

THE STANFORD UNIVERSITY SEX ABUSE AND ARROGANCE GROOMING CLUBS

- How the tech CEO's of Silicon Valley turned into scumbags and the Co-eds got prostituted
- A dynastic and covert sociological conditioning system still ruins student development

By Susan Connors



They were supposed to sell Christmas tree's and help little old ladies cross the street. Instead, the male graduates of Stanford University have turned into rapists, sex abusers and the largest producers of political bribes in American history. What went wrong?

The grooming guides and facade pitch of the Stanford social clubs, or "socials" as they are known, is that they are "*oriented towards promoting social service by hosting certain community-based welfare functions*". This pitch is designed to appeal to the naive, young, bright-eyed, bushy-tailed children that have just arrived at college with hopes of "*changing the world*". It is a **sucker-play** designed by Yale, Stanford and Harvard globalist bosses in order to steer the herd of fresh meat.

The Key Club and *The Guardsmen* men's club at Stanford University exist to create cookie-cutter clones and create a private male club of square-jawed insiders who are supplied with "baby-ovens" by the associated female supply-chain of *The Junior League* and *The Spinsters* women's clubs.

Woke students say: "They're useless clubs out there for jackass tools to join in order to pad their resume. "Look, I'm in Key Club and Guardsmen! I'm a good

person! Got a kickass club shirt on me, too!" If you wear those shirts then, seriously, you must suck so bad that you need them to make yourself look good."

They were originally simply available for the sake of resume fluff. Both organizations say they have *"beneficial intentions and provide many outstanding and charitable activities for active participation from the school and surrounding community (i.e. obtain funds for charity, promote social involvement, build mutual goodwill, support joint collaboration, encourage concern for the general welfare, and so forth). Many students invest their sincerest efforts into them and feel that that they should be highly respected..."* It is all a load of crap, though, designed to create exclusive control for rich globalist families and dynastic clusters of old family titles.

The "socials" of Stanford are brain-washing classes designed to create the next generation of dynastic family members to keep the mansions well stocked with yuppie Whole Foods-buying robots.

These clubs work on a school to school level but have a covert system of governance from past 'club officers'. Key Club International is an international organization composed of 33 districts (California-Nevada-Hawaii being one, for example), and within each district are many divisions (61 or so in CNH), and in each division, up to 15 schools that all conspire on ideology via email, newsletters and "mentors".

Key Clubs communicate with each other, develop ideas on service, and correspond on service projects with a concentrated elitist focus. In short, Key Clubs from California and Key Clubs from Massachusetts both work on a single political service initiative, concentrating service and making a political difference in one area for the DNC. With governance, there are also many leadership positions. Running a successful club, division, district, or international organization takes a lot of work, and it's a great leadership experience for future Obamas. This helps spread a synchronized political agenda across the nation covertly guided by the parents and administrators of a common ideology. Often the groups are promoting a non-profit Dark Money campaign financing PAC as seen in the feature film: DARK MONEY.

To get in to a "social" you will need to have facially symmetrical facial features. You will need to dress like you just walked out of a **Lands End** catalog. You will need to use exaggerated facial expressions to respond to everything that is said to you and never, **ever**, nasalize a vowel. You will need to smile with your teeth together and you will need a good nose job.

Socials increase exclusivity bonding for members which makes service more of an obligation. Socials are the means for getting potential DNC members, who

are acquainted with each other's families, to become Democrats - the end result. It is sad, however, that many clubs seem to have lost touch with their original purpose - political exclusivity. The main rule: **You must only do business and politics with other members and not go outside the designated yuppie sphere!**

Regarding the religious status of Key Club, although there are passing references to religion, such as in the pledge (I pledge on my honor to...build my home, school, and community, to serve my nation and god...), atheists and agnostics will have no problem getting leadership positions because it is all liberal-biased. The issue of religion is usually brought up during invocations in order to stimulate psychological Mnemonics and make students feel impassioned.

These grooming clubs are of an exclusive nature.

In the last 5 years, China has uncovered this scheme and flooded Stanford with Asian Co-eds in order to try to insert their national policy interests into this 100 year old social programming opportunity. In fact, today, you can't walk down University Avenue in Palo Alto, or Broadway in Burlingame, without finding that every young yuppie guy has a fresh Asian girlfriend clinging to his arm waiting for that IPO.

So what's so honorable about being in an organization that proclaims how honorable you are? **Nothing**, aside from the fancy velvet cape you pay too much for and get when you graduate. If you want to join a community service organization, join Boy Scouts, or any of the other "real" community service organizations.

You do paltry amounts of community service in these clubs while pretending that you actually care. Nobody does anything that causes them to sweat. The most exertion that anyone undertakes is blowing up party balloons. You then list it on your resume as if you actually did something.

Why do you even need to be in a club to do community service?

This is a huge problem among today's youth. Community service should build you up as a person. You should learn from your experiences and develop compassion for the less fortunate. And then you can list it on your resume.

These clubs are absolute jokes that suck the unaware kids into social programming, blind them with candy-coated "SJW floss" and steer them into the roles of Wall Street tools.

Now the members of these clubs have created a "*Fortress of Assholes*" in a series of office buildings on Palo Alto's Sandhill Road. They are, as the news reports, the New Mafia:

"...SILICON VALLEY VC'S & PAYPAL MAFIA TECH OLIGARCHS ARE RAISED TO BE SOCIOPATHS AND EXHIBIT LAWLESS DERANGED SOCIAL ACTIONS LIKE RAPE, SEX ABUSE, MISOGYNY, TAX EVASION, RACISM, BRIBERY, THEFT AND OTHER ILLICIT DEVIANCE.."

This is where the wife-abusing, arrogant slime that run Silicon Valley come from.

Let's look further back at how these Misogyny Havens existed in previous decades:

On a summer evening two years ago, the Washington Club threw a going-away party for itself at Patterson House, its ornate white-marble sugar cake of a mansion on Dupont Circle. Guests sipped cocktails in the massive ballroom before filing into the dining room to eat beef and salmon served on the club's signature pink-and-white china. "Everybody was dressed to the nines and very happy," says Priscilla Baker, former president of the women's club.

In the months that followed, the china was sold off to members who wanted a keepsake. Baker worked with Sloans & Kenyon, the Chevy Chase auction house, to sell off the most valuable antiques—a Qing Dynasty celadon jade vase went for \$16,000, and two gilt-framed mirrors got \$10,000, according to the *Washington Post*. Many of the office's file cabinets and desks were donated to political campaigns gearing up for the 2014 elections. Last June, Baker handed over the keys to SB-Urban, which had bought the mansion for a reported \$20 million, with plans to convert it into luxury "micro-apartments."

"The club started in 1891," says club historian Edith Walter. "It was unique in its time, but time has moved on."

Our times don't favor the private clubs that once defined elite society in the nation's capital: the Cosmos, the Metropolitan, the Army and Navy, the Alibi, the George Town, the University, the National Press Club, the American News Women's Club, the Economic Club, and others—like the F Street Club, which closed in 1999, and the Federal City Club, shuttered in 2006—that are no more. There are still plenty of clubbable types, but few Washington players today devote hours to the multi-martini lunches that

private clubs were designed around—*the kind that risk violating federal ethics regulations.*

Home and work hold more sway over us than they did in the clubs' midcentury heyday. Those who can leave their desks at the end of the day rush home to spend time with the kids. When we do go out, there's more cachet in dining at Le Diplomate or the Red Hen.

Amid all this busyness, much of our socializing has moved online or revolves around team activities such as adult kickball leagues that spring up every year in Adams Morgan. Media-versus-Congress softball games can be more useful than stopping by a members-only club.

"Our generation preferred meeting face to face," says James Robinson, a former Office of Management and Budget employee who belonged to the Federal City Club.

The Washington Club suffered all these problems, but its demise may have had less to do with changing times than competition—chiefly from the Sulgrave, another women's club across P Street—and mismanagement. The Washington Club's volunteer board, according to Baker, was never sufficiently diligent about running a tricky combination of nonprofit organization, events venue, and historic-preservation trust. "We had a maid who used to curl up on Charles Lindbergh's bed"—so called because the aviator had slept there when Calvin Coolidge occupied the mansion—"and take a nap," says Baker.

Washington's social clubs have survived periods of crisis before, namely the 1960s, when they struggled over whether to admit African-Americans—attorney general Robert F. Kennedy once boycotted the then whites-only Metropolitan Club—and the '80s, when male bastions like the Cosmos and the Metropolitan faced the apparently more staggering question of whether to admit women. It may be too early, in other words, to say the game is up for Washington's private clubs. Facing today's existential challenges, they're evolving in ways that would have been unimaginable to their founders.

Originally housed in the old Corcoran Building at 15th and F streets, the Cosmos Club now resides in the Beaux Arts-style Townsend Mansion on Massachusetts Avenue. Since its founding in 1878 by John Wesley Powell and other early members of the National Geographic Society, the Cosmos has prided itself on its intellectual firepower. Members are expected to have published

significantly in their field. Walter Lippmann composed a memo to President Woodrow Wilson in the old library, urging him to enter World War I. Novelist Herman Wouk wrote part of *War and Remembrance* in an upstairs bedroom while his Georgetown house was being remodeled. As more than one person told me, the Cosmos is for people with brains, the Metropolitan is for people with money, and the University—or, sometimes, the Army-Navy—is for people with neither.



Black-and-white photograph of Cosmos Club by Library of Congress.

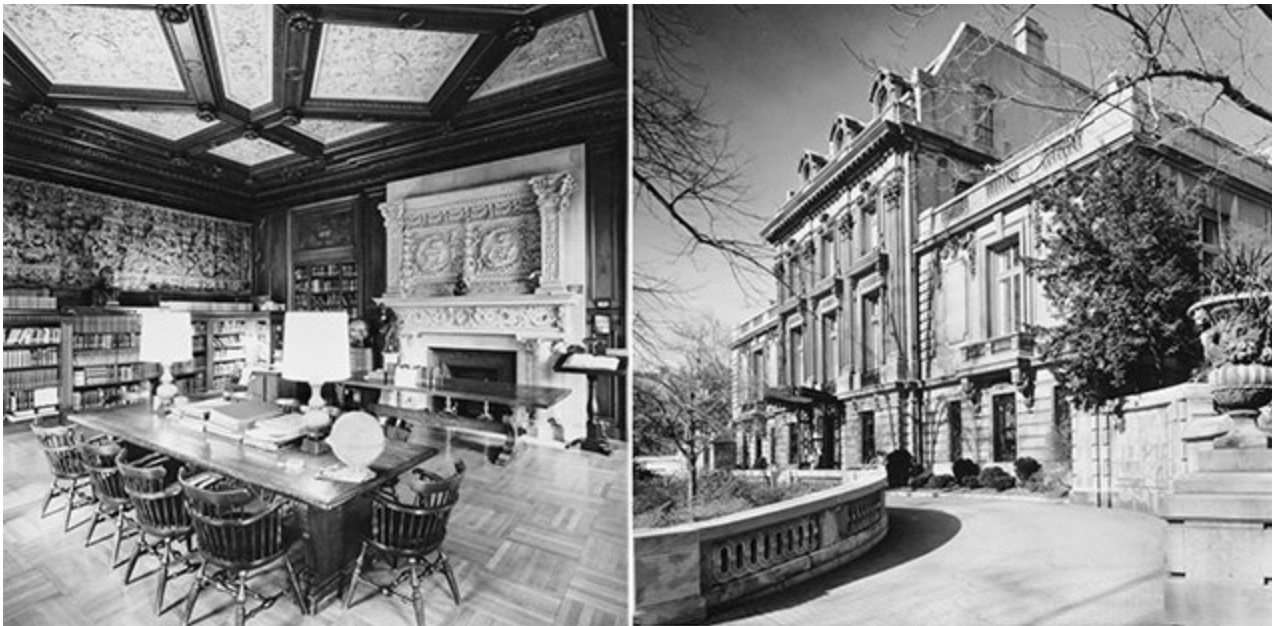
This august tradition has helped insulate the Cosmos from the slumping numbers that have befallen other clubs. A wall near the lobby displays postage stamps commemorating members; other walls are dedicated to Nobel and Pulitzer winners. “At the Cosmos, it’s like, wow, there’s them and then there’s me,” a member told me, his face alight with reflected glory.

The Cosmos stays true to its founding mission of feeding the political mind with carefully selected propaganda, with regular expert-led panels on topics such as the politics and economics of the late New Deal, clubs for

specialized interests like birding and the Civil War, and art exhibits. “It’s quaint, in its way,” another member says, “unlike the other clubs in DC, which are more about who do you know and that kind of thing.”

For their annual dues of about \$2,000, the clubs also offer bygone pleasures: the coat-check girl and doorman know you by name (but “not in any obsequious way,” as one Metropolitan Club member puts it).

The Cosmos has a wood-paneled library, with deep armchairs you can imagine Bertie Wooster sinking into with a cigar and a glitzy gold-and-glass ballroom where it actually holds balls. Members are encouraged to help offset the \$12 million in annual operating costs by renting the common areas for special events or staying overnight in small, well-appointed rooms overlooking the rooftops of Embassy Row.



Inside the Cosmos Club. Photograph courtesy of the Library of Congress.

For all that, the Cosmos was hardly bustling when I visited on a Tuesday for a covert tour. (Like many DC social clubs, the Cosmos, which did not respond to calls and e-mails for this story, discourages members from speaking about the place to the press. It’s like *Fight Club*.) On the two lower floors, a dining room—leather chairs, white tablecloths—resembled a very nice but somewhat antiseptic hotel restaurant. Up a grand staircase were the ballroom, the library, and several large rooms where coffee urns stood sentry. As my guide and I reached the rambling back halls of the third floor, we were overcome by mischievous glee—in part at the

building's campy seriousness: the "limit five persons" inscription in the elevator, rendered in Latin; another noting the availability of "wireless fidelity" internet.

In the billiards room on the third floor—with old-fashioned wooden bead scorekeepers suspended over the green baize tables—was an artsy nude painting, a relic of the Cosmos's decades as one of DC's fanciest man caves. (Women were admitted in 1988.) As my guide and I passed the card room across the hall, talking a bit too loudly, a group of white-haired ladies looked up from their hands at once, as if their game hadn't been disturbed in years.

Age, as a factor in the decline of private clubs, is a matter of controversy. Clubs have always skewed old. And why not? Retired people have both disposable income and time to volunteer on committees and attend events often held during work hours. The clubs can survive, one side argues, as long as people keep turning 60.

But lately, membership is verging on the Methuselan. When I lunched at the Cosmos on another day, the guests nearest in age had me by easily 20 years. One man who has gone there his entire life told me it was "very stuffy—seriously geriatric" and that it "smells like mothballs." As the average age rises, of course, the rolls will naturally be depleted faster. Unreplenished membership was a major factor in the closing of the F Street and Federal City clubs as well as the Washington Club. These days, most clubs give reduced rates or initiation fees to applicants who are under 35 or even 45.





Mingling before a February 2013 luncheon in the waning days of the Washington Club. Photograph by Matt McClain/Washington Post/Getty Images.

The elderly are also, by and large, less influential in Washington than middle-aged senior staffers, who once lured their juniors interested in networking—the reason women and minorities wanted access to “old boys” clubs in the first place.

Ashley Taylor Bronczek is just the sort of woman who might have powered a private club a generation ago. The granddaughter of Kennedy-era power couple Lloyd and Ann Hand, Bronczek runs her own charity and is a fixture at the philanthropic galas that constitute Washington social life today. Private clubs offer little to her ilk. “I don’t see a lot of younger under-35s going to the Sulgrave,” she says.

Says Robinson: “Only clubs that cater to what people want—which is country clubs and job networking—are flourishing.”

To fight their growing irrelevancy, some clubs now offer events aimed at forty-to-fiftysomethings to promote networking—as opposed to allowing it simply to flow in proverbial smoke-filled rooms. The City Tavern Club in Georgetown holds a foreign-policy evening designed, says former president Jeffrey Kimbell, “to help younger members expand their social networks.”

Other clubs are focusing on creating a country-club experience. A \$4.4-million renovation at the University Club included a new spa-and-fitness area. Until recently, the Metropolitan employed former George Washington University squash star Omar Sobhy as its pro.

At the Cosmos, the concessions have included not only a one-room “fitness center” but also a relaxation, in summer, of the jacket-and-tie dress code. A room off the entryway is being turned into a casual sitting area where people can check their digital devices without disturbing the inner sanctum.

The changes have reportedly brought stress to some senior members: If you start altering the dress code, they worry, where does the anarchy end? But most have reconciled themselves for the good of the club.

“Anytime you make change, there’s anxiety,” said one of my unofficial guides. “But I would say that the Cosmos Club getting more members has been very welcome.”

The club that’s done the most in recent years to bring in younger members is the George Town Club. Despite its quaintly bifurcated name and its origins in an 18th-century rowhouse on Wisconsin Avenue, it’s a relative newcomer, dreamed up in the mid-1960s by Korean businessman Tongsun Park to attract influential—and influenceable—Washingtonians. In 1976, Park was accused of funneling cash from South Korea’s intelligence agency to dozens of members of Congress. More recently, the George Town Club suffered another scandal, in which its accountant embezzled more than \$300,000.

In 2012, desperate to save the club, the board brought in Bo Blair, a restaurateur best known for the nearby yuppie-bro haven Smith Point. Blair, working for free, oversaw a full-scale renovation. He updated the menu and dress code and freshened the waiters’ uniforms, removing their old-school white gloves. Lowering dues, he actively campaigned among Georgetown’s thirty- and fortysomethings.

At first, Blair says, the process was “like getting people to buy into a sinking ship.” But since the renovations began, says club president Sharon Casey, 160 new members have come on and the club is receiving ten applications a month.

The challenge is to balance fresh blood with selectivity. Liza Tanner, who is director of the annual-giving fund at Bethesda’s Landon School and in her thirties, has belonged to the George Town since 2013. She says some members worried that younger members would turn the George Town into a Friday-night bar scene—“Smith Point after dark,” as she puts it.

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