

Once Upon a Time in Hollywood



by Miles Mathis

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I finally got around to watching this flim from last year. Having written [the definitive paper](#) on the Manson story being fake in 2014, I figured it was my duty. However, I refused to pay money to see it, so I had to wait until friends had it on. I am flattered they spent this much time and money responding to me, but I have to say the final product is pretty pathetic. It is a lot of sound and fury signifying nothing. Anyone who read my paper and then saw this movie would just take the whole thing as more confirmation, so as a response it falls completely flat. It just proves these people hate hippies and will do anything to blackwash them, even 50 years after the fact.

But even for those people who haven't read my paper, this flim couldn't possibly help resell the Manson story. The character of Manson makes a ten-second appearance, and even his associates are barely mentioned. Tarantino fictionalizes large parts of it, including many characters, and the ending is especially absurd, since Tarantino changes it so that the hippies get brutally killed instead of doing the killing. I guess this is meant to be some sort of catharsis, like his previous fake revenge against Nazis and slaveowners, but in this case it falls even flatter than usual. I assume most in the audience found it shocking and absurd, but not cathartic, or even less amusing. They probably couldn't figure out what he was up to, though those who read my paper saw it immediately. In short, he was trying to manufacture hatred for hippies with even less subtlety and finesse than in the original fiction.

What is even more shocking to me than the ending is the fact that they hired all these A-list actors, spent hundreds of millions of dollars, shot for months, and let the movie run to 3.5 hours, and yet

achieved so little propaganda-wise. Do you know how much I spent on my research on Tate/Manson? Nothing. It simply indicates once again that these people are tapped-out creatively. They have access to a lot of clothes and wigs and old cars and fancy cameras, but no ability to write a script. They seem to think that if they hire a lot of pretty people and have them wave their bare feet in the camera to a soundtrack of top 60s hits, we will all swoon and forget to notice there is almost no story here. Just a lot of half-baked nostalgia for a time that never was, and events that never were, and people that weren't who we were told they were.

Even Tarantino fans are calling this his worst film, which is actually saying a lot. They are all pretty bad, and except for the ending I wouldn't call this his worst. As in Paul Anderson's film from the same period, *Inherent Vice*, there are a few redeeming moments. The eight-year-old girl is funny. Pitt beating Bruce Lee is revealing. And so on. But for the most part this is just sour frosting without any cake.

However, there are several things worth commenting on, which is why I am here. Although the film fails miserably as propaganda, comedy, or entertainment, it does succeed smally as a matter of reveals. One of the first things I noted was that Joni Mitchell apparently preferred to not be involved here, since although they used her song *Circle Game*, she wasn't singing it. That by itself is telling.

I also noted that the painting of DiCaprio outside of his house made him look almost exactly like Jack Nicholson. Most of you probably missed that, but I didn't since [I have written about it previously](#). There is a theory online that Leo is Jack's son, though I didn't come up with it. In that paper I guessed that they were related, but probably not as father/son. However, I read this latest reveal as Tarantino telling me I was wrong. I think he is telling us that Leo *is* indeed Jack's son. That's just my gut reaction, but as you may know my gut has proven to have amazing powers of perception.

The scenes with Bruce Lee are another reveal, telling us Lee was as fake as the rest of them. Not really surprising, though it IS surprising they are choosing to reveal it so conspicuously. Could be because many of the producers involved here are Chinese, so perhaps there is some rivalry between these Lees and Chans and Dongs we don't know about.

Possibly the worst scene in the film is when Pitt visits Spahn Ranch, to see a million-year-old Bruce Dern. Tarantino is trying to make these little hippie girls very scary but fails miserably. Not able to create the fear or weirdness any other way, he resorts to doing it with a rat dying in a trap. Really hamhanded. But then he undercuts that by having Pitt take on all twenty or thirty girls, and winning with one threat. As he is beating up the hippie guy, Pitt looks up to find himself being rushed by all the girls, but he keeps them at bay by threatening to knock the guy's teeth out. Really? And we are supposed to believe that worked against this coven of witches? We are supposed to believe 30 armed crazy/evil girls couldn't overwhelm one unarmed dude in moccasins? Doesn't say much for the levels of danger there, does it?

The final scene is a groaner for all the usual Tarantino reasons. Tex Watson points a gun at Pitt but as usual can't remember how to pull a trigger. This happens in every Tarantino film, where guys point guns at each other and then stop to recite the pledge of allegiance silently or something. They don't seem to realize that whoever fires first wins, because bullets travel faster than thoughts. So they just stand there. In this one, Pitt doesn't even have a gun, so it is even stupider. Tex just waits for the dog to jump him, and then can't figure out how to shoot the dog. The only thing we are missing in the final scene is the gratuitous Tarantino fountains of blood, like in the Monty Python re-enactments of Sam Peckinpah movies.

Sadly, the smaller plots here are more compelling than the larger one, and we are left wondering what happened to the little girl kidnapped by DiCaprio in the pilot for *Lancer*. But instead of telling us, Tarantino decides the film has wallowed long enough and needs a narrator for the rushed last part. Yeah, 3.5 hours and the last part is rushed, as if someone called for a hurried wrap-up due to going overbudget. It is almost like this film was written as they filmed it. Lacking a real script, they just asked all their A-listers to show up and offer any ideas for the day's scenes. They put on their wigs, took off their shoes, and horsed around for a few hours while the cameras rolled. The editors then tried to turn it into a story later. I wonder if their editors got scriptwriting credits.

I also hope you caught that Pitt's character is named Cliff **Booth**, as in John Wilkes Booth. The Booths are upper peerage, related to all the big families. I have previously [shown you that Booth was a Jewish actor](#), and that he was acting throughout the entire Lincoln event—which was just as fake as the Manson event. You will say this name match is a coincidence, but it isn't, and Tarantino himself tells you that. Remember when Pitt meets Bruce Dern as George Spahn? What does Spahn call him? John Wilkes Booth.

Something also occurred to me while watching Margot Robbie watch herself as Sharon Tate in *The Wrecking Crew*. You will notice that the scene they chose to replay on the screen was the one where Sharon kicks Nancy **Kwan** in the head. I thought it was curious that *Once Upon a Time in Hollywood* was a joint Chinese production, and here is Nancy Kwan, once of the first big Chinese actresses in Hollywood. Kwan is only half Chinese, her mother being a **Scott** of the Scottish Scots of the peerage, closely related to the **Hamiltons**, Stewarts, Murrays, etc. You will also remember that one of our executive producers here is a **Chan**. So I asked myself if the surnames Chan and Kwan might be variants of Cohen/Cahn. Turns out they are. Chan comes from Chen, so you just need to add an “o” to get Cohen. Chen/Chan/Tan is a very common name in China, and I am not claiming all of them are Jewish. However, just as we have seen that a certain family of Smiths/Jones are from peerage lines in the US, the same can be said of Chans/Chens in China. Something to keep in mind for later.

As it turns out, if you transliterate the word “rock” in Hebrew, you get the word. . . Chen. This gives us another link between the Chens, Cohens, and Rockefellerers.

This film should make you question the whole “Hollywood is liberal” fib you are told by the mainstream media. Would a liberal Hollywood go so far out of its way to blackwash hippies? Hippies are the original 60s liberals, remember? So why does Tarantino seem to hate them so much? Why do all these people working on the film seem to relish blackwashing hippies? You will say it isn't hippies in general, but only cult-murdering hippies, but that isn't the way the film reads, is it? DiCaprio is calling hippies fuckers from the first scene, for no given reasons. In the final scene he goes out to the car and tears into the hippies for being smelly losers before he has any idea they are bad. He screams at them for no other reason than that they have a car that doesn't run well and that they don't look rich. They are poor kids who dared to drive up his private street. Rewatch that scene and ask yourself if he didn't deserve to be whipped within an inch of his sorry life for being such a fascist asshole. And yet he is sold as a hero just a few moments later. Remember, the film ends with him being invited into the Polanski compound, where we are sure he will be welcomed into the upper reaches of fascist Hollywood. We are supposed to be so happy that our heroes killed the bad hippies and have won their just reward. This despite the fact that one of them killed his wife only because she called him a loser. He probably could have just divorced her, rather than shooting her in the stomach with a spear gun. But whatever. The other one was a whiny crybaby dick from a rich family who thought the greatest tragedy in the world would be the fading of his pointless career as a B-actor. But we are supposed to

cheer when he wakes up from his alcohol binge long enough to fry Sadie with a flamethrower. The measure of Tarantino's miscalculation is how close the audience got to taking sides with the crazed hippies here, despite his best efforts to demonize them. Was I the only one that nodded when Pussycat called actors a bunch of losers, or even when Susan Atkins said they should kill those in Hollywood who had taught them to kill? I really don't think Tarantino or his producers wanted us to side with the hippies here, so they might want to look into it. If they do I think they will find that they have turned themselves into demons far more nefarious than any fictional hippies they have created.

Tarantino and the rest aren't liberals—despite their professed love of Obama—but if you want to know who they really are, all you have to do is watch the movie closely. Notice how the old 60s TV series *F.B.I.* is prominently included, with DiCaprio actually having a part in it near the end. That was no accident. **That** explains why these people hate the hippies. They aren't liberals, they are from the fascist old families that founded and still run the FBI and CIA and other alphabet agencies. They hate hippies because real hippies got in the way of their war profiteering in the 1960s. They hate anyone who questions the authority of the Pentagon and the military and the cops and the White House and the hidden families behind them. You are allowed and even encouraged to have a “question authority” bumpersticker on your car, because it makes you feel independent, but you aren't allowed to actually question authority. If you do that in any meaningful way you will be targeted as a menace to the status quo, which relies completely on the bended knee.

It seems like everyone in Hollywood wanted to be a part of this movie, or to get their kid a bit part. The cast is massive, as you can see at IMDB. I count 94 credited and 120 uncredited. That's a lot of people who signed up to slander hippies. But in that sense it is just a rehash of the original Manson event, which all of Hollywood also wanted to be a part of. I have shown you that the “real” Manson family was also made up of Hollywood and military kids, including, as you will remember, the teenage daughter of Angela Lansbury, who was on set with a note from her parents. They admit that in the mainstream books. And I remind you once more that Spahn Ranch was a movie set both in “real” life and in this film. Which means in the film, the movie set was a re-creation of. . . a movie set. We are seeing a layering of projects, with one pulp fiction piled on top of another.

Here are some of the surnames in the lesser cast (see how many you remember from the upper reaches of the peerage/Hollywood royalty): Stewart, Perry, Lewis, Russell, Graham, Dunham, Cohen, Beaty, Willis, Hammond, Robinson, Clark, Franco, Hoffman, Walker, Madsen, Bell, Steen, Mills, Grable, Bissett, Langley, Burton, Abrahams, Cox, Dylan, Vargas, Villegas, Edelstein, Herst, Levy, Moore, Schlegel, Zilberschmidt.

Oh, and I guess you caught the joke in the first scene, where the interviewer asks if Pitt carries DiCaprio's load? Pitt smiles and says yes, he carries his load. In other words, the boys are gay. Both the characters and the actors who play them. Nothing wrong with that, you will say, but it does sort of undercut all the macho posing. It also provides another twist to Pitt's gratuitous shirtless scene.

To show how gay this whole flim is, let us rewind to the scene where Pitt refuses a blowjob from the beautiful and sexy Qualley. He is supposed to be such a tough guy and rebel, driving 50 down Hollywood Blvd while everyone else is going 30, but we are expected to believe he refuses a blowjob? Then why did he pick her up? He just needed a teen to talk to? Instead Tarantino decides to insert a morality sermon here, a sort of just-say-no for the cool crowd. Proving like nothing else could that he is working for the man, selling their repress-the-Gentiles regimens. You will tell me getting blown by a 17-year-old is illegal in California. We will ignore the fact Qualley was actually 25 in this scene, but yeah, so is driving 50 down Hollywood Blvd and killing your wife, and yet we see him doing those

things without some morality sermon. But the point is, the scene doesn't fit his character, and so it plays as a big record screech. If Tarantino didn't want to film a teen blowjob, focusing on the dashboard or something, he should have never had her offer it. As it is, the scene is supposed to prove Pussycat is a bad girl, blowing cute older guys she has just met, but all it ends up proving is what a pussy Pitt's character is, which opposes the script. Was it just me, or did she come off looking better than Pitt in that scene, despite everything? And I don't mean looking better physically, I mean spiritually. She absolutely wins this exchange, for example:

Obviously, I'm not too young to fuck you. . . But obviously, you are too old to fuck me.

What I'm too old to do is go to jail for poontang.

What she means is that she is obviously (look at her) many years past puberty, not a virgin, and not about to tell any cops about it. And the offer wasn't to fuck, it was for a blowjob, which no one can prove anyway. So why is he whining about jail for poontang? Poontang isn't involved in a blowjob, last time I checked.

Just so you know, although Tarantino has been sold as an Italian Catholic, he is actually Jewish. He is married to a Jewish woman and lives in Israel. His genealogy is scrubbed completely at Geni.com, but Ethnicelebs gives up the farm us usual. Tarantino is a **Hamilton**, McHugh, **Milton**, Woody, **Moses**, **King**, **Learned**, **Nobel**, **Schaffer**, Burton, Swann, and Plemmons. We just saw that Nancy Kwan is also a Hamilton. [Just last week we saw that the Amazing Randi's real name is Hamilton.] The links at Ethnicelebs indicate Tarantino's Geni.com page has been scrubbed recently, since they claim to take some of their information from there. But there is zero information there, not even parents. Collating those surnames proves Tarantino is both from the peerage and from top Jewish lines. Do you think he would have become a director in Hollywood otherwise? No, he is closely related to everyone else in Hollywood, including Pitt, DiCaprio, Robbie, Pacino, Dern, and all the rest.

Also related to Sharon Tate and Roman Polanski, whom he mysteriously defended on the Howard Stern show in 2003. That was a head-scratcher, since he should have known to keep his opinion to himself on that one. He said Polanski didn't really rape the 13-year-old girl. She was there to party and she "wanted to have it". So let me just ask you one question: Do those sound like the words of a liberal? Let me just ask you one more question: Can you believe his career survived that? If you will remember, Michael Richards' career was destroyed by calling a heckler a nigger. But Tarantino claimed Polanski's 13-year-old girl wanted it and nothing happened? He went on to release *Kill Bill* that year to international acclaim, and the quote was buried until 2018. Even when it came out again in 2018, almost nothing happened. He apologized and it was all swept under the rug. Michael Richards apologized profusely for a much smaller verbal transgression and was all but crucified for it. Richards remark was said in anger and self-defense, while Tarantino's remark was said with a cool head, in complete candor. His apology was obviously insincere, but nonetheless it was accepted, I assume just because he is such a high-ranker in the Phoenician navy.

Roll credits. The first time I watched I missed the call-out to Intel in the credits, where DiCaprio comes back for a cigarette commercial. The name of the cigarettes? Red **Apple**. In my long paper on [Lennon](#), I showed you that Apple Records and Apple Computers are just subsidiaries of the Big Apple: Intelligence. In Genesis, the apple is taken from the tree of knowledge, and knowledge=intelligence. Don't believe me? What does DiCaprio say as the motto of Red Apple cigarettes? "**Take a bite** and feel all right". So Tarantino is just giving a big credit to his big boss: the CIA.