

[return to updates](#)

JIM GORDON



by Miles Mathis

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Did James Beck Gordon, the great session drummer of the 1960s and 70s, really murder his mother? Is he really in jail? I don't think so.

I tripped across his story while researching Rita Coolidge for [my paper on the Fords](#). It immediately struck me as fake. Here's why:

The first clue is his surname: **Gordon**. As in the Gordons, Dukes of Gordon, related to the Campbells, Stuarts, Grahams, Herberts, Howards, Murrays, etc. He looks sort of like the son of a duke, doesn't he? Also as in George Gordon, Lord Byron, the famous poet. We have seen that he was a gay Jewish spook who faked his death. Jim Gordon didn't fake his death, but maybe he did the next best thing.

The next clue: Jim Gordon dated Rita Coolidge. Rita had a habit of dating spooks. Think Kris Kristofferson, son of an Air Force Major General. His mother was an Ashbrook. The Ashbrooks are in the peerage, related to the Bidens, Hamiltons, Campbells, Leghs, Robinsons, Flowers, Murrays, and Tattons. Through the Flowers and Tattons, they are in the same line as the Egertons. The Tattons became Egertons in 1780. These Tattons were also generals. See William Tatton, Lieutenant General

and associate of John Churchill, 1st Duke of Marlborough. The Egertons take us back to the Stewarts/Stuarts.

Not many people know Kristofferson was a Rhodes Scholar. One of Kristofferson's pals at Oxford was Michael Fried, Jewish. Kristofferson's first wife was Frances Mavia Beer, Jewish. Beer is short for Meyerbeer. Kristofferson then became a Captain in the Rangers. The Rangers are closely tied to Airborne, and being elite units both supply many agents for Intelligence.

Rita Coolidge is a **Stewart** through her mother. Both her maternal grandparents are Stewarts. Rita also dated Leon **Russell**. The surname Russell is like the surname Gordon: way up in the peerage, being dukes. Even better, his real name is Claude **Russell Bridges**, and Bridges is also a peerage name, related to the Russells. His mother was a **Fulbright**, proving that theory immediately. Also a **Jackson**, a **Madison**, a **Bennett**, and a **Seymour**. The Bridges are Baronets of Goodneston and Barons of Headley, related to the **Palmers**. The first Baronets were **Lewens**. The Barons Bridges are related to the Afflecks and Rices. Of course this links us to Ben and Casey Affleck, Jeff Bridges, Lloyd Bridges and Beau Bridges.

Rita Coolidge also dated **Graham Nash**. Both his names are from the peerage. That is confirmed by his place of birth: Blackpool, Lancashire, north of Liverpool. That is where the Grahams and Nashes are from (among other places). The Nashes are currently Barons, related to the **Russells**, Mumfords (yes, that band), Fleetwoods, Lindseys, Seymours, Peels, Sommers, Trotters, Moores, Drummonds, Forbes, Fowlers, Reynolds, Cocks (Cox), Stanleys, Valentines, and Hiltons.

Next clue: Gordon's mother Osa Beck was also a **Wolf**. On her Findagrave page, her husband and father are both conspicuously missing. Her brother is listed in place of her father. No genealogy is available for Jim Gordon. Both the Gordons and the Wolfs are related to the Stewarts.

Next clue: Jim Gordon had worked with John Lennon more than once in the 1970s. Lennon is a Stanley and may be a Lennox. Gordon and Lennon both retired at the same time: 1980. Is it possible they both retired for the same reason? I. e. to go deeper into Intelligence? [I have proved](#) that Lennon faked his death that year. Gordon's demise in 1983 was as good as a faked death, since he would be permanently off the streets—allegedly in Vacaville. But we now know many of those supposed to be in Vacaville never were. See Charles Manson, for just the largest example. Many of these famous prisons have fake wings, that exist only on paper. Also see ADX Supermax in Colorado.

But why would I say that, with no evidence of it? Well, there *is* evidence. All we have to do is look for it. In 1985, *Rolling Stone* published an article on Gordon called “When the Voices Took Over”. The article reads like all the others we have seen coming out of Langley: full of big holes. I encourage you to read it and see if you think it makes sense. It makes absolutely no sense. It was reading it that verified my suspicion this was all another hoax.

First big clue there? The alleged author Barry Rehfeld tells us he is talking to Gordon “in a heavily secured prison meeting room at the California Men’s Colony in San Luis Obispo”. The problem? By law, dangerous murderers are allowed to talk only to their attorney, law enforcement, the clergy, or to close relatives. They are not allowed to chat with the press under any circumstances. So these *Rolling Stone* interviews are impossible. Everything I said about Charles Manson also applies here. That destroys this whole story by itself, but I will continue just for fun.

Also notice how long the “butcher knife” is he supposedly killed her with: **eight** inches. That's a pretty

small butcher knife, if you think about it. Plus, most households don't even have a butcher knife. Gordon was living alone: why would he need a butcher knife? Do you have one? I don't. I have no use for one. Also, a butcher knife isn't a great choice for murdering someone, since it has no point. It is square on the end, remember?



Despite that, we are told Gordon buried the butcher knife in his mother's chest.

. . . then as she fell to the floor he plunged the knife into her chest three times, and left it there - dead center.

Really? With no point, that would be pretty hard to do.

The trial also doesn't make sense. Some places tell us he pled insanity, which is why he was convicted of 2nd degree murder and got 16 years to life instead of a greater sentence. But other places, including *Rolling Stone*, admit that he wasn't allowed to plead insanity, since that plea had been all but destroyed by recent legislation. Without an insanity plea, he should have been convicted of 1st degree murder.

In fact, it is now almost impossible to search on the trial of Jim Gordon, since any search for that is drowned out by the fictional Jim Gordon of *Batman*, who was tried in *Gotham*, season 5. I don't think that is an accident.

In 1994, *The Washington Post* ran a story on Gordon called "Bang the Drum Slowly". I would like to retitle it, "Bang the Propaganda Persistently". Actually, the meaning is the same. The year before, Gordon had won a grammy with Eric Clapton for "Layla". It had been re-released in 1992 on "Unplugged". In the article, Gordon is quoted as saying the grammy was very heavy. "I got to hold it." Is that right? So they delivered the grammy to Gordon in his maximum security cell? I guess he carries it with him to lunch, so that if anyone messes with him, he can crush their skulls with it. The guards don't mind him having it in his cell. He keeps it next to his commemorative machete and his decorative throwing stars.

The Post tells us that other than his attorney John Thomas, Gordon hasn't heard from anyone while in jail, for many years.

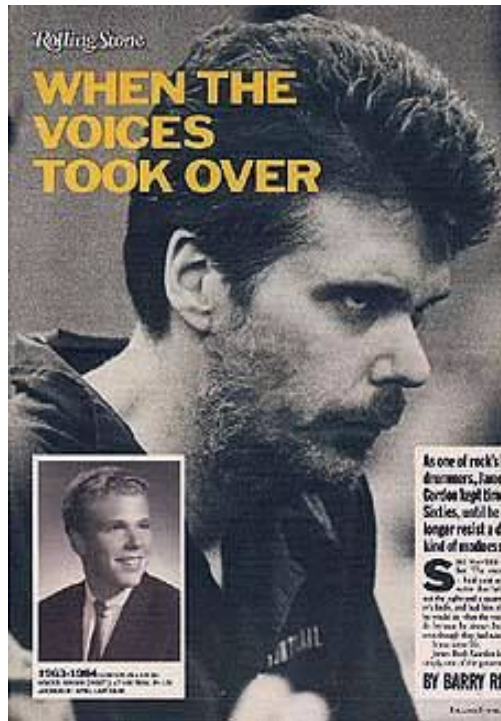
He's not certain, but he does know that in his 11 years of incarceration here and elsewhere, he hasn't seen more than a half-dozen people from the outside.

I guess they forgot about that visit from *Rolling Stone*. They also forget what comes up a few paragraphs later: Jan Walker and Nyna Cravens of Imagine Films “spent hundreds of hours with Gordon”. Unless Gordon was released into their custody, they would have had to visit him in jail, which contradicts what they just said a few paragraphs earlier. Let's add em up: Thomas, Cravens, Walker, Rehfeld—that's four already. Add writer Martin Booe [really, we are supposed to believe that is a real name?] from *The Post*, and we have five. So only one other person visited this famous guy in 11 years? But these Langley writers aren't sticklers for detail, as we know.

Here's something else we learn: like Charles “Tex” Watson, Gordon had been student class president. He was not a “troubled youth” in any way. In fact, just the opposite. Frank Zappa called him Skippy, because he was such a sweet puppyish guy.



He's the curly blond in the back. So how did he look like this on the cover of *Rolling Stone*?



I am a curly blond guy of that sort, and I can tell you I didn't lose my curls or blond when I was in my 30s. I am still curly and blond at 55. Yes, I have lost some hair and gained some gray, but I could never get my hair to look like that. Just study that last photo, please. His hair is straight, dark, and very thick on top. His hairline is very low on his brow. Now go back up to the photo of Gordon. No match. He doesn't even match the inset picture. The noses are completely different.



There Gordon is older and fatter in his 30s, circa 1980. That's clearly him, as we can tell even with the blur. The guy on the cover of *RS* isn't him. Which confirms my theory: they needed to plant fake pics of him, to keep anyone from recognizing him. He didn't go to jail, he went undercover. I would guess he had done everything he wanted to do on the drums, and requested a re-assignment. Being a Gordon, he could do anything he wished. All he had to do was ask. Like Tara Browne (a lucky man, oboy), John Lennon, and hundreds of others, Gordon apparently wanted to be James Bond.

You will ask, “But why fake his mother's death instead of his own?” Wouldn't she complain at being brought into this fraud. Unlikely, since she is part of these families as well. They are all pathological liars, in love with the fake event. Nothing tickles them more. Plus, this way a couple of other birds could be killed with the same stone. One, Operation Chaos could be pushed forward, as well as the men-are-scary-pigs project. Another curly-haired blond guy could be blackwashed as a crazy murderer, throwing fear into women everywhere and further destroying the heterosexual relationship—leading to ever higher profits. Two, maybe she had a big life insurance policy that paid double indemnity for things like this. If she had died of natural causes, maybe no payout. But with a murder, well, a possible big payout for someone, as long as her son was not listed as the beneficiary. So who was still alive? Her husband? Maybe her brother listed at Findgrave? Her other son John, “a bank executive in Seattle”?* Who knows?

I draw your attention to something quite strange in the *Rolling Stone* article.

With his Curly Blond Hair and beefy build, James Beck Gordon was a California golden hunk in an Ozzie and Harriet family.

What's wrong with that sentence? Why is “Curly Blond Hair” capitalized? “Beefy build” is not capitalized, is it? This is Psyop writing 101.

But let's return to the articles. We are told that Gordon couldn't plead insanity, but at the same time we are told many psychiatrists testified and that everyone in the court agreed Gordon was insane. Do you see the contradiction there? If Gordon couldn't plead insanity, then there would be no reason for any psychiatrists to testify, and no basis for anyone in the court to agree or disagree with his insanity. It was either a point at trial or it was not. We are told it was not, so none of this makes any sense.

Notice that we are *not* told that Coolidge or anyone else testified at trial, telling these stories in court that we are told in the press. That is what you would expect in any trial where such issues arose: real testimony from witnesses, not just testimony from psychiatrists. And yet we don't hear anything about that. So you see the big hole there: why would psychiatrists testify, but no “real” people who knew Gordon?

Then, in both the *Washington Post* and *Rolling Stone* stories, we are told he was in and out of hospitals and institutions at least 14 times, but he always left on his own authority. Given that he was attacking nurses, talking about killing his mother, and seriously attempting suicide, that should look kind of strange. When those things happen in the real world, they physically restrain you and commit you. They don't just let you go home. Stories like this only happen in La-La-Langley world.

Then we find out Gordon was married for five years to a woman named Jill (no last name given). They had a child. Funny we have never heard from Jill about any of this. Maybe, despite the divorce, she didn't want to have to make up stories about Jim beating her. Maybe she wasn't a part of his later pre-CIA existence.

Then, out of the middle of nowhere in this *RS* article, Gordon is quoted as saying,

I had a feeling I was being watched, but it was all in the background.

Hmmm. That doesn't really jive with everything else we are being told, does it? The rest of the stories

are about Voices, not Watchers. I suggest Gordon was being watched by recruiters.

The next quote is equally cryptic, or crypto:

The producers wouldn't pay me for *Layla*, because they said I would be dead in six months anyway.

What? Did I miss something? That was in 1972, long before the Voices. Do you think producers refused to pay everyone who was taking a lot of drugs back then? If we are to believe the stories, no would have gotten paid a dime. And this Jim Gordon, alleged son of an accountant, had never heard of attorneys or suing for payment?

Here's another perfect example of what I am talking about:

Word of how he had changed — the drugs and alcohol, the accident and his treatment of Coolidge — preceded Gordon to L.A. He was labeled another drugged-out superstar casualty, unable to deal with the pressure, the work and and the drugs. Yet, when he got back, it was as if he had never left. Gordon was in such demand that he could pick and choose his recording dates.

These dopes have just contradicted themselves in consecutive sentences. One second he is labeled a burnout, unable to deal with the pressure, and the next second he is in high demand. Hey geniuses, it has to be one or the other!

In 1973, Gordon married Renee Armand, another one we never hear from in the later days. We are told Gordon punched her and their marriage ended after six months. But do we have any way to confirm that, or are we just supposed to accept it because *Rolling Stone* said so? The latter of course.

And now for the next glaring contradiction:

Gordon prepared for the worst. He rented a storage garage and packed it with freeze-dried food in expectation of the world's end. His record of child-support payments was unblemished, and he paid his bills on time: if he died suddenly, he would not owe anyone any money.

Does that make any sense to you? He's completely insane, hearing voices telling him to kill people, drinking himself to death, speedballing, and who knows what else, but his record of child-support payments and bills was unblemished? He was worried about not owing anyone money, because he thought the world was going to end? If you think the world is going to end, why would you care about your debts? What better time to ignore them, right?

In one sentence they tell us no one would play with him, then in the next sentence he is fine and playing with his old buddies, or playing racketball with Jackson Browne. The article is just a giant mind-stir.

Then the article really unwinds. First his mother says, "You are going to kill me". Then Gordon says to her, "I am going to kill you". And yet she does nothing. She doesn't leave town, hire a bodyguard, get Gordon arrested, or move in with a relative. Instead, when he comes over and rings the doorbell in the middle of the night, **she lets him in!**

We are told that a couple of days before, Gordon went to the hospital requesting Thorazine because he was feeling very violent. But because his doctor was out, the hospital did nothing, letting him leave. They didn't restrain him or call the police, which is against the law. His mother called the police, but they allegedly told her there was nothing they could do. The officer wished her luck. Right. Gordon should have had a record by that time, what with attacking nurses, punching and choking his wives, and so on. But even if he didn't it is completely against protocol for the police to refuse to help someone who has been threatened with murder. Given that Gordon was world famous, they should have sent a car to his house to pick him up, or a car to her house to meet Gordon there.

The next day she called the city attorney's office about a restraining order, but “she faced a formidable bureaucracy, though, and hung up”. Who believes this stuff?

Osa Gordon didn't call anyone else that day or the next. She had, after all, been dealing with her son's illness for a decade and had to manage only a few more weeks alone. Although it was necessary to treat her son cautiously, he had never raised a hand against her, and no doctor had ever warned her that he might. It was perhaps with these thoughts in mind that she opened her door to her son when he suddenly appeared in front of her apartment late that fatal Friday night.

They are trying to explain it away, but not going a good job. That contradicts everything else they have told us on the page. She must have known he had beat up at least three wives/lovers, been in the hospital 14 times, was strung out on alcohol and drugs, was hearing voices, and had told her multiple times he was going to kill her. Did she just forget all that when he came over in the middle of the night, because “no doctor had warned her”? I don't think I would need a doctor to warn me, would you?

No, the story makes no sense, indicating it is all fiction. None of this happened.

Sort of makes you wonder what bogus projects Gordon has been working on for the past 40 years, doesn't it? Maybe he was involved in that Octopussy thing?

*That by itself sort of confirms my suspicions, doesn't it? No surprise to find family bankers on the periphery of this hoax.