, I finally went back after two long years. My patterns changed overnight. I started to sing for Peoples Temple members. Once again, I had meaning to my life. My mom promised she would never leave again (the Temple). Then finally, we decided to come to Jonestown. When I got here, I was shocked. It was more beautiful than the pictures. Now I can go to Georgetown and sing. And now, I'm learning a profession. In the states, I didn't have enough money to start in on a profession. But you don't need money here. So, I grow up planning to be a singer and electrical engineer.

Oh, and by the way, my name wasn't always Shabaka. I changed it from Shawn when I saw "Roots".

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MARYLOU CLANCEY

b. 1954

At the age of 17 yrs. my life revolved around weekends spent at "Winterland" concerts, on Post & Stiener Sts. in San Francisco. Never going there anything less than "stoned", this night in spring didn't start out as anything different. With a group of close friends, we arrived early to listen to the "Greatful Dead" -long-time original acid rock band. Already high on a blissful combination of weed, southern GOMFORT, a few snorts of cocaine and atab of mescaline.... I was floating 2 feet off the ground already. About 1 hour into the Dead's psychedelic rendition someone passed me a jug of water, unbeknown to me, laced with LSD 25.... I guzzled it down. Within 1/2 hr. this stuff gathered up my mind and took off running with it...literally. I didn't know what was coming down. The inside of Winterland and the people around me turned into a reeling, cosmic merry-go-round. Next thing I knew I was hopping over 3 rows of seats and out the doors of the concert hall onto Stiener St... I started running up the street and I mean in the middle of the street---oblivious to the cars, cops and young people all yelling at me.. I tore off my shirt and continued to run up the street bare-chested screaming "LIVE-DEAD", "THE DEAD ARE ALIVE" ---I was gone. From somewhere 2 people, who I remember only as Bruce and Joane, whom I never had seen before and never saw again afterward, grabbed me and rushed me off to their flat in Haight-Ashbury. They spent the rest of the night trying to help me "come down" off this bad trip. I had no sense of space or time. I must have asked to take a bath. Everything was a distorted hallucination, their faces and words. Joanne put me in the tub and sat by me in a chair eating a piece of watermelon. She got up for a minute and left the bathroom with me in it---while she was gone I turned on the hot water, full blast and submerged my head down under the water---I closed my eyes and waited for death. I had been sitting in that tub hallucinating to the very innermost depths of my subconscious mind---I kept imagining that my mom was walking toward the bathroom, looking for me. I was scared, shaking and I was just so tired...I wanted to die. Tired of running away from myself, my parents, the hateful world around me. I just was really trying to end it --shut the door on life and its pain for the last time.

Joanne came in and found me under the water trying to drown myself. She pulled me out but I fought her, trying to get my head back under the water ---I would have done it---I know I would ---I'm sure of that. They had to have been some good people to put up with me that night. They dried me off and put me to bed wrapped up in a blanket where I spent the rest of the night hallucinating and battling for any contact with reality.

When the sun finally shone into the room I got up, put on my clothes and walked out the front door like nothing had happened...I was still verrrry high. I was over 12 hrs late in getting home. If my parents had been there when I arrived (luckily they were not) I would have had a nice little stay in Juvenile Hall. They were always threatening me with that. In those days my parents worried about me a lot. As the parents of an only and adopted child, they were desperate about my using and abusing drugs and alcohol.

They adopted me at birth (or shortly after) through an attorney. That's all I know of it, besides the fact I was born in St. Mary's Hospital on April 16, 54, in San Francisco. My parents were worried that I would be insecure about being adopted that they didn't tell me until I was 18 yrs. old. I think it was heavier on them than it was on me. Raised in middle-class suburbia in Burlingame, Ca., weaned on parochial schools ...cheerleading and boyfriends had once been my main objectives in teenage life.

One person who affected me immensely in my childhood was my girlfriend, Daile, who I grew up with on the same block. Daile was born with a serious heart defect, and then at the age of three she contracted cerebral palsy, which left one side of her body damaged for life. So she was labeled "handicapped". She also had a lot of difficulty with her speech and therefore expressing herself because of a cleft pallet. She was spending so much of her early life in and out of hospitals, she fell behind in terms of school education. As many others like her, Daile, became ostracized as a result of going to "special schools" and "special education" classes within the public school system. A lot of people treated her as less than

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human. Different because she looked and talked a bit aside from what they termed "normal". She depended so much on her mom, Sandra, who loved her a great deal and always stood up for Daile and giving her support and caring whenever she needed it. Daile was crushed when Sandra died at the young age of 35 because of the pressures of trying to raise 4 children alone (her first husband died and the second one became a hostile alcoholic). Sandra was my second mom, I loved her a lot. Daile was a determined soul. She taught herself to sew and macrame with the use of one hand better than most people do with two. The way people continued to treat her made me angry as hell. It got really bad for her though no matter how hard she tried to make something of herself she got slapped down by some bureaucratic inequality or narrow-minded person who wasn't willing to give her a chance. She attempted to commit suicide two times at the age of 21. She ended up in a County Rehabilitation Center for over 2 years.

When I was 14 years old I was traveling with my parents to Guerneville for the weekend. We were driving up Bayshore freeway when all of a sudden this car with two men came barreling perpendicular across four lanes of freeway--just missing us and hitting the car directly on our left broad--went off the road, swerved back on and hit the same car, which was spinning all over the road, one more time. It was around 8 p.m. and there weren't many cars around. All I could see was a body hanging limply out a car window and I could hear the screams of frightened children from the car next to us that had been hit twice. I thought for sure my dad would stop and help those people and when he kept going down the freeway I started yelling at him--" What are you doing ! " . " Why don't you stop and help them? " But he just ignored me and I cried all the way to Guerneville-- for over an hour. I spent the whole weekend depressed and disillusioned. My parents reaction, or lack of reaction, had shocked me.

Another person who I owe my initial political "awakening " to was the big brother of my best friend, Terry. We were in the 7th grade when he left for Viet Nam, he was only 17 then. He came home 1 yr. and 2 mos. later --a changed person. He began slowly and painfully at first, to tell us about the people of Vietnam and what was really happening there in the name of " justice ". He painted vivid descriptions of the pain, suffering and starvation of those innocent children and people. He was so angry. Horrified that 100,000 's of innocent people against their will, were being used and murdered by manipulation of war, and that he had been, as a Marine, a part of that war machine. They hadn't fooled him. At first, maybe, but they had created in him, a hostile, seething, enemy to the war. He told us of one night when he awoke to find his buddies on either side killed in their sleep in an ambush. I began to hate war. Even more so I began to hate the system which created and paid for the war---the same system I had been pledging allegiance to every day in school. God---I was disillusioned. The values held up on a pedestal before me all my life were crumbling fast. I refused to pledge allegiance to the flag anymore. A lot was happening at that time I didn't understand as well. I was helping my mom campaign for RFK, going to Railroad stations and handing out leaflets. He was assassinated on the eve of my 8th grade graduation. I can remember sitting in front of the T.V. set crying.

I spent the first 2 years of high school in parochial all-girls schools. Continuing to be active in school activities like aquatics, diving teams, head class cheerleader, I even won a school spirit award that 1st year at Notre Dame College Prep in Belmont. The next year I transferred to Mercy High in Burlingame, although closer to home they were much the same. I was elected school mascot " Crusader Rabbit ", helped organize school dances, and attended all the parties and dances with the boys from the local all male parochial school. I spent my weekends skiing. (Another one of my parents' attempts to divert me from my less desirable activities). In my sophomore year my friends and I started smoking dope, dropping speed and getting drunk more often. Mercy High was located on an estate and we had modular (free) scheduling. All our free time between classes was spent in the " canyon " behind the school getting high. We did it every day and often attended classes quite stoned. If the nuns suspected, they never let on.

About this time I met a black young man at a high-school dance. He was a lot of fun to be around and we got along real well. When I told my parents about him they began hinting at first, then blatantly admitting that they did not want their daughter dating someone black. I absolutely flipped my lid. I was so angry and hurt I couldn't cry. To me they were blazing hypocrites. Where were all the principles of equality they had been preaching-teaching me all my life? Shortly after they did the same thing concerning a Mexican guy I met named Andy. From this point on my relationship with my parents took a slow but steady downhill course. I soon became bored stiff with the high school dances and Catholic School System in general. My grades were high but my morale was low. I stopped going to church (unbeknown to my parents) around this same time.

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Elected as Jr. Class President in 1970, I was required to give a 1st quarter statement to the School Assembly. I announced along with it my resignation as class president because in good conscience and in striving for a better education, I was leaving the high paid tuition of the parochial school paradox for the public school system.

The next 2 years of High School at Mills in Millbrae, proved more productive educationally and socially. I got a new perspective of society. I volunteered one day a week as a candy-striper in transportation at Peninsula Hospital. I also worked actively to pass the Coastal Initiative...getting petitions signed, attending meetings, painting posters. I learned about International Relations with Mr. Alkema and attended War Moratoriums in Golden Gate Park. My parents continued to do their best to divert me from my political involvements by sending me to ski and spend "up to" the mountains ~~time~~ in the summer with friends. They were doing their damnest but it wasn't working, I was also using drugs more and more all the time.

There were only 12 black students at Mills. Most of whom I at least knew and spoke with-occasionally hung out with. They put on a dynamite program for National Black History Day at a School Assembly. It was outspoken with their Black Pride and Culture so profoundly I didn't hesitate at the end to stand up, applaud and yell my approval. Except for my friend Terry, standing beside me, we were the only 2 in the whole auditorium who showed any recognition of their message they so eloquently displayed. God-- I was angry -- so angry I almost refused to attend Commencement Exercises. Those white kids at that school were getting under my skin...deep.

I was always aware from about the age of 10 yrs. that my dad drank too much. He had a medical problem that complicated it further. On one hand I felt sorry for him because he was so tied up inside from trying so damn hard to make it for himself and his family, as an accountant at Bethlehem Steel Co.. 27 years of his life he gave to that corporation and all they gave him in return was overwork, overtime and ruin his health. He almost died of peritonitis one time and always had severe intestinal problems, all tension related. On the other hand, we had some heavy arguments when he had had too much to drink. One night at dinner we were having a discussion about Capital Punishment. I voiced my strong convictions against "legal murder" and he got so angry that he got up from the table with a steak knife in his hand and chased me through the house. I was more taken aback by his behaviour than I was scared. He was yelling, "No daughter of mine is going to talk like that about Capital Punishment!" With ~~as well as every other time~~ I found out I had been lied to about "democratic justice", I became increasingly more adverse and hostile toward my parents and society in general.

I left home shortly after I turned 18, when my mom confiscated $\frac{1}{2}$ pd. of marijuana I had purchased with my own part-time work money. I told her to give me the \$ 90.00 or the dope and she refused so I walked out and moved in with a friend. She turned over the weed to a friend of hers who belonged to the F.B.I. I really felt good about that. But, I was never busted, miraculously. So I moved in with my boyfriend. It was easy to leave my parents at this time, because, especially my mom had been harrassing my friends and I. Having us followed by police and even requesting that my friends house be searched. I felt nothing but contempt for them both. Our relationship had totally dissolved over my using drugs, and in the next year I only saw them 2 times. Once at my graduation and again at Christmas. I know it was hard on them. They saw their daughter being destroyed (as they saw it) and they couldn't handle it. They were desperate.

After being jilted over a deal involving Tim's candle business by his so-called "best-friend" in Oregon, we decided to settle down in Pescadero, Ca. We resolved ourselves to do our best all over again. We found a little house in the Santa Cruz Mountains near Pescadero, Ca., where we set up and made candles. We lived on very little but we were satisfied with our garden and fruit trees and our friends who often came to stay in our country-mountain home. We became close with the old man who lived up the hill from us, "Mac", Walter MacDonald. He would sit for hours and tell us of his past --everything from the S.F. earthquake and his years with the S.F. Fire Dept. to all about his family living and dead. He was so lonely. His only son, a wealthy architect, living in Marin County, had no time for Mac. In the year we lived there I never saw him visit once and he lived only 60 miles away. Mac treated us like his own. He was always buying us things and when I would ask him not to, he would conveniently go deaf. He taught us how to roaster-till and plant our 2 acre garden. We were often invited up for "Firemen's Stew", his specialty, many a time we would have to go home and start on candle making at midnight to catch up, but it was worth it. Mac got real sick that winter and I came over and cleaned house for him---what he'd let me--he argued with me the whole time to quit. His son never showed up one time when he was sick. When he got well he bought his granddaughter a horse in hopes she would come visit her grandpa and ride the horse. And I mean this horse was $\frac{1}{2}$ thoroughbred and beautiful. She wouldn't come because it might damage her "ballet knees" to ride the horse. Mac was heartbroken.

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So I went with Mac two or three times a week to feed Bubbles and sometimes ride her to. It made him happy so it made me happy. I had always been horrified with the way Sr. Citizens were regarded and treated by our society. One Christmastime in grammar school I had cried when we walked through the Convalescent Hospital singing Christmas Carols. Now here was another old person being ignored and neglected by his own self-centered son and family. Mac died last year, alone, in his hospital bed in Burlingame.

Then one day a neighbor came by with a petition ---there were plans to construct a Sattelite Monitoring Tracking System Station complete with asphalt parking lot and cyclone fences in the field directly across the road from our home. Everywhere we turned things were being ruined. When people we were acquainted with asked us what we were doing or why we chose to live in the mountains we answered that by just living the way we did---doing what we saw as "right" was all we felt we could do. There wasn't going to be any way to change things. Well, we thought we were "safe" living in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

One winter's day in January we finally looked up Jim Jones and Peoples Temple. That was in 1973 .. We had heard about him the previous summer on a trip to Colorado to a "spiritual festival" I won't ever forget that day. The four of us, Tim and me, and 2 of our closest friends walked into Peoples Temple, San Francisco expecting to see some "cosmic charismatic guru" type person like Swami Satchidananda or Mahareshi. We were pleasantly surprised. We were warmly greeted by a group of black and white men and women who sat down and talked with us about ourselves and where we came from. Then they took us on in to the meeting. We took our seats and waited to see "JIM". A very modestly dressed man stepped up into the pulpit and began, very humbly to tell about the Temple's Sr. Citizen homes and the Childrens Ranch and even an Animal Shelter taking in abused homeless animals. Then Tim nudged me and said, "Yea know, I think that is him". Sure enough. I was really impressed. This man was highly unusual---humble and to the point. We were further impressed by the friendliness and warmth of the interracial (mostly black) congregation. Several times Jim asked everyone to "greet your neighbor" and I found myself being genuinely embraced and greeted by black seniors, young people and small children-black and white alike. I was deeply touched. Jim mentioned his views on a few current events such as the Vietnam War and Watergate, Civil Rights and integration. I was greatly pleased to find myself in full agreement with him... and he had a lot to add to my present knowledge of all the issues at hand. I knew I would be back. I was very impressed.

About this same time all of us were getting a lot of drugs. Snorting, smoking, dropping, drinking anything to escape. We started to spend every weekend at the Temple---sometimes we'd stayed home to catch up on the candles. We were living double lives in a way. Weekends with the Temple and Monday thru Friday staying high and getting by. Life was becoming increasingly frustrating and more empty. Tim and I were no longer content with our lives. Knowing that there were so many people who needed help out there---and now we had a way to help them---no excuse anymore. So in May of 1973 we got married and moved to Redwood Valley. I was 19 years old then and Tim was 22. Shortly after I re-established communications with my parents.

Jim Jones represented much more to me than just an example of someone who was dedicating his entire life to improving the world for others. He expressed so many of the feelings and hurt I had experienced in my upbringing as an average middle class white child in suburbia. He opened up new dimensions and gave me a whole new perspective about what was going on in the world. Not only that but he and the Temple gave me a way to do something about it. I had always wanted to do something about it, and now the opportunity was mine. I just couldn't walk away and shun the truth. It became my whole life. That is quite a major improvement for a young woman who had spent the past 5 years of her life dedicated to not much more than getting by---staying high and hating it all the time....hating it because I could not see what direction all of it was leading me. Now I had direction and much more than that I had encouragement from Jim and the other Temple members, and motivation as well. The Temple sponsored me through 3 semesters in College and I got a job as a Community Health Aide in the Family Planning Project at the Health Dept as a direct result. I would have never landed that job by myself.

I left a lot of friends behind when I came to the Temple. I saw them once or twice later on, but of all things they seemed aloof and non-caring. I think now that they were indifferent, or even a bit angry that Tim and I and 3 other close friends who came to the Temple, rejected the life that was made

available to us as white-middle-class "hippies". We'd found something much more in life and discarded the more materialistic ways (such as drugs and constant partying) to buckle down and get something done to change things around us. There is also a fringe benefit to making and carrying out that decision. For us, we became persons who now had some self-respect and in good conscience we could continue to live out our lives to their fullest.

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HENRY MERCER

I was born in Jessup, Georgia, April 3, 1885. I went to school to the 6th grade. My daddy died when I was thirteen years old and I had to go to work to help my mother. I considered then that there was something wrong at that young age because I knew that I seen the white kids had something that I just couldn't have. I seen the oppression of all people, white and black. When I was around sixteen years old I joined the Marcus Garvey movement and quite naturally started to learn a lot about the revolutionary struggle.

But to go back a bit first. One thing I can tell you, when I got to be a young man, I was working one night at the ice plant and a hinky picked me up in a car and said, "I just got to kill me a nigger tonight." And I was scared to death. He put a pistol to my head and drove all around. And he came back, he brought me back and he said, "Well, you're a good nigger, go ahead and go to work. You ain't the one I'm looking for." That was in Georgia, Wayne County.

We used to go out and pick cotton. This was before I worked on the railroad, you know, to help along with the family because my dad wasn't making but a dollar and a quarter a day. There was four of us in the family to feed and he somehow or another managed to provide a place and pay for it. He worked in a freight house and I used to help pick cotton from the time I got out of school at two o'clock to into the evening. Cotton come in around the middle of August.

We had a basketball game one evening on the hill. We been having our own people to move the people back from the line, and this honkey police come up and he went to pushing the girls back, pushing the women back, so he draws back to hit one of them and one of our fellows reached up and got the blackjack away from him. At that time we broke up the game and we went to the hills and we went to the houses and we all got our guns. That night we knocked out every light down in black town. And some of them was under the houses, and some of them was up on the hills, and some of them was on a low place there, and there was an iron bridge and some of them was on that. So we was ready for trouble that night, but it didn't happen. About 12 midnight, a Methodist preacher came down, flying a white flag, flying a white flag. Well, the leaders come out and recognized him and he said there wouldn't be nothing to it-- they'd squashed the thing. So we had a conference. We had a little trial the next morning and the whole thing was completely thrown out. That was a tight place. They was hard on blacks.

There was a time, if you was a black man, you couldn't come through there on the train, and if you did, they'd throw rocks at the train. I was working down at the depot one night, and we had a white fellow kill a black man on the train and nothing was done about it. Another time, there was a bunch of blacks working in a little town about five miles from Jessup and this white woman hollered rape, and they arrested the gang of the boys, drove 'em in and put 'em in jail. The train was coming at around 2:19 and I worked the train, but I noticed that it turned around and didn't come back. Well, I didn't get off work til about 4 o'clock and when they came back they was loaded with honkeys and they had every kind of gun that you wanted to see. Well the blacks all left there and I was scared because I had to stay on my job. So they went down to a little place across the river in a little thicket and they stayed there until that night, until 12 o'clock and they blowed their horns at 11 o'clock and they went to the jail but the sheriff kicked them out.

I never saw a lynching but I saw it after it happened. It's an ugly looking thing. What they do, they hang you up on the trunk of a tree and they'd cut your penis off and put it in your mouth. I went away from there. I stayed away 26 years and I went straight from Jessup to Philadelphia. All of us blacks used to keep guns.

I had a Winchester and a double barrel shot gun-- at least my daddy had one-- and I had a .38 pistol. I kept it on me all the time. I had to. We never did have no shoot-out, but one time. The time before I left, we had a shoot-out and I had to skip. Yeah, I had to skip. We got as far as Savannah, and then we left on a freight train. Some terrible things happened between the blacks and the whites there. There wasn't out one time they civilized that place and that was after I left-- they tell me mob deal came through there and they killed 151 crackers, and wounded a gang of them. They killed him later, but he sure killed a gang of them before they got him. It was a terrible place, a terrible place. You were always in fear of your life and I was glad when I got big enough to leave. I can remember back and its painful, it's painful to think about.

While I'm on it, a lot of us poor farmers had good livestock, horse and wagon, and had a crop, and then if you didn't leave, the whites would burn your house down. That way they took everything. A lot of poor fellows had to leave there by night with nothing but what they had on their back.

One thing I can say, that we were all for one and one for all-- we stuck together. That's what kind of kept it down. I don't know how many guys I shot, I don't know how

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HENRY MERCER

many guys I wounded, but I know I got away from there.

Another thing we got rid of, we got rid of a lot of Uncle Toms too. Got rid of them. I know one fellow there, I was working on the job and he came to tell the boss everything he did to his wife, and everything, so we took him out that night and whapped his ass good. And he came back the next day and he was very quiet, he didn't do it no more. That's one thing I always did hate--a sneak and a stool pigeon. I never did like a stool pigeon nor a snitcher. I never was one myself, I wasn't an Uncle Tom myself and I HATE that, I hate that, just like I hate a defector, a counter-revolutionary. I hate an anti-socialist and all that. I tell you, I feel like going out and chewing them up when they do anything against the working class, against the poor people. Sometimes, I cry about it (his voice breaks) the hurting things, to think about it, 'til Jim Jones came and rescued me (sobbing). You don't know until you go through it. People say "I'm a socialist, I'm a socialist." But they don't know. (There were things that Mr. Mercer felt were too painful to discuss in his life, things he had witnessed) It takes more than you know to be a socialist. (sobbing) I got many a beating by the police (pulling himself together) I beat many of them too-- don't you think I didn't do that. I know many tricks about fighting in the revolution. In fact I went to revolutionary school for two years. I was designated to go to Moscow, but I didn't go.

I worked on the railroad. We were getting a dollar a day. I remember in 1910 the comet star, the star with the tail on it, Churches was full and everybody bordered the streets, most of the peoples was scared, they was afraid. The whites, they came out of the house and tell us of a sudden that they weren't no better than we was-- and let's all get down and pray together, 'cause when the comet star touched earth it was going to set it on fire. I remember that real good.

In 1914 World War I broke out and at that time Germany was an empire and they had many colonies in Africa. I was working on the railroad and I didn't have to go. I was running the road at that time and we were doing a lot of defense hauling and I was even a part of the Liberty Bond Train.

In 1929 I joined the Unemployment Movement in Philadelphia. We got to have jobs, everybody was unemployed and nobody was unemployed and nobody knew what to do. There were many days I was hungry, there was many days I didn't have food to eat. They was giving us soup, watery soup and we had to go to the station house to get it. During this time we were in line and some Communists came along and distributed leaflets and I take one of the leaflets and read it and it said, "meeting tonight" at a place they had in Philadelphia called 612 Brooklyn Street. And we went that night there, we had a discussion on strategy. We was going to organize the workers. So we had a meeting that night and decided to collect food for the workers which we did.

The Spring of 1930 it was, and sometime in the middle of May we had, we met there with a hunger march. We carried around 150 of us to Harrisburg, Penn. But we had to struggle to get there. We were denied entrance to many towns. We negotiated and went through and we went to Harrisburg and they wouldn't even give us a place to stay, they wouldn't rent a hall to us. We had a meeting the next day on the Capital Plaza. We had Communists come from west of Pennsylvania, miners and different unemployed workers. At that time we had 300,000 people unemployed in Philadelphia and the government was not giving one nickel of relief, not one cent of relief. So we went and pressured the State and they gave us some form of relief. All channels was exhausted and that was the onliest way we could get anything, by pressuring the State government.

The Democratic Convention came off somewhere about 1931. Roosevelt came out and in his speech he said "One third of the people are unemployed." After he was elected he went to Congress and called for billions of dollars for the first work program that we had. It lasted about 6 months because the politicians stole all the money. And then they had little local relief programs in the states to try to tide us over. Had us working for our relief. What we did wasn't useful work; we'd dig stumps, clean up golf courses and such as that. Then came WPA. They worked 10,000 people in Philadelphia, it was the biggest project that we had. We had some miserable conditions on the WPA job. We had, we decided we'd call a strike, and members were called out and singled out, the leaders were singled out as Communists and they were immediately transferred away from the project to other projects that was much tougher. I was one. They transferred me to a stone quarry. Well, that was pretty hard work-- I didn't have no experience about breaking stones. I worked there about 18 months, and during that time I was in an accident and we didn't get paid for that. Around 1939 I got a job at a naval yard but I never did sign the denial that I was a Communist because I was a Communist and I never did sign it.

I was Chairman of the Propaganda Committee, and I had a tough time. If you was a Communist at that time you had a tough time. After that we had Joe McCarthy, in the 1950s. They called us subversives and I was arrested for that. But we had a good law department and I came clear of that. I was arrested again. I was picked up again, and

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They taken me in and arrested me, and interrogated me. They called certain names and I didn't know nobody. I wouldn't talk, and then this guy said he'd been around the neighborhood and I had a pretty good record and all that kind of bullshit, and they let me go.

I had other jobs and then I went to work for the Board of Education. During that time I was a Union Steward in the Union and we got along pretty good. We had some terrible working conditions, where they worked women part-time. We demanded they work them 8 hours. They claimed they couldn't work the women 8 hours, so we had a meeting and decided to call a strike. That was around 1968. During this time I was doing pretty nicely. I was Steward in the Union and we was having little skirmishes but no strikes. But it was at this time that we called this strike, and that's when I got it-- I got my eyes blinded from tear gas.

When I came out of the hospital I joined the Senior Citizen's Action Alliance. I worked in that from 1968 to 1973, and we done a lot of good. We had a nice organization then, we had some struggles. We had it so that the senior citizens in Philadelphia all had a free trolley ride. But we had to have a strong fight to do it. We called out all the senior citizens, everybody that was able to go: blind, people that was in wheelchairs, all was in the picket lines. We crowded the ballroom in the hotel. We had the mayor there, the governor, several legislators and Congressmen. We didn't go there pleading or begging neither, and we got a reduction in our electricity rates. I got to be traveling representative of the organization. We was very successful in getting in Georgia and Florida senior citizens not to pay property taxes. Same thing in Virginia. No sales tax for senior citizens, 25% reduction in drug prices, 10% reduction in clothing.

In the winter of 1973 I was sitting down on the corner one night, and I had WCT radio station on, and I heard this song and I heard this Peoples Temple Christian Church with Jim Jones as minister. I was impressed with the message. I called the station and asked for the address, and the man said "The best I can do for you is Redwood City." I was just sitting there, turning the dial around and I just happened to let it stay on that particular station. This other preacher came on, and I laughed at him, made fun of him, just had a lot of fun off him--I knew the guy personally, and so I knew what he was really doing. So after he went off, this song came on and Jim Jones. So I called the station like I said, and we took a bus to Redwood City and I called a taxi. The taxi driver took me around looking for the church. We went to the police station and I asked the desk sergeant about Peoples Temple. I called the secretary and they said they would come and get us, but I said, no, we will stay in a hotel and you can get us in the morning. When I got to the Temple I got up to speak. I said I'd never liked preachers all my life, that I'd been a revolutionary for 40 years and I never did like preachers, because they didn't want to do nothing but eat chicken and buy Cadillacs. The congregation went wild and cheered for a good while and I went back to sit down. Jim said to me, "You don't know how you thrilled my heart when you talked about the preachers." And I laughed. I seen some things I never seen before. I seen a dog up there with Jim, and a cat came up and sat on my lap. I said, "By goodness, there's some love going around here, even the animals are loving you."

I'll never go back to the U.S. again. Jonestown is the most beautiful place I've been. It's the onliest place you can relax, it's the onliest place you can be safe from robbery, rape, and I love it out here. I wouldn't go back to the States if I had the best room in the best hotel with a silk suit and a pocket full of money, eating beefsteaks every meal-- and that's just how I feel about it. And I hope someday my boys will come over; I hope someday my sister will come over. I'm glad for the care we have here for all of our comrades, for seniors, and all of us-- and I'll do everything I can to help the revolution.

I've been a Communist a good many years. I did a lot of study with the Daily Worker when I first got started, and I got the Moscow News, and I read every paper I could read, plus the underground paper. It convinced me further. To me, Russia was the only country that gave workers inspiration that they could rule themselves, and conduct their own business without the fatbellies.

I believe that everyone should be equal. That the wealth of the world should be distributed among the workers who produced it. The fatbellies didn't do nothing. You take the farmers-- they worked the ground, produced it, gathered the food, and carried it to the tables. So that son-of-a-bitch didn't do nothing, so I think we're entitled to all of it-- not him. That's being fulfilled here in Jonestown, and I'm glad I lived to see it.

FF-2-97C

ANNIE MOORE

b. 1954
Oakland, California

This one nurse who always worked in the burn unit said with a sick smile, "I'm so bored, I wish we'd get in an emergency. I love to take care of an emergency". I told her I would really rather be bored.

My life was what I would call a big bore. My father was a minister and a counselor and my mother a busy-body housewife. From childhood up to junior high school, I was what I would call "protected" although my parents were liberals and open to the rights of all, despite their race, creed, or color, whether prisoners, homosexuals or mentally ill. It took me until the eighth grade to start really realizing what the world was all about. This was when I began to really think and notice how unhappy much of the world was. I began to question the actions of those adults that I had looked up to. There were different people I knew who had committed suicide and others who were killed in car accidents. I knew there was a war going on in Vietnam and I was involved in war protests and fights with the "cowboys" at school over this. By the ninth grade, I was totally confused, lonely, bored, and I began experimenting with drugs, although my parents never knew about it. I lacked self-confidence so much, and had such a poor self-image that I thought about different ways to commit suicide. I put on an act through most of high school pretending I was crazy, doing outrageous things like making faces at teachers and following different people I disliked acting like a chimpanzee. I did anything to cut the boredom and the only way I could handle it was by making a joke out of life.

At age 16, I worked in a burn unit at Children's Hospital in Washington, D.C. for the summer. The children needed someone to play with since their parents worked or didn't care to come and visit them. There was so much pain in their faces from the hell they went through! One 12 yr old, Tyrone, had gasoline poured on him and a match lit to him on July 4th. His arms and hands were burnt-- a human firework-- and the medicine that was applied caused most children to scream with pain for hours at a time. Tyrone never screamed though and for all the pain and rejection he had gone through in life, he had a sweet disposition. After working with him, I was never the same. I returned to high school the next year. More than anything, I wanted to do something with my life that would be helping people like Tyrone, but after mixing with the same bunch of friends--some of whom were shooting heroin, and others who were involved in various crimes-- I selfishly planned to commit suicide at some time. I had no one I could express what I really felt about anything to and I was upset that the boys at school who liked me were always the creepiest creeps you could find.

Finishing my high school years in a university town, I had grown to hate "intellectuals" because they were all a lot of hot air and no action. This is why. Whenever I was on a project to care for prisoners' children while the wives visited their husbands, or when I was tutoring minority children in their school work, the "intellectuals" could always find a reason why they could not help. But they always had plenty of time to talk about the world's problems and sermonize about what should be done.

So, due to my eccentric hate for intellectuals and school, I refused to go on to college. My mother wanted me to be an artist or musician but I hated them too. I thought they were all so phoney and egotistical. So I had no plans was totally confused, and poured an entire bottle of codeine pills in my mouth preparing to swallow them. I don't know why I stopped but I did--and spit them all out into the toilet. Days later, my sister who was in Peoples Temple invited me to visit. I found people who were friendly, mixing all races together, working in a cooperative setting. The people were not phoney and seemed for real. They took no drugs and still seemed to enjoy themselves. So, not having anything else to do with myself, I came. Jim told me that I could be helpful in the group, that I was talented and could teach others or even go to school and make something of myself. He convinced me it was not right to commit suicide and that I could be useful and gain happiness by helping others. It was he and the support of Temple members that helped me through nurses' training, which I had adamantly refused to attempt at first. I found that even though I hated intellectuals and didn't like the schools I'd been to, I had nothing against learning.

Now I've been an R.N. for three years and my life is fulfilling. I know that I am helping others. The hospital burn unit in which I worked before coming to Guyana taught me a lot. Our entire shift of nurses, I thought, must have been inherently evil. They refused to give pain shots to people, many of whom had their entire bodies burned, stating "You should be able to take the pain." They ripped off dressings quickly and bragged about how they could finish everyone's dressings within an hour, when with some patients they should have taken an hour each.

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Killing some
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ANNIE MOORE

the patients.

Nursing here in out Jonestown coopertaive is much different from nursing in US hospitals. If there is a problem of any kind it is brought up for discussion. No one could get away with all the hell they did there, out no one attempts it either. The medical staff is excellent; a caring group of people determined to give the best care to those who need it.

FF-2-78C

JANICE WILSEY

6.1949

On Sept. 23, 1949 I was born in a very small town in Northern Ca. I spent the first seven years of my life on an Indian reservation called Round Valley in Mendocino County, Calif. My people had been relocated in this area at the time of the California Gold Rush. They were herded like cattle by the soldiers, 2,000 survivors of several tribes were put into this stockade in remote Round Valley.

My grandmother told me stories of how her mother, as a little girl, made the long walk. She said that the nights were cold and the mountains were high. The older people who could not make it or just needed to sit for a minute or two along the path were shot and left to die. This was only the beginning of much suffering. Another story told to me by my grandmother was how a young girl from the Wylackie tribe watched as her father, brother and all the men of the tribe were lined up and shot all at once. The people built a fire with the trees and bush that these men had been cutting for days, not knowing that it was their own funeral pyre they were fixing. She said the fire was big and the smell of the burning bodies made your hair rise on the back of your neck and the smell made you sick to your stomach.

It did not take the white man long before he moved into this valley and formed a town called Covelo. Along with the town he built five bar rooms to sell the alcohol that he brought with him. I will always remember the five bar rooms and two stories that made up this town. What a place to grow up!

Both my mother and father were born and grew up on the reservation and like every child they were taken away, I call it kidnapped- from their parents and sent away to an Indian boarding school. They could not speak their own language and they only saw their parents on holidays and the summer time; now this is very hard on a young child. In fact there are many cases of children who ran away time after time, sometimes traveling many miles over many states only to be returned once again to the boarding school. A lot of times there were as many as 5-6 suicides during a school term. This was the life on an Indian confined to a plot of land with nothing to look forward to. Even at the boarding school there were guards to keep you within the school.

I will always remember the look on my mom's face when I said I wanted to spend a couple of summer months at an Indian boarding school called Sherman Institute in Southern Calif. She made it clear that she did not want me to go, because the thought of it only brought her pain. In the early '50's a law was passed that Calif. Indian children did not have to go away to boarding school but would go to the public school system. To this day Indian children in many states are forcefully taken away from their parents and sent to these schools. My mom let me go after my dad spoke up and said I should be able to go if that was what I wanted.

Sherman Institute was named after General Sherman who went through Southern Calif. killing off any Indian tribe that got in his way. What an insult to name the school after such a man. This to me only added more salt to the wound. The two months that I spent at this school I will never forget. We were all given a talk as to what time we were to be in the dorm, for bed checks were at 9 o'clock. It had been some time since my bedtime had been that early! I hated the rules and you can bet I broke many of them while there those two months.

It was sad. In fact I cried many times when I thought of the other Indian children, all my age, who never had a water fight or even thought of staying up after the lights were to be out, running up and down the halls yelling and screaming. To me it was what any young person would do to have fun. But I soon found out that these young people my own race and age were so much oppressed that they did not know how to express themselves. I was withdrawn to a great extent, but to find other Indian children who were far more withdrawn than I was heartbreaking.

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Janice Wilsey
two

I went home from this summer a little more aware of the world around me. I also had another burden of guilt that I did not want to deal with. My dad was put in a Vet hospital because the alcohol he had been drinking for years was beginning to have its effect. One morning he woke up to discover that he could not get out of bed, he was paralyzed in his lower part of his body and he had no use of his hands. I don't think I can ever tell the pain I had to endure watching my dad who once was a very proud man, deteriorate day by day.

It was not long after my dad became paralyzed that both my brothers started to drink heavily at a very young age. They both came to the conclusion that there was nothing in this world that they wanted and no one that gave a damn about them. By the time I was 16 my mom had tried suicide because she could not cope with the pressure of trying to keep our family together. She had been the sole supporter of the family ever since we moved off the reservation, because my dad could not get a job or keep the job- which was no fault of his own. I remember one time he said to me how proud he was of me that I could stand up in front of people and speak my mind. He always had to have a drink before he could walk into a place and ask for a job.

By the time I was 14 years old I was using drugs to escape from the unreality of life. I was told by a high school teacher that I might as well take a typing class and office machine classes because I would never achieve in college. I had a limit place on my life, I was told to forget it and don't try. Well, for the next four years I did cop out by escaping into the world of hard line drugs. Within these years I had tried suicide more than once. I felt that no one cared and if there was hope, I would never find it.

One day I heard of Jim Jones. Christine Lucientes, a friend of mine, said he as different than any teacher she had ever had and she wanted me to come with her to a night class. I went, but before I went I indulged myself with some opium which had become a daily thing with me, sometimes 4-5 times a day. At 17 years of age it helped me to forget the hurt and pain of life. I will never forget that scene as I walked into the class room that night. An Indian lady that I had known all of my life was up in front of the class leading the discussion about the life of the Indian people. She set at ease enough to get up in front of this group of people and express herself. I could not believe it and I must have stood there looking shocked for some time. Jim Jones looked my way and showed more concern for me than I could ever remember anyone showing. He said he was glad to see me and he found a seat for me to sit up front. This may seem like a small gesture to most but to me it was not. I would remember this and other things, like the fact that he made sure my friend Christine and I had a ride home after the class at night, when I was at my lowest moments a year later.

I was 18 years old and alone in the city of San Francisco, a very lonely and depressed person. It was the last part of December and a very cold day in my apartment on the fifth floor. That day I had reached a very low point. There seemed to be nothing in the way of drugs to bring me out of it. I had taken four tabs of acid and I had no relief, so then I tried some speed, which only depressed me more and I felt the only way to solve the problem was to jump out of the window. Just as I was ready to jump, I remembered the concern that had been shown to me by Jim Jones and I stopped, made a phone call to my parents who came right down to the city to pick me up. A week later I joined People's Temple.

I was at the point that I could not speak one complete sentence without forgetting what I was talking about right in the middle of what I was saying. The drugs most definitely had their effect on my brain. I was one of the first to go through the drug rehabilitation program. What a job the people had on their hands as they stayed by my side around the clock. They tried to get me to talk but I would not do it. In fact Christine, for the first few months after I had joined People's Temple, did the talking for both herself and me. Jim said that he knew I would not talk but I could sing, so the first song I sang was "My country tis of thee people you're dying" in front of the whole group. It was the first time I had sung before thousands of people. At first I could never make it through the song without crying, then as time went on I was able to sing the song of my people the whole way through. Time was taken with me to guide me along, it was no easy process to bring me out of the shell that I had around me.

FF-2-99B
Next came the fully paid college education; I had never given a thought

Janice Wilsey
three

to even try to go to college, for I had been told years earlier to "Forget it," in so many words. Jim encouraged me to go to college, he said I had a good mind and I could achieve. I went although I really didn't believe I could do it. I had been in school a few days when I decided that this was not what I wanted, but Jim stepped in again and wrote letters to all my professor's asking them to give me all the assistance that they could. He also told them about my life, with this I got the extra attention that I needed. I came out with a straight B average that term.

It was Dec. 1974 when I was asked if I would want to go to Guyana in South America to help build a community out of the jungle. My answer was yes I would go, I would love to go, and I must say to this day I will never regret my choice. Today almost four years later we have a city, that was once nothing but jungle and for those of us who were her first to see the jungle be cleared and the roads put in and the buildings go up one by one, there is a sense of pride that can never be replaced.

I cannot begin to tell the opportunities that this community has afforded me. One thing very important to me is the fact that 10 years ago I could not even express myself, think one clear thought much less make decisions. Today I am a coordinator and supervisor of the livestock and agricultural Dept. of Jonestown. This includes the responsibility of the orchards, bananas, nursery, field crops, chickens, pigs, cows, horses and small animals.

FF-2-99C

MARGARITA ROMANO

b. January 7, 1950
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Instead of going to bed, I sat at the top of the stairs to listen to see who it was. It was the next door neighbor. I overheard her and Mrs. Arnold speaking about my mom who they said was in prison. I was shocked. At twelve and one half years of age, I never knew my mom existed.

My name is Margarita Romano. At 28yrs of age, I am the mother of five beautiful, energetic daughters, thanks to the caring atmosphere of the Jonestown community. I know that if our lives had not been integrated into this progressive humanitarian community, there would be no existence for me or my precious children. I am grateful for the opportunity to live in a constructive free society where my children's future security is not predicated on my economic status or ability to take care of them. Instead, here in Jonestown, my children along with several other hundreds, are guaranteed a prosperous, meaningful life.

Reflecting back on my past life, I see that total destruction was inevitable for my family and me. I knew that death would have been a pleasurable escapism for my life miseries but I was never lucky enough to accomplish this goal. My arms still bear the razor scars indicating the life I attempted to end. In the past, I had been hooked on drugs. I was beaten by pimps (from New Jersey and Detroit) because I wouldn't prostitute for them. I was a victim of sexual abuse by a maniac rapist who raped me twice consecutively while I was suffering from a high fever. A lot of my trouble came from my mother's being imprisoned for life, ^{and the} way I found out. I was being threatened by ex-associates of mines (including members of mafia-like gangs) whose daily occupations were based on crime.

At two and one half years of age, I had to face the realities of a cold, lonesome cruel world. I was prematurely issued a double dose of rejection when my mom was sentenced to life in prison for murder. And my Dad, a poor Sicilian who hardly spoke English could not afford to take care of me. Consequently, I along with my brother, Johnny Romano, who was one year younger than me were placed in the Salvation Army Children's Home. Although I was very young, I still can remember the hurt I experienced when my Dad left me at the Children's home. Through my screaming and yelling, I could hear him saying, "Go to sleep, and I'll be there in the morning." I finally cried myself to sleep. But when the morning came, Daddy was gone. Daddy would come and visit me on a visiting pass every month. Boy! Was I ever so glad to see him the hour he came to visit. But when the hour was up Daddy would leave and I was as disappointed as ever. My withdrawn life resembled that of a snail who would retreat in his shell for shelter. It was here at the Salvation Army Children's Home that I was sexually assaulted by one of the assistants of the orphanage home. This lady would sit in her rocking chair and place me in her lap. She would then proceed to stick her perverted finger up my private parts. I was too young to fully understand what was happening. But I never uttered a word of it to anyone.

My brother and I were then moved to the Catholic Charity Bureau of Children's Shelter Home. This was a strictly controlled home where I stayed temporary until placement in a temporary foster home. Later my brother and I went to live in a foster home supervised by a lady named Mrs. Sibiggi who had a daughter named Rosie. Mrs. Sibiggi was very nice to us, but on the contrary her daughter Rosie was mean, mean, mean. Rosie was 22 yrs. older than me. She used to bully and threaten my brother and me all the time and make us do things for her. She would mistreat us behind Mrs. Sibiggi's back, constantly telling us how she hated us. At night I had to sleep with Rosie. She would demand that I made no moves whatsoever in the bed, stating that if I did, she would beat me. Nevertheless, she would roll all over me in her sleep nearly suffocating me. Rosie was so mean that one day when she got mad at my brother Johnny, she threw him right down a flight of twelve stairs.

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Next the authorities from the Catholic Charity Bureau of Children's Shelter Home came to take my brother and me back to the Shelter Home. We remained there until a Mr. and Mrs. Arnold decided to take us in as foster children. Mr. Arnold was a quiet, passive man who was bossed around by his wife. By this time my brother Johnny had developed a terrible habit of stealing. Emotionally and mentally disturbed, Johnny would steal peoples belongings and hide them. When people would register their complaints to Mrs. Arnold, she would strip Johnny naked and beat him with an extension cord. It wasn't long before Mrs. Arnold turned him over to St. John's Orphanage Home for boys, stating that she could no longer cope with his behavior. From here Johnny was sent to St. Francis Home for the Emotionally Disturbed. My heart ached as I had to be separated from my brother. I felt as if I had lost my last and only friend.

I stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Arnold for five years. All the time I stayed there Mrs. Arnold never showed me any type of affection. She never kissed or hugged me not even once. The only time Mr. Arnold kissed me was at his child's request. He was on his way to work one morning as I stood by watching him kiss his children good-bye. His three year old daughter, Patty, looked at him and said, "Daddy, why don't you kiss Margarita good-bye?" Blushing, he kissed me on the forehead. It was a kiss I shall never forget. Regardless of how it came about, it was a kiss—an expression of affection and it meant so much to me. I vowed not to wash my forehead after this.

Mrs. Arnold was a very insensitive person. She would send me to the store to get "us" (her children and me) some treats. However when I returned with the goodies, she would send me to bed and distribute the treats among her two children. During the time of my youth, I suffered from a respiratory condition which caused me to breathe mostly out of my mouth. Mrs. Arnold would make fun of me and tell me to shut my mouth and breathe out of my nose. Mrs. Arnold was very conscious of the fact that I was afraid of the dark. Consequently, she would push me into dark rooms and lock me in. A lot of times when she felt I was being a disciplinary problem, she would beat me. Then when her husband returned from work, she would order him to beat me again. Mr. Arnold was a man who carried a lot of guilt. He knew how mean his wife was. He would take me upstairs, instruct me to holler and pretend that I was in pain, while he beat the coach. He often told me that he would be glad for me when I moved because he knew I was unhappy.

One night when Mrs. Arnold had sent me to bed I heard someone coming to visit. Instead of going to bed, I sat on the top stair to listen to see who it was. It was the next door neighbor. I overheard her and Mrs. Arnold speaking about my Mom who they said was in prison. I was shocked. At twelve and one half years of age, I never knew my Mom existed. When the foster home authorities came, I anxiously asked them was it true that my Mom was in jail? They were amazed and wanted to know who told me this. I told them what I had overheard. I asked them could I go and see her. Soon the authorities made arrangements for both my brother and me to see our Mom. It was good being with my brother again, but we could not wait to see our Mom. It took us six long hours to get to Muncy State Correctional Institution. We impatiently waited in the visiting room until the authorities brought our Mom to us. She was a beautiful little lady about five feet tall. As we stared her up and down, she likewise stared us up and down. Her first expression was, "My babies, my babies, well you're all grown up." She then hugged us affectionately. Along with the superintendent sitting in, we spent the visiting hour trying to get acquainted with each other, talking about likes and dislikes. The hour was soon over and Johnny and I reluctantly kissed our Mom good-bye. As she turned away from us, I noticed a tear twinkling from her eyes. Although we did get to visit our Mom a few more times before she was off on parole ten years later, this one visit alone had a negative effect on both my brother's and my own actions. We were both resentful and hostile of the fact that we could not be with our Mom. I especially took on an arrogant, rebellious attitude--no longer wanting to be subjected to the instructions of my foster parents and supervisors. Consequently, things didn't work out at the Arnold's foster home. I was removed from the Arnold's foster home to the Rotelle's foster home. The supervisors here tried to teach me how to be a lady. They introduced me to the proper way to eat, dress, talk and walk. They also introduced me to this rich Judge who wanted to adopt me. The Honorable Judge escorted me throughout his house exhibiting his luxuries and wealth to me and informed me what comforts of

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life I could partake of if I would allow him and his wife to adopt me. However I had no lust for the Rotelle's bourgeois taste. Therefore I ran away from the Rotelle's foster home located in Amber, Pennsylvania to the Catholic Charity Bureau Children's Shelter Home in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. I went there to talk to the one nun, Sister Paul Marie, who I felt that I had a good rapport with. I explained my situation to her and asked her could I go and live with my Dad. She spoke with a Judge concerning the matter. The decision was to allow me a temporary permit to reside with my Dad until my court case regarding permanent placement with my Dad took place.

When I first moved into my Dad's house everything was just fine. My stepsisters told me from the beginning that I'd be sorry. They warned me that I should go back to the foster home. It was not until later that I found out that they were referring to my Dad's violent temper. He would get angry with my sisters and started beating on them. Later, when I began to be attracted to boys and vice versa, my Dad's anger also became directed at towards me. He had no tolerance for my relating to males. Evidently he had some type of sexual hang-up because at times he would display such obscene behavior, such as masturbating in front of me. He would only do this when we were in a room alone watching T.V. or something. On one occasion he started off holding me around the waist, and ended up slipping his hand down into my pants exploring my private parts. After this, I made it a point to exit whenever my Dad started going through these changes. He would often tell me, "You look just like your Mom." When I questioned my stepsister regarding my Dad's interaction with her, she said that he never tried this with her. Eventually my Dad started physically directing his irrational anguish at me. He would get violent and beat on me for the slightest things I did to make him mad. I finally decided not to take any more of his beatings, so I again ran away.

At the age of fifteen, I found out the hard way how difficult it was to survive in a cruel, uncaring world. At this age, I was raped by a married man. I came in contact with mafia-like members of gangs who promised me that they loved me and would give me the world. Instead, they gave me babies, drugs and pains once I would not succumb to their wishes to prostitute, rob and steal etc. They would beat the hell out of me and try to force me.

At the age of nineteen, I was savagely raped by *A man in Philadelphia* - a lunatic who throughout the whole ordeal held an *icepick* → at my throat. Since I was trying to come off of drugs at the time, my body was already sick, weak, and feverish from the withdrawal symptoms. This madman had entered my house through the bedroom window. He warned me to stop screaming and to shut my baby up from screaming or he would kill me. He then enacted all of his sex fantasies on me in front of my two and one half year old daughter who went hysterical. I sincerely felt that this night would be my last night alive as I begged the man to please leave. I promised him that I would not tell the cops. When he finished, he threatened to kill me if I spoke one word to the police. Feeling dead already, I reported the matter to the police and went through a series of interrogations and medical examinations.

After this incident, I was always fearful, thinking this rapist would find me. I became highly paranoid. Every place I went I was on the lookout hoping that I wouldn't run into this rapist again. My inflamed state of paranoia finally led me into a complete mental breakdown. As a result I spent two and one half months in a psychiatric ward and I was an out-patient for three years. I continued to indulge with the hoodlums in the ghetto streets.

At one time I finally thought that I had found me a peace of mind when I married a preacher man. Our relationship was good for a little while then suddenly all hell broke loose. We had severe conflicts of ideas over religion, domestic affairs, and finances. Contributing to our religious conflicts, my husband's brother would interject his two cents into the matter to inform my husband that I was a devil. In desperate search of the truth, my husband and I both found ourselves in the Blue Horizon Auditorium in Philadelphia. There I came in contact with Pastor Jim Jones, minister of Peoples Temple. He was having an Inspirational Meeting along with several hundred people he had brought along with him from California on a summer vacation trip.

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I was astonished at the courageous manner in which Pastor Jones spoke. He talked about the apparent inconsistencies in the Bible. He spoke about the plight of the minorities in their struggle for equality and self determination. Every word that proceeded from his mouth reflected strongly on the realities of today. Although he spoke with much authority, he presented such modesty in his actions and interactions with others. I can truly say that I was impressed by this man and his humanitarian spirit.

Shortly afterwards my husband and my difference of opinions reached a climax so we went on our separate ways. Due to the fact that I did not have sufficient funds, I found it impossible to take good care of my children. I therefore temporarily placed them into foster homes until I could get financially stable. When I finally could barely make ends meet, I requested my children back. The authorities at the foster homes acted as if they did not want to give me my children back stating that I was not financially able to keep them. After sitting up several nights crying over the situation and spending several days dealing with legal personnel and demanding my children back, they were turned back over into my custody.

I moved into a small apartment and went back to school to learn a trade. My mind continuously thought about the living atmosphere I had witnessed in Jim Jones' meetings. The following summer when Jim returned to Philadelphia vacationing with several hundred people of all races, religious backgrounds and ages, I too made up my mind to travel with them. I packed up my children's and my own luggage and boarded the Temple buses with the rest of the people. I ended up staying in California for a few years. There I got to know even more the man called Jim Jones. I saw the consistent life he not just talked about, but actively lived. A total life of sacrifice giving of himself and sharing with others. He took on the burden of educating the people to be sensitive to the needs of one another. Although many self-centered people opposed his equalitarian beliefs and practices, in times of antagonism, I have seen him take a firm stance for what he felt was right. I never noticed him to take a stance motivated by the need to accomplish something for his own personal gain or self esteem. Instead he would take a stance in support of those whom he knew were being unjustifiably mistreated. He would take a stance to uproot the outcasts of society out of the depths of their oppressive hell. And for this, he was hated by many within and without the movement.

Eventually for the safety of his people, Jim Jones made a reality out of the dreams of such people as Martin Luther King and Marcus Garvey. He provided a place for his people where they would no longer have to suffer from the pains of racism, sexism or poverty caused by the lack of money. The place he provided is named Jonestown. And I am proud to be a resident of this beautiful little community located in Guyana, South America. I am presently a primary school teacher helping to educate the minds of our youth. This is a privilege I never would have dreamed of experiencing in the States. But the most wonderful thing of all, for the first time in my life, all of my fears have been eliminated. It is a good feeling to be able to walk the streets after dark and have no one harass or molest you. Also to me, it is an extremely good feeling to be able to leave your windows and doors open and not have to worry about some raging maniac coming in and raping you. For my own safety and the safety of my children, I am grateful.

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6. 1979

TIM CARTER

Up until the time I was fifteen, I went to a Catholic school, got brought up Irish Catholic. My dad made it clear to me that I would not be a success in his eyes unless I was very good in sports--and I was very good, I was no success at all. I was very religious even as a teenager. I can remember I lived in a lot of fear. Masturbation was a mortal sin. I started masturbating in the fourth grade so I thought I was going to go to hell. I couldn't resolve the conflict in me that if God was so loving, why was I destined to go to hell. I told the priest about this. He told me to say three Hail Mary's and Our Fathers and I would be absolved until the next night.

My mother protected me from my dad's sickness: alcoholism. For 10 years around the time I was born--five years before I was born and for five years after--my dad was not drinking. Then he started again. I remember as a child that he would have periods when he was very loving and also he would be very angry. When I was six years old, he tried to kill me. We were taking a shower together and I reached up and touched his penis. I was very curious and wanted to know what it was. He flipped out and he started beating my head against the bathroom sink. I screamed for my mom and she came in and stopped him.

In 1957, we moved to Burlington which was a completely white community. The beatings stopped and instead he began a program of verbal assault which he was very good with. Those beatings were much worse than any physical beatings I took. I hated my dad because nothing I did was right. I resented my mother up until the time she died because she mothered me too much. My strongest recollection in childhood was that of wanting to be away from home.

I didn't know how to channel or even how to recognize my hatred at the time. So, I would go back to the yard and pick oranges off the tree and smash them against the wall. I would smash glasses against the wall when I got really pissed. My dad started pitting my brother and sister against me even before my mom died. I was the ogre and they were the family. The only person I ever communicated with was my mom.

My mom died of mental and emotional exhaustion due to my dad's alcoholism. I was fifteen and that's when my life really took shape. When my mom died my life changed dramatically. Overnight I went from childhood to manhood with no in-between. She went into the hospital. She had had rheumatic fever as a child and at the time she was not treated properly. My mother was Jewish but the Jewish side of my family was never ever emphasized. My mother had become Catholic when she married my father.

Anyway, she had a rheumatic heart although she pushed herself hard all the time, she was physically weak and a thin person. Finally, she got to the point where she was totally exhausted. My dad was screaming in the living room that there was a bird in there that was chasing him that had the wing-span the width of Market Street. This was three weeks before my mom went into the hospital. He was having DTs. This was the first time I as a conscious person recognized this and I asked her what was happening. He physically would go through delirium tremens which are a very scary thing to watch. It was that point that made me realize that my mom's life was very miserable. There were only three people that she ever communicated to about my dad's alcoholism because at that time he had a very high position and she was worried that he would lose his job.

At that time, she was under a tremendous amount of pressure. She talked to the doctor, my best friend's mom, and she talked to my aunt. Strangely enough, although she was very religious, she never mentioned it to the priest. She couldn't have had that much confidence in the church. It took its toll on her. At that point in time, I had a whole new cognizance of her as an individual because it's the first time I had an image of her as an adult. Unfortunately, three weeks later, she died.

How did her death affect me? I will go through the whole thing. I worked at a place called Coyote Point at a concession stand. I came home and she went into the hospital for what the doctor termed emotional exhaustion. He insisted that she stay. I came home and my dad was totally blasted sitting on the doorstep. Terri was nine years old, Michael was five years old and they were all crying. They said, "Mommy was very sick, mommy was very sick". He gave me \$20 to take them to a restaurant. He told me she would be home tomorrow. But when we got into the restaurant, Terri started crying again. She

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TIM CARTER

She told me mom was in an oxygen tent and was never coming home. I immediately freaked because dad had told me something different. At this point, my dad put his head in my lap and started crying. Terri put her head in my lap and started srying and Michael was standing up and he was only about knee high anyway and he put his head in my lap and started crying. I was very bitter. I wanted to start crying too but I couldn't because of my dad--he was a fucking child. I didn't know what to do.. So we went out and said a rosary and my dad sobbed through the whole thing.

We went to the hospital. My father went in first. He came out--he couldn't even talk he was ~~outrageously~~ drunk. He barely barely made it. I went in and my mom was literally in delirium because she was so worried. She was in the oxygen tent. She was extremely pale. She was saying, "My children, my children, my children, I can't die. My children. I have to get home." It really tore me up because he was reacting to his god-damn drinking. He had chosen the bottle over his family his god damn life. Anyway, on the way home, I laid it down to him. I said, "You are going to stop drinking, you are going to take your Librium. If she dies tonight, I hold you personally responsible".

We dropped off my little brother and sister at a friend's house. About an hour and a half later, the phone rang; it was the hospital. I had to try to wake my dad up and the mother-fucker--not only was he drunk--but instead of taking two Librium like he was supposed to, he took about eight. He tried to ~~summarily~~ kill himself, I guess. He was totally and completely incoherent and unable to do a damn thing on his own. I had to lift him up, almost carry him to the telephone. They said you better get here right away.

I remember the utter frustration of having to dress him because he was too fucking drunk. I was so hostile, I wanted to kill him. At that time, I had total responsibility for the family including him which was a very rude awakening.

On the way to the hospital, he slept. Then, I had to help him up the ~~flight~~ stairs. We got to her room and they said, "I'm sorry, she's dead". I remember I didn't feel fifteen but I was more numb than anything. O.K. They said do you want to see the body. I went in. The mother-fuckers in the hospital didn't even have the sensitivity to close her eyes. I will never forget her face then at that moment. It was exactly the same--she had exactly, exactly the same expression on her face dead as the last time I saw her alive. I know for a fact that she died in total agony worrying about her kids. Her eyes were open; her mouth was open; her arms were still outstretched. They hadn't done anything to her body whatsoever. She was murdered by my fucking selfish dad...

My father slept on the way home from the hospital. I resented that. When we got home, he went to bed. I was the one, at fifteen, who had to call all the relatives and tell them that my mother was dead. I also had the responsibility of telling Terri and Michael the next morning. It was particularly painful because Michael who was five, didn't understand. So, I had to explain it many different ways for him to get it.

We took Michael to the mass. When we got to the casket, he asked what was in it. We said mommy's in it. He thought and then said, "But you told me mommy was in heaven." He was five years old and I remember just looking at him. I had no answer... I think that was the hardest part of the whole thing--looking at Terri and Michael and thinking about what they would have to go through.

Throughout my life, my dad tried to put the responsibility of my mother's death on me. Because I represented his failure as a father, I immediately became the villain and the antagonist as far as his life was concerned.

My dad's condition degenerated rapidly after my mother's death. He told my brother and sister that I wanted to send them away although it was my mother's relatives who thought life in a foster homewould be better.

I had no social consciousness yet. When I was working with a college student who got drafted in 1966, I realized I might as well enlist because I would end up going anyway. I was so brain-washed that I decided to join the Marines. When they tested me and found out that I was functionally blind in one eye, they rejected me. I had to get a special clearance from some captain somewhere in Calif.

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to let me be in the Marine Corps.

The San Diego training place they had for Marines was absolutely inhuman. There were several jolts I had in my life. One was when my mom died--that was the first big one. Boot camp was like a jolt but it was like a pre-jolt before Vietnam. Vietnam was a total metamorphosis. My first impression of boot camp I remember was of blood, yelling, screaming.

I will tell you some of the brutality. When we got on the bus, you know we all thought we were hot shit, we were Marines. The first thing I heard was "Keep your eyes in front of you, you mother-fucking puke faces or I'm going to mother-fucking poke them out, you god damn motherfucking pukes. You're in the Marine Corps now, you sissified girls." From the time you get there until a week later, you hardly sleep. The whole process of brainwashing, of deprogramming and reprogramming--when I look back on it--is incredible.

The first thing they do is put absolute and complete, total terror into you--you don't know what the fuck is going to happen. They ~~take~~ ^{take} your head so you completely lose your identity and give you over-sized clothes so you'll have no image. There were 300 of us in the room and the officer in charge shouted, "Alright, the last five out of this room are going to have a foot-locker thrown at them". Some ended up rolling down the steps with a god damn foot-locker after them.

Some of the instances of brutality I personally witnessed were terrible. You could never pass a drill sergeant without without coming up three steps behind him and saying, "By your leave, sir". One time, I heard this man screaming and crying, "By your leave, sir". He was crawling on the ground the whole time he was inline screaming and crying, "By your leave, sir; by your leave, sir; by your leave, sir". He got to the front of the line and filled his plate with food. Then, they made him crawl all the way back while eating, screaming, "By your leave, sir". He was totally and completely humiliated. It was one of the most humiliating things I've ever seen.

It was not uncommon for recruits to have to eat their own vomit which I witnessed. You try to think of ways to get out. But there's no way out of boot camp except to graduate. If you do write and expose what's going on, it's not uncommon to get the shit beat out of you. I saw many go to the hospital. If you're called to the drill instructor's office, you go to the hospital. I personally had a rifle butt smashed against my head. The whole orientation is kill, kill, kill. "This is your rifle, this is your gun, one is for shooting, one is for fun." They teach you to kill VC (Viet Cong). They tell you, you are a professional murderer. They teach you that all fighting is fighting is to the death--there is no nice fighting.

In the Marine Corps, qualifying for the Rifle Range is like being able to get a hard-on in machismo society. If you don't qualify, you're less than scum, less than dirt. I know guys who didn't qualify who had to live--I mean live in a fucking garbage can. They had their food thrown in there. They had their garbage thrown in there. They had to do calisthenics in there.

You are totally cut off from communication. I get a telegram from this girlfriend and I have to eat it. Because it came late at night, the drill sergeant had to be awoken for me to receive it. He was pissed so I had to eat the telegram and do calisthenics for at least an hour.

The psychology is this. If they fuck you over enough and if they repress you enough, you will get filled with so much hatred, that when you get a chance to strike back (at the VC) and let it out, you'll be that much more of an animal. And it's the truth--it works. You are filled with the most hatred you can imagine--the honeymoon was over when you first got there.

In Camp Pendleton, I saw a man, what I consider, murdered. This man had a cold--he was sick. He kept on asking to go to the doctor. They refused. They forced him to go on a five-mile run. Well, the guy collapsed in the middle of the five mile run and died. And the reason he died according to the medical reports was appendicitis. Everybody knew he never had appendicitis. He was run to death.

The Marine Corps was a microcosm of America in general--but especially of the U.S. government. I realized this when I was in Vietnam.

I left for Vietnam on Sept 7, 1967. When I went there, my whole concept of life was reactionary. I used to call long-hairs faggots. My only concept of communism was J. Edgar Hoover's Masters of Deceit.

FF-2-101C

TIM CARTER

In Vietnam I thought I was killing communists. I had been totally indoctrinated at boot camp. We had been brainwashed against communism and we'd been programmed to kill VC.

There was a study done once which detailed the amount of time it took to recuperate from service in the military. It took 2 years on the average to recuperate from the Air Force, the Navy was on the average of four years, the Army was on the average of four to six years, the Marine Corps was on the average of eight years to never. This was in terms of actually getting back to some kind of normal or quasi-normal life.

So, I was with the Fifth Communications Battalion which was stationed in northern South Vietnam where most of the fighting was going on. I was stationed in Da Nang from September to December of 1967 and I had a chance to set up communications between small command posts and headquarters. So, for four months, I lived the life of what 90% of Americans in Vietnam did: drinking, smoking dope, etc.

After I'd been there for about eight months, my head started going through a lot of changes from things I was seeing. I realized that I had been totally programmed not just by the Marine Corps but from the time I was a child. With every aspect and phase of American society, our minds are controlled by T.V., radio, newspapers. The process of analysis started when I took dope. We would get high and go to these joints where there would be bands singing about America--"God Bless America" and all that shit. So we would start putting America on a pedestal. This was important because at this point I already despised the US government, but I still glorified America as my homeland. You have to look forward to something to keep your own head together.

In December, I had the chance to go out into what they called "Indian Country"--that shows the subtle racism. They called where the VC were "Indian Country". We got sent to Hoi An which had the highest concentration of VC in all of South Vietnam. I was stationed in the forest with a South Korean battalion which was fighting for the Americans. We were stretched out in the forest which we did not know, we were surrounded by VC, and the people I was with were speaking Korean. The day before I arrived, they had sent out two patrols. Their bodies got thrown back into the camp tied together. News of that spread all through the camp.

We started dealing with fear. When you're in a situation that every minute of every hour of every day, you could die--when you are around death--nothing but death, you begin to really mentally go through some fucking changes. You learn to accept life for what it is--that it is now--not ten minutes from now. Because in ten minutes, your life could be blown away. Death happens that fast--now you see him, now you don't. You begin to smoke dope, you become an addict or an alcoholic--you had to. But you never get so high that reality of imminent death. Death becomes the center of your life. You have to face it cause where you going to run in South Vietnam???

I hated the government that sent me to Vietnam. I felt resentment not only to the government that sent me but also to the people who were protesting the war. I only learned about Vietnam after I left it--in terms of why the US was there. I learned about the dynamics of war when I was there. I felt an enormous amount of resentment against college students because they were smarter than I was, but also because I was nineteen and I had lost all innocence--I could never really smile again. I was very bitter. I could never live in this naive, protected world that Americans live in.

At one point, during the month of May, we had received an intelligence report that we were surrounded by North Vietnamese. We badly needed generators to keep our radios going. The generators we had were no good so there was no radio contact and we were totally cut off from communication. We had to drive to Da Nang to get a generator because the South Koreans would not share their supplies with us. When we got there, the U.S. supply house would not give us the two good generators they had. They were not in use but they refused to let us have them because the general was coming through on inspection!!! It was more important to have the generators on display than for us to use them for life-saving communications. That was perfectly typical. When that kind of thing happens to you day after

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TIM CARTER

day after day, your resentment and your bitterness, and your hatred not only for the Marine Corps but for the US government gets to be overwhelming. The US government was aware of our disillusionment. As soon as you're let out of the service, the government classifies all Vietnam veterans as potentially subversive. This is automatic. They know that they trained them to hate, they know they've trained them to shoot, and they know they've fucked them over. And so, they know they have an enemy on their hands. And they're god damn right--they do have an enemy on their hands for life.

On the average we had somebody die every day. On this day, we came out in a pick-up truck and we had just gotten to a little past this bridge and I'd forgotten something. So we turned around and went back in. There were very few trucks going out as it had to be a high priority matter for a truck to venture down this road filled with mines. There was a wrecker coming out with eight guys hanging off the back of it. We turned around and the truck had not gone more than twenty five yards when the truck itself was blown to smithereens. Out of the nine guys who were in the truck, eight died. Five bodies were put in green bags. I'd seen dead bodies before but this was the first time I had seen one that had been caught in a cab. It wasn't flesh--it was just a black bubbling hulk. This guy's leg had been blown off--it didn't look like a leg--it had been blown off below the knee cap and looked like a piece of wood. And rigamortas had set in and the body itself was like this. The hands were wrapped around. I don't know if you've ever smelled the odor of burning flesh but it's a smell I will never, ever, ever forget. And they came up and poured water on the body because it was smoldering and it didn't disintegrate but parts of it just fell away. I couldn't believe this was a human being--that at one time it was a body like mine. I knew that if I had gone twenty five feet more, that that body would've been my own. When I saw all these green bags some of them containing no more than a hand or a foot of the original person, it made me stop and ask, 'What the fuck, what the fuck, what the fuck is this all about?'

Another time, they brought in some North Vietnamese Army bodies. They always do that when they have some kills--they bring 'em in and put them on display. We found the wallet of this one North Vietnamese soldier and it had a picture of his wife and his kids and a letter from them. I remember at that point something clicked in my head, something... I don't know. That's when I stopped and I thought, 'The whole insanity of war became so clear and struck me so deeply because here was this man who no more wanted to fight me than I wanted to fight him. In reality I knew that he had the same fears I did, that he had the same longings I had.'

At that point my hatred of the US government became deeply embedded. We had one captain who walked in on us when we were smoking dope. He knew that if he told on us he'd die. It happened all the time. Fraggings might have been big news in '71, but shit, it was going on all the fucking time--it was a fact of life. (Fragging= killing superior officers) In the jungle, everybody has a gun, everybody has a bullet. When everybody has a gun, and everybody has a bullet, you quickly learn the politics of life. In the jungle, you learn to walk softly, carry a heavy stick. You have to fucking learn how to maneuver 'cause your ass could get shot any time--not just by the enemy but by anybody.

They had frequent shoot-outs in Vietnam between Black and white. They had actual goddamn fucking shoot-outs between Black Marines and white ones.

Getting back to indoctrination and propaganda, the first time that I actually saw someone getting shot, it was during TET in February, 1968. I was out with these Koreans in the middle of VC-land. For the next week it was hell. We got hit everyday with rockets, with fire, with everything else. The people say when you see combat--well, the typical combat is propagandized. But guerrilla warfare is not like the Guadal Canal. The guerrilla thing--you don't see your enemy--very rarely. You hear his mortars coming down on top of you, his bullets whiz by you, but you rarely see the enemy.

90% of American men never saw combat in Vietnam. They sat in their air-conditioned offices, getting drunk at night, having young girls brought to them. That's where the fast money was. That's where they have steak and potatoes; they had macons coming in and polishing their boots, making up beds and shit--that's how they actually lived.

That whole war had been calculated for years. They started de-escalating in 1968 after TET--they got their asses kicked. All of a sudden from one end of South Vietnam to another, there was VC everywhere. Everywhere we got hit; every city was hit--it was overwhelming--the psychological impact was terrible. All of a sudden one morning BOOM there was VC in broad daylight.

PT-2-1965

TIN CARTER

I began to identify with the Vietnamese people. I hated being an American. I wanted to be Vietnamese. I went into the villages and I really liked being with them. I felt sick being an American. Americans are ugly, brutal, crude, they're rude, over-bearing, they're arrogant; they're ignorant, they're *absolute* savabrians. I was one of them but at that point in time, I didn't want to be.

I had gone through my transformation. I went to Vietnam hating the the Marines--but still I had this 'Wow, America' feeling. By my tenth month there I hated everything about the U.S. including the fact that I was an American. I was an enemy of the government because I had been fucked over, my friends had been fucked over. My friends had been killed. One captain--one fucking puke-ass captain--I can't think of the words to describe how I feel--sent two platoons up the hill to knock out one mother-fucking machine gun. He could've sent two people but he sent two platoons. He sent eighty people to their death--they were fucking machine-gunned down--every last one of them. The machine-gunner was dug into a hill and there was no wooded area for the men to hide in. The point is all of these people died because of one *sadistic* ass-hole.

People like that used to get prices on their head. I knew a major who had \$7000 on his head. The troops would get the money together and whoever offed him got the bread--no questions asked.

You realize there's no love, no warmth, no affection, no gentleness, no kindness because all those things are lacking in Vietnam. There's a camaraderie. You might come in contact with a Vietnamese family. They lived on a garbage heap. When the Americans would dump their garbage, you would be mobbed by the Vietnamese waiting at the garbage pits to go through what you were throwing. I learned that poverty meant humanness--I met more humane people who were living in abject poverty in Vietnam than I ever met in affluent America.

The reaction when I came back to the US were overwhelming alienation and bitterness. Plus your mind was so fucked up anyway. You hear a loud BOOM and you fucking duck or you crawl on the ground. At one time in my life I used to worry if behind that bush there was a gun. That's still with me--it'll be with me the rest of my life. The main thing after I got back was alienation, hostility. I still didn't have the political consciousness at that time--I knew, though, who the enemy was; I was into drugs--I got very much into marijuana, hashish. We were so desperate for a god damn high that we used to buy god damn nose inhaler, cut up the stick inside and sniff it to get speed. Or we used to take Mazarine--motion sickness pills which would make you hallucinate.

When I was there, one of the things I saw, I thought of society in general just like I saw football--that's a war. It's not as literal as the war I was going through but you had the same sort of 'Kill'em, get'em' trip--it runs through the entire society. The end result was that whole competitive syndrome is war. It was the end result of what was always being acted out in front of my eyes. But it's very cleverly cushioned--it's cloaked with nice things--with stereotypes, with rugs, with pretty clothes, it's cushioned with booze. All these things to *completely* remove reality of what the society is: a competitive nightmare.

After Vietnam my life changed. When I left, I swore that I would get even some-way.

From the time I got back from Nam until the time I met Jim, my life was an exercise in frustration and wandering. I was a dype addict--I was a hippy--I wandered the streets. I didn't know where I was going. I just knew that somewhere there was something for me. I knew it inside. I knew that I was going to meet somebody; I was going to meet something. Something was going to happen where I would know that was my life.

The one thing that you craved over there was some type of affection. And men don't show it to each other--they can't show it to each other. So, that's embodied as a woman, as a female. I used prostitutes when I was there but finally I stopped because there was more alienation after it was done than even before. So, I'd rather jack off and leave it like that.

Everybody on that plane wore their uniform except for me. When I got off the plane the first thing I did when I went through customs--I mean the very first thing I did before I called or anything--I went into the bathroom and I changed my uniform. That's how much--how little I wanted to be identified with Vietnam. I went home and I got the same old bullshit story from my dad. You're irresponsible, you'll never make it, blah, blah.

I remember how painful that was after thirteen months, after all that misery. I thought, "Jesus fucking Christ, if I haven't proven myself by now....". And I thought at that point, I had proved myself to me--I know what I'm made of. I know what I've *actually* been through. I know that I can withstand a certain amount of emotional stress. I have a lot of confidence in myself because of what I've been through.

FF-2-101

They were preachin' the bible but living everything they wanted--drinking and running with women and breaking up peoples homes--everything he's big enough to do and telling me to be good. I was fed up with that mess, sick of it. I'd listened to Oral Roberts and all those evangelists and there wasn't nothin' to none of it. I didn't want to hear of it. She begged and persuaded me to go and told me he was different. "That's what they all say", was my reply. She convinced me to go one day just for the ride. So there I went to meet this man Jim Jones. I went there specially to pick him to pieces. I went there with my mind to see everything in him that was crooked. So I was sittin' down and he came out, I looked him up and down and through and through to see was he real. I had seen so many crooks and pretenders. So I looked and looked and I saw nothing. I turned to my friend and said, "I'll tell you something, that man is a man of God". She said, "you do?" I said, "I sure do". But that day in the Embassy Auditorium in Los Angeles, I was the first one dressed ready to go back the next morning and I been coming and going ever since.

I am grateful to be where I am at in Jonestown today--because I lived under fear all the time when I lived in the states. I always thought when I saw a stranger around he was always looking for me. But, I am so happy today because I am 92 years old and I'm active and able to get around and go and have my right understanding. I have my right mind, I'm not senile and I just love it down here where I'm at in this lovely, lovely place in this wonderful air and sunshine. It's perfectly beautiful to me. I admire the beans and the banana trees and everything is growing so fine. I have flowers growing in my window. I'm just enjoying myself immensely, and I believe anybody that would be down here in Jonestown ought to be happy to. And I am now revising a song in the tune of "Is It True What They Say About Dixie?".....
Is it true what they say about Jonestown? Does the sun really shine everyday?

FF-2-1016

VIRGINIA DEAN TAYLOR (Mom Dean)

b. 1886

....."We can't let them hurt those little children and those women up there. When they turned the fence to get to me we started pouring that dynamite at their feet and everywhere....."

I was an unwanted child but I enjoyed a fairly good life. I went to good schools such as Frederick Douglas School in East Walnut Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio where I was born in 1886. I sang all kind of songs and tried to cover up everything that would break a little child's heart. I didn't have the love of my mother and father. My mother didn't really want me and she didn't allow my father to hardly pick me up or touch me and that I craved so much to be loved and picked up as other children were. I never had that blessing. But I made the best of it. I swung in an old rope swing outdoors and got jolly and rolled old hoops and old tires and made the best of my childhood. I was the only child. Its a cute little thing happened to me: I hooked a piece of chalk from school and I hid it on some of the rafters in the basement and I measured myself everyday to see how fast I was growing up so I could get out of that mess I was in. I lived 3 blocks from Howard Taft's Mansion. His mansion was on Grandon Rd. Three blocks over where I lived was called the ghetto, you know. The rich people, Alice Longworth lived on one corner. I passed by Howard Taft's house every day going to school and you know he became President of the United States. But I'm glad for that experience because I can understand people better this day. I can know people's problems and things. I can relate to people because I went through quite a bit of it.

And when I was 17 I ran away with the show called "Holiday in Dixie". I stayed with that show two years. At that time I had a pretty nice voice and I sang. And after I came out of the show business and had to be forced back home, I was 18 then and they couldn't keep me. And I later married by the name of Harrison Taylor from Columbia, South Carolina. We had a fairly nice life for about 28 years and then he started drinkin' and running around as most men do and then it got kinda dull. I promised him without a shadow of a doubt if he ever hit me...that would be him. And I meant that from the bottom of my heart. I kept my old trusty .45 where I knew it was at and I had been taught to shoot by shooting tomatoe cans and corn cans off of the fence. I was a pretty good shotsman.

Finally Harrison worked with the Pittsburg Coal Company. The Company needed an airway drilled and cut through for the miners in Kentucky and they moved him down there and I moved with him. And I had took training as a nurse and I was signed up with a nursing group. And I went from door to door on a mule there was no such thing as a car in Pike Co. Kentucky where they tell me now the roads are fixed. In those days you had to ride through the creeks, up the mountains and all over the hills on a mule was the only way you could get there. And I'd hang my bag on the saddle and away I'd go five miles back in the woods to help the doctor deliver a baby and whatever happened. My husband had sent back to Pennsylvania and got 15 black men to come o and help load coal because they were short on coal loaders.

But one night the whites of that community decided that the black people were getting all the money. We heard an expression one day, "We're gonna run all the niggers out of town tonight." And right back my house on the top of the hill was the Company Powder House. I only had the .45 and I had those ten men as borders and there was a German among them named Mike, he and my husband kind of buddied together. He was a good fellow. He said, "I'll tell you what we'll do. Taylor, we'll go up here and break in the powder house and get the dynamite out. We don't have a lot of bullets and we don't have a lot of ammunition, we'll get some." So he and my husband broke in the powder house and brought down 3 cases of dynamite what they call Moneybelle, and the fuse that went with it. So I had a little girl there about 17 who was my little dishwasher and my little helper and I sat down there on the floor and taught her how to cut that fuse in two small pieces four to five inches long--and stick it into that dynamite--and cut that dynamite half in two and pack it in the boxes. I gave my husband and this man Mike 2 boxes to take up on the hill. These men were shooting into all the black people's houses and as they came up the road four or five miles down the road, we could hear them shooting as they came. When they got to the turn of our road my husband and Mike set off this dynamite on the hill and it was just rainin' rocks! One right after another--LOOM LOOM LOOM! It sounded like cannons going off. There was about ten families above my house and a lot of little children and I says to this girl, "We can't let them hurt those little children and those women up there." When they turned the fence to get to me we started pouring that dynamite at their feet and everywhere. As I looked over to the road I saw this man coming our way by himself and I figured he was going to try and overpower us or do something and I shot the .45. Later the next morning I learned that I had shot through the Superintendents' hat, to my great surprise. He called

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hissself trying to make peace with the men, how was I to know that? I had already shot him right through that felt hat he had on. This happened about 1920 and I was about 33 years old. So we just poured that dynamite every which way and they broke and ran back. I had saved those 10 families that lived above me. They had shot those others that lived there on the road... shot through their houses and their men had run to the mountains and the women were in the clothes cupboards and children ran under the beds and everywhere to keep from being shot. The next morning my husband went down to the Company Store to see how they felt about what happened. He heard Old man Belcher what lives in Pike Co. Kentucky been there for for years living only 18 miles from the county seat and had never been to town. And with his country hillbilly twang he says, "I'll just tell you there ought to be something done to those niggers up on Red Row, they run my son last night till his tongue was hanging out!". Of course we got a kick out of that. My husband immediately went to Jenkins, that's a company town, and bought a little box car and we loaded it that morning with all our belongings and put a padlock on it and got the 9:45 train on out to West Virginia. They tell me that the judge said if he ever got his hands on me he was going to make an example out of me. But I certainly blew that town up that night.

We lived comfortably there in Coalwood, W. Virginia, right out of Welch and not too far from Bluefield. One day my husband had an abscessed tooth and the doctor told me to take him to Welch to have the tooth pulled. I was driving an open Chevrolet, you have to get out and put the curtains up when it rains. I took him over to get his tooth pulled and the Dr. lanced it and pulled it and we headed back home. Now while I was gone the driver of the Company Store Truck had come and picked up \$35.00 worth of empty pop cases. I had this store called the "Elks Cozy Corner". I served sandwiches and home-made pies and cakes and candy and chewing gum, and things like that, in the store I sold. He had picked up those cases and took them back to the store. When I drove down to get my credit for them he said I was a damn nigger liar, that he didn't pick them up. But the Polish lady next door had seen him pick them up. I told the manager of the store whose name was Mr. Green the best way we can prove this out is I just had a little party at my store and I had some bills struck (handbills) that said Elks Cozy Corner on them. Some of the girls that were serving at that party swept that dirt in those empty cases. Go look in those cases and you'll find some of those bills and he looked in his storeroom and sure enough he found those bills and he counted them right on down. He said, "Don", that boys name was Don. "Don, I don't know why you'd lie like that". Heres Mrs. Taylors bills in there showing that she did have those cases. So he gave me the credit and I bought up the 35 dollars worth in candy and chewing gum and Pop for my store. Now this boy had called me a damn nigger liar.

Well I went back to my store and I had a gate that I let down to keep people from coming back behind the counter. I let the gate down and was standing there casually drinking a bottle of NEHI pop. It was one of them thick fancy bottles they made then. So Mr. Green had told this boy Don that when ever he picked anything up he was to give me a ticket and keep one hisself, saying what he left and what he picked up. And when he finished writing the slip this day he says, "Here nigger, tell the boss that!" and when he said that he hit me with his fist up under my chin. And I popped him on up the side of his head with that NEHI bottle and the bottle broke and I kept the neck of the bottle in my hand and I cut him all in the top of his head with the neck of that bottle. Of course being in West Virginia something had stirred then! Everybody wanted to find me.

Now my husband was an Elk and the Elks took me and my baby and put us in a laundry truck right up against the cab with big bundles of laundry tied up with sheets all up around me and left me room enough I could get air. I had adopted this baby right after I had just lost my own newborn baby at childbirth. I took this baby and even nursed her from my breast until I bought her a cow to feed her because she had a stomach problem. So I gave the baby one of those tranquilizer pills that the doctor had left me when she'd have those stomach tramps. I gave her one of them so she wouldn't cry and she'd sleep as they drove me out of the county. They drove me over to Huntington W.V. where I caught a train and came on in to another state. I brought the child and my husband came 3 mos. later. They promised if they ever got a hold of me... they said that guys head was cut up like hamburger... well I had gotten mad and maybe I didn't realize what I was doing. But he had struck me up under my chin and called me a damn nigger liar. So these are some of the things that happened to me in my life.

.....?.....

Many years later, long after my husband was gone and I had come out to Los Angeles, California a friend of mine came to me and says, "C'mon, I want you to go with me to hear a man named Jim Jones." Well I want to say I had long since fell out with all religion. Those preachers weren't doing nothing.

82-2-89

CYNTHIA DAVIS

I left Texas when I was 21 because of my mom-- because of my mom, and my dad and myself. It was mostly my mom. She was religious and she believed in stuff like witchcraft. She had a feeling that her relatives were trying to kill her and her immediate family with witchcraft. So she just wanted to leave town. She had a feeling that they were trying to kill her because of my grandmom's property. So, she finally decided she wanted to move.

My mom's belief in witchcraft started when she was a little girl. It's like a generation thing that people just pass down. Witchcraft was just one of them. My grandmom told all of her daughters certain things about witchcraft-- things to watch out for that people are supposed to be able to hurt you with. It's like a protective thing that parents tell their children. A lot of Black families-- Southern Black families-- believe in it. My mom told me about witchcraft when I was 12 years old-- she told me a lot about it then. It was just a thing where parents try to protect their children. She would talk to me about it-- tell me certain things that went on in her life-- things that I should watch out for.

She had seen voodoo dolls and how people use them. She had seen people get sick behind witchcraft. She had seen the stuff that different people would vomit up. It was supposed to be things that poison would do to you. She had seen people just shrivel up and waste away to skin and bones. She had seen bloody masses come from people's mouths. It really puts a control on a person. I don't very well appreciate it now because it put quite a control on my life for a long time til I was about 23 or 24. In fact, I didn't get out of it myself until I joined Peoples Temple and actually started believing that no power was a great power-- it was all just a religious, superstitious thing.

She patterned her whole life-- she patterned her immediate family behind witchcraft and strict Catholic religion which was kind of upsetting. We couldn't eat certain things, we couldn't go certain places. For instance, seafood, fish, and stuff-- she would never let us eat seafood from different people because folks think seafood was the easiest way to poison a person through witchcraft. She would always look out for people when she had guests come to the house. If the first place they would want to go was the bathroom, this was supposed to be a way they could hurt you. She would always watch out for people that picked up our clothes, people that handled our hair. When we combed our hair, we couldn't throw our hair in certain places, she would always make us make us put our hair in the toilet and flush it. She would always watch our nails-- clip our nails at home because she figured people could hurt you with that.

When my brother was 16 and started going out with girls, she always told him about his underwear. What could happen if somebody who wanted to do witchcraft got a hold of that. Everything was just so tight. She had us really scared; it was like children watching late, late movies. It was really weird-- it was horrible. This was a daily thing with her. It was a practice, a ritual. It was just a brainwashing for years and years and years and years. She believed that the only way to get rid of this witchcraft was to do a heavy religious trip. If anything wrong happens, the only way to get rid of it was to go straight to church and pray.

Of course, there was a lot of rebellion because young people are not as religious-- they're just not going to fall for it. My dad couldn't stand church either. He wouldn't go. They'd get in arguments all the time about it. It caused a lot of hell. So when this thing came up of my grandmother dying, of course her sisters and brothers they fight over money. She just figured that her sisters and brothers-- about five or six of them-- are trying to kill her and trying to kill me and my dad and my brother. So we just took off-- we moved. My brother was already in the service. He was in California and he had asked that we come out there and join him anyway 'cause he liked it there. So we just decided to go ahead on and move to California.

When we moved there, we moved with a cousin of mine. My dad was still working. He was a merchant seaman for years so he would send us money to keep us together. Living with our cousins didn't work out of course so we got an apartment. Nobody had any money. It was

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just me and my mom and we were living off what my dad was sending us and it was kind of hard. Then my brother was shipped to Alaska and that was a worry on her mind too.

She just carried that religious trip and that witchcraft trip all through her life, all through all our lives. She didn't stop it in fact I don't think she's stopped it now but she's getting a lot better. But everytime it comes up in conversations, she's eager to talk about it. But I don't believe in it, I really don't.

I'm quite sure my grandmother used probably the same method of brainwashing of all of her children that my mom did on me. I'm sure my greatgrandmom was the same way. It's a generation thing. Southern Black families, you find generation after generation pass the stuff down. It goes way back, way, way back. It's something just like putting your socks on, your shoes on, having a cup of coffee in the morning--it's something you do. You tell a child-- a young girl fifteen or sixteen the facts of life-- in the same way you tell them about witchcraft. It's the same thing. You know, like you tell your son the young lady he's going to meet-- you tell him about the young lady he's going to meet and how he's going to get married. It's the same thing with witchcraft. That's the way she got it; she got it from her mom. It's a protective type thing. You tell her about things to watch out for, things that could hurt her; my mom did the same to me. I'm not exactly sure detail by detail but I'm sure of that; she did mention that.

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My becoming a lesbian was a very predictable thing. It came about as a result of the natural thing, the natural hurt thing that takes place when females interact with males. Women are brought up most of the time religious with customary male-female relationships. When you're eighteen, you get married and you live happily ever after. You raise a family and the whole trip. I'm not going to say I wasn't brought up like that. In fact, that's the same ideas and hopes and dreams I had. But when you get into relationships of course you get hurt and most times I felt that relationships I got in, that's what happened-- I got hurt. I got hurt so many different times and so often... different strokes for different folks. People react to hurt from hurt from relationships differently. People react by going into dope scenes or they go into suicide or they go into prostitution. Some people are strong enough-- they learn and they drop relationships altogether.

Some women for instance, they go into a life of gays. They turn over for women. They develop a hate like me for example. I just developed a hate after so many hurts. In my relationships, I'm the type of person I'm loyal, I have a one-track mind. I can't believe in being with four males at one time. I guess I put all my eggs in one basket too many times. And this one particular time, it must have been the last hurt for me and I just decided skip it-- skip relationships period. I had thought about it. All girls wonder, all guys wonder about the life of gay and homosexuality and what it's all about. What is it all about? I guess I had the same thoughts about it.

It was funny the way I even started out in a lesbian life. It was strange. I had dropped relationships altogether. It was unexpected. But there was this one young lady who was younger than myself who was very persistent. She even told me after we got together how she planned the whole thing. I was going with this guy and she liked me and she played up to me like a little sister. I was dumb. I didn't know-- I didn't realize what she was doing. She'd come up to me and she'd pat me or we'd wrestle-- things like that. I hadn't any thoughts of it. This particular guy after we had gone together for about two years; what happened, he got interested in her and she got interested in me. And I decided to go ahead and try it. It really hurt that she was a friend of mine--she was a young friend of mine-- and that he would make any advances to her. I guess it was a hostile trip of my own-- a revenge thing and I said why not? I sure was angry about it so I just tried something new.

I hadn't expected I would do that. I just tried it you know. I enjoyed it. It was a new thing for me. ~~She was more experienced~~

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at that thing cause she had been a lesbian since she was about 14 years old. After getting into it, I liked it much better. I got a clear look at males and the games they play-- the trips they put women through. I guess it was like going through a certain stage for myself. I became more hostile; I became a female chauvinist, a male-hater completely. I wouldn't have one. I wouldn't have a man for five years. I didn't want to even look at a male for five years and I was real snappy when it came to men. They couldn't tell me anything and they couldn't talk to me and they couldn't whistle at me. And they couldn't ask me any questions and everything they tried to rap to me about I could tell them about it before they opened their mouths. (laugh) You know, it was a horrible scene with men. I must have went through that for about five years. I still say I prefer women to men.

To me it is quite obvious that you know yourself much better than you know someone else-- meaning women know what women like. Women know what makes women unhappy and they know what makes them happy. You know what I'm saying? So, it's like looking in the mirror. You treat a woman gentle because that's the way you would rather a man to treat you. But you don't get that of course because men usually exploit women. Men use women like toys, like meat. They destroy their lives, they destroy their hopes and dreams. I mean they just... to me, men are... I don't know. Sometimes I think I don't understand them and sometimes I think I understand too much about them.

With women, they are obviously more sensitive, they're obviously brighter. Sexually they're more enjoyable of course because men are forceful all the time. They're harsh. They don't give a damn, right? Of course women think about that. Women want to make the other person feel good but men don't think like that. Men think just the opposite. So everything a man thinks and does, a woman does just the opposite and it's always in the woman's favor so you enjoy women more than men.

There are issues in this male-female thing that do not break down easily. Why, for instance, if women are brighter and more sensitive etc aren't they more aggressive and acknowledged as leaders? To me, there is a reason for it. It's not the fact that women are as a whole scared or afraid to be in those positions or afraid to think those positions or afraid to take that stand in life. But I think that it's like... I've spoken of the generation thing. Something goes from generation to generation like witchcraft. It's the same thing with women and religion. It's a customary thing you do. Like women go way back as far as I'm concerned in oppression. It's always been said, 'It's a man's world.' It started out that way from Eve and it's gotten better. But women haven't had the backing. They have the intelligence, right? But the man has always had the stronghold on it. It's like having to eventually in the future be released from chains. It's a holdback: the men have got the world and you just have to face it. They control the money, they control the goods, they control everything that exists. It's up to women to beat the oppressor or to overcome the oppressor in whatever move it takes. That's the way it is. It's just something you have to accept. What you don't have to accept is keeping the chains-- you don't have to accept that. You can work yourself out of it, women can work themselves out of it if they pull together and bring themselves from under oppression. But that is just the way it is, it doesn't have to stay that way. That's the question. But it is that way. It started out like that, that's what it is-- men control things. There are some women that think they enjoy it. They're the kind of women that don't give a damn. They'd just rather let the man run the country or have the politics or have the businesses or be the doctors or be the lawyers or what have you. Then there are some

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women like today-- they're trying. They're saying "Damn this, we can be a better politician, a better driver, a better doctor, a better lawyer, a better teacher." And eventually women will have those positions. They will run things-- that's the way I feel about it. But it takes time.

To me, it's just the way the world was set up from the beginning. But women of course have to change it. We don't have to stay that way, damn. They can change it if they will. If I know women, they're smart and they will.

Communism is the only way you can get equality. Communism-- everything belongs to the working class and the working class have no segregation of women and men; it's just people. And under communism heck yeah, you can do it. That would be the only way I'd try it and believe in it that it would come about. Through communism is the only way anything like that would come about. The release of oppression of any people would come about through communism.

For years I watched the women's movement in the states. I never believed in it; I always thought it was a bourgeois trip. I always thought it was a bunch of middle class women that got together in these little five meetings to discuss bullshit-- taking off bras and beating up men. I always thought it was something they had to do besides having tea and cookies. They were bored so they got together and started talking about liberation, right? But I've never seen anything happen from it-- all these unnecessary picket lines and these marches, newspaper interviews and television interviews and I've never seen it change anything. The only time I've ever seen any woman liberated was in this movement and the idea Jim Jones brought about. That's the only liberation I've seen in women period. That's the only time I've ever seen any oppression of women lifted.

I've only been a lesbian for about four or five years and I've been into a lot about myself and women. Women in the states-- lesbians, for instance-- outside of this movement are supposed to be liberated but I don't see anything they have done for themselves. They all seem to be working for the same thing so to speak but they haven't gotten anything accomplished. It seems like groups, homosexuals-- I'll put them in a group-- they don't get anything accomplished. I don't think bourgeois ladies like the ones that portray the Women's League-- I don't think they get anything accomplished. I don't think male homosexuals or religious groups get anything accomplished. I think they work separately.

Actually when you look at it in the states, the states are so divided with all these little tiny groups, these little organizations doing a lot of talking and accomplishing nothing. What they really want to accomplish is communism if they'd think about it. When you really look at communism and what it offers, it offers everything that all these little groups are trying to accomplish.

Give the goods and give the means of production-- all that shit to the working class-- that's all they're trying to accomplish actually. That's the only thing that's really going to make them happy.

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But all these little tiny groups and all these little fusses and arguments and all the little picket lines-- I don't believe in them. This movement is the only accomplishment I've seen of any kind. The oppression of women for instance, we've got that beat; homosexuality, gays-- they do not have any trouble expressing themselves-- there is no sexual persecution of them. You don't have any persecution for any kind of a background. Drug addicts-- they're not persecuted-- not here. Ex-cons-- they're not persecuted-- not here. Gays-- they're not persecuted. They're just people. We don't persecute fascists; we don't persecute intellectuals. We don't persecute anybody. All we have here is people-- working class-- working together for the same ideas. So, if we do that, we've accomplished something because we don't have all those trips and they have all these trips in the states. It's obvious we have communism here and that's what they need. And then maybe they can accomplish something.

The working class in the states is, for one thing, unorganized. Not only is there not a movement for communism in the states, but there is a movement against communism. The working class doesn't organize because they are half-assed communists meaning they want better conveniences and living standards for the workers, but they are half brainwashed and half communist. They want these things but they don't want to go about the means to get them. You know what I'm saying? They want to get things done legally and peacefully. It's going to take...how shall I put it? It's going to take a little bit more than a prayer to bring about a change for the working class in the states.

They are half-ass doing it. They listen to the politicians and then they go home and they give it a prayer and they think everything is going to work out. To me, it's not. They're going to have to organize. They are too widespread. There, the working class is divided into so many tiny groups.

There are poor people everywhere but they are not together. For instance, the miners, they have their own situation and their own union, right? Then you have the poor people who are extremely religious. And then you have the poor ghetto people who sit at home and do nothing but wish and dream. And then you have what they call the 'revolutionaries' in the states-- they're called the 'radicals'. "I want to blow up everybody to make a change." Then you have the people that I call the "talkers". They're going to picket and they're going to rally and they're going to speak out and then they're going to go home and they're going to get drunk. They're all divided into these little groups.

Then you have maybe communist parties, so-called communist parties. They gather together in these big, fat meetings and you're still not accomplishing things. Instead of the working class as a whole getting together and realizing that the real problem is the system and they're going to have to unite to change that system, then they're beating their backs against the wall. Nothing's accomplished and everybody's starving off and dying. So what you have is an oppressed class under fascism and you have a country dying.

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I did have this ex-boyfriend I was crazy about. We did a lot of things together-- you know how you get really close. You go out together, talk a lot, sleep together, eat together. He was close to my mom and close to my dad and brother. He spent holidays together and stuff like that. Then what happens? You really think you're close to a person and all of a sudden everything's gone. You're left hanging. You get a hurt like that, you know, and it makes you change your mind really easy about men and relationships with males.

One thing I didn't understand about myself was how many times I would take a hurt like that from a male. The fact that this guy and I were

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engaged to be married and suddenly he just cooled off. All that affection; suddenly it's gone. We had picked out an apartment and everything. Maybe about two weeks before we were going to get married, we got in this argument and he took the wedding ring he had brought to my house and threw it across a two-story building. And he just walked away. It was cold, really cold. I tried to commit suicide. I knew I couldn't take that. This was about three months before I joined the movement too.

I don't even remember what the argument was about. It was over something simple. They always are simple. The smallest things bring out the biggest results. The smaller the arguments, they just bring out everything-- all your bad points, all your good points. You start confronting each other over something small like a toothpick.

All arguments turn out to be so small and they change people's lives. Like this argument, I'm sure it was over something simple, petty. Yet it changed my whole scene. It turns a person to suicide. Going through that trip, I never believed that I would end up with any relationships at all. Of course, being at that age, you get right back into a relationship-- another relationship, another hurt. Get out of that and jump into another one. Then, you get out of the last one, and jump into another one again. It just so happens that all these relationships I'm jumping on and out of and getting hurt were men.

I began to wonder. It's like religion when you finally found out the lies on the Bible-- you understand-- and you hate religion.. It's the same thing with males. When you finally found out what rats they are, you hate males. And I found out after about 50 or 60 relationships that I didn't like men.

How did I end up with a relationship with a male right now? I will tell you it has a lot to do with communism. I'm going to tell you because I hated men. If it wasn't for the way an idea like communism can change people-- communism can make you see individuals and people as people. Not color, not male-female, or drug addicts. It doesn't class people-- it doesn't put people in classes and categories and make statistics out of them. You know what I'm saying? It just says this is a person, this is the way she or he is. Try the person, get to know the person, don't stereotype. And that's what communism is all about, right? And this is what I've learned to do, the way I've learned to think through communism. So I think now this guy I'm going with is a person. He's an individual. He has his own principles-- he's not just a man which is something society produces. They separate people by classes, by categories like rats. There are insects and canines etc according to someone's classification mania. Here people are just people and that is one reason I can see this guy as just a person and I can see good things in him as a male just like I can see good things in a woman.

I think young people in Jonestown actually have the greatest future they could ever have under a communist ideal. In this movement, everything-- all the pain that they suffered in the United States, for instance is totally subtracted. The states offered nothing for the youth. It offered no decent entertainment, no structure whatsoever, no protection from gangs. In fact, that's what the youth were in the states: gangs, hoodlums-- they led renegade lives

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Here is just the opposite of all the pain that they suffered there-- racism and what have you. They weren't allowed to make good grades there because they would be disturbed by gangs. The youth there were doing nothing but ripping off and getting into dope scenes-- that's the regular thing. But here, they have the opportunity of education, they have a future, they can get into trades. They have a friend in Jim; they have good friends here that they can get involved with. They have good medical care; they have the chance really get close to seniors for instance, and get close to babies and children which is something that you don't see in the states. You always see a generation gap-- there is a generation gap in the states-- it does exist. But here, they're able to blend with all ages, they're able to be just what they are-- young adults. There is no gap here in Jonestown; there is no dope scene in Jonestown; there is no unprotected education. Youth can go into trades, they can learn something without being discriminated against. They don't have to worry about race or none of that stuff. Actually they have more of an opportunity in Jonestown than they will ever have when they are alive in the states.

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