



# The Devil and the Deep Blue Dress

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There is a slim possibility that Jeffrey Epstein did actually kill himself, but what possibility is there that he wasn't running an elaborate blackmail/spy endeavor—a “honey pot” scam—for major Deep State outfits, foreign or domestic?

Or both.

So when *Axios* [scooped](#) everybody, Monday, with the story that the FBI had closed the Epstein case, most rolled their eyes. Not that they didn't believe *Axios*. They didn't believe the aptness of judgment in closing the case.

Even if Epstein *did* actually commit suicide, it was still a *huge* criminal justice failure for that act to not have been prevented. And for the notorious Epstein files (remember that the [Attorney General](#) had said she had them on her desk) to

suddenly go poof! ... does not inspire confidence.

Frankly, there's no reason to trust the government. *Especially on this.*

Why? We all pretty much believe the initial reports. We remember the image of Bill Clinton—it is surely seared into many a brain, alas for those brains—posing in a blue dress, portrait hung up prominently in Epstein's trap, I mean, townhouse.

The ties to [Israeli intelligence](#) and [politics](#) and U.S. spymasters has been fairly well established—at least [Whitney Webb's](#) readers seem certain—and that brings us to the bottom line:

*Donald Trump is not shining light upon the Stygian Deep State here, nor “draining the swamp.”*

“I can't believe you're asking a question on Epstein,” the president [said](#), interposing himself between a reporter and Attorney General Pam Bondi. Trump eagerly added context: all the “successes” and “tragedies” of the current day. Videos? Computer files? Victims? Lolita Island? Brushed aside.

As if unimportant.

Thus America's unexpected encounter with the dark, Deep State. They insist we [blithely](#) accept that there is [nothing to see here](#).

This is Common Sense. I'm Paul Jacob.