

3. *Invasion of the Je Ne Sais Quoi Snatchers*

31 October 2020

Most Americans of my Baby Boomer origin (born 1946-1964), and a few die-hard science fiction fans afterward, remember the short classic movie of 1955, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, starring Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter. Outstandingly thought provoking!

[Briefly, from outer space comes a life form that takes over a mind-equipped species (humans in the movie) in a process of absorbing the mind-souls of individuals—into giant seed pods that become a duplicate of the humans' bodies while the target persons sleep. (Yes, the process presents a number of logical problems, call it poetic license.) The consciousnesses of the newly formed pod-bodies merge into a collective-brain über-consciousness called the Democrats, kidding; no, the new organism at the individual level IS rather like a communist "ideal society:" no self-identity, no emotions, no ambition, no necking and petting with your girlfriend at the drive-in theater... pure sexless, soulless collective brain.]

Whew! It's actually a bit of work to put the synopsis to words.

The new organism's attack starts in Santa Mira, CA, a quiet sprawl community spawned by post-WWII artificially cheap federal housing loans (another story). Dr. Miles J. Bennell (McCarthy) and his newly returned-from-England high school sweetheart Becky Driscoll (Wynter) discover, then play dodgem with the giant seed pods and their quickly emerging "pod-people," former friends and townspeople—Uncle Ira is now a pod-spreading alien bent on his niece's demise into herd-mind... not just a Biden copping a feel at the family picnic.

Well, I don't want to spoil it for you. The picture of Becky is all I'll share. But it expresses the horror and sorrow of how an independent consciousness would feel if someone he loves suddenly "turns herd" and comes after him. Or in our case, is tempted into mainstream consensus for social acceptability reasons.

Here I go again, things keep tying into the 900# phantom gorilla ('covid') and its seeming to sweep the world with covtardia¹... that looks strikingly like the progression of *Snatchers'* soul (*je ne sais quoi*)-sucking pod army.

Indeed, last week's HighWire had Del Bigtree interviewing Dr. Simone Gold, a leading heroine who put together the "Frontline Doctors" event in DC at the Capitol and on the steps of the Supreme Court—*Big Tech-Pharma media launched a world-record, instant-censorship blackout of that public knowledge breakout across all Deathstar-media platforms.*

[30-something?] Gold confided that the official-story-compliant doctors at her former healthcare facilities—the companies fired her—behaved like (in her parents' generation movie) *Invasion of the Body Snatchers'*, well, snatchEES.

The question now becomes is it too late... for the snatchee doctors, or our snatchee-bound friends and family to recover independent consciousness/DO-ness? My cryptic answer: we all, one-by-one, must find that 'stillness courage' to break snatcher-mob rule in our heads, then "go public." Shall we?



¹ Covtardia (the 'mass-batshit-crazy disease') = gullible acceptance of the mainstream 'covid' official story that a meaningless positive test for an unidentified virus => an infection that will kill you [when 90% of the positives have no symptoms and a cheap, 99% cure(s) exists for serious symptoms mistakenly called 'covid'] so governments lock down, isolate, and mask *everyone* to bury businesses, livelihoods and lives.