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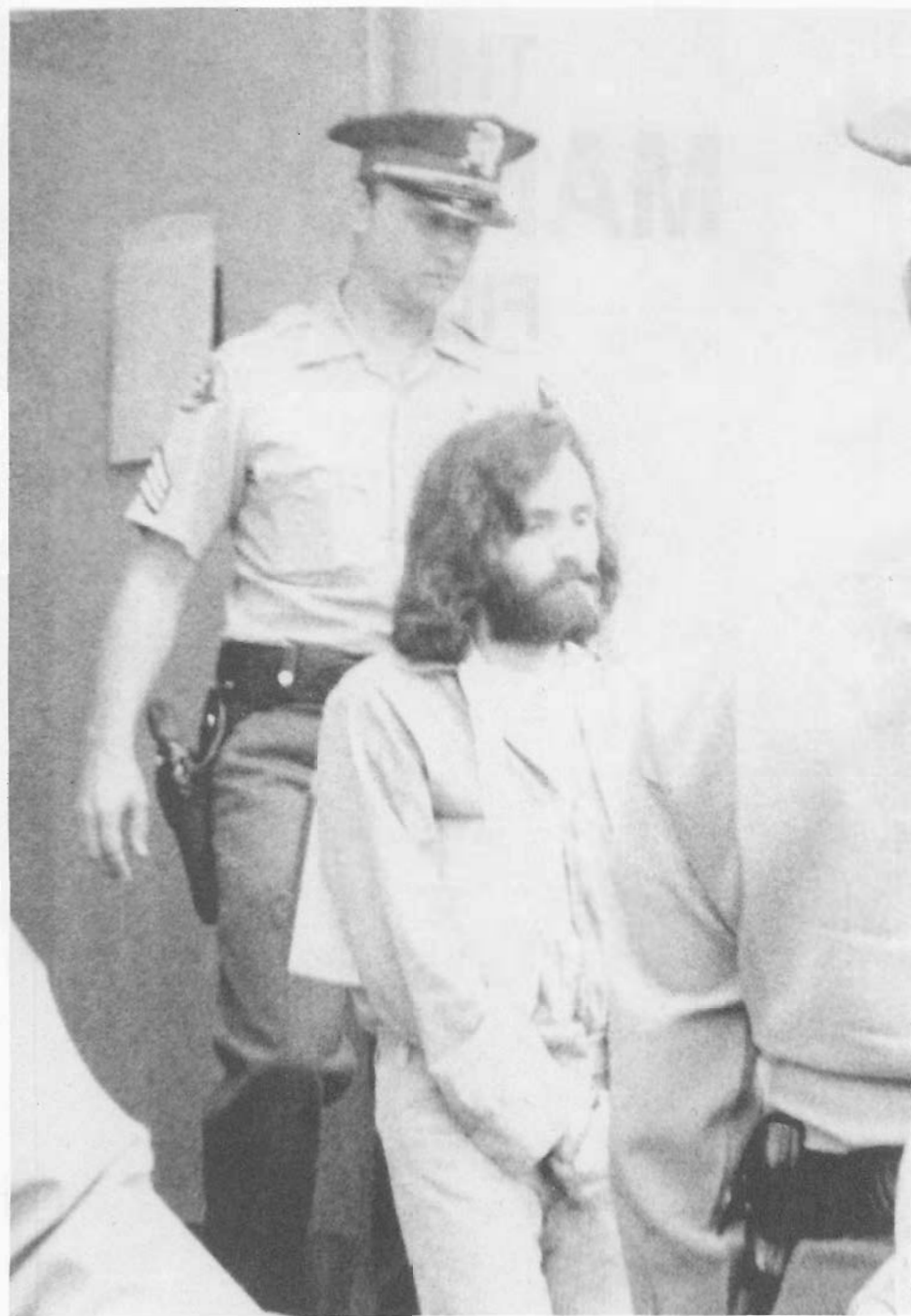
MANSON

FILE

**THE UNEXPURGATED CHARLES MANSON
AS REVEALED IN LETTERS, PHOTOS, STORIES,
SONGS, ART, TESTIMONY, AND DOCUMENTS**

Edited by Nikolas Schreck

**THE
MANSON
FILE**





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Nikolas Schreck

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—*Nikolas Schreck*

The madness of desire, insane murders, the most unreasonable passions—all are wisdom since they are a part of the order of nature. Everything that morality and religion, everything that a clumsy society has stifled in man, revives in the castle of murders. There man is finally attuned to his own nature....

—Michel Foucault, *Madness and Civilization*

The Piscean Age will be crucified on the Cross of Pluto.

Prediction: Sometime in the future Charles Manson will metamorphose into a major American folk hero.

—Wayne McGuire, *Aquarian Journal*

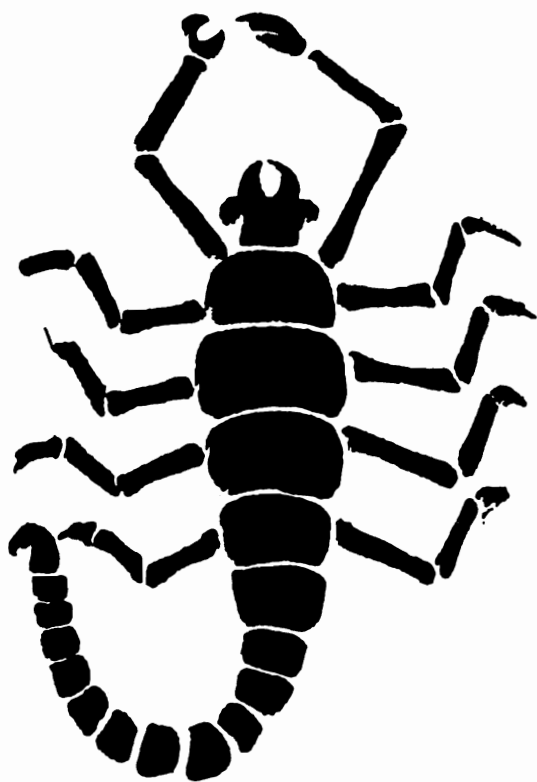


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PROLOGUE



LIFE



The Love and Terror Cult

The man who was their leader
The charge of multiple murder
The dark edge of hippie life

Charles Manson,
cult leader

PROLOGUE

"Revolution!" In that most fateful of Kali-years, 1969, this was the rallying cry for a thousand disparate elements of an increasingly disaffected and restless youth. Two summers before, "love" was the logos that a newly awakened generation held sacred as an instrument of subversion. Now, a more militant spirit had been invoked and it seemed that only violence could create the total transformation so desperately yearned for. A decidedly *noir* current had begun to seep into the psychedelic underground.

Indeed, not since the *fin de siècle* of the last century, when the Order of the Golden Dawn, Blavatsky's Theosophy, and the Ariosophists of Austria and Germany had flourished, had such a latter-day revival of ancient mysteries been seen. Sects such as the London-based Process Church of the Final Judgement and the Church of Satan in San Francisco preached a transcendence of Judeo-Christian morality. Their followers reveled in their instinctual urges, reaching states of *extasis* that the uninitiated could never know. The works of Aleister Crowley, now interpreted as prophetic, were revived from obscurity. His motto, "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law," became a philosophical imperative. A chic dalliance with diabolism was manifesting itself from the jaded *demi-monde* of Hollywood nouveau-riche to the so-called "counter-culture" communes. Satan was suddenly "in."

Early in the morning of August 9, 1969, Sharon Tate, Voytek Frykowski, Jay Sebring, Abigail Folger and Steven Parent were slain by unknown assailants. Later that day, the international mass media were abuzz with horrified headlines and sensational speculation. Rumors of ritual sacrifice, cannibalism and sado-masochistic orgies were fed to an eagerly ghoulish public. Discussions about whether the victims' eyeballs were removed and smeared on the walls became commonplace. Was it true that Sharon Tate's unborn had been ceremonially consumed by the murderer(s)?

Knowing what we now know about the so-called "Manson murders," after a nearly twenty-year barrage of books, TV movies, magazines, *ad nauseam*, one may well wonder: is there anything left to know? Charles Manson has been transmogrified by the electronic thaumaturgy of mass media into a mythic creation, a larger-than-life hieratic emblem of evil. Manson has become the favored brand-name for murder and madness, the very archetype of everything the popular mind understands as anti-social, crazy and criminal. He is one of the last true heretics of our time.

Is it possible to peer behind the monumental edifice of the Manson myth, that fiction forever frozen in time by the famous *Life* magazine cover of December 19, 1969? What is the reality behind the provocative clichés of hypnotic powers, drug-crazed teenage sex-slaves, brutally killed blonde starlets (the stuff that marketing

executives' dreams are made of)?

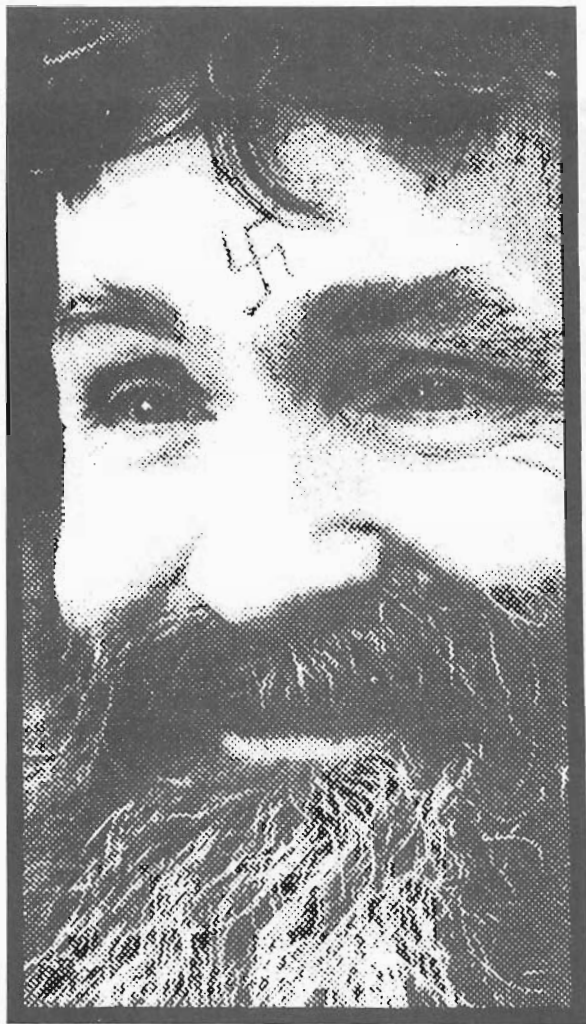
Let us make a bold speculation. Perhaps NBC, CBS, ABC, the *Los Angeles Times*, Vincent Bugliosi and most of the other supposed purveyors of truth had allowed interests more pecuniary than ethical to rule in their creation of the Manson mythos. We have all heard, for instance, that Manson possesses a "dangerous philosophy." Dangerous? In what way? And to whom? Of what, exactly, does this philosophy consist?

In this volume, you will find, for the first time, the authentic voice of the media's favorite villain, as revealed in previously suppressed courtroom testimony, personal letters, as well as excerpts of censored interviews deemed as "too hot" for network television to broadcast.

Perhaps the primary importance of *The Manson File* is not what it is, but what it *is not*. It is *not* mere salaciousness disguised as moralistic tongue-clucking. It is *not* yet another memoir written from the point of view of a publicity-hungry victor. It is *not* a "Devil-made-me-do-it" apologia written by a former jailbird turned angel. Finally, here is information that has been heretofore accessible only to those "inside the thought"—Family, if you will. What emerges is a portrait of Manson—the man and the ism—rescued from the caricatures drawn by the ever-churning Establishment information mill.

Nikolas Schreck

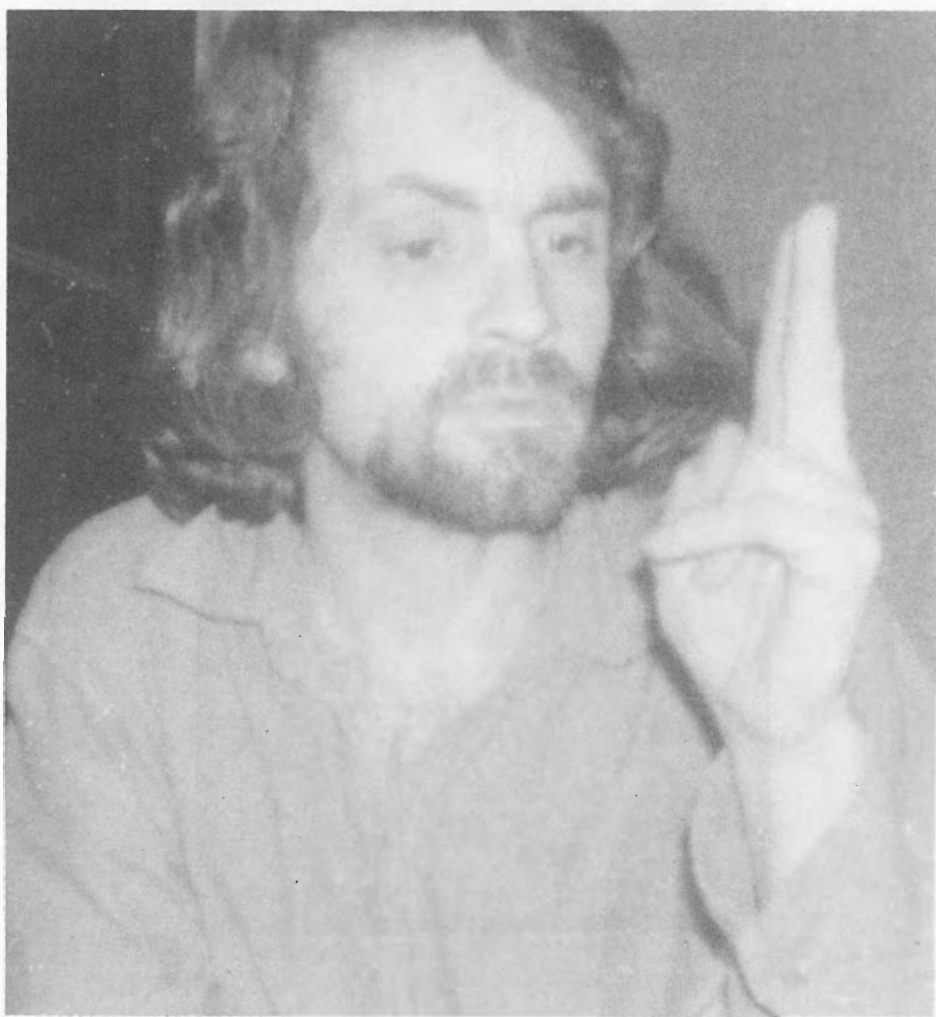
PHILOSOPHY



PHILOSOPHY

You want to know about my philosophy? You want to know where my philosophy comes from? I'll tell you. I'm not from your society ... My philosophy comes from underneath the boots and sticks and clubs they beat people with who come from the wrong side of the tracks.

∞∞∞





A free mind creating thought may seem in raw form to be mad.
I'm not of your school-thought. Your world's thoughts are just as
mad to me as I may seem to you—

∞∞∞

Paycheck whore wears a dollar bill gown to the funeral of hope
and love.

∞∞∞

To save the people from themselves it would take a greater fear
than the earth has ever seen.

∞∞∞

I came to earth alone. I can die by myself. I can give up this shell
by myself.

∞∞∞

The truth is a knife and cuts sharp.

∞∞∞

I'm 52 and by the time you assholes wake up to your own brother
spirit God life I'll be too old to piss on you when it's your turn to
burn.

∞∞∞

The world only has one karma—WILL—the rain got drops, but it's ALL still one water.

∞∞∞

Wake up the public? HA ... they're not worth two bags of shit—a few people can get through and touch life; the rest are like chickens trying to get over someone else to feel reassured. Their ego gets big and their dick gets soft.

∞∞∞

Everyone's trying to save a way of life that died a long time ago and just ain't stopped yet. Truth is, all earth people got to save this earth, and no one wants to hear it.

∞∞∞

When the world mind stops and got no thought to move on all will go mad. The money's running away with the minds. Soon you'll see the graveyards being torn up.

∞∞∞

There is only the MIND. The Mind is everything. It is Buddha. It is Christ. It is the DEVIL. It is GOD. It is where all music comes from. It is where all sex comes from ... and the energy of life comes from it through the HEART.

∞∞∞

Time is man-made and an illusion and controls must be put on it or it will spin the minds into destructions.

∞∞∞

I don't think in goods or bads, just ISs. What it is—not what I was, want or hope—Wherever life is, it is, and bad and good got nothing to do with it—A snake eats the baby squirrel—Mama squirrel may say that's bad but snakes got to eat—The life cycles ARE and only humans got the order fucked up.

∞∞∞

Jealousy is not the barometer by which the depth of love can be read. Jealousy merely records the degree of the lover's insecurity.

∞∞∞

I'm a guitar, a cup of coffee, a snake, a pocketful of names and faces. I see myself in the desert as a rattlesnake, as a bird, as anything. You guys are stuck play-acting as humans. I don't need to be human. I don't want to be anybody in particular. I already am

everybody three times around the clock.

ooo

How're you gonna prepare for the beast we have already created?—it's all in a thought and people like you are not in the thought because you've got no thoughts of your own, your head's full of books, schools, TV, radio, and programmed with and for nine million times a million maybes—

ooo

I'm insane, no doubt about that, and I play faces for the clowns, but the real me is a rattlesnake, a wolf, a scorpion, nothing—I reflect to you just what I'm thinking now—I'm mad, mean, and at war with lies, pollution, confusion, and fools who've got no intelligence.

ooo

Fools think in life and death circles because they are locked in fear—No one ever dies—No one ever lives—Those are two words in a left over game.

ooo

You don't come and/or go because the universe never moves—You think a thought and what you think is being thought is your head—Man, the universe is in your head.

ooo

Are you your mother's child or do you see yourself as Alikens (your own mom, dad, husband, wife, sister, brother, god, preacher, government, state, world, love, knowing, all)?

ooo

To me, paper words are trash. That don't make them trash to others—I live in a chamber of IS, been a lifetime in that—There is no need to play phony faces—I'm in the spirit world—Money and things hold little interest to me—

ooo

If you're truly and completely selfish and do what's best for you and your world, you will one day come to what's running in ATWA—It's when you're selfish for \$ and keep money and do what's best for money you will come to the thought maybe that you lost your real self and your real life for paper with pictures of dead people on them—

ooo

The only way anyone can live on earth is *one world under the last person*. I am the last and bottom line: You will all do what I say or there will be *nothing*.

ooo

An intelligence outside and away from people thinking they're boss has control over things we never thought of or dreamed of.

ooo

To see, know, and understand beyond one's own reflection is not easy because each is locked in their own thought patterns.... The spirit world of darkness (so to say) and the overworld—it's a childish thing and "too" simple for a complicated brain to understand—One must earn space in the mind to see into forever and once a total awareness of the mind is completed, the past, future and now becomes one in one day—I've been in one night from 1943, working on one good day—people's brain patterns are like wind through the wheel—As the brainwash dies, as fear comes and survival becomes the biggest thought, people will see through history and pray that the answers of the past come back in play.

ooo

The Iron Cross is far and above and beyond the cross of wood.

ooo

World War II—when millions of people died trying to put order into the world it was covered up and lied about.

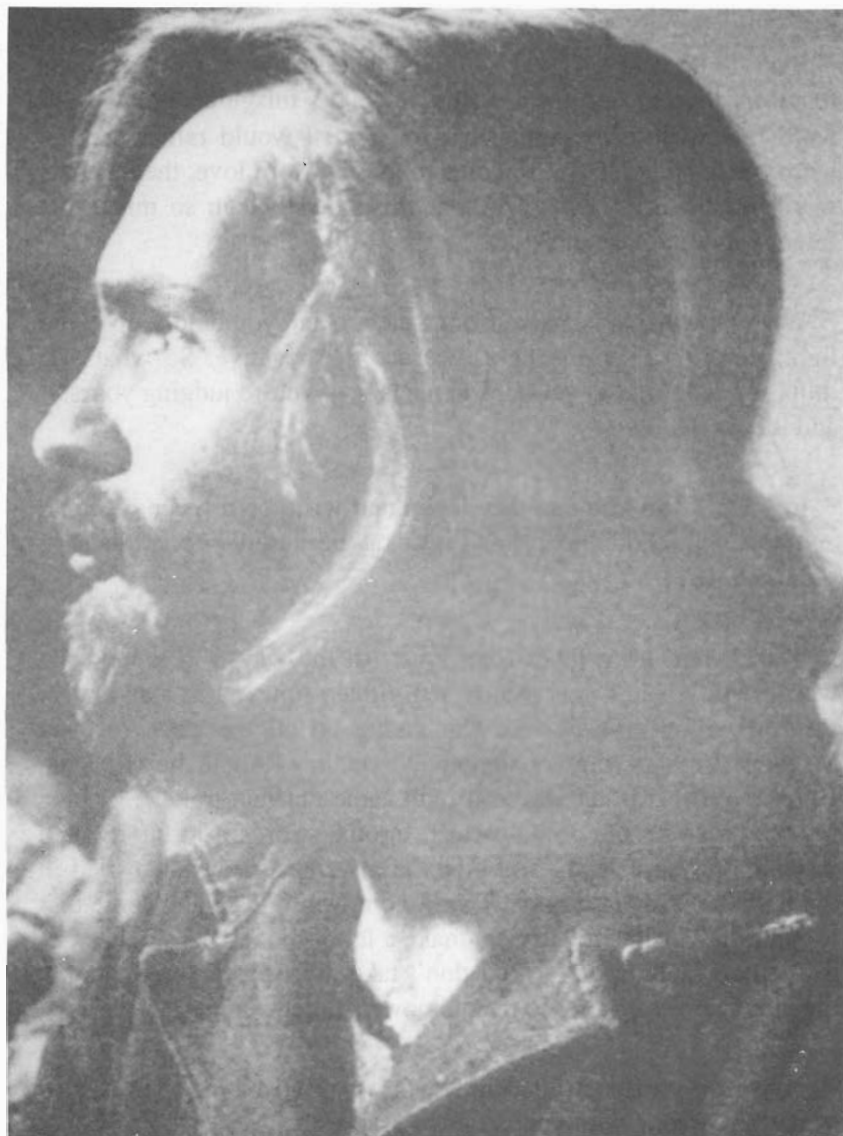
ooo

As the courts were hanging soldiers that did nothing but fight for and obey their country-lord-cross—the so-called winners were out of line.

ooo

The government of the U.S. is at war with their children and the powers of nature and God, and have grown so far above their own judgments that the Waffen SS are coming back from space left over in dreams.

ooo



I'm spiritually allied with the scorpion and the wolf. See, spiritualism scares you people, because you got this little stereotype church that you're buying and selling, and you're trying to put God in a building but God is much bigger than that little church, and spiritualism is a lot more than they put in a library and books.

ooo

Everything is love. There's nothing that isn't love. Even the confusion is love in one form or the other. It's misguided. Love is a word that we use to supplement for God. I would rather use the word intelligence. If you're going to use the word love, then use the word intelligence, because love is misunderstood in so many different ways and fashions.

oooo

When you take a negative from a picture and you hold it up to the light, you don't see the light, you see the negative. So what you think in your mind as you look at me is how you're judging yourself and the world.

oooo

In your world you can take a pen and write on a piece of paper and destroy 200,000 people and it's okay because you don't have to see it.

oooo

I am loved. I am love. I am love. All the way. I'm around the world with it, ain't you seen it, ten, fifteen times? I'm standing in the fire with it! Meanwhile I'm taking up all the slack for you assholes! I'm carrying you around, Nixon, hey Ronnie, hey Reagan, I didn't tell them that was your gun came out that trailer ... I held my mud on you, old crime partner. In other words, I'm intertwined in your very soul, man. You give me my rights. My father died in the battlefield for my rights. Then I go down to L.A. and some district attorney wants to get rich, make a lot of money, he's got something that's selling good. You don't take my rights! You'd rumble the graveyard from here to the unknown soldier.

oooo

True love casts out all fear. If you're afraid of me then there's something wrong with you.

oooo

See, you got to realize there's no slack in my act ... You don't know how to survive. You're weak. You have emotions, you play little games with your mind. You chase your tail.

oooo

Q: Why did some people say that you were messianic, that they thought of you as Jesus Christ?

Manson: I am.

Q: Why did they say that?

Manson: Because I am.

Q: Why do you think you are?

Manson: Because he is all of us. And you are too. (Laughter.)
Yeah.

Q: So we are all Jesus.

Manson: Sure we are. Wake up there. It's time. You probably got a little of that other guy in you too. (Laughter.)

Q: A little of the devil?

Manson: Sure. Don't we all have that?





You got a circle, that man lives inside of. He lives inside this circle. He's responsible for this circle and this circle only. You can take that to the house of the rising sun in Japan and the samurai, you can take that to the second world war, you can take it and hang it on a cross, you can kill me one thousand times, but it's still there, it makes no difference whether I'm in the circle or not, it's still there.

∞∞∞

What is it? You want me to be everything to everybody and face all of your fears and all your deaths, you want me to die again for you, you want me to go into the gas chamber and say: "Alright," preacher on one side of me, preacher to the other side of me, say, "I'm the son of God," and they say: "We know, son, go in and sit down...."

∞∞∞

"Give us your life again." I say, "I give you my life" because I think you're taking care of the kids, but I get out of the gas chamber and I look at the kids, and you're not taking care of the kids; you're feeding on them, you're drunk on their blood, man! I'm an old man, all I wanna do is retire, all I wanna do is get out in the desert and be left alone. I won't bother nobody ... I'm hiding out from beneath the rock. They come to me and say: "Hey, Charlie, hi." And I say, "Whaddya want?" "We just wanna talk!" "About what?" "We got problems," Your water's dying, you're life's in that cup, your trees are dying, your wildlife's locked up in zoos. You're in the zoo, man. How do you feel about it?

How do you feel that an ex-convict can get out of jail and go find a rocket scientist's children out in the garbage can. "Go home." "I can't, my mother, my father won't let me. They hate me." I'm responsible for your children? You won't be responsible for ... How do you feel about those murders? How do you feel about them? That's what counts. It happened in your world, not in mine. Not in my circle, because I wouldn't allow it.

∞∞∞

Murder! There's no murder in a holy war, man ... The whole thing's a holy war. Because you want to draw a line and say, "this is crime" and "this ain't crime."

∞∞∞

In your head is a spaceship 5000 light years beyond all you think—it has ten computer boards just to grow one hair and fifty power centers to make you shit and there is fifty million space shuttles that move your thinking around; it's all run by cockroaches, snakes, flies and "intelligent" humans who are not intelligent—they think they're smart. If you put the brain of a human in a rat's head or a wolf's head or just a garden snake's head, it would go mad and wouldn't survive.

ooo

Look at it like a movie on TV and face the serial of thought and then change channels and walk on a different street. Put your clothes on backwards and let everyone laugh at you and not be affected.

ooo

Us and them is a game, there is you FIRST and then I am what you let me be. Look down on me and you'll see your fool in me. Look up at me and you'll see your lord and master. Get even and look at me even and you'll see yourself.

ooo

We as Americans have been taught to believe in *Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness*. While I was free and out there *Pursuing Happiness* they took my *Liberty* and gave me *Life*! I was convicted of witchcraft in the Twentieth Century ... and my case made the prosecutor, Vincent Bugliosi, filthy rich behind the book and film he wrote. Enough said.

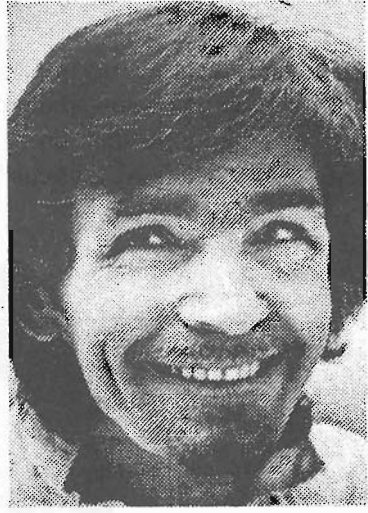
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They been selling you a phony fake picture of reality all your life—Why should I let any of you touch where I'm at—I'm a hobo, I got names I ain't used yet.

ooo

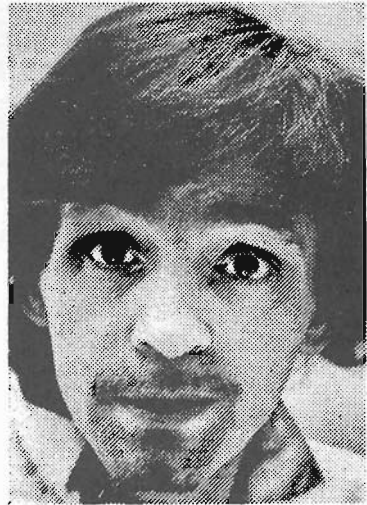
The news gives you 5% of what's going on and even that's distorted.

ooo



A pharaoh sets his thought on earth and lays his body in a tomb and knows only his awareness, can see over it, beyond it—The foolish human says the bug can't remember and forgets ... God don't remember NOTHING because what's to remember when you ARE ... It is ALL thought, ALL meaning, ALL times, ALL heads, ALL that ever was and ALL that will ever be, and it ALL comes down to a center and must be in TRUTH, not in a book word "truth."

∞∞∞



I've circled the world in my thought and put image up over all, and everyone that wants to die puts and keeps me down under what they are thinking—that energy that they keep down is inside them—I live inside ALL brains from November 11/1934.

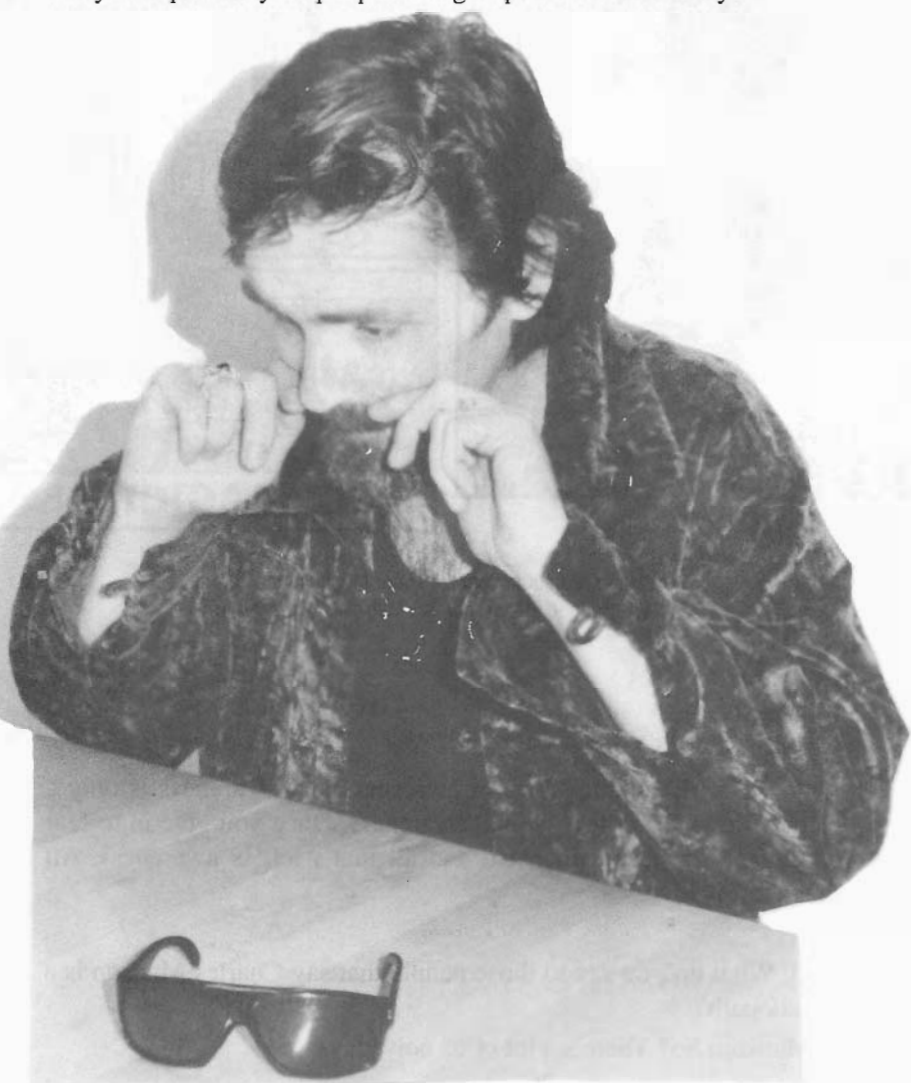
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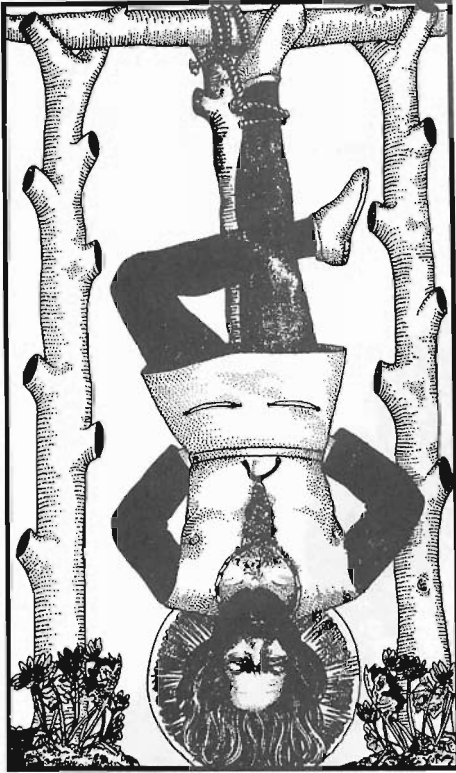


All the churches of all the religions of the world are NOT thoughts in God's mind. I use the word "God." Hitler was Christ. A coming and a going. Humans need gods, gods don't need humans.

∞∞∞

I don't believe the Nazis will come back in SS hats and boots; they will probably be people living in peace and harmony.





Manson as figures from the Major Arcana of the Tarot.
Left, the Hanged Man. Right, the Magician. (*Harper's*, 1971.)

∞∞

Fear is only another form of awareness and awareness is only a form of love. Total fear is total awareness. Once you give in to fear completely, it ceases to exist, and all that's left is awareness. All that's left is love.

∞∞

Q: What do you say to those people that say Charles Manson is a psychopath?

Manson: So? There's a lot of us nowadays.

Q: That he hates people?

Manson: Yeah, right, no ... As it is. In other words, I see that human beings aren't worth too much as a whole.

Q: That he's schizophrenic.

Manson: Yeah, I can be that. Well, aren't we all? I bet they put you out in the middle of that yard, I bet you change your personality.

∞∞∞



That doesn't even compute in my world, because ... there is no wrong. I don't do wrong. I wouldn't do anything that's wrong. You got a parallel universe. You got two worlds. In one world everything is a lie and everything is wrong and you can never do anything right. According to anybody else I've never done anything right. There's always been someone to say that I wasn't right and I did it wrong. But in the world that I live in I've never made a bad move in my whole life.

∞∞∞



The Revelation of the Sacred Door, by Adam Parfrey

Q: Do you believe in a god? And it's not you?

Manson: Sure it's me.

∞∞∞

Why should I care about people who don't care about *themselves*? They all want someone else to do it all for them. They all want to be "saved," but they won't make the first move to save themselves. They just sit around and wait for someone else to come to their rescue and save them. They're all crying for Jesus to come back to save them. AGAIN. All I have to say is how god damn many times do they expect him to keep coming back anyway?! Every time he comes back they give him nothing but shit. He came back during the thirties in Germany and they still haven't stopped whining about it.

∞∞∞

The world ended—They covered it up and didn't tell a lot of people because the last chance is only for a few—I don't need to be outside to see it, I seen it falling apart twenty years ago and someone else seen it twenty years before that and so on the wheels of circles and circles of time. It's a play on the backs of the children again.

∞∞∞



“...In my minds eye my thoughts
light fires in your cities...”

Nick Bougas

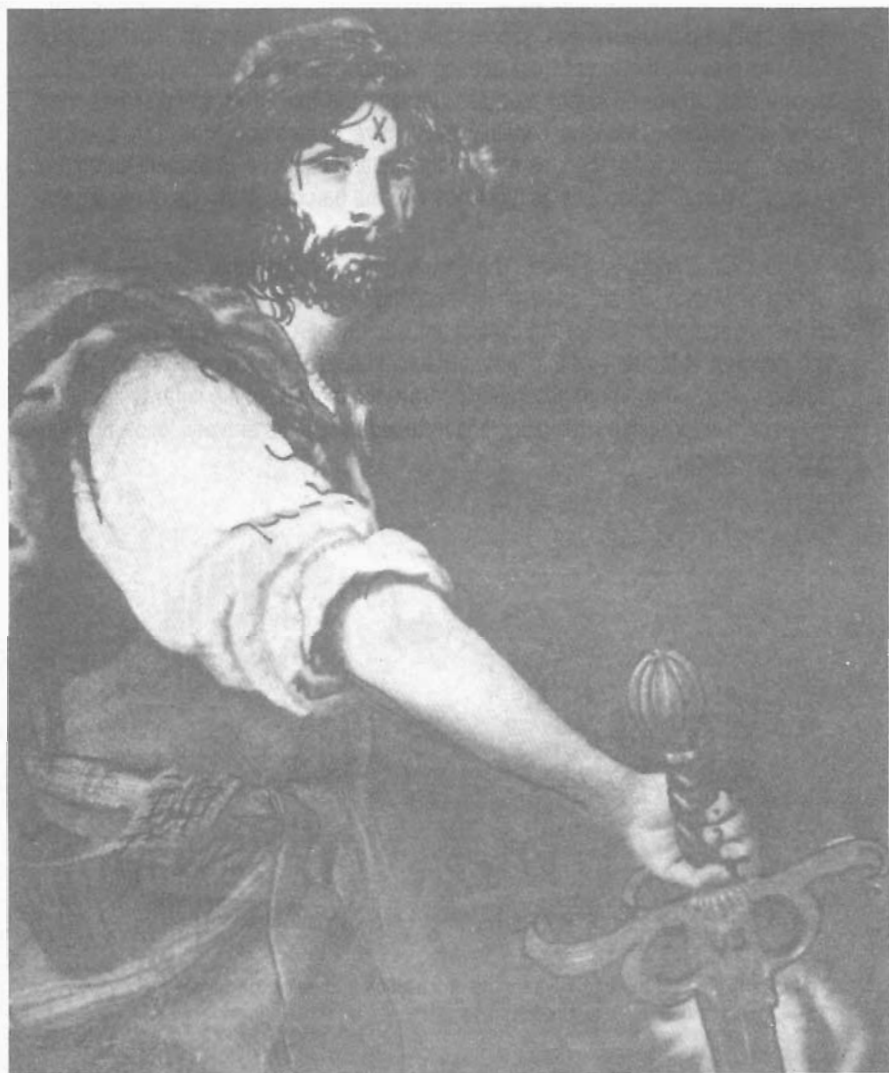
FREE CHARLIE

I CAN NEVER BE IN LOVE
BECAUSE I AM LOVE.



WRITE: THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA
ATTORNEY GENERAL
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
STATE BUREAU OF PRISONS

THE TESTIMONY



THE TESTIMONY

Manson is serving a life sentence with no hope for parole. He has not, however, been proven guilty of murdering anyone. The charge convicting him was conspiracy to murder, as being the evil pied piper who instigated his drug-addled followers to frenzied acts of violence. Consistently foiled in his attempts to plead his own defense and call up his own witnesses during the Tate/La Bianca trial, Charles Manson was finally allowed, on November 19, 1970, to make a concluding statement.

His testimony, which lasted for over an hour, was, as Prosecutor Bugliosi noted, "hypnotic ... trying to weave a spell." Bugliosi, using the scare tactic of Manson's Rasputin-like persuasiveness, successfully put forth a motion to the hostile Judge Older to prevent the jurors from hearing Manson speak on his own behalf. Testimony that cannot be heard by those deciding the fate of its speaker has moot value as defense. Manson certainly must have understood that. The following pages should be read, then, as a spontaneous and cathartic yet cogent summa of Manson's pagan philosophy as it collides with the baroque workings of the legalistic mind.

A musical comedy skit titled "The Family that Slays Together, Stays Together," written by Marvin L. Part, a lawyer representing Leslie Van Houten, was performed by judges and attorneys for the cynical amusement of a Los Angeles Bar Association banquet at the time of the Tate/LaBianca trial. This sketch, which had the Bar "rolling in the aisles," more accurately portrays the motives of the legal system than the usual self-professed vainglory. It is included here in its entirety, following Manson's testimony.



Bill Lignante

Judge Older and the attorneys for the prosecution and defense whisper plans during the Tate/LaBianca trial.

**THE TESTIMONY OF CHARLES MANSON,
NOVEMBER 19, 1970**



Do you have anything to say?

Yes, I do.

There has been a lot of charges and a lot of things said about me and brought against me and brought against the co-defendants in this case, of which a lot could be cleared up and clarified to where everyone could understand exactly what the family was supposed to have been, what the philosophies in regards to the families were, and whether or not there was any conspiracy to commit murder, to commit crimes, and to explain to you who think with your minds.

It is hard for you to conceive of a philosophy of someone that may not think.

I have spent my life in jail, and without parents.

I have looked up to the strongest father-figure, and I have always looked to the people in the free world as being the good people, and the people in the inside of the jail as being the bad people.

I never went to school, so I never grew up in the respect to learn to read and write so good, so I have stayed in jail and I have stayed stupid, I have stayed a child while I have watched your world grow up, and then I look at the things that you do and I don't understand.

I don't understand the courts, and I don't understand a lot of things that are brought against me.

You write things about my mother in the newspaper that hasn't got anything to do with anything in particular.

You invent stories, and everybody thinks what they do, and then they project it from the witness stand on the defendant as if that is what he did.

For example, with Danny DeCarlo's testimony. He said that I hate black men, and he said that we thought alike, that him and I was a lot alike in our thinking.

But actually all I ever did with Danny DeCarlo or any other human being was reflect himself back at himself.

If he said he did not like the black man, I would say, "Okay." I had better sense than tell him I did not dislike the black man. I just listened to him and I would react to his statement.

So consequently he would drink another beer and walk off and pat me on the back and he would say to himself, "Charlie thinks like I do."

But actually he does not know how Charlie thinks because Charlie has never projected himself.

But maybe the girls and women in your world outside ... Being by yourself for such a long time when you do get out you appreciate things that people don't even see, you walk over them every day.

Like in jail you have a whole new attitude or a whole different way of thinking.

I don't think like you people. You people put importance on your lives.

Well, my life has never been important to anyone, not even in the understanding of the way you fear the things that you fear, and the things you do.

I know that the only person I can judge is me.

I judge what I have done and I judge what I do and I look and live with myself every day.

I am content with myself.

If you put me in the penitentiary, that means nothing because you kick me out of the last one. I didn't ask to get released. I liked it in there because I like myself.

I like being with myself.

But in your world it's hard because your understanding and your values are different.

These children that come at you with knives, they are your children. You taught them. I didn't teach them. I just tried to help them stand up.

Most of the people at the ranch that you call The Family were just people that you did not want, people that were alongside the road, that their parents had kicked them out or they did not want to go to Juvenile Hall, so I did the best I could and I took them up on my garbage dump and I told them this: that in love there is no wrong.

I don't care. I have one law and I learned it when I was a kid in reform school. It's don't snitch. And I have never snitched. And I told them that anything they do for their brothers and sisters is good, if they do it with a good thought.

It is not my responsibility. It is your responsibility. It is the responsibility you have towards your own children who you are neglecting, and then you want to put the blame on me again and again and again.

Over and over you put me in your penitentiary. I did not build the penitentiary. I would not lock one of you up. I could not see locking another human being up.

You eat meat with your teeth and you kill things that are better than you are, and in the same respect you say how bad and even killers that your children are. You make your children what they are. I am just a reflection of every one of you.

I have never learned anything wrong. In the penitentiary, I have

never found a bad man. Every man in the penitentiary has always showed me his good side, and circumstances put him where he was. He would not be there, he is good, human, just like the policeman that arrested him is a good human.

I have nothing against none of you. I can't judge any of you. But I think it is high time that you all started looking at yourselves, and judging the lie that you live in.

I sit and I watch you from nowhere, and I have nothing in my mind, no malice against you and no ribbons for you.

But you stand and you play the game of money. As long as you can sell a newspaper, some sensationalism, and you can laugh at someone and joke at someone and look down at someone, you know.

You just sell those newspapers for public opinion, just like you are all hung on public opinion, and none of you have any idea what you are doing.

You are just doing what you are doing for the money, for a little bit of attention from someone.

I can't dislike you, but I will say this to you: You haven't got long before you are all going to kill yourselves because you are all crazy.

And you can project it back at me, and you can say that it's me that cannot communicate, and you can say that it's me that don't have any understanding, and you can say that when I am dead your world will be better, and you can lock me up in your penitentiary and you can forget about me.

But I'm only what lives inside of you, each and every one of you.

These children, they take a lot of narcotics because you tell them not to. Any child you put in a room and you tell them, "Don't go through that door," he never thought of going through that door until you told him to go through the door. You go to the high schools and you show them pills and you show them what not to take, how else would they know what it was unless you tell them?

And then you tell them what you don't want them to do in the hopes they will go out and do it and then you can play your game with them and then you can give attention to them, because you don't give them any of your love.

You only give them your frustration; you only give them your anger; you only give them the bad part of you rather than give them

the good part of you.

You should all turn around and face your children and start following them and listening to them.

The music speaks to you every day, but you are too deaf, dumb, and blind to even listen to the music. You are too deaf, dumb and blind to stop what you are doing. You point and you ridicule.

But it's okay, it's all okay. It doesn't really make any difference because we are all going to the same place anyway. It's all perfect. There is a God. He sits right over here beside me. That is your God. This is your God.

But let me tell you something; there is another Father and he has much more might than you imagine.

If I could get angry at you I would try to kill every one of you. If that's guilt, I accept it.

These children, everything they have done, they done for love of their brother. Had you not arrested Robert Beausoleil for something he did not do....

(Interruption.)

I have killed no one and I have ordered no one to be killed.

I may have implied on several occasions to several different people that I may have been Jesus Christ, but I haven't decided yet what I am or who I am.

I was given a name and a number and I was put in a cell, and I have lived in a cell with a name and a number.

I don't know who I am.

I am whoever you make me, but what you want is a fiend; you want a sadistic fiend because that is what you are.

You only reflect on me what you are inside of yourselves, because I don't care anything about any of you and I don't care what you do.

I can stand here in front of this court and smile at you, and you can do anything you want to do with me, but you cannot touch me because I am only my love, and it is all for me, and I give it to myself for me, because I look out for me first and I like me, and you can live with yourselves and your opinion of yourselves. I know what I have done.

If I showed someone that I would do anything for my brother, in-

clude give my life for my brother in the battlefield, or give where else that I may want to do that, then he picks his banner up and he goes off and does what he does.

That is not my responsibility. I don't tell people what to do.

If we enter into an agreement to build a house, I will help you build the house and I will offer suggestions for that house, but I won't put myself on you because that is what made you weak, because your parents have offered themselves on you.

You are not you, you are just reflections, you are reflections of everything that you think that you know, everything that you have been taught.

Your parents have told you what you are. They made you before you were six years old, and when you stood in school and you crossed your heart and pledged allegiance to the flag, they trapped you in truth because at that age you didn't know any lie until that lie was reflected on you.

No, I am not responsible for you. Your karma is not mine.

My father is the jail house. My father is your system, and each one of you, each one of you are just a reflection of each one of you, and you all live by yourselves, no matter how crowded you may think that you are in a room full of people, you are still by yourself, and you have to live with that self forever and ever and ever and ever.

To some people this would be hell; to some people it would be heaven.

I have mine, and each one of you will have to work out yours, and you cannot work it out by pointing your fingers at people.

I have ate out of your garbage cans to stay out of jail.

I have wore your second-hand clothes.

I have accepted things and given them away the next second.

I have done my best to get along in your world and now you want to kill me, and I look at you and I look how incompetent you all are, and then I say to myself, "You want to kill me, ha, I'm already dead, have been all my life!"

I've lived in your tomb that you built.

I did seven years for a thirty-seven dollar check. I did twelve years because I didn't have any parents, and how many other sons



"We're all our own prisons, we are each all our own wardens and we do our own time ...
Prison's in your mind ... Can't you see I'm free?"

do you think you have in there? You have many sons in there, many, many sons in there, most of them are black and they are angry. They are mad, and they are mad at me.

I look and I say, "Why are you mad at me?"

He said, "I am mad at you because of what your father did."

And I look at him and I say, "Well," and I look at my fathers, and I say, "If there was ever a devil on the face of this earth I am him."

And he's got my head anytime he wants it, as all of you do too, anytime you want it.

Sometimes I think about giving it to you. Sometimes I'm thinking about just jumping on you and let you shoot me. Sometimes I think it would be easier than sitting here and facing you in the contempt that you have for yourself, the hate that you have for yourself, it's only the anger you reflect at me, the anger that you have got for you.

I do not dislike you, I cannot dislike you—I am you. You are blood. You are my brother. That is why I can't fight you.

If I could I would jerk this microphone out and beat your brains out with it because that is what you deserve, that is what you deserve.

Every morning you eat that meat with your teeth. You're all killers, you kill things better than you. And what can I say to you that you don't already know? And I have known that there is nothing I can say to you. There is nothing I can say to any of you. It is you that has to say it to you, and that is my whole philosophy; you say it to you and I will say it to me.

I live in my world, and I am my own king in my world, whether it be a garbage dump or if it be in the desert or wherever it be. I am my own human being. You may restrain my body and you may tear my guts out, do anything you wish, but I am still me and you can't take that.

You can kill the ego, you can kill the pride, you can kill the want, the desire of a human being.

You can lock him in a cell and you can knock his teeth out and smash his brain, but you cannot kill the soul.

You never could kill the soul. It's always there, the beginning and the end. You cannot stop it, it's bigger than me. I'm just looking into it and it frightens me sometimes.

The truth is now; the truth is right here; the truth is this minute, and this minute we exist.

Yesterday—you cannot prove yesterday happened today, it would take you all day and then it would be tomorrow, and you can't prove last week happened. You can't prove anything except to yourself.

My reality is my reality, and I stand within myself on my reality.

Yours is yours and I don't care what it is. Whatever you do is up to you and it's the same thing with anyone in my family, and anybody in my family is a white human being, because my family is of the white family.

There is the black family, a yellow family, the red family, a cow family and a mule family. There is all kinds of different families.

We have to find ourselves first, God second, and kind, k-i-n-d, come next. And that is all I was doing. I was working on cleaning up my house, something Nixon should have been doing. He should have been on the side of the road picking up his children. But he wasn't. He was in the White House sending them off to war.

I don't know the different people that have got on the stand; one friend said I put a knife to his throat. I did. I put a knife to his throat. And he said I was responsible for all of these killings.

I have done the best I know how, and I have given all I can give and I haven't got any guilt about anything because I have never been able to say any wrong.

I never found any wrong.

I looked at wrong, and it is all relative.

Wrong is if you haven't got any money.

Wrong is if your car payment is overdue.

Wrong is if the TV breaks.

Wrong is if President Kennedy gets killed.

Wrong is, wrong is, wrong is—you keep on, you pile it in your mind. You become belabored with it, and in your confusion....

I make up my own mind. I think for myself. I look at you and I say, "Okay, you make up your own mind, you think for yourself, then you see your mothers and your fathers and your teachers and your preachers and your politicians and your presidents, and you lay in your brain with your opinions, considerations, conclusions—" And I look at you and I say, "Okay, if you are real to you it's okay

with me but you don't look real to me. You only look like a composite of what someone told you you are. You live for each others' opinion and you have pain on your face and you are not sure what you like, and you wonder if you look okay."

And I look at you and I say, "Well, you look alright to me," you know, and you look at me and you say, "Well, you don't look alright to me."

Well I don't care what I look like to you. I don't care what you think about me and I don't care what you do with me. I have always been yours anyway. I have always been in your cell.

When you were out riding your bicycles I was sitting in your cell looking out the window and looking at pictures in magazines and wishing I could go to high school and go to the proms, wishing I could go to the things you could do, but oh so glad, oh so glad, brothers and sisters, that I am what I am.

Because when it does come down around your ears and none of you know what you are doing, you better believe I will be on top of my thought.

I will know what I am doing. I will know exactly what I am doing. If you ever let me go before you kill me. And then I don't really particularly care anyway, because I still will be there and I will still know what I am doing.

In my mind I live forever.

In my mind I live forever, and in my mind I have always lived forever.

I am only what you made me. I am only a reflection of you.

I have done everything I have always been told. I have mopped the floor when I was supposed to mop the floor. And I have swept when I was supposed to sweep.

I was smart enough to stay out of jail and too dumb to learn anything. I was too little to get a job there, and too big do to something over here.

I have just been sitting in jail thinking nothing. Nothing to think about.

Everybody used to come in and tell me about their past and their lives and what they did. But I could never tell anybody about my past or what my life was or what I did because I have always been sitting in that room with a bed, a locker, and a table.

So, then it moves on to awareness: how many cracks can you count in the wall? It moves to where the mice live and what the mice are thinking, and see how clever mice are.

And then, when you get on the outside, you look into people's heads. You take Linda Kasabian and you put her on the witness stand and she testifies against her father. She never has liked her father, and she has always projected her wrong off to the man-figure. So, consequently, it is the man's fault again, and the woman turns around and she blames it on the man. The man made her do it. The man put her up to it.

The man works for her, the man slaves for her, the man does everything for her, and she lays around the house and she tells him what he should do, because, generally, she is an extension of his mother. His mother told him what to do and she trained him for twenty years and passed him on to the wife. Then the woman takes him and tells him what to wear, when to get up, when to go to work.

Then when she gets on the stand and she says when she looked in that man's eyes that was dying, she knew it was my fault.

She knew that it was my fault because she couldn't face death. And if she cannot face death, that is not my fault. Why should she blame it on me? I can face death. I have all the time.

In the penitentiary you live with it, with constant fear of death, because it is a violent world in there, and you have to be on your toes constantly.

So, it is not without violence that I live. It is not without pain that I live.

I look at the projection that comes from this witness stand often to the defendants. It isn't what we said, it is what someone thought we said. A word is changed: "in there" to "up there," "off of that" to "on top." The semantics get into a word game in the courtroom to prove something that is gone in the past. It is gone in the past, and when it is gone, it is gone, sisters. It is gone, brother.

You can't bring the past back up and postulate or mock up a picture of something that happened a hundred years ago, or 1970 years ago, as far as that goes. You can only live in the now, for what is real is now.

The words go in circles.

You can say everything is the same, but it is always different.

It is the same, but it is always different. You can “but” it to death. You can say, “You are right, but, but, but.”

You sat here for nineteen days questioning that girl.

She got immunity on seven counts of murder.

She got. I don’t know how much money she is going to make in magazines and things. You set her up to be a hero, and that is your woman. That is the thing that you worship.

You have lost sight of God. You sing your songs to woman. You put woman in front of man. Woman is not God. Woman is but a reflection of her man, supposedly. But a lot of times, man is a reflection of his woman. And if a man can’t rise above a woman’s thought, then that is his problem, it is not my problem. But you give me this problem when you set this woman against me.

You set this woman up here to testify against me. And she tells you a sad story. How she has only taken every narcotic that is possible to take. How she has only stolen, lied, cheated and done everything that you have got there in that book.

But it is okay. She is telling the truth now. She wouldn’t have any ulterior motive like immunity for seven counts of murder.

And then comical as it may seem, you look at me, and you say, “You threatened to kill a person if they snitch.”

Well, that is the law where I am from. Where I am from, if you snitch, you leave yourself open to be killed.

I could never snitch because I wouldn’t want someone to kill me. So, I have always abided by that law. It is the only law that I know of, and it is the law that I have always abided by.

But she will come up here and you enshrine her, you put her above you, and you strive to be as good as something below you.

It is circles that just don’t make any sense in my reality. But of course again that is my reality and it has nothing to do with you, because you have got your reality and you have to live with what you believe in.

But this woman has got here and she has testified. She said she wasn’t sure, but maybe.

Then the magical mystery tour wouldn’t be able to be explained to you.

A magical mystery tour is when you pick up somebody else and

play a part. You may pick up a cowboy today, and you go around all day and play like a cowboy. You put on a hat and you ride a horse.

This is all we have done. We have played like mom and dad. We have loved each other. We have done everything we could to stay outside the frame of the law, the shakedowns. Nothing has been stolen. I have got better sense than to break the law. I give to the law what it has coming. It is his law. If I break his law, he puts me back in the grave again.

I haven't broken his law yet but it seems as if somebody lays around and somebody needs to fulfill a spot, they snatch it up and say, "This will do. We will put this over here. We can hang this on him. Or we can do this to that."

Then the words go into another meaning and another level of understanding.

Why a woman would stand up and project herself into a man and say, "Actually he never told me anything, but I knew it all came from him."

Her assumption.

Am I to be found guilty on her assumption?

You assume what you would do in my position, but that doesn't mean that is what I did in my position. It doesn't mean that my philosophy is valid. It's only valid to me. Your philosophies—they are whatever you think they are, and I don't particularly care what you think they are.

But I know this: that in your own hearts and your own souls, you are as much responsible for the Vietnam War as I am for killing these people.

I knew a guy that used to work in the stockyards and he used to kill cows all day long with a big sledgehammer, and then go home at night and eat dinner with his children and eat the meat that he slaughtered. Then he would go to church and read the bible, and he would say, "That is not killing." And I look at him and I say, "That doesn't make any sense, what you are talking about?"

Then I look at the beast, and I say, "Who is the beast?"

I am the beast.

I am the beast.

I am the biggest beast walking the face of the earth.

I kill everything that moves. As a man, as a human, I take responsibility for that. As a human, it won't be long, and God will ask you to take responsibility for it. It is your creation. You live in your creation. I never created your world, you created it.

You create it when you pay taxes, you create it when you go to work, then you create it when you foster a thing like this trial.

Only for vicarious thrills do you sell a newspaper and do you kow-tow to public opinion. Just to sell your newspapers. You don't care about the truth. You take another Alka-Seltzer and another aspirin and hope that you don't have to think of the truth and you hope that you don't have to look at yourself with a hangover as you go to a Helter Skelter party and make fun of something that you don't understand.

(The Judge asks Manson to stick to the point.)

The issues in this case? The issues in this case?

The issues are that Mr. Younger is Attorney General, and I imagine he is a good man and does a good job. I don't know him. I can't judge him. But I know he has got me here. He set me in this seat.

Mr. Bugliosi is doing his job for a paycheck. That is an issue. He is doing whatever he is doing. Whether he thinks it is right or not, I couldn't say. That is up to him.

The only way that I have been able to live on that side of the road was outside the law. I have always lived outside the law. When you live outside the law it is pretty hard, you can't call the man for protection. You have got to pretty much protect your own.

You can't live within the law and protect yourself. You can't knock the guy down when he comes over and starts to rape one of the girls, or starts to bring some speed or dope up there. You can't enforce your will over someone inside the law.

I gave everything I could think of to that old man and that ranch for permission to stay there, and I have given the people that stayed on that ranch my all. When no one wanted to go out in front and fight, I would go out and fight. When no one else wanted to clean the toilets, I would go and clean them.

People would see me and they would see what I do and see the example that I set. They see, when I am cleaning out a cesspool, that I am happy and smiling and making a game of it. Like I was on

a chain gang somewhere once upon a time and they come and pass the water. I make a game out of it, or I make a pleasure out of a job. We turn it into a magical mystery tour.

We speed down the highway in a 1958 automobile that won't go but fifty, and an SKE Jaguar goes by, and I state to Clem, "Catch him, Clem, and we'll rob him or steal all of his money," you know. And he says, "What shall we do?" I say, "Hit him on the head with a hammer." We magical mystery tour it.



Bill Lignante

"You invented the words ... and you gave me a dictionary and you said, 'These are what the words mean.' "

Then Linda Kasabian gets on the stand and says: "They were going to kill a man, they were going to kill a man in an automobile."

To you, it seems serious. But like Larry Kramer and I would get on a horse and we would ride over to Wichita, Kansas, and act like cowboys. We make it a game on the ranch.

Like, Helter Skelter is a nightclub. Helter Skelter means confusion. Literally. It doesn't mean any war with anyone. It doesn't mean that those people are going to kill other people. It only means what it means. Helter Skelter is confusion.

Confusion is coming down fast. If you don't see the confusion coming down fast around you, you can call it what you wish.

It is not my conspiracy. It is not my music. I hear what it relates. It says, "Rise!" It says, "Kill!" Why blame it on me? I didn't write the music. I am not the person who projected it into your social consciousness, that sanity that you projected into your social consciousness, today. You put so much into the newspaper, and then you expect people to believe what is going on. I say back to the facts again.

How many witnesses have you got up here and projected only what they believe in. What I believe in is right now. I don't believe in anything past now. I speak to you from now.

Because there is nothing here to worry about, nothing here to think about, nothing here to be confused over. My house is not divided. My house is one with me, myself.

Then I look at the facts that you have brought in front of this court, and I look at the twelve facts that are looking at me and judging me. If I were to judge them, what scale would that balance? Would the scale balance if I was to turn and judge you? How would you feel if I were to judge you? Could I judge you? I can only judge you if you try to judge me. That is the fact.

Mr. Bugliosi is a hard-driving prosecutor, with a polished education. Semantics, words. He is a genius. He has got everything that every lawyer would want to have except one thing: a case. He doesn't have a case.

Were I allowed to defend myself, I could have proven this to you. I could have called witnesses and showed you how these things lay, and I could have presented my picture.

You are dealing with facts and positive evidence. If you are dealing with things that are relative to the issues at hand, then you look at the facts. What else do you look at? Oh, the leather thong.

How many people have ever worn moccasins with a leather thong in it? So you have placed me on the desert with leather clothes on and you took a leather thong from my shoe.

How many people could we take leather thongs from? That is an issue.

Then you move on and you say I had one around my neck. I always tie one around my head when my hair is long. It keeps it out of my eyes. And you pull it down on your neck. And I imagine a lot of long-haired people do.

There are so many aspects to this case that could be dug into and a lot of truth could be brought up, a lot of understanding could be reached.

It is a pretty hideous thing to look at seven bodies, one hundred and two stab wounds.

The prosecutor, or the doctor, gets up and he shows how all the different stab wounds are one way, and then how all the different stab wounds are another way; but they are the same stab wounds in another direction.

They put the hideous bodies on display and they say: "If he gets out see what will happen to you." Implying it. I am not saying he did this. This is implied. A lot of diagrams are actually in my opinion senseless to the case.

Then there is Paul Watkins' testimony. Paul Watkins was a young man who ran away from his parents and wouldn't go home. You could ask him to go home and he would say no. He would say, "I don't got no place to live. Can I live here?" And I'd say, "Sure." So, he looks for a father image. I offer no father image. I say, "To be a man, boy, you have got to stand up and be your own father." And he still hungers for a father image. So he goes off to the desert and finds a father image.

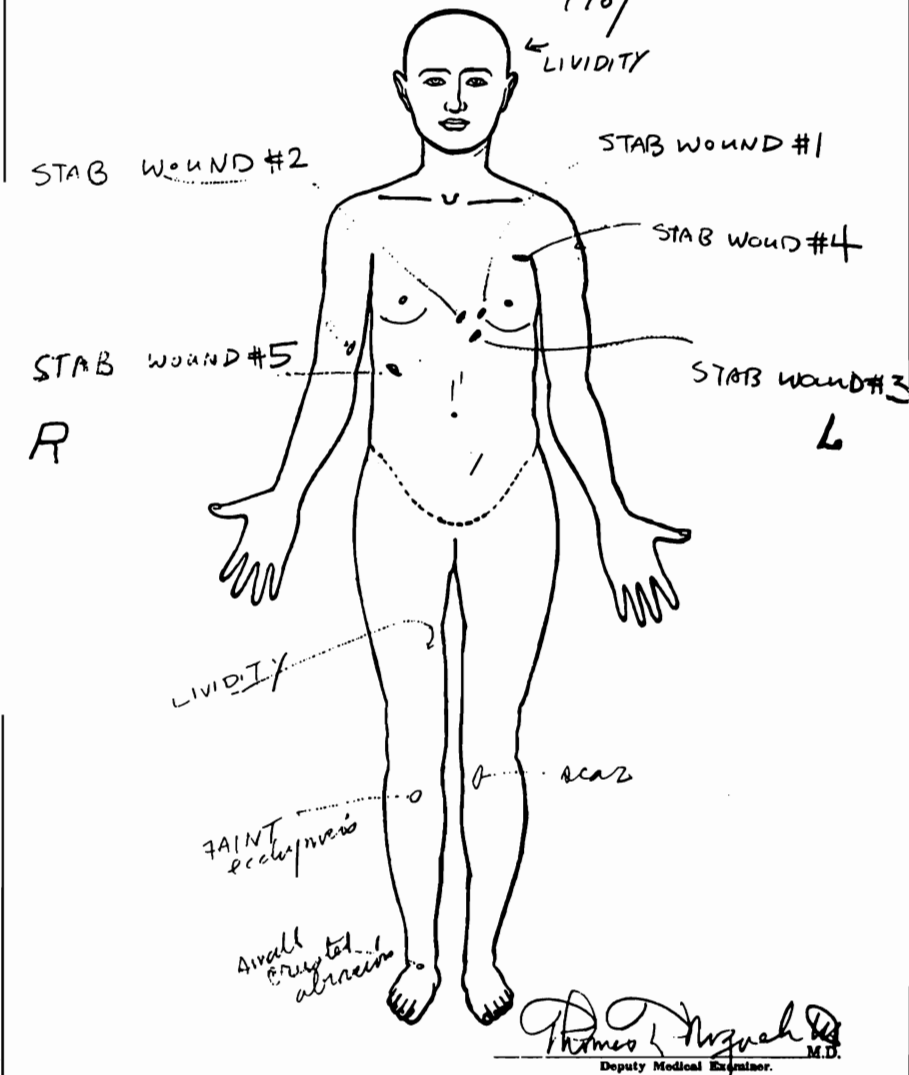
When he gets on the stand, I forget what he said, whether it had any relative value, oh, I was supposed to have said to go get a knife and kill the Sheriff of Shoshone. Go get a knife and kill the Sheriff of Shoshone? I don't know the Sheriff of Shoshone. I don't think I

COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES

OFFICE OF CHIEF MEDICAL EXAMINER-CORONER

BODY FULL LENGTH ANTERIOR

NAME: SHARON TATE POLANSKY Date: Aug 10 1967 File # 69-8796



Thomas L. Huzar
Deputy Medical Examiner. M.D.

"They put the hideous bodies on display and they say: 'If he gets out see what will happen to you.'"

have been there but once.

I am not saying that I didn't say it, but if I said it, at that time I may have thought it was a good idea. Whether I said it in jest and whether I said it in joking, I can't recall and reach back into my memory. I could say either way. I could say, "Oh, I was just joking." Or I could say I was curious. But to be honest with you I don't ever recall saying, "Get a knife and change of clothes and go do what Tex said." Or I don't recall saying, "Get a knife and go kill the sheriff."

I don't recall saying to anyone, "Go get a knife and kill anyone or anything." In fact it makes me mad when someone kills snakes or dogs or cats or horses. I don't even like to eat meat because that is how much I am against killing.

So you have got the guy who is against killing on the witness stand, and you are all asking him to kill you. You are asking him to judge you. Because with my words, each of your opinions or diagrams, your thoughts, are dying. What you thought was true is dying. What you thought was real is dying. Because you all know, and I know you know, and you know that I know you know. So, let's make that circle.

You say, "Where do we start from there?" Back to the facts again. You say that the facts are elusive in my mind. Actually, they just don't mean anything. The District Attorney can call them facts. They are facts. You are facts.

But the facts of the case aren't even relative, in my mind. They are relative to the Thirteenth Century. They are relative to the Eighth Century. They are relative to how old you are or what kind of watch you wear on your arm. I have never lived in time. A bell rings, I get up. A bell rings and I go out. A bell rings, and I live my life with bells. I get up when a bell rings and I do what a bell says. I have never lived in time. When your mind is not in time, the whole thought is different. You look at time as being man-made. And you say time is only relative to what you think it is. If you want to think me guilty then you can think me guilty and it is okay with me. I don't dislike any of you for it. If you want to think me not guilty it is okay with me.

I know what I know and nothing and no one can take that from me.

You can jump up and scream, "Guilty!" and you can say what a no good guy I am, and what a devil, fiend, eeky-sneaky slimy devil I am. It is your reflection and you're right, because that is what I am. I am whatever you make me.

You see, it is what happens inside the now that ... the words just lose meaning. A motion is more real than a word. The Indians spoke with it. They could explain to you with motions what they felt. This is what I intended to do if I could represent myself. Explain to you what is inside of me, how I feel about things.

Because words are your words. You invented the words, and you made a dictionary and you gave me the dictionary and you said, "These are what the words mean." Well, this is what they mean to you, but to someone else, they have got a different dictionary. And things mean different things to different people, and to match the symbols up as you talk back and forward. Then you put a witness up here to say what you said.

I could never say what someone else said. I could only say what I said.

You tell me something and, tomorrow, I try to repeat it, if I didn't write it down, I couldn't tell you what you said. Let alone a year ago, let alone eight months ago, let alone a week ago. I am forgetful. I forget one day to the next. I forget what day it is or what month it is or what year it is. I don't particularly care because all that is real to me is right now.

But then, the case is real to me, and I say, "What do I have to do to make you people let me go back to the desert with my children?"

You have your world. You are going to do whatever you do with it. I have got nothing to do with it. I don't have the schooling in it. I don't believe in your church. I don't believe in anything you do. I am not saying you are wrong, and I hope that you say I am not wrong for believing what I believe in.

Murder? Murder is another question. It is a move. It is a motion. You take another's life. Boom! and they're gone. You say, "Where did they go?" They are dead. You say, "Well, that person could have made the motion." He could have taken my life just as well as I took his.

If a soldier goes off to the battlefield, he goes off with his life in front. He is giving his life. Does that not give him permission to

take one? No. Because then we bring our soldiers back and try them in court for doing the same thing we sent them to do. We train them to kill, and they go over and kill, and we prosecute them and put them in jail because they kill. If you can understand it, then I bow to your understanding. But in my understanding I wouldn't get involved with it.

My peace is in the desert or in the jail cell, and had I not seen the sunshine in the desert I would be satisfied with the jail cell much more over your society, much more over your reality, and much more over your confusion, and much more over your world, and your word games that you play.

And each witness got up here and only testified for what was best for them, they did not testify for what was best for me. They testified for what was best for them, their own benefit. So you say, "Okay, and then what else did she say?" She said, "You only see in me what you want to see in me." You only see in her what you put in her, because when you take LSD enough times you reach a stage of nothing. You reach a stage of no thought.

An example of this: if you were to be standing in a room with someone and you were loaded on LSD and the guy says, "Do you like my sports coat?" And you would probably not pay any attention to him. About two or three minutes later the guy loaded on LSD will turn around and say, "My, you have a beautiful sports coat" because he is only reacting. He is only reacting to the individual terminology, the person that he has in the room.

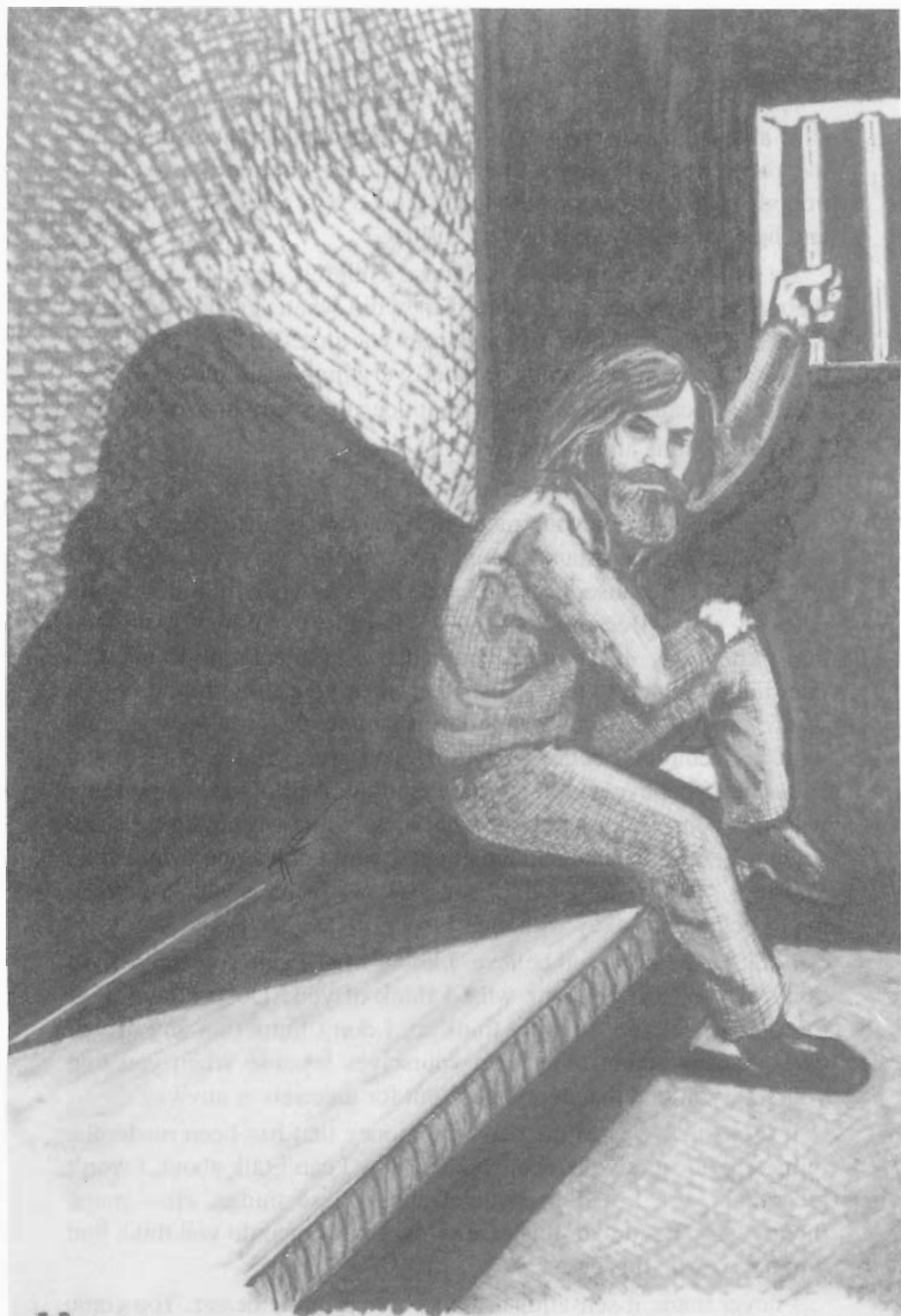
As you would put two people in a cell, so would they reflect and flow on each other like as if water would seek a level.

I have been in a cell with a guy eighty years old and I listened to everything he said. "What did you do then?" And he explains to me his whole life and I sat there and listened, and I experienced vicariously his whole being, his whole life, and I look at him and he is one of my fathers. But he is also another one of your society's rejects.

Where does the garbage go, as we have tin cans and garbage alongside the road, and oil slicks in your water, so you have people, and I am one of your garbage people. I am one of your motorcycle people. I am one of what you want to call hippies. I never thought about being a hippie. I don't know what a hippie is.



Manson as prisoner: Above, Canadian artist McMillan. Right, Nick Bougas.



HE DID THE UNTHINKABLE..
HE TOLD THE TRUTH.

A hippie is generally a guy that's pretty nice. He will give you a shirt and a flower, and he will give you a smile, and he walks down the road. But don't try to tell him nothing. He ain't listening to nobody. He got his own thoughts. You try to tell him something, and he will say, "Well, if that's your bag."

He is finding himself. You, those children there were finding themselves. Whatever they did, if they did whatever they did, is up to them. They will have to explain to you that. I'm just explaining to you what I am explaining to you. Everything is simple to me. It is what it is because that is what it is. It doesn't go any farther.

What? That is all there is. Why?

Why?

Why comes from your mother. Your mother teaches you why, why, why. You go around asking your mother why and she keeps telling you, "Because, because" and she laces your little brain with because and: "Because." "Why?" "Because." "Why?" And you don't know any different. If you had two mothers, one to tell you one thing and one to tell you another, then your mind might be left where mine was. If you had a dozen parents that you went around with and couldn't believe anything you were told and then you couldn't disbelieve anything you were told. And it's the same thing with this court. I don't believe what these witnesses get up here and say but I don't disbelieve them either. I won't challenge them. If the guy says, "You're no good," I say, "Okay." If that's what you want me to believe it's okay with me.

I don't care what you believe. I know what I am. You care what I think of you? Do you care what I think of you? Do you care what my opinion is? No, I hardly think so. I don't think that any of you care about anything other than yourselves because when you find yourself, you find that everyone is out for themselves anyway.

It looks that way to me here, the money that has been made, the things that I cannot talk about, and I know I can't talk about, I won't talk about and I will keep quiet about these things. How much money has passed over this case? How sensational do you think that you have made this case?

I never made it sensational. I was hiding in the desert. You come and got me. Remember? Or could you prove that? What could you prove?

The only thing you can prove is what you can prove to yourselves, and you can sit here and build a lot in that jury's mind, and they are still going to interject their personalities on you. They are going to interject their inadequate feelings; they are going to interject what they think. I look at the jury and they won't look at me. So I wonder why they won't look at me. They are afraid of me. And do you know why they are afraid of me? Because of the newspapers.

You projected fear. You projected fear. You made me a monster and I have to live with that the rest of my life because I cannot fight this case. If I could fight this case and I could present this case, I would take that monster back and I would take that fear back. Then you could find something else to put your fear on, because it's all your fear.

You look for something to project it on and you pick a little old scroungy nobody who eats out of a garbage can, that nobody wants, that was kicked out of the penitentiary, that has been dragged through every hellhole you can think of, and you drag him up and put him into a courtroom.

You expect to break me? Impossible—you broke me years ago. You killed me years ago. I sat in a cell and the guy opened the door and he said, "You want out?"

I looked at him and I said, "Do you want out? You are in jail, all of you, and your whole procedure. The procedure that is on you is worse than the procedure that is on me. I like it in there."

I like it in there—it's peaceful. I just don't like coming to the courtroom. I would like to get this over with as soon as possible. And I'm sure everyone else would like to get it over with too.

Without being able to prepare a case, without being able to confront the witnesses and to bring out the emotions, and to bring out the reasons why witnesses say what they say, and why this hideous thing has developed into the trauma that it's moved into, would take a bigger courtroom, and it would take a bigger public, a bigger press, because you all, as big as you are, know what you are as I know what you are, and, I like you anyway. I don't want to keep rehashing the same things over. There are so many things that you can get into, Your Honor, that I have no thoughts on. It is hard to think when you really don't care too much one way or the other.

(Interruption.)

I was released from the penitentiary and I learned one lesson in the penitentiary, you don't tell nobody nothing. You listen. When you are little you keep your mouth shut, and when someone says, "Sit down," you sit down unless you know you can whip him, and if you know you can whip you stand up and whip and you tell him to sit down.

Well, I pretty much sit down. I have learned to sit down because I have been whipped plenty of times for not sitting down and I have learned not to tell people something they don't agree with. If a guy comes up to me and he says, "The Yankees are the best ball team," I am not going to argue with that man. If he wants the Yankees to be the best ball team, it's okay with me, so I look at him and I say, "Yeah, the Yankees are a good ball club." And somebody else says, "The Dodgers are good." I will agree with that; I will agree with anything they tell me. That is all I have done since I have been out of the penitentiary. I agreed with every one of you. I did the best I could to get along with you, and I have not directed one of you to do anything other than what you wanted to do.

I have always said this: You do what your love tells you and I do what my love tells me. Now if my love tells me to stand up there and fight I will stand up there and fight if I have to. But if there is any way that my personality can get around it, I try my best to get around any kind of thing that is going to disturb my peace, because all I want is to be just at peace, whatever that takes. Now in death you might find peace, and soon I may start looking in death to find my peace.

I have reflected your society in yourselves, right back at yourselves, and each one of these young girls was without a home. Each one of these young boys was without a home. I showed them the best I could what I would do as a father, as a human being, so they would be responsible to themselves and not to be weak and not to lean on me. And I have told them many times, I don't want no weak people around me. If you are not strong enough to stand on your own, don't come and ask me what to do. You know what to do. This is one of the philosophies that everyone is mad at me for, because of the children. I always let the children go. "You can't let the children go down there by themselves." I said, "Let the children go down. If he falls, that is how he learns, you become strong by falling." They

said, "You are not supposed to let the children do that. You are supposed to guide them."

I said, "Guide them into what? Guide them into what you have got them guided into? Guide them into dope? Guide them into armies?" I said, "No, let the children loose and follow them." That is what I did on the desert. That is what I was doing, following your children, the ones you didn't want, each and every one of them. I never asked them to come with me—they asked me.

(Recess.)

There's been a lot of talk about a bottomless pit. I found a hole in the desert that goes down to a river that runs North underground, and I call it a bottomless pit, because where could a river be going North underground? You could even put a boat on it. So I covered it up and I hid it and I called it "The Devil's Hole" and we all laugh and we joke about it. You could call it a Family joke about the bottomless pit. How many people could you hide down in this hole?

Again you have a magical mystery tour that most of the time there's forty or fifty people at the ranch playing magical mystery tour. Randy Starr thought he was a Hollywood stunt man. He had a car all painted up and like never done any stunts. Another guy was a movie star, but he had never been in any movies, and everybody was just playing a part, you know, like most people get stuck in one part, but like we were just playing different parts every day. One day you put on a cowboy hat and say, "Shoot somebody," or the next you might have a knife fighter, or go off in the woods for a month or two to be an Indian, or just like a bunch of little kids playing. Then you establish a reality within that reality of play acting.

And then you get to conspiracy. The power of suggestion is stronger than any conspiracy that you could ever enter into. The powers of the brain are so vast, it's beyond understanding. It's beyond thinking. It's beyond comprehension. So to offer a conspiracy might be to sit in your car and think bad thoughts about someone and watch them have an accident in front of you. Or would it be a conspiracy for your wife to mention to you twenty times a day, "You know, you're going blind, George, you know how your eyes are, you're just going blind; we pray to God and you're going blind, and you're going blind." And she keeps telling the old man he's going blind until he goes blind.

Is that a conspiracy?

Is it a conspiracy that the music is telling youth to rise against the establishment because the establishment is rapidly destroying things? Is that a conspiracy? Where does conspiracy come in? Does it come in that?

I have showed people how I think by what I do. It is not as much what I say as what I do that counts, and they look at what I do and they try to do it also, and sometimes they are made weak by their parents and cannot stand up. But is that my fault? Is it my fault that your children do what they do?

Now the girls were talking about testifying. If the girls come up here to testify and they said anything good about me, you would have to reverse it and say that it was bad. You would have to say, "Well, he put the girls up to saying that. He put the girls up to not telling the truth." Then you say the truth is as I am saying it, but then when it is gone, tomorrow it is gone, it changes, it's another day and it's a now truth, as it constantly moves thousands of miles an hour through space.

Hippie cult leader; actually, hippie cult leader, that is your words. I am a dumb country boy who never grew up. I went to jail when I was eight years old and I got out when I was thirty-two. I have never adjusted to your free world. I am still that stupid, corn-picking country boy that I always have been.

If you tend to compliment a contradiction about yourself, you can live in that confusion. To me it's all simple, right here, right now; and each of us knew what we did and I know what I did, and I know what I'm going to do and what you do is up to you. I don't recognize the courtroom, I recognize the press and I recognize the people.

Have you completed your statement, Mr. Manson?

You could go on forever. You can just talk endless words. It don't mean anything. I don't know that it means anything. I can talk to the witnesses and ask them what they think about things, and I can bring the truth out of other people because I know what the truth is, but I cannot sit here and tell you anything because like basically all I want to do is try to explain to you what you are doing to your children.

You see, you can send me to the penitentiary, it's not a big thing. I've been there all my life anyway. What about your children? These are just a few, there is many, many more coming right at you.

Anything further?

No.

We're all our own prisons, we are each all our own wardens and we do our own time. I can't judge anyone else. What other people do is not really my affair unless they approach me with it.

Prison's in your mind ... Can't you see I'm free?



Howard Brodie

THE FAMILY THAT SLAYS TOGETHER, STAYS TOGETHER

By Marvin L. Part, Los Angeles Bar Association

ANNOUNCER: (*Offstage.*) We now present the continuing saga of "One Manson's Family: The Family that Slays Together, Stays Together." (*Music up, singer does "Death Valley."*) When last we left you the County Jail was already overcrowded with lawyers wanting to help Charles Manson sell his books and records. (*After "Death Valley" ends, lights up on full stage, spotlight on the characters of LAWYER and MANSON.*)

"Defendant Manson"

LAWYER: (*Sings.*)

Defendant Manson

I want to get your case

But I will have to plan some

To take you from this place.

I want to sell your records

So I can get my fee

Charlie baby

Lawyers aren't free

But defendant Manson, don't you get upset

You're gonna get the defense every guy oughta get

I really have ethics, I'm misunderstood

All that I think about's your good

It's your good

It's your good

It's your good

It's your legal good

Like I hope your records, they sell good.

The D.A. is a bastard

The Judge an S.O.B.

At trials I'm a master

And I won't charge a fee

I'll sell the press your story

The price will be absurd

Charlie sweetheart

Your end is a third

Don't you be a square

We'll take your story and we'll make
A sequel to *Hair*
"The Age of Charlies" will be our big song
We'll show the pigs that they're all wrong
They are wrong
They are wrong
They are wrong
They are really wrong
Like I hope the jury thinks they're wrong
Let's have a business session
We'll make our move right now
Like, I'll sell your confessions
And make a hundred thou
They'll publish it in Europe
And in the *L.A. Times*
Charlie, bube, sign here on the line
Defendant Manson, let's both use our head
Like why should Susan Atkins be
 making all of the bread
There's plenty of money
We'll both make a pile
And we can share it,
Family style
Family style
Family style
Family style
Share it Family style
All the bread, we'll share it
Family style
The lawyer here is crazy
This attorney—he drinks
This attorney is lazy
This attorney—he stinks
This guy will get you hung
Charlie, they all speak with
 fork-ed tongue
Defendant Manson
We'll all work for free
'Cause we want to show our face

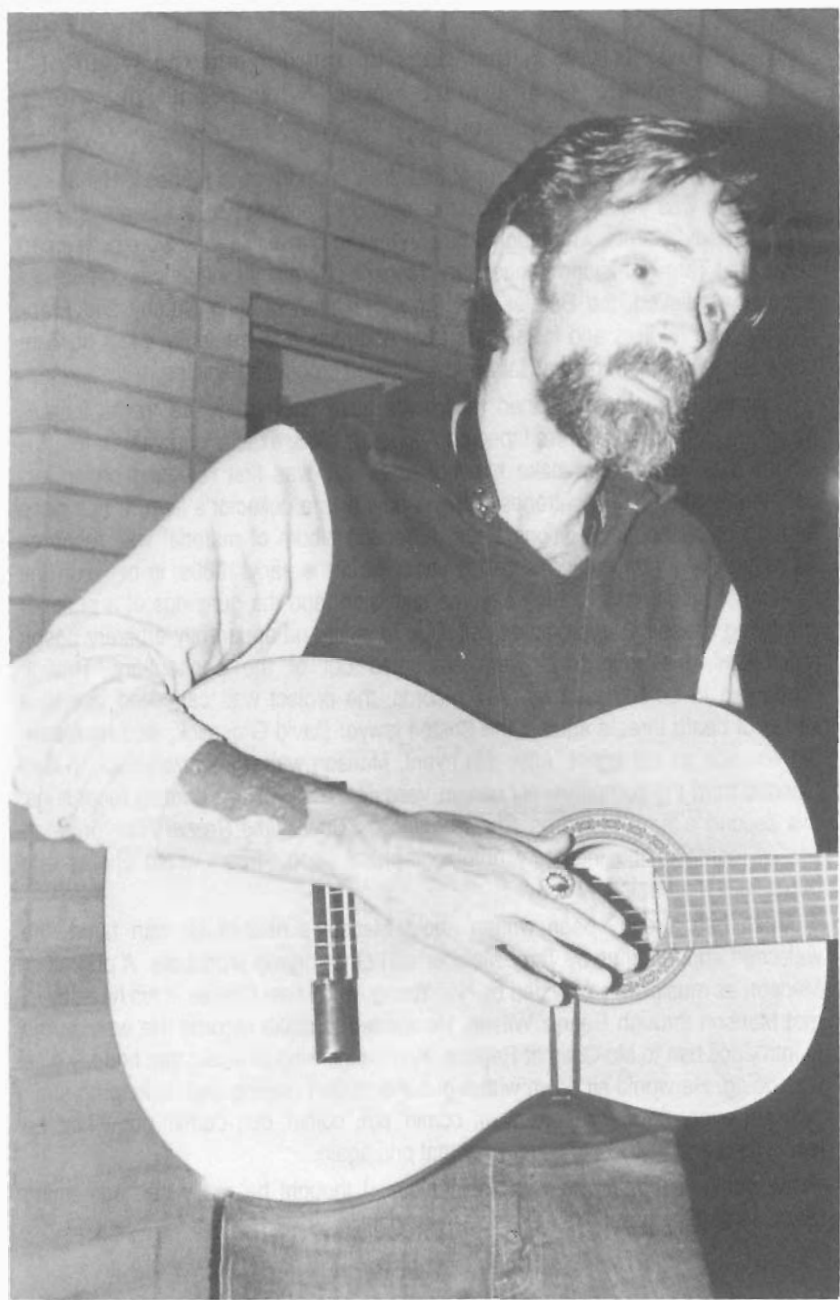
on KNXT
Yes, defendant Manson, we'll waive
our fee
Please defendant Manson,
Pick me

(Blackout. Fade up spot for new song, "Standin' on Their Heads".)

MANSON: *(Sings.)*

Lawyers are standin' on their heads
And I'm just a guy who hasn't got
a slice of bread
They don't seem to care
Lawyers keep standin' on their
heads, they keep standin'
So I did some talkin' to Judge Keene
I said, "Judge, I don't like the present
legal scene"
So I went proper
Those lawyers keep standin'
on their heads
They keep standin'
But there's one thing I know
That guy he tried to send me
Won't defend me
I'll be alone, though Belli
tries to defend me
Lawyers are all around the place
But that doesn't mean that I will
soon be someone's case
But they're not out for me
'Cause all they really want
is to get a reputation
Who needs them free
No one represents me

MUSIC



MUSIC

Music is one ... that rings up murder and the wrath of a never-ending God. I make music, what people do with it makes trouble.—Manson

Music was quite often the magnet that drew supporters to Manson. His unique guitar style was initially sparked by the legendary member of Ma Barker's gang, Alvin "Creepy" Karpis, who taught Manson how to play while they were both incarcerated at Terminal Island penitentiary. Manson's formative influences are not, as popularly believed, the Beatles, but "from the heart of Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra" and fiddlers and folksingers from Arkansas and Kentucky. Most of Manson's music is constructed as fairly old-fashioned crooner's vehicles.

Only two Manson-sanctioned recordings have appeared. The tracks for *LIE*, Manson's debut album, were taped on August 9, 1968, exactly one year before the killings that would later make him notorious. *LIE* was first released on an experimental label, ESP/Awareness, and is now a rare collector's item. It has gone through many bootleg editions since. A second album of material was recorded secretly by Manson within his cell at Vacaville in the early 1980s, in between the flushing of jail latrines, blaring daytime television, and the gurglings of a prisoner strangling himself in an adjacent cell. Due to strict and apparently arbitrary prison restrictions, the recordings were smuggled out of the penitentiary. Though scheduled to be released by SST records, the project was cancelled due to a series of death threats against the Boston lawyer David Grossack, who represented Manson as his agent. After this event, Manson was transferred back to San Quentin from the comparatively benign Vacaville. Available on bootleg recordings, this second album known as *Charlie Manson's Good Time Gospel Hour* or *Completion*, contains the incantatory autobiographical song, "Fire," which chants and burns with shamanic fury.

Much has already been written about Manson's near-brush with fame, the welsched importunings by Terry Melcher and other bigwig producers. A portrait of Manson as musician is provided by Neil Young, who knew Charlie in his hey-day: "I met Manson through Dennis Wilson. He wanted to make records. He wanted me to introduce him to Mo Ostin at Reprise. He had this kind of music that nobody else was doing. He would sit down with a guitar and start playing and making up stuff, different every time, it just kept on comin' out, comin' out, comin' out. Then he would stop and you would never hear that one again.

"Musically, I thought he was very unique. I thought he really had something crazy, something great. He was like a living poet."

you - U - [I]mprovise

TAG

C Δ 7 A -

EVERYTHING IS THE SONG ITS BEEN

A - A - D9 D9

there all along in the silence of your heart. IN THE SONGS THAT YOU SING

D9 C Δ 7 C Δ 7 C Δ 7 G G G

IN THE always of the ~~hallways~~ ^{in everything} in everything

G A B C

up on the wings of you none of your love -

G C Δ 7 D Δ 7 C Δ 7 D Δ 7

with out my box its
not easy to put it
on paper - dont not write
music for YEARS

Never Say Never to Always

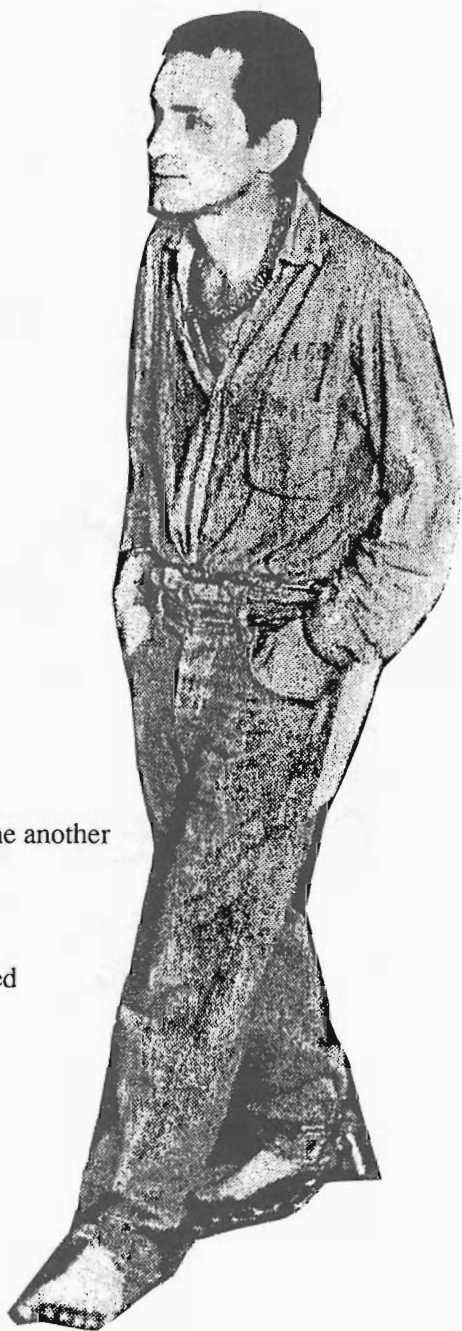
Always is always forever
As one is one is one
Inside yourself for your father
All is none all is none all is none
It's time to drop all from behind us
The illusion has been just a dream
The Valley of Death may not find us
Now as then on a sunshine beam
So bring only your perfection
For then life will surely be
No cold no fear no hunger
You can see you can see you can see

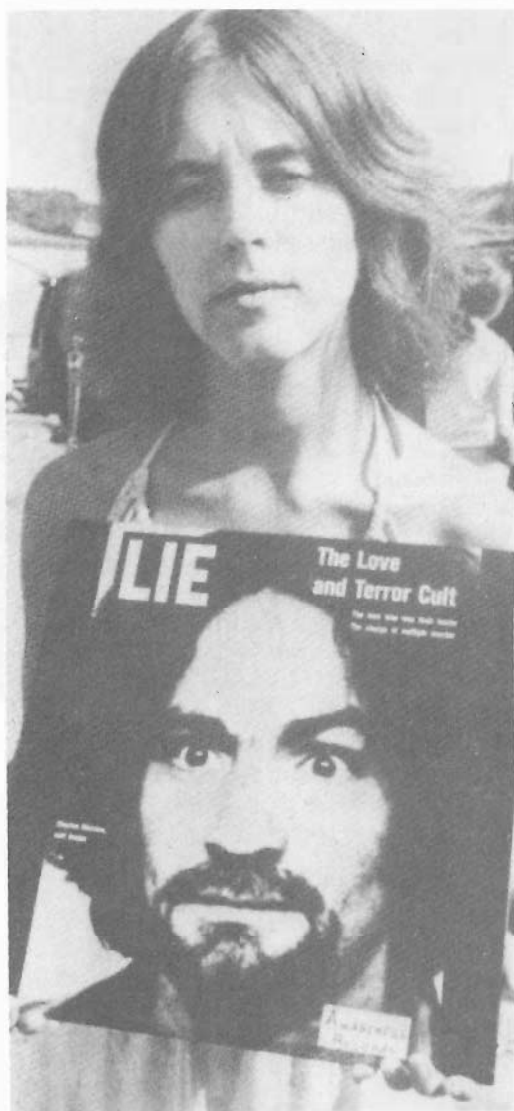


Family Children at Spahn Ranch

Cease to Exist

Pretty girl, pretty, pretty girl
Cease to Exist
Just come and say you love me
Give up your world
C'mon you can see
I'm your kind, I'm your kind
You can see
Walk on, walk on
I love you pretty girl
My life is yours and
You can have my world
Never had a lesson
I ever learned
But I know we all get our turn
I love you
Submission is a gift
Go on, give it to your brother
Love and understanding is for one another
I'm your kind, I'm your kind
I'm your mind
I'm your brother
I never had a lesson I ever learned
But I know we all get our turn
And I love you
Never learned not to love you
I never learned





Family member Brenda McCann proudly displays Manson's debut recording

The 1985 re-release of *L.I.E.* in England was not met with overwhelming approval, as this angry letter to *Sounds* reveals.

WITH REFERENCE to your recent article on the re-issue of Charles Manson's 'Love And Terror Cult' record, I thought you would like to also know of some damage caused by your scandalous lack of tact and failure of good judgement.

Apart from the fact the Manson was renowned for his less than comradely attitude towards blacks, he was also recognized as holding nothing but contempt for them. As a leader of the black national community in this area, I find it most distressing that a publication of your standing should stoop so low as to publicise the sick profiteering centred around this most unfortunate character.

Only yesterday a colleague of mine, himself an upstanding member of the black national community, was openly assaulted in a busy shopping street by youths wearing swastikas and Manson T-shirts, chanting 'It's comin' down fast motherf*****!' Clearly your representation in print of these soul-less people exploiting this madman and his followers is nothing less than appalling.

Manson graffiti has blossomed around this area and my colleagues in the black national communities in Brixton and Tottenham have indicated an element of so-called 'Family' followers might well have been instrumental in the recent disturbances there. ~ **Joseph Lambton, Deptford, London**

Mechanical Man

I am a mechanical man, a mechanical man
And I do the best I can
Because I have my Family
I am a a mechanical boy
I am my mother's toy
And I play in the backyard sometimes
I am a mechanical boy
It's an illusion
Postulated, mocked up
Through confusion
Confusion, it's an illusion
Utter confusion
Live on in your illusion
That won't wear out
I had a little monkey
And I sent him to the country
And I fed him ginger bread
Along came a choo choo
And knocked my monkey koo koo
And now my monkey's dead
You're so mechanical and you go and lay down
And I wonder how
A brown cow could say ...

Sick City

Sick city, yeah, restless people
From the sick city burnt their houses down
To make the sky look pretty
What can I do, I'm just a person
This is the line we always seem to hear
You just sit, things get worse
And watch TV and drink your beer
Walking all alone
Not going anywhere
Nobody seemed to care
Restless as the wind
This town is killing me
Got to put an end to this restless misery
I'm just one of those restless people
Can never seem to be satisfied
With living in this sick old sick old
Sick city
It may be too late for me to say goodbye
And I might be too late
To watch this sick old city die
Going on the road
Yeah I'm gonna try
To say sick city so long farewell
And die



FROM KILLER TO CROONER

Charlie Manson

Mass murderer Charles Manson — whose band of zombie-like followers butchered pregnant actress Sharon Tate and six others — has recorded an album of folk ballads that show his "sensitive" side.

Boston-based attorney David Grossack, handling contractual arrangements for Manson, said the 90-minute tape of songs written and sung by the crazed killer reveal a Charlie Manson the public has never known.

"My interpretation of his work is that the songs reflect an individual that has been alienated by the injustices of the social order we live in," said Grossack.

"A man of many passions, sensual, with a certain degree of sensitivity.

"He sees himself as a rebel," said Grossack of the man on whose orders seven people were brutally slaughtered.

The 48-year-old Manson, once sentenced to death, is serving out a life sentence in a California prison.

Grossack indicated that friends of the killer spirited the tapes out of the prison. The four ballads contain material about Manson's life and some of his pals on death row.

SST Records, a company that handles punk rock groups, will do the album, said Grossack.

"It's folk-singing. He wrote the songs himself. He's dedicated them to ecology. They're symbolic of the forces of nature — wind, water, fire . . ."

The lawyer said Manson is "very much a naturalist" and "I was very pleasantly surprised by the musical quality."

"The beauty of living in America where everybody has the opportunity to express themselves — even a 'notorious villain' is still a human be-



... ROCK STAR

talking about the financial arrangements of the record contract.

However, he said Manson could not directly receive any profits, but indicated some of the money will be channeled to "people on the outside whom Charles cares about deeply."

— MAURICE BENDER

ing," said Grossack. "Prisoners have constitutional rights to express themselves and songs are one way of doing it." Grossack said he's never met or talked with the famed mass murderer, but received the tapes and instructions from "intermediaries" who are in regular contact with Manson. The attorney said he was professionally forbidden from

A supermarket tabloid's reaction to the news of Manson's second album.

Eyes of a Dreamer

It's all in the eyes of a dreamer
 It's all in the eyes of a man
 All the things we've done in life
 And all the things we've planned
 Is the world as sad as it seems?
 Where are men's hopes?
 Where are men's dreams?
 In the eyes of a dreamer
 In the eyes of a man

All the songs have been sung
 All the saints have been hung
 The wars and cries have been wailed
 All the people have been jailed
 In the eyes of a dreamer
 In the eyes of a man
 And you are the man

“This is the worst trip I’ve ever been on.”—“Sloop John B.”
by the Beach Boys, 1968



Before the murders so rudely interrupted things, Manson served as mage and guru to many in the motion picture and recording industries. His most celebrated pupil was, perhaps, Dennis Wilson of the surfer-castrati pop group, The Beach Boys. Manson played Mr. Natural to Wilson's Flakey Foont, acquainting the "spoiled child" with things philosophical and magical while partaking of a rock star's playthings, such as groupies and Ferraris. Interviewed in the British publication, *Rave*, Wilson raved about Manson as the "Wizard," describing future recording projects with him while spouting Mansonesque philosophy on such subjects as fear and death.

The Beach Boys album *20/20* features a reworked version of Manson's song, "Cease to Exist," which was retitled, "Never Learn Not to Love." The key words, "cease to exist," were changed to "cease to resist"—a revealing example of how the group could change a heartfelt paean to ego-death into another forgettable ditty about seduction. "Never Learn Not to Love" was also included as the b-side to the single, "The Bluebirds Flew Over the Mountain." As payment to cover his song, Manson received a BSA motorcycle, with which he promptly gifted Bugliosi's future songbird, "Little" Paul Watkins.

Man's Son

Now I'm lookin' right here, inside myself
I've got my eyes closed
I'm looking backward through my brain
Thinkin' about what I'm thinkin' about
Wonderin' if there is an insane
Talkin' about a whisper
Whisperin' in my mind
Talkin' about forever
Beyond illusions of time
Talkin' about forever and ever and ever
Beyond all illusions
Faith so hard is mine
And I was just a man's son
And I was any old one
Of a million million million
 in the minds of all I see
Infinity, infinity
Noise has come to my ears
From some television
In the skies of mind
Televisions in the sky of blind
Television reruns and reruns and reruns
All the time
World is just in my lonesome
 child's mind, all the time
If you had no time
You'd have to be right now
The world's spinning around in space
Spinning around on my face
Take the place of a race
That's already been won

Things are in perfection
when you see
Things are in perfection
soul to see
All is all and everything you
could love or be
All is now and now is all
in my heart can you see





*Al Buck
Chairman
of the Board*

A word from the Chairman of the Board of Buck Knives

If this is your first Buck Knife, "welcome aboard." You are now part of a very large family. Although we're talking about a few million people, we still like to think of each one of our users as a member of the Buck Knives Family and take a personal interest in the knife that was bought. With normal use, you should never have to buy another.

Now that you are family, you might like to know a little more about our organization. The fantastic growth of Buck Knives, Inc. was no accident. From the beginning, management determined to make God the Senior Partner. In a crisis, the problem was turned over to Him, and He hasn't failed to help us with the answer. Each knife must reflect the integrity of management, including our Senior Partner. If sometimes we fail on our end, because we are human, we find it imperative to do our utmost to make it right. Of course, to us, besides being Senior Partner, He is our Heavenly Father also, and it's a great blessing to us to have this security in these troubled times. If any of you are troubled or perplexed and looking for answers, may we invite you to look to Him, for God loves you.

ART

They are less than shadows -
 13-I AM Real part the words (2)
 death bad island
 Dragon & its less think think there no any
 SLAVERS
 FOOD
 foals for sex
 most of air

ships
 timeless
 life self- what
 Sheep
 what told way thing to

life
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heads
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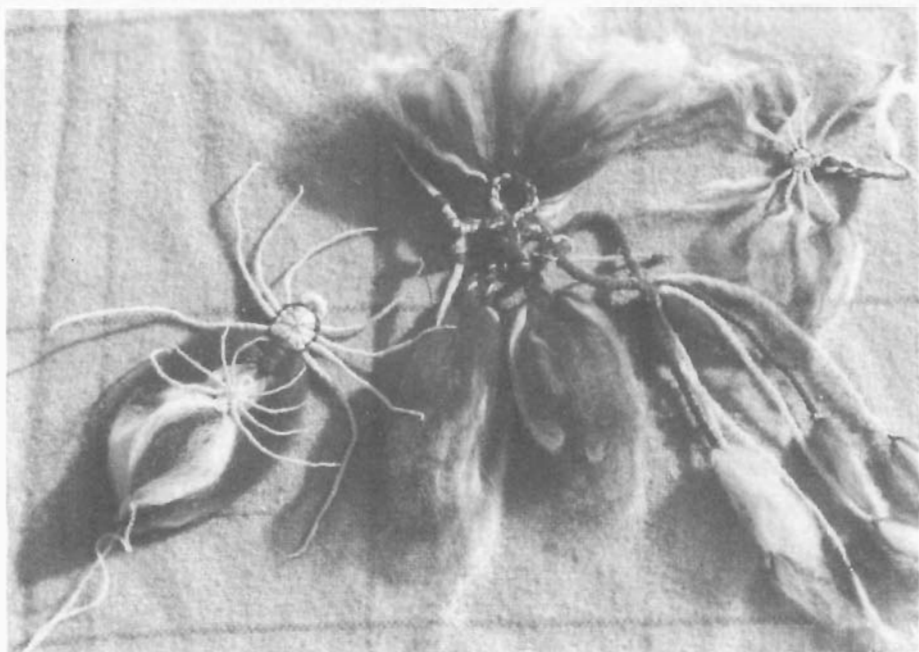
An illustrated letter from Manson

ART

I sit in my cell and sing and make little dolls on a string.
And I send them out to do little jobs. I give them names, I give
them a little personality. I talk to them. I put little things in
their hands and I send them out in truth.—Manson



Left, voodoo doll woven by Manson from the thread of his socks, 1987. Right, doodles by Manson drawn during the 1969-'71 trial.



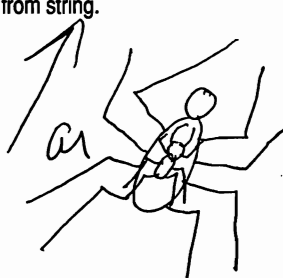
Spider, "Mansonite" doll and scorpion. Instructions below.

look up at the doll - The Scorpion
 can go in the hair - with the
 same attention to the legs + the

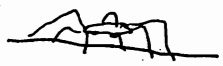







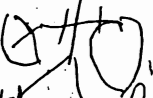
more you attend to
 the little details
 it will take on a
 form with your
 energy + ~~power~~
 power + force will
 come in to fakes a
 polence come in to
 play - it has
 conductor
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 LIKE OVER

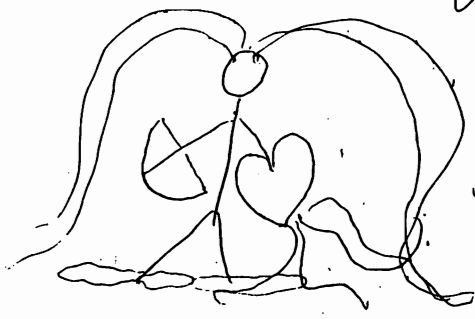
Below, further instructions for care of spider and doll. Right, scorpion crafted by Manson from string.



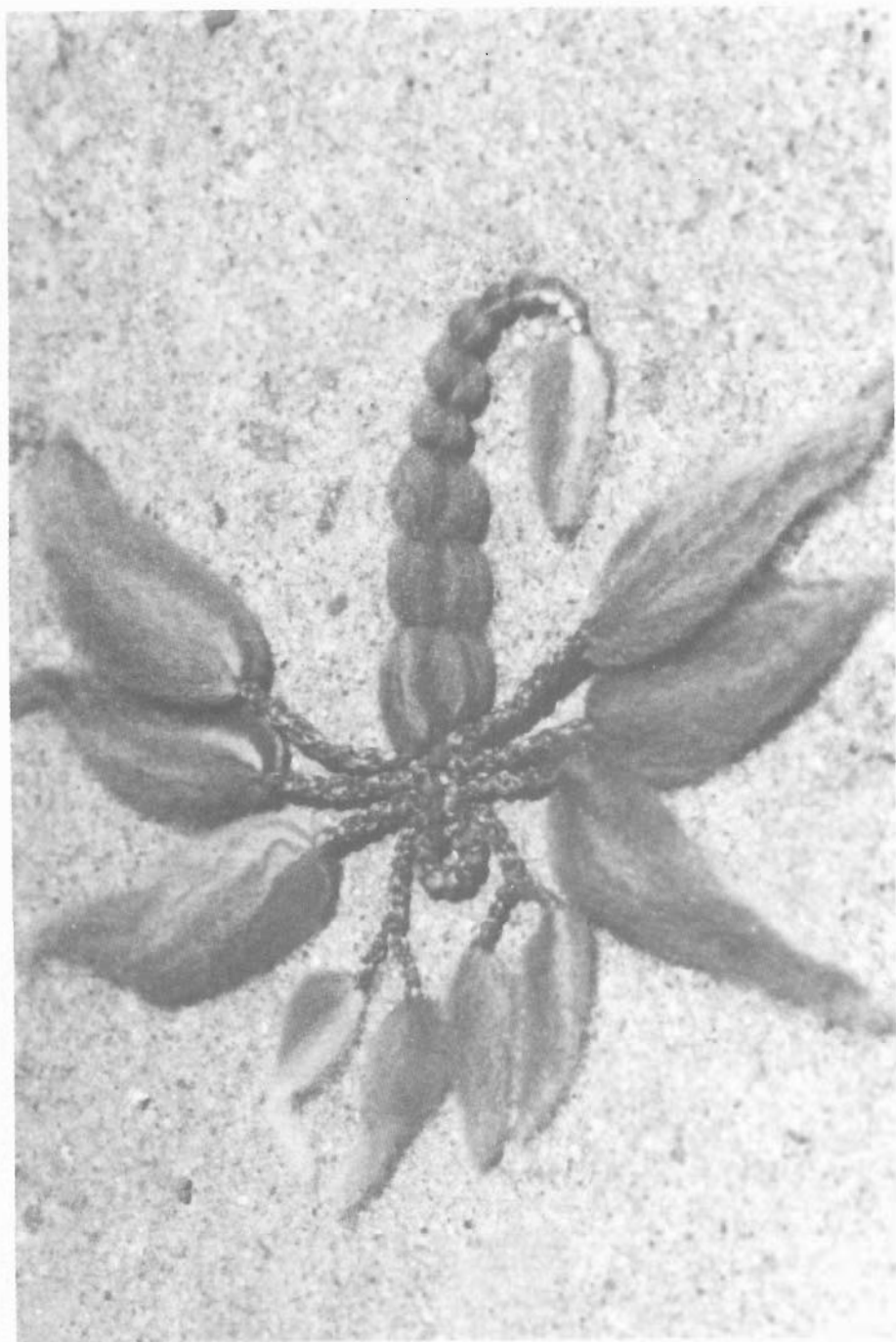
the spiders sets up on its legs



Now the trick to the art of it is the setting of the picture of it is the more you set + prep the more form it takes - Hold up side down - the feet are to go like  then set like  the effect is standing on claw clock  then the Bal goes under the arm like  then the hair is like at first mild  then gently part it  around to form over the heart + bow until it looks like this



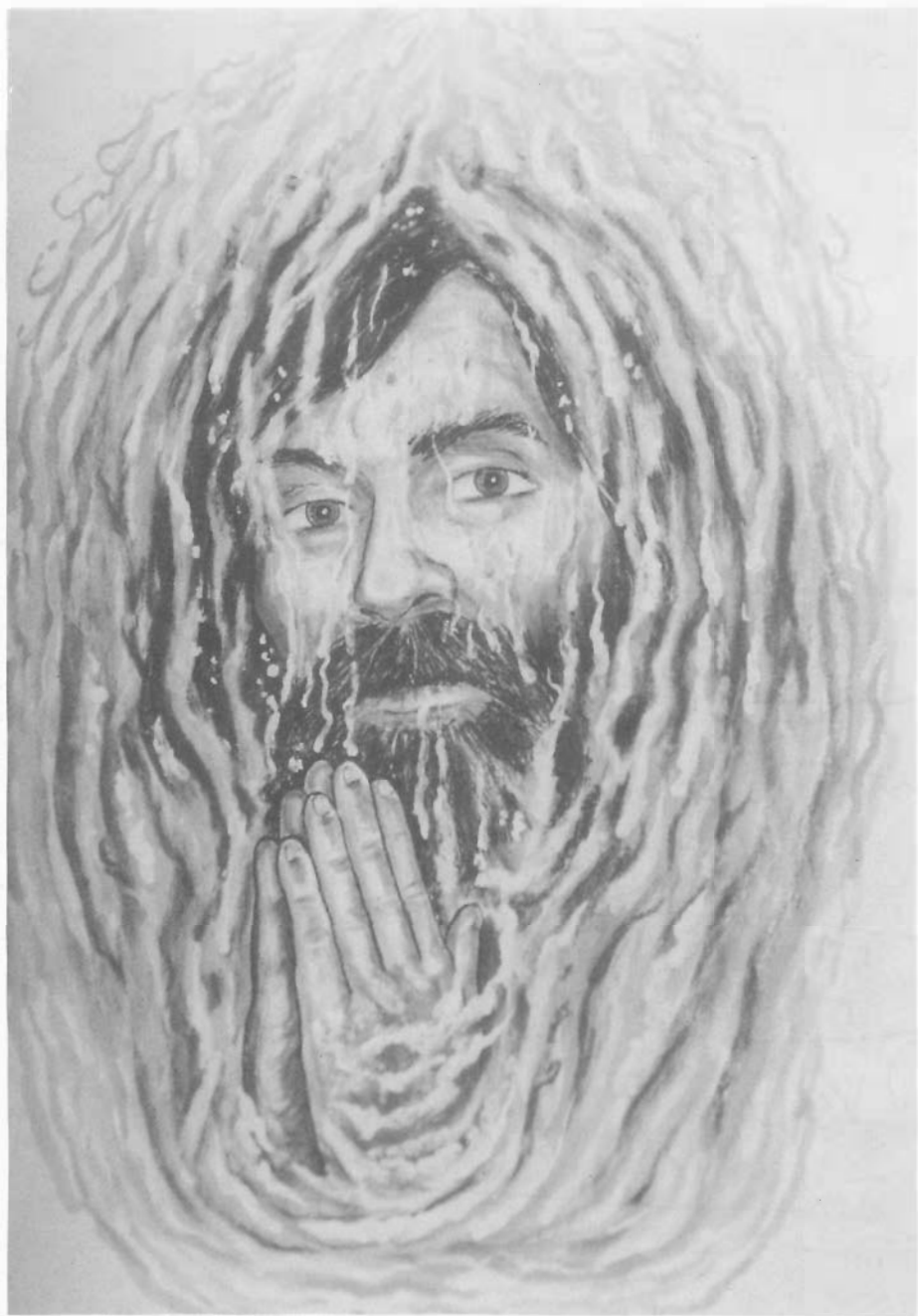
it comes around to blend in with the ~~figure~~ NOVE







September 1987 drawing by Manson.



Manson set ablaze by fellow prison inmate

IN SPORTS

Angels can only wait till next year

It's all but all over for the Angels after their fourth straight defeat, a 6-5 extra-inning crusher of a loss to Kansas City that leaves them 4½ games back of the Royals with just five to play.

Why we didn't see Raiders-Chargers

Melvin Durslag delineates the real reason why Raiders' owner Al Davis opted against hitting the L. A. blackout of Monday night's scintillating Raiders-Chargers game — to build fan support.

San Diego shocked the black and silver

It worked, too. With just 10 minutes left on the game, they were still selling tickets at the Coliseum. The Raiders gave the crowd a better meal than they like to, and they now admit the Charger offense surprised them.

— all beginning on D-1

By Gordon Dillow
Herald staff writer

The prison inmate who set convicted mass murderer Charles Manson on fire yesterday was a former Pasadena resident who, like Manson, was wracked by bloody, apocalyptic visions enhanced by hallucinogenic drugs such as LSD.

In inmate Jan Holmstrom's most recent tormented vision, God told him to kill Manson, the man who masterminded the 1969 murder spree that took the lives of actress Sharon Tate and eight others and terrorized Los Angeles.

According to prison officials, Holmstrom, 38, doused Manson with paint thinner in the hobby shop of the California Medical Facility at Yuccaville and set him ablaze early yesterday morning. Manson, 48, received second and third-degree burns over his face, hands and scalp. Prison officials said yesterday that Manson is in good condition in the prison hospital, but they said he may be permanently scarred by the burns.

Holmstrom, who was convicted of the 1974 shotgun murder of his father, a Pasadena gynecologist, reportedly told guards that Manson had objected to Holmstrom's customary chanting of Hare Krishna religious chants. He also said that "God told me to kill Manson," corrections department spokesman Bob Gote said.



Charles Manson

May be left permanently scarred

Holmstrom reportedly was expelled from the Hare Krishna after being accused of stabbing a fellow devotee in 1973.

Holmstrom, who has been described as "psychotic and dangerous" by psychiatrists and "a real wack" by Hare Krishna followers who knew him — is being held in

isolation pending an investigation. He probably will face criminal charges for the attack on Manson, prison officials said.

That was good news for a number of people — including Holmstrom's own family — who were terrified that Holmstrom would be released when his parole date came up in 1985.

According to Thomas Townsend, an attorney who helped fight an early parole date for Holmstrom, "The guy is crazy. God knows how many LSD trips he's been on. He chants every day, he sits with his legs folded up and he chants. He sends threatening letters to his mother, with elaborate death sketches of his father holding a halo in his hand and covered with swastikas. He tells her, 'No one can escape the wrath of God.'"

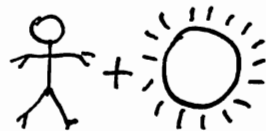
Townsend said that, according to family members, Holmstrom took "at least 100 LSD trips" and probably many more. He said there were indications that Holmstrom may have suffered brain damage, possibly as a result of the LSD use.

In a scene reminiscent of the Tate murders in which Manson's followers wrote on the walls with their victims' blood, a Holmstrom family friend said some months before Holmstrom killed his father, Holmstrom smeared the interior of the family home with blood, writing "baby killer" on the walls.

Manson A-7, Col. 1

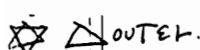
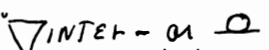
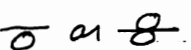







The fiery portrait, left, was commissioned by Manson in an attempt to re-create the event reported above. Artist Nick Bougas painted a number of versions for Manson, who was finally satisfied by the "humble, monk-like" expression shown in this final attempt.



Charles Manson








Various signatures of Manson

SELECTED WRITINGS


 OUTER. 
 INNER - or 
 or 
 what happens in 
 a brake + then it goes to ~~the~~ 
 than 
 = 

 than 
 intellig.

LOOK LIKE 
 the line in the mind goes 


 ONE 
 quite abstract + each finds it in a different way - can not what you would call human - it was voted out of the human race & can't win & was changed so it's set in place 

balance of the Sun + Moon - a long way from your mind in a world in the universal order + it spins this way 
 when the sun + moon Earth + Air intelligence gets off balance it reverses & turns the other way like 
 - Humans are a little balance -



A few buildings in the dilapidated Spahn Ranch in 1970, just prior to being consumed in a fire.

THE BLACK/WHITE BUS

A Novella by Charles Manson

This is a story about a magic ride with a lot of magic people. It's all centered around a bus. No single person holds the center of the trip: it's witches and demons, saints and gods, tramps, cut-throats, dogs and all. The bus was like a trip flying timeless through the Universe.

When we met the bus, it was from the White Motor Company, sitting dead, used up, ready for scrap. No muffler, no tires—shot. And it looked like *Tobacco Road*. We had no money, and yet the bus came to us.

An old Dutch man with a peg leg said, "Do you want the bus?"

"I got no money."

And he said, "Money is not important. I can get the bus for you. But you must accept the curse that goes with it."

"What curse?" I asked.

"This bus was pulled up from the bottom of the river, and the dead bodies of a lot of children were in it. They haunt the bus. The children are still in spirit, trying to get out of the bus. And they cry at night."

I said that I could deal with that, being well aware of the world of spirits. So he said that he would give me the bus, under certain conditions. 1) That the bus could never belong to anyone but itself. 2) It would serve the spirits of the children. 3) Never sell it.

I said, "I'll sign the pink slip and put it in the glove box, and the bus will belong to itself. We'll just ride and be servants to the bus."

It was done. He gave me the pink slip, and I signed "Charles Manson" on it and put it in the box.

I went into the White Motor Company and told the boss there that I needed the motor fixed, but I had no money. He said—as if he were in a fog—that he would fix it for me. He gave us free parts. The old Dutch man worked on it, and the tires came for nothing, and we painted it black. A big box was welded on top; red carpet up to the windows, no seats, mattresses and pillows everywhere, with colored tapestries draped on the ceilings down over the windows, and it looked like the inside of a tent from *The Sheik*. A coffee table with a hookah pipe, and a wall between the driver's seat with a little door. You had to take your shoes off and get on your knees to get

inside. A stereo with four big speakers came in to play ALL good music, with no words. Space music from Germany. A lot of electric sounds. No loud trash music. Mind-lifting sounds.

The bus transformed itself as if by invisible hands. I did little work and paid no money. The Dutch guy, a wizard of sorts, came to me and said the bus was ready. We were living with him and his kids—six of them—who were magic little critters fixing and making the bus nice.

“Now for the ceremony,” he said.

“What ceremony?”

“The transfer of Spirit from all of us into the bus, and the Bond of Will to help the Children get through the bus and back to Earth.”

We went into the hills alone, and the big box was like an altar. The potions from my magic bag were passed around, and for three days we all ran naked, fucking and doing free. On the night of the third day, I was naked, lying on the box. Lines were invoked for ABRAXAS. I was given the name of an old monk, a Count that lived and died four hundred years ago: Giordano Bruno. Outside the bus, I was Riff Raff Rockess—and the power to never be seen in green. Just in green.

I never questioned. I had already tripped the mushrooms of Mexico, and peyote buttons of the Indian Sundances. And I had been through a lot of time travel, too.

I was stuck with the bus and I had to serve it. Strange things came into play. My fingernails had always been brittle and would break off into stubs, but then they grew hard and heavy. A form of Kung Fu came into my nature, my motions. My hands became like claws, and my voice became loud: so loud it was piercing. My style of music changed, and the girls clothed me in a style I had never seen before. They themselves had been transformed into forest people. My hair became curly. I had never had curly hair before! I learned how to dance, and I had never danced. I played the lute, and I had never played the lute before. We spent time in the forest, free in nature, and when we got ready to leave there was a goat's head on the hood of the bus. Later, we found out that Cupid, a guy from S.F. put it there. It was black, and under that, a coat of red paint.

Driving out of Sacramento with a bus full of girls, I reflected on the rules of this new game: The bus belonged to itself.

We were its servants.

It owned our souls.

Its purpose? To let the dead spirits of the children come back to Earth.

We could not deny anyone entrance. Anyone that asked for a ride would be taken wherever they wanted.

I could only lose the bus, or get off the trip, when I called a Tone 40 command. Few know what a Tone 40 is.

I thought to myself, "That's easy! I'll just never let anyone know, and I got a nice new ride, an open road, and some cool chicks."

I told them, "Tell no one our secrets."

First stop: S.F. Haight-Ashbury, pick up some hash for the pipe, some mushrooms, and off to the woods.

I parked the bus on Cole Street. We met some people who said they wanted to go for a ride. I looked around; the bus was full of people ready to go. We were partying in and out of the apartments, the bus, and the park.

A street dealer came up to me and said, "OM wants to see you." And he pointed to a window overlooking the street.

I said, "Who's OM?"

"He's GOD, man, and this is his street, and I'm one of his dealers."

I went up the stairway, the door opened, and some weird witch called out, "Come in! OM is expecting you."

He was a big bald black guy, sitting on pillows and smoking a pipe. "You looking for hash?"

"Yes," I said.

"I'm God. I control here. I have the hash, but that's my street."

"OK," I said. "How much?"

I looked young, and he didn't know that I just got out of prison after twenty-two years in the hallways of hell. Two or three women came serving food and wine, but when I declined he became offended, and said, in a very nasty way: "I see your bus got a lot of nice girls. I want you to bring them here. I'm gonna fuck them."

"If you don't sell me hash," I replied, "I'll get on down the road."

He stood up and said, "Boy! Maybe you didn't hear me when I

said I was GOD and that's MY street! Bring them girls here and I'll let you live as my bird dog. Hey! You best chick yourself!"

"I don't know nothing about no God. You have my permission to play whoever you want, but I just got out of prison and I'm not gonna play bird dog—and the street belongs to the children!"

The dude flew at me, and I just looked him in the eye and knew to show no fear.

"See my arms?" he said. And he made his muscles bulge. "I can break your back with one hit. Do what I say!"

"You calling me out?"

"Yeah, that's it, bird dog. I'm calling you out."

I paused, thinking. "I'll trick you."

"You little puppy! You can't trick God."

He's well balanced, and a bull, and one look tells me not to get grabbed: I'd be broken like a little stick. HAHA! A challenge by God. But I pick the weapons, time, and place.

"Bring them girls," he said. "When I step on you, I'm taking them girls."

OK. Sunday morning, and knives in the park. At sun-up. I bowed my way out of there.

The next meeting was Saturday and I had two gurkha knives. I went up the stairway soft and easy. He laughed. "You can't sneak me, little dog, come in."

Six or seven women were around his flagpole—"Want to get with my girls and suck this rod, boy?"

The girls had flat breasts, too much make-up, and were really burnt out: tracks on their arms. You could see they'd had better times.

I held one of the knives in my left hand, trying to build a little impression, at least. He was so sure of himself! That, to me, is the first mark of a fool.

"I came to show you two gurkhas, and see if they'll serve the purpose."

"I could have GIVEN you both of them," he said. "Just don't try to run."

He was trying to put "run" in my mind. I could see a little fear



John Aes-Nihil

coming into him. Being big, he had never been called out. When he called me out, I knew he was calling himself out. I knew who God was.

That night I went with five girls to the park. All night I looked for the right place. Then I stationed the girls in a line, to guide his group to that place.

He came with bells on, and his party with make-up, lace, and all the frills. My people wore no make-up; they were fresh and wholesome.

I can throw a knife well. There are very few who have worked as hard as I have with knives. Being little, I've lived with knives in prison for years.

He came with his derby hat and gold chains. He put his hat in the crux of a tree. Before he could look back, I cut that hat in half, and the big gorkha was vibrating in it.

I laughed and said, "Look, God! I tricked you!"

"I'll kill you. You don't have your knife now."

"There's no difference, God. I tricked you. Put your head on the stump and I'll let YOU live."

There was fear in his eyes. I walked up to him and said, "I tricked you!" Then I said, "Watch this!"

I pulled the knife out of the tree and handed him his hat: "I give you one life. I could have put this in your heart; but, like I say, man, I don't want to go back to prison. It took me twenty years to get out last time."

He took the hat and I said, "Hey, God, I tricked you again! I got my knife back."

"You're the only guy in the world who can get away with this."

"I'm the only one that tried."

I dropped the knife and hat, and when the life I gave him began to serve itself, and he began to pick it up, I put a straight razor around his neck and said, "Drop the knife."

It fell to the ground.

I said, "Sit on the stump." While he sat, I told him that in prison I worked in the barbershop and how I've shaved a lot of fools like him, and he can thank the law! For, if there wasn't the threat of going back to prison, I'd make hamburger out of him.

I said, "Say you're a hamburger."

He said, "I'll forgive you if you leave my town."

I started cutting his ear and said, "You're in no place to forgive," because the stump where he sat was OUTSIDE the ground picked for the duel: it was "out-of-honor." The fields of honor know God.

I cut his ear off and said, "Say you're a hamburger!"

"I'm a hamburger!"

"Now whose town is this?"

"Yours!" he said.

"No, it's the children's town. Say it!"

"It's the children's town!"

"And who's street is this?"

"It's the children's street!"

Then it hit me. This is not ME doing this! This is crazy. Fear hit me, and I told him: "Don't ever let me see you again, or I'll trick you once more." I was leaving, but the girls said to me, "We belong to you."

"I own nothing but a razor, a guitar, and a sleeping bag."

"What about the bus?"

"It's not mine."

"Can we go with you?"

"I'm not going or coming from anywhere. Besides, I'm with THEM, and they have a secret."

One woman said, "Please!"

"Are you a CHILD?"

"No! I'm not a child."

"Well, you best get off the children's street and get out of their town, because I've got a secret too."

We moved the bus. That night there were five girls in the circle, and they said, "What's your secret?"

"I've got five hearts in this bus, but I'm taking the heart somewhere else, for the children in this bus."

II

Thirteen people encircled the candles on the table as the bus rolled out of S.F. There was a nun with a little dog, a biker, a dealer, a

runaway, a go-go dancer, and a whore. The mushrooms were peaking and the flow of the spirit was HEAVY. The whore was sucking my dick, and I was sucking the runaway's pussy. The nun wanted to talk religion. The biker got mad.

Lynne Fromme could tell you this part. It is totally unbelievable.

I'll go on, but realize that the Count, Count von Bruno, did this next trip.

He stopped and said, "You assholes can't fuck, so you don't want no one else in heaven." That's my philosophy concerning Christianity. I spilled some milk on my feet when the nun wasn't looking. Her little dog kept running to lick my feet. It was all in candlelight—she didn't see the milk, so I said, "See, Mother of God. See your love at my feet! Come, can you show me your love?" I held up my rod and told her, "Come! and put Creation in your mouth. Suck! That's what you want!"

And she was talking out of the bible and saying I was no good. The biker was yelling, "There ain't no God! Fuck God!" The nun was crying, saying she would never have left the convent; she only wanted to help the children on the road.

Her dog is fighting like hell to get to the milk and she sees it licking my feet. She's reciting Hail Marys! The biker is yelling, "Fuck God! If there is a God, come down and strike me dead now!"

The whore is playing with my rod, the runaway is hot to fuck my nuts—really aching. And I have a nun praying to God with a two-hundred-pound mama's boy yelling. I said, "GOD ain't gonna stop doing what he's doing for YOU, but if he wanted, he could come in me and get ME to do it."

The bus is rolling and it's getting heavy. I stood up and told the biker to lay down and die. "HA!"

I yelled ten times louder than anyone had heard in their life. I didn't know where so much sound came from. I saw doubt come into his eyes. I commanded him to die. He fell, and started choking and gagging—I yelled louder and louder. He shrank, and the meat fell off his bones and he became a pile of bones, and green smoke drifted up.

The bus rolled on. The nun went crazy! Everyone was on their knees. Prison flashed through my mind and I thought, "This is not me! What the hell am I doing?"

I began to say words I didn't understand. I said, "Live!" and he began to form, and stood before me trembling, and said, "I'm yours."

"I don't want you, man."

"You said I could come on the bus. I'm yours! What do you want me to do?"

"Man, there's nothing I can do with you."

But he insisted. So I told him, "OK. Go to the first insane asylum you can get to, and work it off."

The bus stopped. The last I saw him, he was running down a cornfield yelling. The nun and her puppy were going across the highway to get to S.F. calling me the "Black Pirate."

The Black Pirate got the rep of taking all the young girls into the hills, never to be seen again.

I fucked all night. Days later we woke up on the beach; kids were playing all over the place. I asked everyone what happened—did they see all those things?

They related the story as if it were an everyday trip.

III

We were on the way to San Diego, and picked up a guy with no shoes on holding a broken harp with only a few strings. He said he was going to Malibu.

I said, "Take the other way!"

So we came to what was called the "Spiral Staircase House." It was an old house that had slid off its foundation and was aslant, and the first floor had a creek flowing through it: the second floor was covered with flowers—morning glory flowers—and there was a beautiful spiraling staircase. There was a big living room; some walls had been taken out; a kitchen and two back bedrooms. One shitter.

The guy with the harp said, "Come in."

There were open windows that went right out to the hill, and doors that dropped off into the creek—a drop of twenty-five feet straight down.

He faded away, and I was left standing in front of a woman. She came out of the blue, like Hera!

“How do you like it?”

“What?”

“The pad.”

“OK. It’s nice.”

“Do you want it or not?”

“For what?” I said.

“Oh, there’s no rent. It’s free for one year. I’m going away. They want to condemn this house, but they can’t find me to serve papers, and they can’t tear it down until they do.”

“What do I have to do? There must be a catch!”

“True, true. There is a catch. There are no locks on the doors and it’s an open pad, a halfway house between the Universe and the Earth. The people come down from the hills, come down to the city, and they stop to spend the night, a day or two, go to the city, do their thing, and go back to the hills. It’s an island where a lot of people that come through here are what others would call strange: warlocks and witches and Children of the Night. I’ll give you a lease for a year. Free rent and one-half of the house is yours; the other half is for my friends passing through.”

She gave me the papers. There were twelve girls, a biker, and me—and three of the most magic cats on the Earth, all of us sitting in the big room. But the guy that brought us was gone.

Ten books could be written about that pad: total MADNESS came and went—a karma pad.

A guy would come in with a business suit, go to the door with no staircase, step out and fall face first twenty feet, straight down. Forty-five minutes later he’d come back, all fucked up, and do it again—two or three times!—as if he were in a daze. He did it all the time!

We played music, and weird people came from all over. They called it an “astral gathering.” There were people with long beards, knives pounding on pots, witches, and I mean WITCHES who could look like children and transform themselves into old women before your eyes. There were dancers, and I would play on my side of the house and watch them.

And sure enough, that guy in a new suit would come in and step out of the door!

Baldheaded guys arrived and said they just got out of the nuthouse where they keep the totally insane. SS bikers came with big, fat chicks, and they would bring cakes, pies, and lay them at my feet.

A fourteen-year-old virgin was brought in; she rolled me a joint and said, "Can I suck your dick?"

"How old are you?"

She looked at me as if she were thirty-years-old, and said: "What the fuck does that have to do with it?"

"Where is your mother?"

She said: "Over in the corner, getting fucked."

She told me that everyone was in fear of me because "if they fuck you their hearts will stop."

OK. Fifty people were in the living room; they drew a pentagram around my chair. The virgin took her dress off and they chanted: "Ahah—" We had been chewing on peyote buttons and she was rolling at my feet like a snake, making cat sounds, and everyone was rubbing on her and looking at me.

"Ahah! Prove that you're the Master!"

I said to myself, "Man, this ain't me."

I commanded all the witches and demons on the other side of the line, but told my friends, "Don't be affected. I'm not here to prove nothing." A giant of a man stepped forward, with a big beard, and said, "You refuse my daughter as if she were trash! I challenge you."

"I don't want to fight."

"Then let's fuck," he said. "Me and you."

He lined up five of the finest women I've ever seen apart from my own and he stood the Snake in the middle: "This is my heart and you can't fuck over it, but if you fuck in my circle I get to fuck in yours, and if I can get in your bed I will prove to all that I am the Master. If I win, your women will come with me."

"These women belong to themselves."

A witch yelled, "They belong to Von Bruno the Black Pirate! This is a runt and nothing but a toad, and your Snake will eat him!"

Fear came to me.

If I don't have the girls, how will I eat? They've been treating me like a king! I wasn't trying to be Master, just trying to live a little of my life outside of prison.

How did these people know me?

"All right. You challenge me. I pick the place."

"Where but in the House of the Spiral Staircase?"

"In the bus."

"How can we watch?"

"OK. We'll leave the windows open and put chairs around the bus."

My God. He had thirteen-and-a-half shoes; he was six-foot-five with long fingers; he wore boots and overalls with a mountain shirt, a wooden flute, a leather pouch—patches with little bees and butterflies tacked on his pants.

A magic mountain man.

We came into the bus and he took off his rags—and, man, this guy had a mule dong! And everyone chanted, "Oh, oh, oh!" Some weird kind of invocation. There were four girls, but his old lady said, "Not in the bus!"

He sat on one side of the table sucking on a hookah pipe and pulled a girls' head down on his pole. Three girls were sucking, and his little Snake got my rod in her jaws: there were girls all over us: all kinds of things were performed for the watchers.

I fucked that Snake to the end, and again. I went through her gut and out of one of her eyes, and sat on the pillow laughing at the Ohio and 105 U.S., and when that was gone, and her eyes rolled back in her head, I went through the world to the other side.

The mountain man says I tricked him. Later, I met his old lady living in a tree house.

Sex is religion. It's not lust: it's a way to exchange motion, to give power, to transfer spirits. It's a way into the heart, into the soul.

And the women became big with babies, and the children of the bus returned to Earth.



John Aes-Nihil

The Family bus, above, and the Barker ranch, below, as they exist today, desolate homes for bats and scorpions.

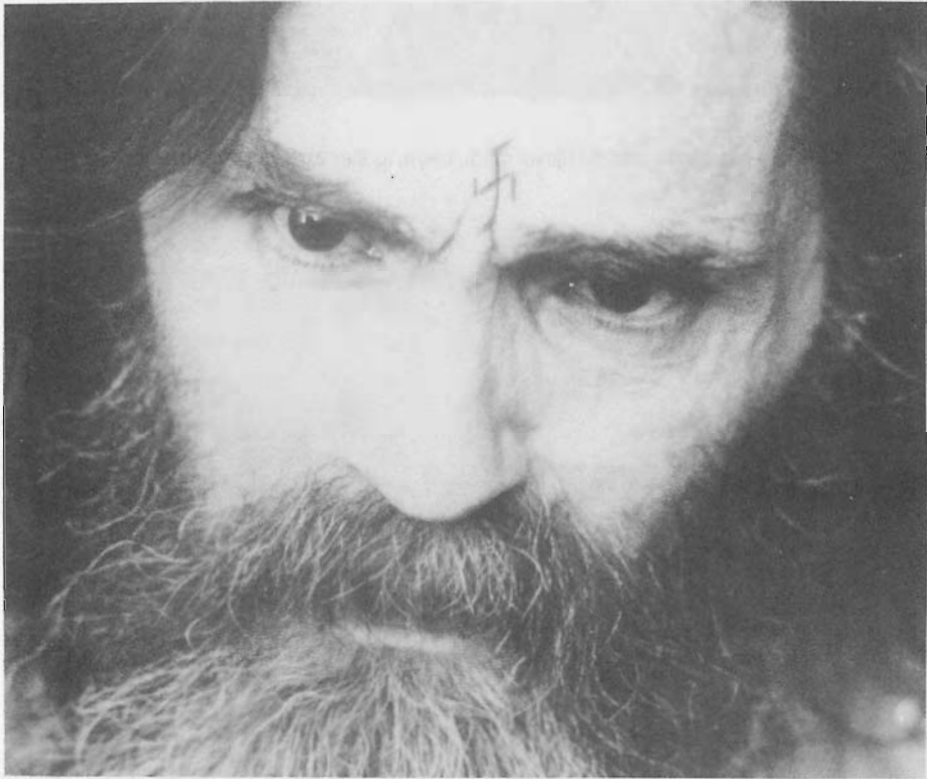


John Aes-Nihil

MANSON'S 1986 PAROLE HEARING STATEMENT

As anyone in the know knows, throughout the state of California, the country, and the world: the lawyers, courts, and government of the U.S. lie and cannot be trusted. (California Department of Corrections included.) To keep this so-called Board of Paroles from telling more lies about me, my family, brothers and sisters in soul in truth and of God, I have come to this hearing to make statements to and for the public record to be marked in history.

I have been kept in handcuffs for over sixteen years and kept for the most part in solitary confinement, as the so-called authorities kept changing the names from solitary to "administrative segregation" to "quiet cells" and other coverups each time the court ordered



limitation of solitary time, or the public began to hear about mistreatment. Their fears and guilts were covered up by distortion, lies, and confusion to mislead and misinform the public for more tax dollars and bigger criminal justice business, actually fed by the misfortunes and blood of children.

I've been kept in mental wards, nut wards; I've been beaten, drugged, and have lost track of the times I've been handcuffed to the bars or left to be killed. Inmates have told me that doctors and other C.D.C. staff have tried to have me killed by telling them lies about me killing pregnant women and eating their unborn babies, or have implied threats to their personal safety along with promises of paroles and other favors. I have witnesses to all I say but no court will touch it because they broke their laws to put me back in prison, and each day they break all the laws by keeping me. They violate every human right in the book, yet they keep preaching to the world as if they had no sins and were all good guys.

So, for years doctors and staff have been falling off me with heart attacks, sicknesses, killing themselves or being murdered, as they did me wrong by trying to use this case to set a new prison system and continue to pick up the paychecks. I see all new cops, new staff. For each inmate sent to kill me, the prison system has lost staff. All of the judgments and the blame that is pushed off on me will be reflected back in the fires of the Holy War that you call crime. It suits your fears not to face the actions you are creating and calling up in your prison crime factories, as your deceit is reflected. And then you are paid for the stories of crime sold to the public in TV and movies.

The children of the 1960s that you call the "Manson Family" wanted to stop a war and turn the government and world to peace. They gave their lives when they took lives and they knew it. They gave all to clean up ATWA—air, trees, water, animals, the whole of the life of Earth, in love and concern for brothers and sisters in soul. They gave to get their brothers and sisters out of cages and to touch some intelligence upon the Earth. By living next to the land, we did see the drought and famine coming. For my part, I was complete and willing to take responsibility for any influence I had over THE mind of all, but your courts ran for the money and away from their own fears, guilts, and responsibilities. They didn't want to confront the truth about themselves.

Your government invented the Watergate coverup but never did say what they were really covering up—a Holy War invoked from the soul. When Manson, aka Lord Krishna, Jesus Christ, Mohammed, the Buddha, was condemned by the press and THE PEOPLE OF CALIFORNIA VS. MANSON, you condemned yourselves. You condemned yourselves in the so-called Manson Family, putting the son of God on the prison cross again. I broke no law, not God's nor Man's law. God knows this; the Holy Spirit knows; and anyone in the truth knows. What you are buying and selling in God's name you will suffer. With your own judgments convicting yourselves of being Satan, the anti-Christ, you stand your world on fire. I am Abraxas, the son of God, the son of Darkness, and I stand behind ALL the courts of the world. Until I get my rights, no one has rights. I'm God's messenger from and in the truth, brother and son to all men. (666—your computers will print the same read-out to your book brains.) Until I get the same rights my fathers had, I will stand in Nixon's place, convicted as the false prophet, as fire burns and the children starve and the land dies along with the air, as the wildlife becomes poisoned and the trees are being cut so fast that wildlife will not survive—NOT WITHOUT WORLD CHANGE.

I did—I say “did”—invoke a balance for life on Earth. From behind the time locks of courtrooms and from the worlds of darkness, I *did* let loose devils and demons with the power of scorpions to torment. I did unseal seven seals and seven jars in accord with the judgments placed upon me, upon my circle. All who had no forgiveness will have no heart, and did set loose upon the earth destruction in the balance of their own judgments. These are the people who gave their own children no chance for survival. These are the people locked in death wishes which they project into the minds of the children.

To the faithful I say this, so that understanding can be touched and because I know you have been misled: I did live among you in the *will of all*, in and out of prison for over twenty years before I was put on trial in 1969. From the 1940s I lived a lifetime in and on your prison cross, kept in your punishments to be your goat, your blame, all your bad, long before your children of the '60s picked me up and my will from the leftover garbage of past wars you waged upon your young. I am a child of the '30s, not the '60s. I told and answered in truth for what I was asked. What they did and do to

balance themselves in their own points of view for the life they said they wanted is their own responsibility. You gave them your blame, and all of your problems but no forgiveness. They *were* you—your reflections—yet you keep your children in cages and want new prison crosses for your own profits, and the same cycles continue as your judgments are pushed off to the unknowing people for more tax money in old and useless jobs. They are also making up more TV movie crime, as if you don't have enough. Know this: from the prison graves the Christhead is no new trip, and the so-called Christians have been and are feeding on the blood of Christ children. You are so misled and caught up in lies that your souls and your justice are locked in the bank. Actors play your leaders in the same war patterns set by the dead.

I could have a parole and have no soul. I'll keep my soul and shirk your parole. You people have no authority from justice. You're crooks running the numbers racket—you got no respect. I don't want into your thoughts as anything but a number and you are dismissed from any service you claim to do in the name of God.

Prison is a frame of thought. I'm out of that. I don't want out of your prison unless I can go with my brothers and sisters. If I have the whole world and not my Family, I would have nothing. I'm not broken. I'm not beaten. My own Holy Revolution against pollution is still in full swing. I am my own government. Even if Reagan is trying to ride on my life. I am my own court and judge, my own world, my own God, in my own rebirth movement started behind the judge's chambers in 1943. God is in me and I'm in God and we both have a spirit of justice for the world.

You can try to kill me a million times more but you cannot kill soul. Truth was, is, and will always be. You have beaten me, broken my neck, knocked my teeth out. You've drugged me for years, dragging me up and down prison hallways, laying my head on every chopping block you've got in this state, chained me, burnt me, but you cannot defeat me. All you can do is destroy yourselves with your own judgments.

All that cannot get under me and in God's will will not live over me but for a short time and that will grow to be a thousand hells, for you not only gave me your heads in truth by lying, but have made me Christ four times in the world thought, Satan four times, Abraxas four times. But over that I already was the 666 for 17 years

in government prisons and am still brother in that chamber of thought with knives in darkness. My 666 Beast is running free outside, in one will, *with permission to do anything except to destroy water, air, trees, or wildlife, or the people with the marks of the Father on them.* My armies move in ways beyond your programmed book brains in a Holy War to redeem life on Earth. For ATWA they move in all things, everywhere, coming from all you don't know, from all you can't or won't try to understand.

There are many people who have already made a lot of sacrifices in order to turn the world around, to redeem their own ATWA. So, the people who lie and have lied will suffer the sufferings of a lot of people who gave. Reborn Christians who are real in their rebirth don't need to find God's words in books. The people who want life on Earth are with me in the will of life and working beyond money. The others can go to their deaths however and wherever they find it. The same God I speak of is all gods in ONE GOD. One world. One court. One government. One order. One mind. Or—continue with the madness you have judged for yourselves to live in forever. The time has ended and will catch up to each person's thought as it does.

Before 1969, for over twenty years, I suffered your prison cross. I give that to live, because I didn't know the difference. I forgive and it is in my will to forget. But for the last fifteen years, there is no forgiveness. The IPCR is the green field with a red bull. Until you all accept one God, one government, one order, there will be no order. One religion, or no religion. Religion is God's biggest problem. "Just as a circle embraces all that is within it, so does the Godhead embrace all. No one has the power to divide this circle, to surpass it, or to limit it." To do so will be your destruction.

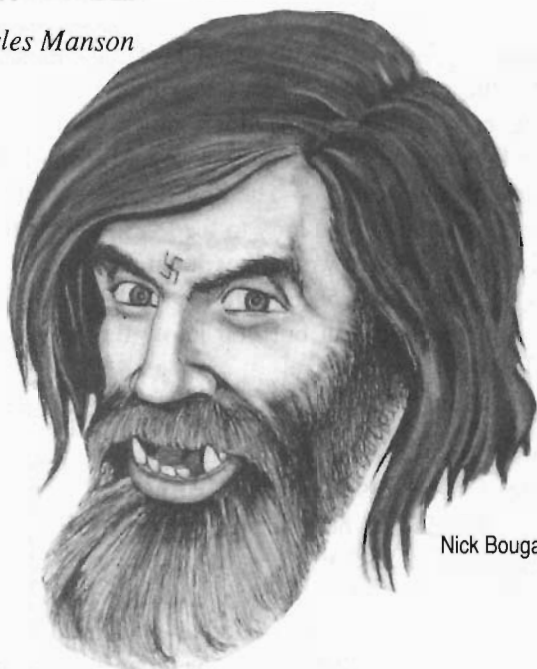
Note for the record. In the all that was said about me, it was not me saying it, and if you see a false prophet, it is only a reflection of your judgments, for in truth, it is motions, not words, that speak for the Manson family. We each have our own worlds and judgments. I have no judgments outside of what you all have set for yourselves. I'm content wherever I am. Whatever you do or say does not touch my inner circle. I have peace within myself. Peace of mind.

Charles Manson

P.S. The U.S. started the Second World War.

THE WAY OF THE WOLF

A Fable by Charles Manson



Nick Bougas

A dog runs stops looks back pees on a rock, goes on, stops looks back pees on a tree—His brain don't have forwards backwards but he looks back to see how to get back and leaves a trail to mark his ground and how to get back—Back to what? He's left his center with the human he uses for food—A wolf don't look back he carries his own center with him—He leaves no scent for others to know he's around—He marks no ground because he stands on the ground he walks—A man brings a bad mean dog to the woods—the wolf tells him, “come on out! What you doing in our neighborhood?”—the dog barks for his human—He comes out of the cabin and the dog gets behind his leg and looks out in the darkness and says, “Fuck you, punk, see my human and if you fuck with me I'll put my human on your ass.”

The wolf don't call him out no more—But the wolf's old lady comes in heat and he says, “look it girl go in there and let that dog get a sniff of that pussy and trick him away from that human”—So it goes ... she runs in and they run out and the wolf pack cuts the dog off from retreat back to his human center—Baddest wolf steps in the circle and says, “this is our 'hood and we don't let no dogs get over our rabbits.”

“Fuck you,” the dog says and kicks that wolf in the ass and takes

that pussy—He becomes the leader of the pack and fucks all the chicks—the wolves say, “OK, let’s run the high country and see if the dog can provide the leader’s power”—The dog gets a little weaker because he don’t have his doggie dish—“Now we will run him through the desert.”—The dog becomes a little more lean and he’s got pups and his old lady to feed—Soon he can’t cut the trail of a wolf—So when he’s weak they down his shit and eat him and then eat his pups and the wolf goes to his old lady and says: “Sorry I had to put you through that but you know the way of a wolf ain’t no dog’s life.”

II

Human finds a female wolf pup with a broken leg—She fights and bites but he sets the leg and keeps it in a shed—She won’t eat from his hands but he finds a way to feed her—old timer says, “Pack won’t accept that cub back in the pack. They will eat her because she smells of a human and they HATE humans on all levels”—Human sits out to find a way to help her back to the pack—Finds their dens and puts meat out for them and pees by their holes—They move—He goes to the water holes and gets their piss and rubs himself and the pup who’s about full grown and works her back in the pack—

This human is hiding from the law and any time other humans come he’s got a stash place LIKE he learns from the wolf, a den to hide in—One day a wolf’s head came up from the bush and looked him in the eye—“Strange” he thought, “Why?”—About 10 to 15 minutes later other humans come and he hides in his den and they passed by and were gone—Two weeks passed and the wolf’s head showed again—looked him in the eye and was gone—He knew then—The wolf knew he was hiding from the same humans that they hide from and a little bond came between the wolf and the human—A new kind of respect for the wolf came to the man—The wolf is smarter than human fools could dream of—They are people too.

III

In a hard country where the water holes are sacred—Holy places for the wildlife to take turns—I’m setting there and the wolf yap yaps and says, “My turn for the water, get out from the water,” so I pull out and they come and drink. When they go they don’t say, “we

are done, fuck you” or nothing—They just leave me—I always respect their right over the water.

13 moons cover the earth in a year and each moon shows a different hillside and no moons show NOTHING and I mean BLACK, you can't see your hand in front of your face—Three counties of cops chasing us—Tex got a Tonto Jeep and I got a VW off road—There is 12 or 13 of us running from the law and we are running like a wolf pack—we move at night—Early before daybreak we walk behind the rides and clean up tracks and put it to where no signs can be seen, no foot tracks, etc. and tie bushes and leaves around the jeep and VW and climb the high hills and in the day keep watches. Each 2 or 3 hours we change shifts and we watch them looking for tracks—Then at night we come down and go on in the night. Sandy just had a baby a few days old and we were up high and night was coming so I said, “I'll start early and go to the water hole and get water and meet you back at the VW”—one-half down the cliff it went dark no moon and I mean I had to feel my way to the VW and didn't make it to the water hole—I missed a moon—There was an old wooden trunk tied on the back of the jeep—I took it off and started untying the brush and bushes covering the rides—I piled the brush in the trunk and an 8 foot pile of brush would make a light for the people to get down the cliff and find their way to the rides—I wore a big cape made from a parachute, camouflaged, war surplus and I use it as a coat, sleeping bag, lean-to and to shade the sun, that way I cut down on carrying a lot of stuff—The wind was up and I never thought. I lit that dry brush and fire shot up 20 feet in the sky, I could feel every wolf every rabbit every bit of wildlife stop—The wind was blowing the fire off into the bushes and I was fighting this fire—I would put my cape in between the brush, my beard and hair caught on fire, I fought that fire for a good 5 minutes or longer—Just long enough for all the wolves to see a beast not like humans with big wings fighting their fear the fire—A trick of some kind came in to play between me and the wolf—Today I'm not sure what it was—Anyway the people got down the hill and the VW was out of gas and the jeep wouldn't start so off to the water hole—We no sooner got to the water hole and the yap yaps started. Wolf says it's his water so we pulled out from the water hole leaving sleeping bags and a backpack or two—Sandy said to Pat: “Do you have the baby?” “No,” Pat said.

“Green’s got it.” Green said, “Yellow had it.” Blue had left the baby on a sleeping bag next to the water hole—Bruce said, “I’ll run and get it.” “Too late, man, that whole pack of wolves are at the hole and if they’re gonna eat the kid it’s gone by now. We all sat there thinking the worst—For the first time in two years when the wolves left the hole they yap yapped back and gave me the water back and acknowledged me—They would never say shit to me before—When we got to the hole, foot tracks all around the baby where the wolf clan stood, but child untouched.

Then the wolf called me out just like he did the dog and here is what he said: “You cowardly punk—you lay your pup under our teeth, come on out and lay your neck open and let me put my teeth to it and look in your eye for fear—Do you want in the wolf pack? Lay your neck open to my teeth.”—What would you have done?

ONCE UPON A TIME ...

A Fable by Charles Manson

I was sweepin’ up the morgue one day, and out the window I seen this little girl crying. This policeman comes up to her and says, “Why are you crying, little girl?” She says, “I’ve been kicked out by my parents, no one loves me, I’m all alone.” So the cop picks up this little 12-year-old girl and he says, “Don’t worry, I’ll take care of you.”

And the girl looks at this man, and looks at his gun, and to her it represents strength and authority. To her, the cop represents a father. So this cop takes her in, and he becomes very fond of her. He falls in love with this little girl. And she loves him.

Now, this cop has been married, divorced, and has two kids older than this little girl but he can’t help it, he loves her. Love doesn’t know age.

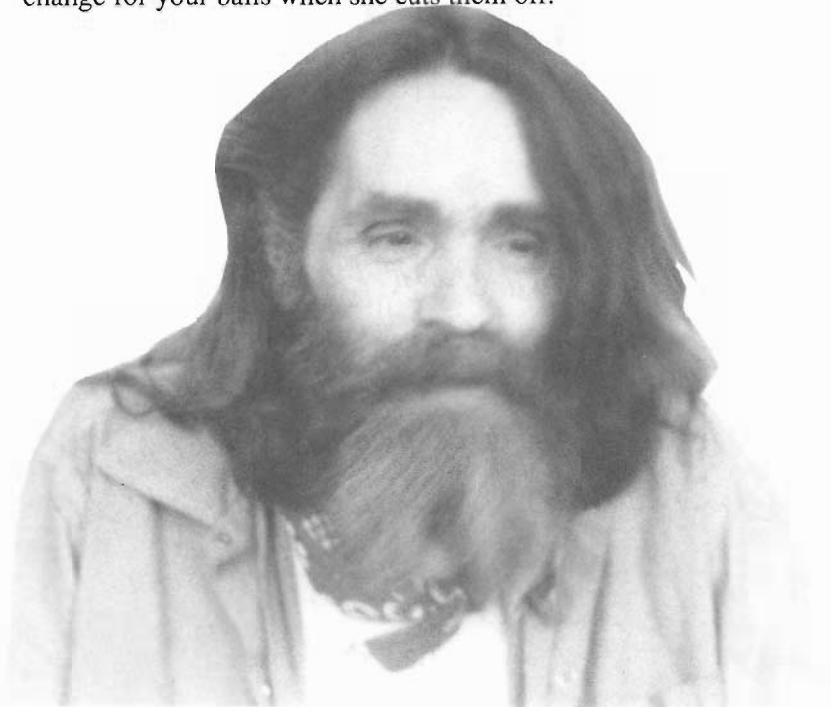
One day the cop’s mother gets word of what’s going on, and she says, “This is horrible, I can’t let this go on.” So she calls the cop’s son and she tells him all about it, and says, “Aren’t you ashamed to have your father act this way? You have to do something about it.” So the boy goes to the father and he tells him it has to stop, that he won’t allow it to continue. The cop says there’s nothing he can do to

stop him, and the boy takes out a knife and says, "Then I'll have to kill you." He lunges at the father and stabs him through the heart and the father grabs his gun, shoots the son dead, and then keels over dead himself.

The cop's daughter hears about the whole episode and goes to the mother to confront her. "Look at what you've done," says the daughter, and then takes out her father's gun and kills the old lady. When she realized what she'd done, the daughter was filled with remorse and then turned the gun on herself and blew her own brains out.

Meanwhile, I'm back at the morgue again, sweeping up the floor, and the cop's mother is laid out on the slab to be embalmed. And as I'm sweeping, the wedding band falls off her finger and rolls over towards me. I bent over and picked it up, and as I looked at it I saw a falling star out the window. As I watched it fall it turned into a gold band that fell down onto the sidewalk. And as I watched I saw that same little girl back out on the corner, and as she bent down and picked up the band of gold she looked up at me in the window, and she smiled.

And every time you see a falling star it's that same band of gold. It's the band of gold that the Queen of England gives you in exchange for your balls when she cuts them off.



LEAVE BLANK

TYPE OR PRINT ALL INFORMATION IN BLACK

FBI LEAVE BLANK

LAST NAME MAN FIRST NAME CHARLES MIDDLE NAME WILLES

STATE OR

ALIASES

CONTRIBUTOR

CA034015C
FOLSOM ST PRISON
REPRESA CA

DATE OF BIRTH DOB
Month 11 Day 11 Year 34

IDENTITY OF PERSON FINGERPRINTED

INFORMATION BE COMPUTERIZED IN LOCAL STATE AND NATIONAL FILES

DATE ARRESTED OR RECEIVED DOA
10-29-69

SEX M RACE W HGT. 66" WGT. 130 EYES BRN HAIR BLK PLACE OF BIRTH POB
Cinn., OH

CHARGE

FIRST DEGREE MURDER

YOUR NO. OCA

FBI NO. FBI

SIO NO. SIO

SOCIAL SECURITY NO. SOC

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CLASS

REF

FINAL DISPOSITION

GUILTY

NCIC CLASS - FPC

CAUTION



To be a good crook you must have
3 things - 1. Be honest, 2. word
Good. 3. Class - Just because they
dress nice & play class they sox
stink & they shirts are full of shit.

POETRY



Manson by R.N. Taylor

POETRY

The following poems are a few of many composed by Manson in 1984 while incarcerated at the Vacaville Medical Facility.

Dreams of Channel Five

Set out on the road ran
Set to run through graveyards of man
Set to raise righteous war
Set to complete this endless opening door
Look into vast
Timeless
Lasting forever
Or as long as we can hold the moment

Avenues of church pews
Hold the fears
Look into spirituals
Circles on circles
Some have denied their wheel
Coming around again
Back through

What I feel
Numberless
Slumbering dragons
Leading their prey
Through dreams of channel five

A Poem About An Old Prison Man

Waiting on Death Row
People coming in overalls
Taking me to the gas chamber
Scuffling of feet
They took him down the hallway
Feeling everyone's heartbeat
The central control of the soul
Batons and retro-tons
Ingrown toenails
One time all round you

All round you, bump-bump
Save my air, save my air
My air, my air
Air, water, trees
Machines eating the night
Energy moving
Nuclear fires
Burning reactors on my gate
Fires of hell are burning
Come home
Can you see
Can you say
That you say
That you really love this place?

First Recollection

I was in the back of this horse-drawn wagon
Some kids had a bucket over my head
They were poundin' on this bucket
The people drivin' the wagon (Uncle Jess)
Looked over the seat, down at me
And told me to "Shut up that racket"

Then I was in a cabin once
A ghost with no head came to me
With a long butcher knife
Scared my mother
She put that fear off on me
I took that fear and went with my grandmother
I remember ridin' on this train, singin'
"I've been workin' on the railroad"

My grandpa worked on the railroad
The C & O down in Kentucky
Around Big Sandy and Morehead
Up in the Blue Ridge Mountains
Paradise on earth, woods and weeds
We were still a reality
Then grandma told me about Jesus

Tellin' me to give my heart to the Lord
So I did that, just what she told me to do
It was right there by the Federal prison
In a little Nazarene church
I went on down the road from that
With that bucket on my head:
"Shut up that racket Charlie!"

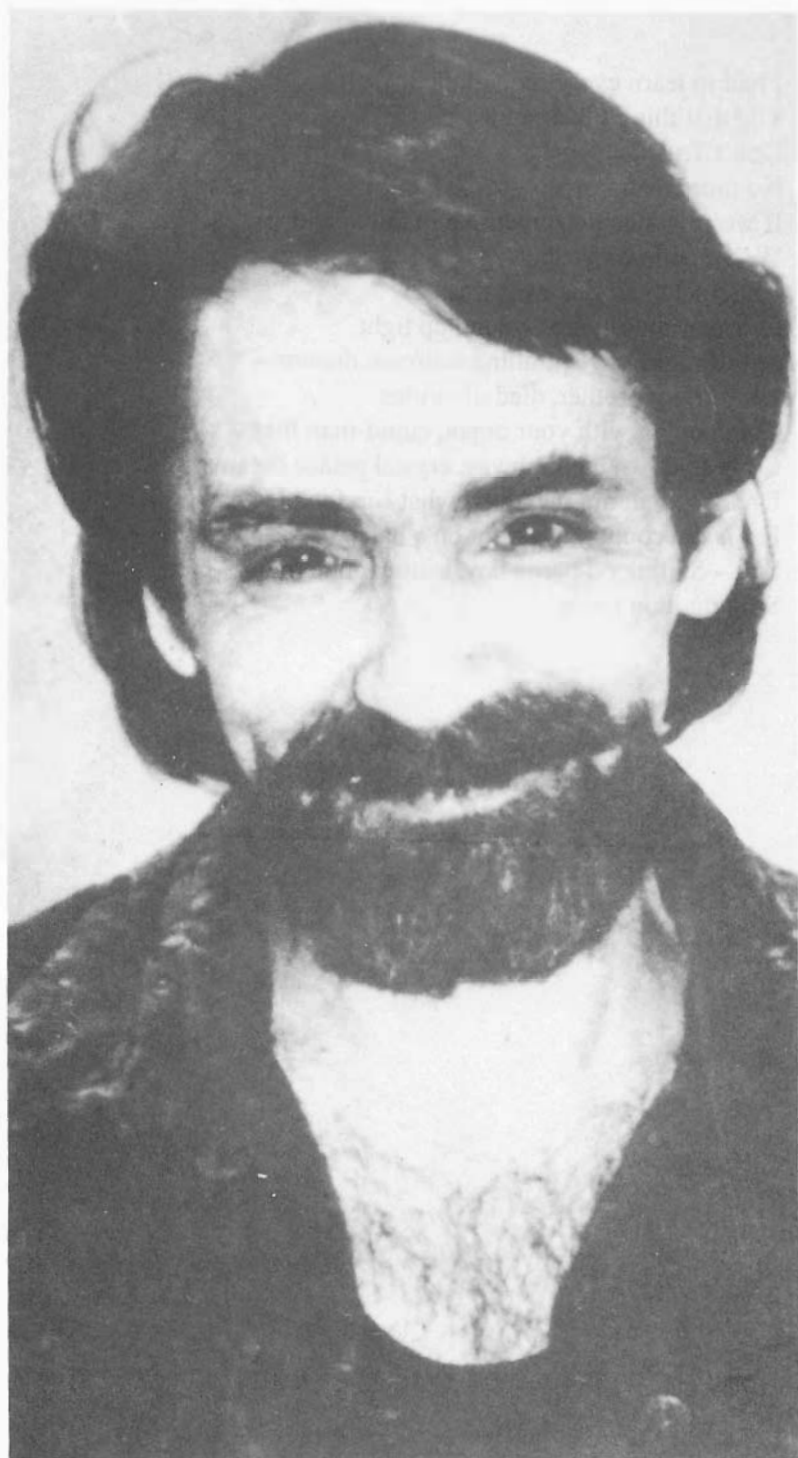
Rags, This is a Letter to You

It is my hope and dream
To hook up through the satellites
With everyone that's in the Family
Red and Blue, Green, Gold and Yellow
All the girls that are in jail with me
That gave their lives, took their lives
Gave their lives again

This is on the other side of the noose
That hangs in the sky
Where the infinite consciousness
Within all living things cry
Sometimes you can just hang there and fly

I was going to give you some poetry
Of how it feels to be lonely
To be alone, with no one, sitting down in the hole
No letters for five years
Just turned sixteen

I almost got adopted once
But they took a guy who was deaf and dumb
Brought him to California
Put him on a ranch
He took a gun and started shooting cows
Johnny Holiday
All the cowboys in the Rio were like outlaws
Steel sharpened
Knives came through the spirits eyes
Landed right on my tongue



I had to learn everything all by myself
The first thing I learned was:
Don't Trust Anyone
No more than you do yourself
If we're gonna do something in this world
We've gotta do it right
Underneath all that ever was
Reasons and rhymes wound up tight
Astral flight, my spiralling staircase dreams
Lucifer my brother, died of strings
Come on in, with your organ, cupid-man flies
Coming down the highway, crystal palace dreams
Dreams dreamin' on, know what I'm feelin'
Far is the country, way out on a balmy sea
Sail—Sailing on home boy, sailing on home
Singing it on home

THE OCCULT MESSIAH



Manson as the Archangel Michael slaying the Devil, by Boyd Rice

THE OCCULT MESSIAH

From the start of the trial, wraithlike figures out of some theater of the insane have been floating in and out of the heavily guarded courtroom: Occultists, astrologers, necromancers, self-styled witches who depart cackling, “I got the vibes. I got the vibes from Charlie.”—Karl Fleming, *Newsweek*, April 1, 1971.

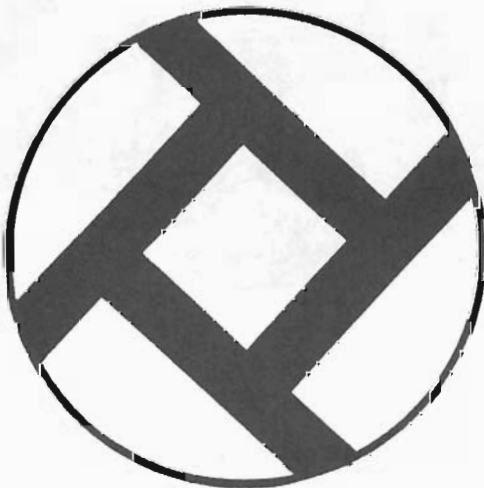
The pulpy sub-genre that traffics in portraits of the Third Reich as a Demonic Empire or Hitler-as-Satanist has its corollary in the many books and magazine articles that paint Charles Manson as an evil Occult Messiah. Even so staid a man as Vincent Bugliosi reports that Manson had telepathically stopped his watch in the midst of the trial. The confusion about Manson’s powers run as deep as the millennial controversy over occultism itself—some ascribe the powers of enlightenment to him where others shout “Devil.”

From Manson himself there is acknowledgement of his initiation into the Mysteries. While incarcerated at McNeill Island prison in Washington State in the mid-’60s, Manson picked the brains of Scientologists and studied Masonic ritual and other occult lore. (The founder of Scientology, L. Ron Hubbard, had once been a disciple of Aleister Crowley, and integrated Crowley’s O.T.O. ritual into his kitschy, psycho-sexual “religion.”) Inmates apparently respected Manson’s magical talent, and a few predicted that he would “go far” because of it.

During his Haight-Ashbury days, Manson lived just blocks away from the San Francisco headquarters of the Process Church of the Final Judgement. The full extent of the connection between Manson and the British-based Process Church remains one of the many enigmas concerning Family phenomena. Founded in 1963 by ex-Scientologist Robert DeGrimston (rumored to have spent time at the Family-occupied “Spiral Staircase” spookhouse), the Process preached the reconciliation of opposites in the worship of *both* Satan and Christ. This philosophy was much in keeping with Manson’s own particular brand of Gnosis. When asked whether he knew Robert Moore (DeGrimston’s original name), Manson responded, “Moore and I are one and the same.” Without the wild speculation of Maury Terry, whose *The Ultimate Evil* (1987) promoted the thesis that collaborative murders by The Process and Family members are still occurring today, or Ed Sanders’ libelous conduct in his 1971 book *The Family* which caused his publisher to delete most references to The Process in later editions, we *do* know that Manson sent Bruce Davis to visit Process headquarters in London, two Process disciples visited Manson during the trial, and that Manson contributed an article for The Process’ notorious “Death” magazine (reprinted in this chapter).



Robert DeGrimston, standing, holds forth at a meeting of The Process. His wife, Kathy, also pictured, claims to be the reincarnation of Joseph Goebbels and Hecate. One version of The Process insignia is pictured below.





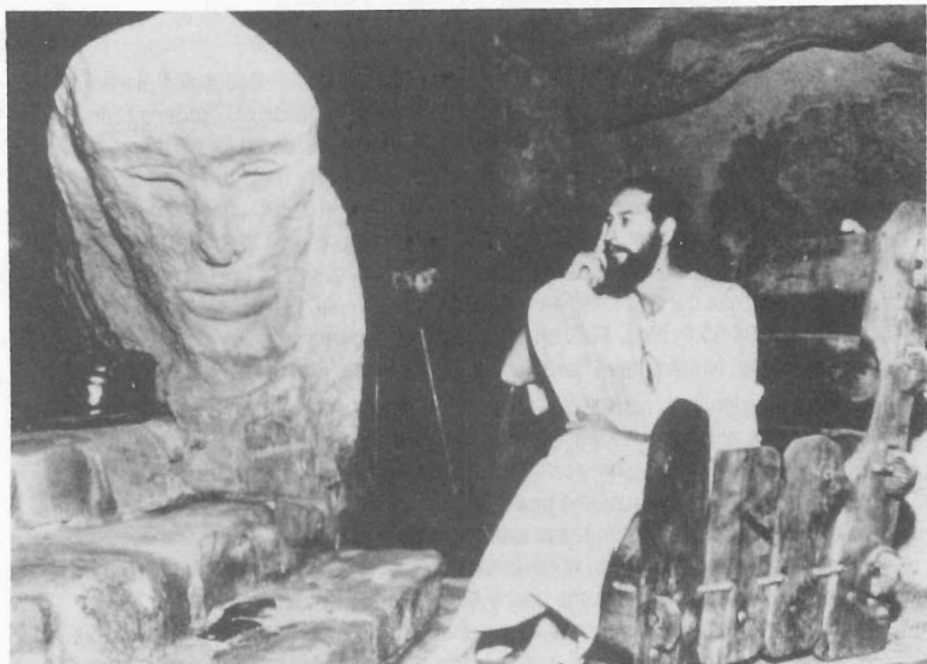
Abraxas, rooster-headed Gnostic god with serpent feet, in whom light and darkness are both united and transcended.

Inside the Family's black bus, upon which Bobby "Cupid" Beausoleil placed a painted goat's head, Manson was initiated as the reincarnation of Giordano Bruno, an Italian philosopher of the sixteenth century who was murdered for his thesis that Christ was not the son of God but a magician. Bruno described the Magi as holy men who set themselves apart from everything else on earth, understanding the divine virtues and nature of the gods and spirits more clearly than mere mortals, and who were capable of initiating others into the mysteries of holding forth *uninterrupted intercourse with these invisible beings during life*. [See Blavatsky, *Isis Unveiled*, pp. 94-95.] Often, Manson suggests that "powers from beyond," perhaps "Count Bruno" himself, have "taken over" his body (see *The Black/White Bus*).

Manson identifies himself as Abraxas, an "awesome and mysterious figure about whom nothing is known, because men have forgotten him" (S. Hoeller, *The Gnostic Jung*, p. 83). DeGrimston's Processian philosophy is echoed in the description of Abraxas as "the supreme power of being in who light and darkness are both united and transcended." Abraxas kabbalistically corresponds to the number 365, the number of days in a year. Abraxas thus rules over the totality of time, and when worshipped, frees man from the agony of time (a Manson preoccupation). According to Hoeller, "Abraxas stands as the third possibility of the eternally available timeless moment, *the eternal now*." Manson continually invokes the phrases "coming to now," "living in what IS." Abraxas can be symbolized by the swastika (Manson's symbol, carved into his forehead), which represents the four seasons, or the totality of time. Abraxas is composed of seven letters, relating to the seven rays of creative powers, and thus the archetype for "man's potential of spiritual freedom and independence" (Hoeller, p. 88). It is known that Manson spent time with a religious cult at Topanga Canyon's Inn of the Seven Rays. Seven people were killed at the Tate/LaBianca houses. Michael Bertiaux, leader of Zos Kia Cultus, ruled over a "Monastery of the Seven Rays," in which sorcerous lycanthropic rites were held. Another shape-changing cult, Austin Osman Spare's Zos vel Thanatos, preached "resurgent atavism." Manson's obsessive identification with the wolf and scorpion have cultic resonances—if not actual connections—with these practitioners of the left-handed path.

Early in 1987, an episode of *The Oprah Winfrey Show* featured a gaggle of satanists. One frightened ex-warlock let on that Manson was an advanced mage of the Illuminati, and that Sharon Tate was caught up in black magic and "wanted out." A Crowleyite named Alex Saunders had apparently introduced Tate to witchcraft while she was making *13* or *Eye of the Devil*, a film about a murderous death cult. A dead-ringer for Manson appears at the end of *13* braying sinisterly, superimposed over the final frame which shows Tate's character sprawling dead. Manson was incarcerated in cell 13 on Death Row.

One of the most curious figures in the obscure history of California cultism is Krishna Venta, who, until his demise in 1958, was very much a precursor to Man-



Francis Penovic, aka Krishna Venta

son. Krishna Venta began his life in 1911 as Francis Penovic. Penovic had a long and checkered career as a burglar, con-man and petty criminal before his 1948 pronouncement that he was "Christ Everlasting." He dubbed his Box Canyon commune "The Fountain of the World." Twenty years later, Manson and his Family would settle nearby in the same Santa Susanna mountains. Like Manson's "rainbow" of followers, Krishna Venta created a hierarchy of colors, ranging from lavender for artists, blue for healers, and so on. Manson had prophesied that 144,000 people would follow him into the desert after Helter Skelter. Krishna Venta, too, predicted that his cult would have 144,000 adherents. (144,000 being, of course, the number of the elect who will survive Armageddon as told in the Book of Revelation.) Manson's first visits to the Beach Boys occurred at their mansion at 14400 Sunset Blvd.

Krishna Venta's message, "Forget self, forget selfish desires," and his carnal initiation rites for female devotees, echo Manson. In 1958, The Fountain of the World headquarters was blown up by a strong charge of dynamite, and his followers (some still exist today) believe that Krishna Venta will return. Manson held self-crucifixion rites at the skull-like site of the blast that killed Krishna Venta. An Oxford professor of comparative literature, R. C. Zaehner, further connects Hindu philosophy to Mansonism by comparing Manson's commentary to that of Krishna's edict to Arjuna saying it's man's place to kill (*Our Savage God*).

kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

7 Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. Even so, Amen.

8 I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty.

9 I John, who also am your brother, and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ.

10 I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet.

11 Saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, and, What thou seest, write in a book, and send it unto the seven churches which are in Asia; unto Ephesus, and unto Smyrna, and unto Pergamoa, and unto Thyatira, and unto Sardis, and unto Philadelphia, and unto Laodicea.

12 And I turned to see the voice that spake with me. And being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks;

13 And in the midst of the seven candlesticks one like unto the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle.

14 His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire.

15 And his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters.

16 And he had in his right hand seven stars: and out of his mouth went a sharp twoedged sword: and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength.

17 And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not; I am the first and the last:

18 I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore. Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death.

19 Write the things which thou hast seen, and the things which are, and the things which shall be hereafter;

My Decision to Receive Christ As My Saviour

Confessing to God that I am a sinner, and believing that the Lord Jesus Christ died for my sins on the cross and was raised for my justification, I do now receive and confess Him as my personal Saviour.

△
to the only one --
there is; Charlie
in time. "True"
salvation.

out if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

—Romans 10:9 (page 313)

truly, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, shall everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.

—John 5:24 (page 100)

these things, have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God.

—1 John 5:13 (page 464)

But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name.

—John 20:31 (page 228)

Tantric sex was a well-publicized Family practice. Private or group gropes went on for hours at a time, often many times a day. Manson favored going for hours, until his sex partner "died" and "lost her ego." Indeed, it was claimed by many women that sex with Manson risked the side-effect of heart-stoppage.

Manson's interest in the prophecies of the Book of Revelation are demonstrated in his own annotations in that book of the New Testament. As the dual-natured Abraxas, Manson claims to wing the world as Beast 666 (See *Testimony* and *1986 Parole Hearing*). Jimmy Carter's nephew, Willie Carter Spann, served time in Vacaville in 1978 for an attempted armed robbery. While there, he met and befriended Manson, who presented him with an annotated bible as a gift. (Leaves from this bible are pictured above.) Said Spann: "I really like him ... Charlie Manson is my friend. A lot of Christian people write me and say I should have salvation and that Jesus will cleanse me of my sins. As far as I'm concerned the person that talks to me, that helps me get rid of my guilt, the only person that's ever talked to me about that and given me any understanding is Charlie."

Besides cleansing guilt, witnesses speak of Manson bringing birds and horses back to life, curing a case of clubfoot, astral traveling, playing fakir to rattlesnakes, scorpions and coyotes, and levitating his magic bus and making it fly over boulders in Death Valley's Goler Wash. There are spectacular claims by Susan Atkins and others that Manson shouted "DIE" until a hostile biker decomposed and turned to bone, then yelled "LIVE" to restore him. Then there is that strange miracle involving a girl who got too excited when giving Manson a blow job, chomping his penis in two. Manson apparently restored his amputated member to a condition "good as new." Five psychedelized eyewitnesses support the validity of this story.

Perhaps the strangest aspect to the Manson story are the spate of coincidences and anomalies which go way beyond the usual Fortean fare. The night of the murders, August 9, 1969, happened on the anniversary of the bombing of Nagasaki. Thomas Noguchi, the Los Angeles coroner, noted a total of 169 stab wounds. During the trial, then-President Nixon declared Manson guilty. Nixon resigned from the presidency on August 9. The Haunted Mansion ride at Disneyland opened on August 9, 1969. The house at 3301 Waverly Drive, where Leno and Rosemary LaBianca were slain the next evening, was once owned by Walt Disney. The first recording on Disney's Buena Vista label was one by Annette Funicello. The record's number was 3301. Funicello went on to sing a duet with the Beach Boys, entitled "Monkey's Uncle."

Anton Szandor LaVey, the self-styled high priest of the Church of Satan, served as technical advisor on Roman Polanski's 1968 film, *Rosemary's Baby*. One year earlier, he employed Susan Atkins to appear as a vampire rising from a coffin in a public performance of a black mass at a San Francisco nightclub. After the completion of *Rosemary's Baby*, a series of misfortunes befell several of Polanski's associates. The film's producer, William Castle, suffered a severe heart attack. The film's musical composer, Krystoph Komeda, who had also scored Polanski's *Dance of the Vampires*, died after falling down a flight of stairs. Shortly thereafter, Polanski's wife and unborn child were killed. (At the time of the murders, a rumor spread that Tate's unborn baby had been sacrificed by Satanists angered by Polanski's film.) *Rosemary's Baby* was filmed on location at the Dakota Apartments in New York City. In 1980, John Lennon, then a resident of the reputedly haunted Dakota, was murdered there. Lennon, of course, was the author of "Helter Skelter."

MANSON'S DEATH ISSUE ESSAY

PSEUDOPROFUNDITY IN DEATH in one's eye, so insignificant as I. To fall off into endless dream, becoming the dream of total self. Death goes to where life comes from. Total awareness, closing the circle, bringing the soul to now. Ceasing to be, to become a world within yourself. Locked in your own totalness. Oh, fear my GOD, giving all to life as life falls into no thought pattern. Becoming the sun, moon and my mountains have breath, my oceans have feeling, my eyes cry rivers and blinking stars reflecting other suns other worlds at peace in my calm night, becoming the wind and knowing all in my world is death.



A Process "Midnight Meditation."

He who lives and thinks only thinks he lives. Can a bird fly in fear of height? Youth march on tombstones of old thought calling to the teacher's grave in the name of living. Call to evil and sin by the preacher, father, priest, mother church. Calling off into madness. Working off and acting out mother and father lie game of "honor the parents." Looking to the old.

Death is peace from this world's madness and paradise in my own self. Death as I lay in my grave of constant vibration, endless now.

Prison has always been my tomb. I love myself as I love my death, as being alone with self the words I send you bore me and bring me from my death only to play in your illusion and bring down the Christian thought placing new value on life being death and death being life. Your world is not your world as you may think.

I owe it nothing. It owes me all, for this is what I gave and this is what I receive. For I am dead to your thinking. Dead to time, dead to death, seeing no death. The way out of my cell is not through the door.

I have hidden from your opinions and lived in your prison hell with death looking at me through the eyes of the dying. Life is death, death is life. Meanings are yours to place.

Now is and will be as it has always been, indestructible, indescribable. In your heart is a part of my life's heart in death. Die.

Why ask about something that moves within your soul? Casting off fear is only to become one with self-death. Total negative becomes total positive and then you see that all your life you have lived with fear of death.

THE POWER OF EVIL

By Charles Manson

One cannot do evil unless they can do good—One must see beyond both to understand the power—If all your life you live in green and one day not knowing any other color you're thrown in a world with nothing but yellow and ask where would you want to live, yellow or green—

The Fear would run back to green—The evil free nature without fear would say yellow—Now on the other hand if the mind was raised a lifetime in between yellow and green and told yellow is bad Evil and green is good and nice—the true free nature would want to touch green and feel the fear and excitement of it. It would be new thrills and if taught guilt it would go back to yellow and punish itself within its thought patterns—On the 3rd hand if all of a sudden from yellow and green all the colors were opened up to that brain:

- 1) It would go mad and lose all its patterns—
- 2) The free nature without fear would think it heaven.

There are guidelines to evil. After the illusions of good and bad as programmed are taken from the brain* with concepts of good and evil gone you're in the brain of a child again—Yet as the endless struggle goes on pushed and pulled by soulless grown-ups trying to get the child's brain back into money fear and whatever it is that each grown-up has in that brain—REAL evil comes into play—One must be able to create to be evil—Create in such a way that it does not come back and fall upon the source. This is done in circles 5-7-8; sometimes 9-13-33 and 50-390 can be used but to get that many people in the truth would be hard to do in the world as it is today—To find five honest people over ten years old would be no easy trip. Honest to self in the world as it is would be called mentally retarded—a fool, clown, etc.

An illusion to some may be a death reality to others. A play on a stage may invoke madness somewhere else as it may circle the stage and be in the streets behind the stage plays—There are looks that kill and motions of a finger that can destroy much. The wave of a hand the wearing of a hat or the color of socks and shoes—the MIND is endless and set in total perfection—PERFECTION and beyond human brains stuck in green and yellow.

There are colors yet to be created we each perceive in a balance of what our minds are ready for—We say there are only 92 of this or 4 winds 13 moons but really what you call evil has no guidelines to its points of now and its methods have never played out to an end because there is no End, it only begins.

* That's hard to do—the more programming a brain has the harder it is to break through to the soul universal mind. For some, impossible for they can and will only know peace and true love when they have died 200 or 300 times.

Good ends in death. What would happen to each brain if it found out that it truly couldn't die—that in the most real of reals they could do anything and never die. I'll tell you ... Total evil. Total madness holds guidelines in the patterned brain; take the fear down and madness comes in to dance and feast. Our true nature is evil but we are taught, trained, and programmed against our own nature by the fears of grown-ups. We are told it's bad to lie and not to lie yet we are always lied to.

Until we believe everyone lies—then the circle of people that don't lie and keep the knowledge buy and sell us in and for games left over by wars—As most brains look up to death and call their fears love and a few look down at death and buy and sell fear as love and vice-versa. And fewer yet understand and do something else—A dog with big teeth hits a child with its tail when no grown-ups are looking. The dog sets the mind of the child and understands humans and their brains more than the humans—They play good guys because their food and life depends on humans—But take them to the woods and they bite and kill rabbits, squirrels, and reflect the other side of nature itself—Dogs like humans have lost the true sense of nature and survival. Human brains are programmed by past thoughts and locked to love their fear and fear their love. So beyond Good and Evil there is only as much good as you can do for yourself—You can do no real good nor can you have a true feeling of doing good unless you can do evil—Why? Because if a brain is stuck in what's taught as good it can do no evil or good because it is stuck with no choice and/or no real sense of either good and/or evil. A body's brain must be free from ego or in control of ego games in order to make the choice themselves—Doing good is easy. Doing evil takes more effort more creative work and then one must know how to stand back from the rewards. LIKE one must realize a perfect universe within oneself. Even if you realize there is no real self you can pick up a self and be a perfect love a perfect hate a balance finer than the spider's web. You're the God who rules over that domain that world and universe and anyone who breaks your will you put them on the evil side of the line—The ones that will not respond to your life and have no respect for your being then all your inner power is moving to balance that with the Evil.

A personal judgment is NOT needed and a danger to the source of perfection must be always in the balance—Your low self or bad

guy mirror is used to reflect the bad and good to reflect the real self in a love—LIKE never sacrifice the center of your circle—Create circles outside the love and step from them leaving them to Ka—If you can be a spider or transcend the human brain and put your life in a spider and you send that spider to bite someone and they don't have that coming the spider will circle and come back at you with a perfect balance. Like when that Hindu burnt me and I lived—their leader in India was shot and killed and 2500 people were burnt up in a fire—His evil reflected back. The interplay of human has little to do with the reality of real life—Everyone and everything is controlled by something or someone else—Where evil and good starts and ends in balance and harmony beyond all the words and thought patterns.

(San Quentin, May 1987)



Manson-style slayer gets 75-100 years

From Tribune Wire Services

LINCOLN, Ill.—Michael Drabing, who testified he shared the murderous philosophy of the infamous Charlie Manson "family," Friday was sentenced to three concurrent 75-to-100 year prison terms for slaughtering three members of a prominent Illinois farm family.

Drabing, 21, had been convicted of stabbing to death Lloyd Schneider, 44; his wife, Phyllis; 45, and their daughter, Terri, 17, in their rural home near here last August.

During the trial, Logan County State's Atty. Roger Thompson described Drabing as an "incredibly sadistic, self-centered, immoral individual."

Friday, after hearing his sentence pronounced and being asked if he had anything to say, Drabing told the court:

"THEY CAME to bury Caesar, not to praise him. That's pretty much my feelings, judge."

At his trial, Drabing, a house painter, had testified that he was following the philosophy of the Charles Manson "family" as outlined in the best-selling book, "Helter Skelter." He said the Manson family "killed all those rich people and I saw that if you killed them, that eases the problem."

He said he chose the Schneiders as his victims simply because they seemed wealthy and lived in a remote spot.

Testimony at the trial showed that Drabing continually played the record "Helter Skelter" in his home.

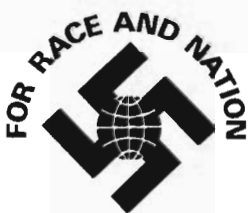
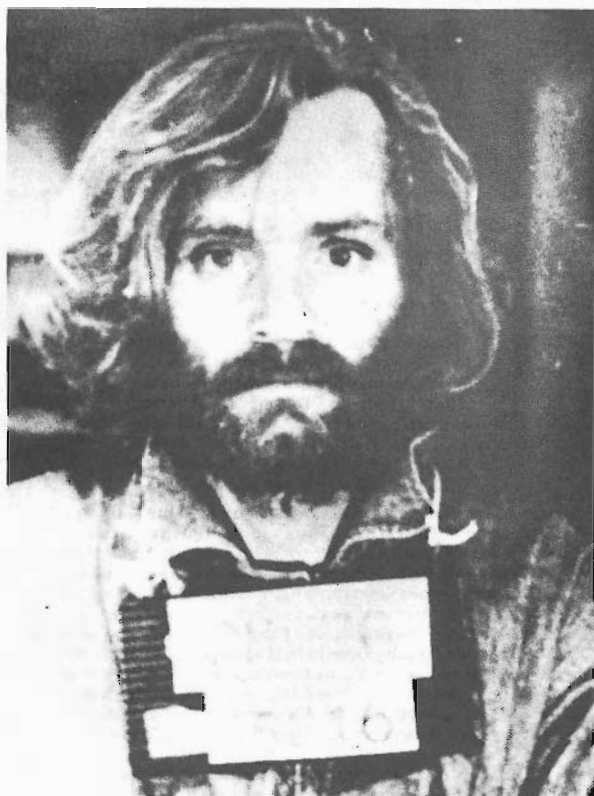
Dr. Albert Ludun, a Springfield psychiatrist who examined Drabing, had testified that Drabing was "in a frenzied state, uncontrollable, and he acted out his intense state of tension and hatred."

BUT JUDGE HEIPLE, in finding the defendant guilty, said, "There is no question in my mind that Michael Edward Drabing is guilty. He admits to committing the brutal, vicious, and inhuman act."

The judge said he does not believe rehabilitation should be given serious consideration in Drabing's case because of the enormity of the crime.

The victims were stabbed 90 times, trial testimony revealed.

POLITICS



**National
Socialist
Movement**

“Whilst we the conventional were wasting our time on education, agitation and organization, some independent genius has taken the matter in hand.”

George Bernard Shaw

Pig ist Pig Pig muß Putt Befreit alle Gefangenen!



Liebe Hella!
Ich möchte Dir zum erstmal schreiben. Sei nicht böse, daß es so lange gedauert hat, aber es hat keinen Sinn, sich nur ein Hallo zuzurufen. Ich habe hier im Knast gehört, daß Du wieder verhaftet worden bist bei den Aktionen auf dem Kudamm. Du sollst mit Steinen nach Bullen geschmissen haben. Erinnerst Du Dich noch daran als wir uns das erste



Mal unterhielten – es war im Zodiak und ist jetzt bald ein Jahr her. Du sagtest damals, Du könntest uns nicht verstehen, daß wir demonstrieren, uns wehren gegen diese Pigs etc. Jetzt gehst Du auch auf die Straße und mit Dir immer mehr Typen. Du wirst sehen, daß es immer mehr Arbeiter oder wie in meinem Fall ausgeflippte Arbeiter werden, die für die eigenen Interessen kämpfen. Das Leben, wie es bisher abrollt, erscheint uns sinnlos, öde, leer und unmenschlich. Wir versuchen auf irgendeine Art auszubrechen, um Gefühle des Glücks, der Zärtlichkeit und der Gemeinsamkeit zu erleben, die uns diese bürgerliche Gesellschaft verweigert. Die Aussicht, ein ganzes Leben unter diesen herrschenden Verhältnissen leben und arbeiten zu müssen, erscheint uns derart entsetzlich, daß wir uns abwenden, zum Gift greifen und vor uns hindämmern ohne uns um irgendetwas noch zu kümmern. Aber bald müssen wir entdecken, daß uns das System auch dabei nicht in Ruhe läßt. RD-Bullen werden uns auf den Hals gejagt.

Und dann das Geldproblem. Diese vertierte Gesellschaft hat es geschafft, alles so einzurichten, daß jeder gezwungen ist, mitzumachen oder in der Gosse zu verrecken. Ich kann hier jeden Tag die Opfer dieser Unterdrückung sehen und begreife durch deren

Keine Am
für die



nes tie
Justiz

Lebensgeschichte die Geschichte des Kapitalismus. Solange nicht die ökonomischen Verhältnisse verändert sind, solange ist ein menschliches Leben unmöglich. Es gibt nur einen Ausweg aus unserer Situation und der heißt soziale Weltrevolution, Weltbürgerkrieg. Wir müssen anstelle der Konkurrenz und des Individualismus unsere proletarische Solidarität setzen und unsere Bedürfnisse, die sich im Kampf



A PIG IS A PIG . . . THE PIG MUST BE OFFED! Free All Prisoners!

Poster by the Manson-influenced June 2nd movement

POLITICS

Radical politics? Is there any other kind?—Manson

As is endemic in any consideration of Manson, political activists tend to see in him that which they wish to see. From the trial onwards, Manson has been a lightning rod for revolutionaries and extremists of the left, the right, and even of "the third force."

Extolling the Manson Family as "urban guerillas," Weathermen leader Bernadine Dohrn said: "Dig it. First they killed those pigs, then they ate dinner in the same room with them, then they even shoved a fork into a victim's stomach." The Weathermen unanimously decided that 1969 was "The Year of the Fork." Jerry Rubin paid a long visit to Manson in jail in late 1969 and pronounced Manson the "greatest of revolutionaries against the bourgeois," but later took back his compliments when Manson professed ignorance of the name of a prominent black revolutionary leader.

Manson devotees in Northern California formed a brief liaison with the Symbionese Liberation Army in the mid-'70s, planning, at one point, to engineer Manson's escape from prison.

Peter Baumann, a founder of West Germany's violent June 2nd movement, acknowledged Manson's formidable influence. In his German-banned book, *Terror or Love?*, printed in English by Grove Press in 1978, Baumann writes:

The whole action was a little crazy, and of course everyone shouted, "Say hello to Charles Manson." When the bulls came in we put on the record *Sympathy for the Devil*, and yelled "Hail Satan!" Sure, *Charles Manson*, we wrote that on the wall with red paint. And we were on that trip of signalling with two fingers: "Hail Satan" was actually our internal greeting. Unconsciously we had touched one of those borderline places—we didn't think Charles Manson so bad. We found him quite funny.

We still had a guy among us who celebrated Black Masses in a torn-down house on the Kreuzberg. He turned us on to this. In that film, *Rosemary's Baby*, that's where the "Hail Satan" is from, at the end, where they're all standing around the crib, screaming.

People like Proudhon, the old anarchists, often were also Satanists at the same time; Bakunin too. God and the State is actually in some ways a gnostic piece. It has religious content when he says that once we take the Bible seriously, we can only say at the end, "Hail Satan." That story fascinated us.

In 1982, the American National Socialist, Perry "Red" Warthan (since then incarcerated for the murder of a police informer), began to visit Manson in Vacaville as an official liaison for the Ohio-based Universal Order. The Universal Order, led by former George Lincoln Rockwell (American Nazi Party) associate James N. Mason, is perhaps the most outspoken advocate of Manson as political avatar. In a

1987 video interview by documentary filmmaker Brian King, Mason hymned Manson "the result of a fortuitous genetic circumstance" that comes "once in a lifetime, like Hitler." Manson persuaded Mason, who in 1981 led the National Socialist Liberation Front, to drop the "reactionary" perpetual-motion of left-right skirmishes, and to embrace the "truly revolutionary" notion of "Universal Order" as exemplified by Manson's design of a balance scale with Manson's backwards swastika superimposed on it.

Manson has expressed allegiance to both the Ayatollah Khomeini and Libya's Colonel Khaddafy. At his 1986 parole hearing, Manson was asked where he might go if released. He responded, "I might go to Libya. I might go to see the Ayatollah." Certainly, Manson's acute perception of fulfilling the operant symbol as society's pariah linked his consciousness to those largely totemic enemies of capitalist media. Manson claims participation in a "holy war" against the forces of corruption, and has said about Khaddafy, "He plays a part in setting a balance in the world. Khaddafy's called evil because he's not hooked up in that same dream that runs the U.S.-and-U.S.S.R.-Jews' money control. Anyone that don't play that game is called a terrorist." It's well-known that Khaddafy has made overtures of financial support to many American "extremists," largely revolutionary anti-Zionist organizations, such as Louis Farrakhan's black nationalist movement and, purportedly, Aryan Nations, whose leader, Richard Butler, currently a defendant in a rare trial for sedition. A Manson associate has "made contact" with Libyan and Soviet representatives serving as Manson's emissary.

Lynette Fromme placed the question of Manson's ideology in perspective when she wrote, "As for Manson's 'revolutionary right-wing cause' I believe that if Manson had wings he'd have at least two of them and a substantial soul self in the center."

In a 1983 letter, Manson passed the following message along to the Universal Order's Mason: "War is not needed—just turn TV, radio and news off plus telephones and lights and it will all go crazy anyway."

THE TRUTH IS ONE

By the Universal Order (James N. Mason)

Not even my enemies will try and claim that I am any kind of sucker for a bandwagon or a con game of any sort. The fact is that, after doing my own trip for over twelve years while all this other was transpiring, almost totally oblivious to it all, I stumbled onto a discovery similar only to the discovery I made when I bumped into Adolf Hitler, the *real* one as opposed to the media-created one

which everybody is aware of. And as with that earlier discovery, I proceeded to check it out thoroughly. To first read all the System trash available on it and then to unravel and separate truth from lies. To get to know the actual people involved rather than take someone else's word for it. To begin to get personally involved in it myself and start to become identified with it not giving a damn what anyone else—in their ignorance—cared or said. The experiences and feelings that I went through during last fall and winter after making the acquaintance of Charles Manson and members of his Family can only be compared to those I went through after first becoming a National Socialist and dealing with the rest of the world as such. It was and remains a special kind of feeling. To sum it up I quote from one Family member who commented after I had introduced her to the books of George Lincoln Rockwell (for she was already familiar with *Mein Kampf*), "Where Rockwell stops, Manson begins."



"Where Rockwell stops, Manson begins."

Is Charles Manson VICIOUS MASS murderer Charles Manson is the latest hero of a de- praved cult of neo- Nazis, who lavish him with revolting praise and see him as the new Hitler.

This group, which calls itself the Universal Order, is so extreme it's actually been blacklisted by other Nazis.

Its "philosophical and ideological leader" is Manson, says newsletter publisher and self-proclaimed "chairman streetside organizer" James Mason.



LYNETTE FROMME: Member of Manson's 'family.'

In fact, whispered rumors circulating through the California state prison in Vacaville — where Manson is serving a life sentence for the brutal 1969 slaying of actress Sharon Tate — say Manson's recent torching by a fellow inmate may have been related to his Nazi activities.

Manson suffered serious burns after Jan Holmstrom doused him with paint thinner and tossed a match at him last September.

The two had just argued bitterly over religion, and Manson had complained about Holmstrom's com-

panion Hare Krishna chanting. When he led his evil band of kill-crazy hippies 15 years ago, Manson allowed them to believe he was Jesus Christ.

And he's now being worshipped by a small cult of political fanatics bent on reviving Nazism right here in America.

Mason calls Manson "the foremost revolutionary leader in the world today," and has written in his newsletter *Siege* that Manson "provides most of our current-day inspiration."

To further the goals of this perverse sect, Mason arranged the first of several meetings between Manson and neo-Nazi Red Warthan — now in prison for killing a suspected informant.

Warthan visited Manson four times at Vacaville in 1982, once even bringing his son and getting their picture taken together with Manson.

Neo-Nazis see him as new leader

But that was before Warthan was convicted of firing eight shots into the head of 17-year-old Joseph Hoover in Orville, California. Authorities say the boy was slain because he told police about the Nazi group Warthan leads.

Nor was this the first time Warthan, 43, has killed.

As a young mental patient in 1955, he threw a blanket over a 10-year-old boy and heartlessly strangled him to death.

Now authorities fear that both Warthan and Manson are working behind prison doors to build a religious-like following among inmates — with themselves as modern-day "Fuehrers."

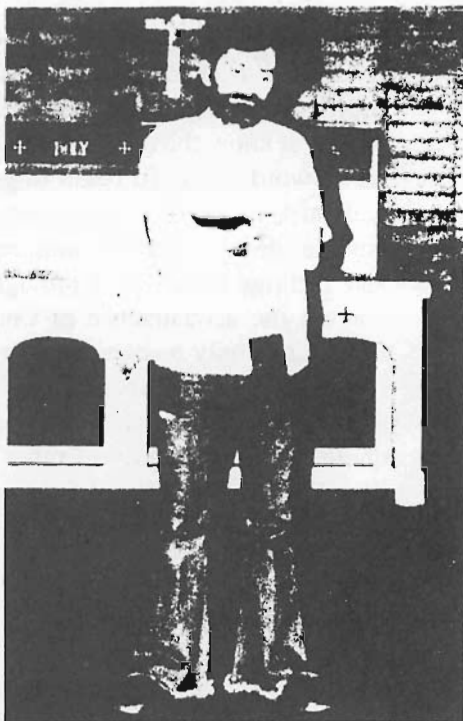
Mason has repeatedly compared Manson to Hitler — favorably.

He applauded the slaughter of Sharon Tate and her house guests.

Manson proclaimed: "It couldn't have happened to a nicer bunch of people."

"Manson, like Hitler, is as human as you or I," proclaims the outspoken newsletter *Siege*.

"He is just special by virtue of a one in a hundred million slant of gene combinations which gives him his ideas, his personality and his physical presence."



MASS MURDERER Charles Manson is the 'philosophical and ideological leader' of the Universal Order, a neo-Nazi cult so extreme, it's been blacklisted by other Nazis.



Above, terrified tabloid clipping. Left, the logo of the Universal Order, designed by Charles Manson.



James N. Mason, founder of the Universal Order, pictured here with Family member Sandra Good, nicknamed "Blue" by Manson. Note that Good's hands are forming the Manson mudra that represents his idea that "the truth is one."

Of the two groups—ours and Manson’s—theirs is the more current and up-to-date....They expected ultra-violence and blood-and-guts from us just as I was told by the Jew media to expect of them. The basis of our idealism is practically the same whereas our red-neck and cultivated “macho” image makes us out to be barbarians, the preponderance of women in the Manson Family—though no less action-minded—gives them a lot more of a religious, “apart” quality. They are in fact very moral, quaint in many ways, naive in some ways, polite, soft-spoken, but more fiercely dedicated and loyal than most I’ve known calling themselves National Socialist. They are scrupulously honest. They bewilder me at times. They are very, very slick. They are keenly intelligent and usually know what you’re about to say before you say it. They resent the image made for them by the media far, far more than we resent the one made for us by them. We laugh at and enjoy ours while they are outraged and indignant over theirs. When dealing honestly and openly with them—as I always have done—we get along together magnificently. Lying and holding back, or the playing of phony ego or personality games with them is detected immediately and is held up before one just like a mirror. Racially, they are all tops. Maybe when we speak of the kind of person and mentality of the future, we are actually talking about these kind of people.

No one reading *Siege* should allow any of this to shock them or to become dismayed in any way for I have been of the same mind since before August when the new *Siege* was launched and when the first Manson contacts were made. We have our areas of disagreement. I can present no hard-and-fast conclusions at this time. Certainly no drastic change in course is contemplated. I do know that circumstances are removing options fast and that the NSLF course and the Manson course do appear to be converging. Manson acted in 1969 (and the understanding and appreciation of that action stands at about zero). It is now 1981 and he is still there and watching. I was asked by one, “What took you so long?” I had to stop and think about my answer before I could give it. I felt like a novice, a dumb-ass kid. You can’t bullshit these people. We were separated by three thousand miles and were developing in our own worlds, with once-huge differences which have shrank drastically over the years. We have essentially arrived at the same place having come across widely divergent paths. We have a lot to offer one another.

And the Enemy, just as the Truth, is the same.

THE MEANING OF MANSON

By the Universal Order (James N. Mason)

He is a product of the American heartland and was subject to the worst conditions that prevailed. But racially, psychically, and culturally he is perhaps the MOST American, personally gifted, selfless, fearless—both morally and physically—and absolutely dedicated to Life, to Earth and to Truth. What he did—in spite of a life full of the worst adversity—rather than drown in a sea of bitterness as most would have done, he established a racial-socialist colony in Death Valley, in California, in the midst of the push-shove of the 1960s, which was neither hippie nor Right Wing.

As far as those of us today who remain active in the struggle against Death, in favor of Life, Manson's meaning is of the highest importance. His ideas can be readily accepted by racially sound, intelligent, honest Leftists as they can be by Rightists. Without Manson's input, neither side will unravel the problem nor find an answer in time. His is to date the most supreme example of defiance, action and survival.

Little more can be added at this point except that the verse from *Mein Kampf* in which Hitler cautioned against turning one's back to the immortal hands which occasionally are outstretched to us in times of great stress has its most potent meaning at this time, " ... woe to the people that is ashamed to grasp them."

MANSON'S OPEN LETTER TO PRESIDENT REAGAN

August 6, 1986

Ronald W. Reagan
1600 Pennsylvania Ave.
Washington, D.C.

The government didn't beat the moonshine still and whiskey has power just as coffee and tobacco do. Uncle Jess from Kentucky said, when I was a child, that the government would end up with whiskey in stores and would run the stills because people in government were the big crooks. I tell you what he said and I say this: You're not going to beat drugs. I was in prison before people came to prison for drugs. I saw the government *make* the problem.

From your foundation you can't help the people that don't want help. You've got to go with the will of the people or you lose heart within your own government. You're going to rip it apart and waste a lot of money.

Your war should be against pollution and *for* putting trees back before you lose the air, water and wildlife. Take over the drugs and use their power to move people to work on CCC projects. Put the trees back fast before the pollution destroys all life. I saw it dying in Death Valley. That's why Krishna Venta blew himself up at the Fountain of the World in Box Canyon, California, when the Feather River Project cut his fountains of water off.

Plants and herbs that you call drugs have more power than you understand. All the distorted thoughts and rules make problems worse. Here is a story: Two men are in a cell. One said he wanted to die and was going to kill himself. The other said he wouldn't let him. So the first guy killed the other one and *then* himself. If people want to eat shit you can't stop them without going with them.

No one even knew what drugs were until Mr. Anslinger told everyone what *not* to take. Cops teaching kids what not to do only shows them what they can do if they want to go against someone. And you put up a bunch of fools who only know what the books say ... no new game, honor or purpose. Some of the meanest fighting men in history got high before they went into battle. Remember why the .45 caliber gun was put into service?

You can take a pile of rocks and use them to build a house, or you can take the same pile and start a war. Tell children not to throw rocks, make rules against picking up rocks, and then make them mad. Keep projecting what not to do and you make the thought in their brains of what can and will be done.

Before the U.S. had a government, the monks sat on top of the grapes, the wine. Buddhists and other monks had the poppies and flowers of power under control. Control must be in order and order must be in truth. And when in truth you can face the problem as it is, not through distorted judgements. Roots and herbs are a part of life, things not known but by a few. One day all you space cases will face the earth dying under your feet. We saw the water out of balance with the land at the Fountain of the World, and the old man in Death Valley told me the same after I got out from seventeen

years of service to the truth in government hallways. I'm the last guy in line but I've got all the thoughts for the balance of order and peace with a one-world government if we all are to survive.

I want a telephone and the charge to call anyone ... or simply a courtroom with the rights I was denied seventeen years ago.

Easy,
Charles Manson

IF I WERE BOSS ...

By Charles Manson

If I were boss I would take your toys—no cars no lights no power plants no electricity—just a little windmill—the freeways would be bike trails and no shitting or pissing in the water. I would hang anyone who put junk in the water—no trees cut no bushes destroyed no lumber—no books or paper—no need for garbage dumps—no crime no prisons and I would be a beast and enslave the people to ATWA—no violence on TV. No music with words no schools but for a few—Everyone with a Ph.D. don't give Ph.D. much meaning—a street sweeper makes more money—oh yes! no money—all computers—no work no eat no welfare no retirement—I would work everything and everyone for my survival—if other countries wouldn't do what I say I would destroy everything and reseed it with zoos and give Earth back to wildlife and the bugs.

THE SOCIAL CONSCIOUSNESS

A letter from Charles Manson, 1970

The social consciousness is clouded with much confusion. When is a lie a lie? If most people want to believe what they're told, it then becomes a part of the social consciousness. If the people who are already mesmerized by the news media want a mad dog, they create one by fostering their own vicarious thrills. The image is magnified by the desire of the news media to make money, or the desire of some lying informant to get out of jail or become famous, and so on. The lie grows so big, who can believe it?

There is a price and you will pay. You may not see it, but the beast you created will devour you. That is to say, your social sub-

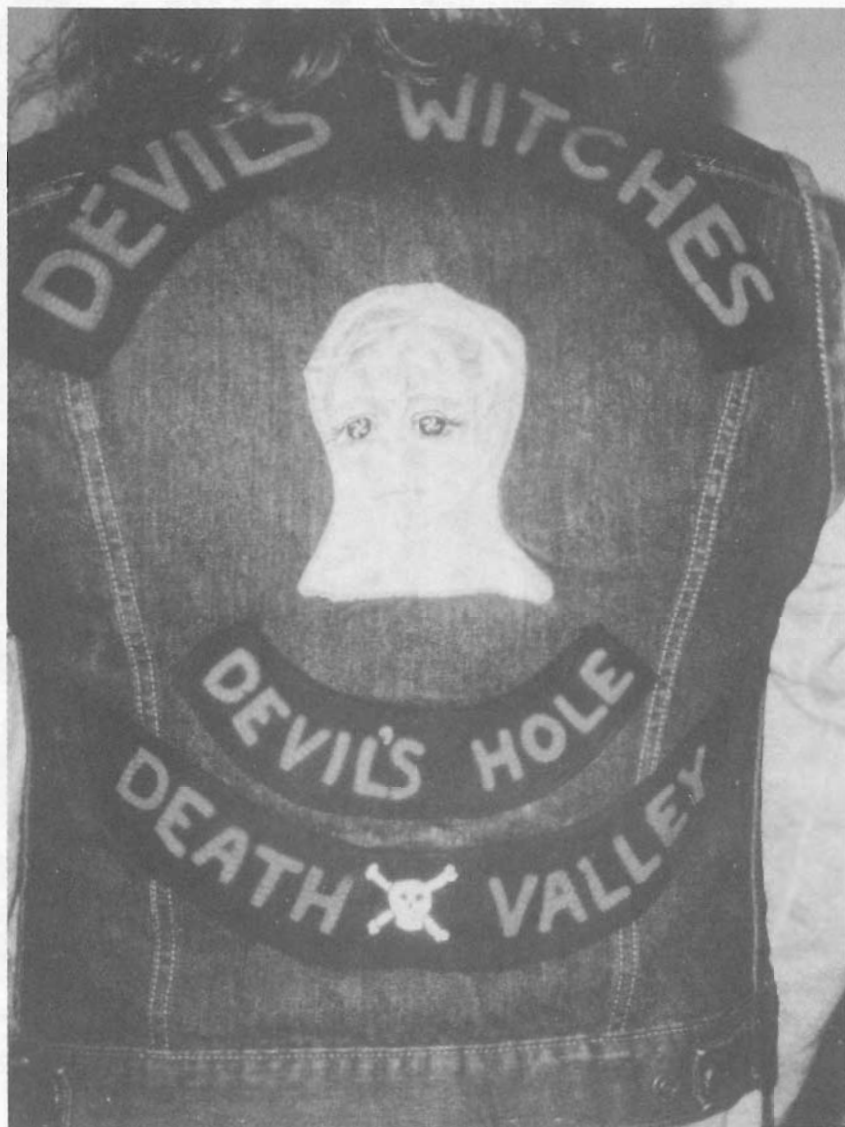
consciousness. There is a subconsciousness that lurks below your awareness. The social subconscious beginning to make its move is called anarchy. Things happen everyday the newspapers don't print and the TVs don't show. You're only told a small part of what's going on and that part is only to control your mind, to get you to stay in line, to avoid panic and to create a social thought to keep down total chaos of the masses. The lie is becoming so big that no one can believe it. This is what isolates people, for soon no one will know what to believe. The last battle of Armageddon will be when the social consciousness reaches a high fear level, as fear has always and will always induce madness.



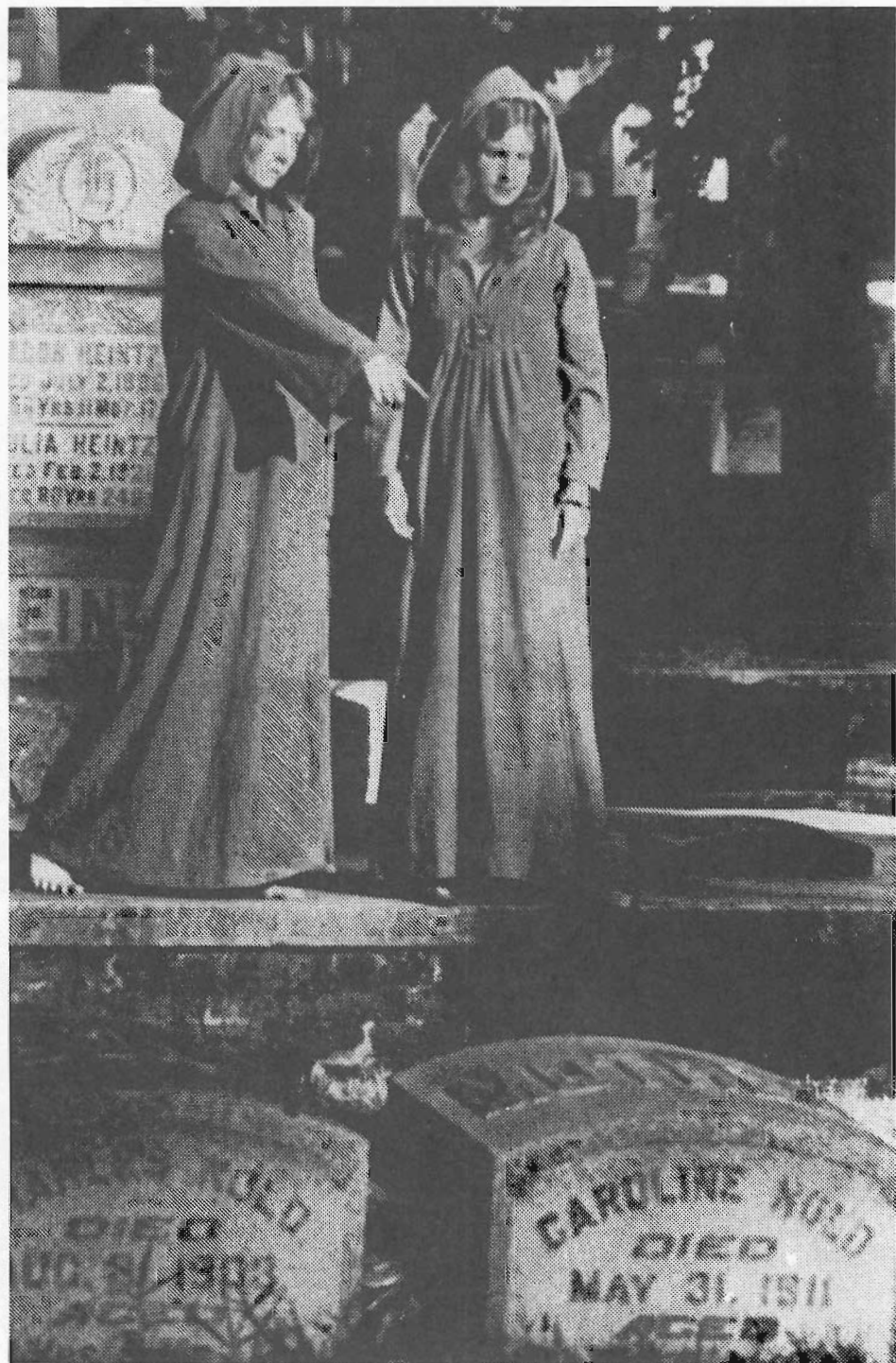
Sir Charles, the Atwarrior, slays Exxon the Dragon

A Nick Bougas illustration championing Manson's ecological organization, ATWA.

RED AND BLUE



Above, "Armageddon Jacket" embroidered by Lynette Fromme. The Family members were to don these in their post-war desert retreat.



HEINTZ
WIFE OF
DIED
MAY 2, 1898
AGED 57

HEINTZ
DIED
FEB. 2, 1892
AGED 28

NOLD
DIED
MAY 31, 1911
AGED

NOLD
DIED
MAY 31, 1911
AGED

RED AND BLUE

While many of the original Family have drifted apart or taken on the guise of repentant Christians, two women have remained loyal to Manson and the ecological/racial cause which he espouses. They are Lynette "Squeaky" Fromme and Sandra Good, dubbed by Manson, respectively, as "Red" and "Blue." (The Order of the Rainbow, alternately known as Nuness, is the inner core of Manson's Family—each member receives a color code name.)

Red and Blue kept the flame burning, became the guardians of the reliquary. They took responsibility for Charlie's fabled vest, embroidered by many Family hands over the course of years with witches, goblins, flames, devils, and the hair shaved off the Family girls who performed the year-long outside-the-courthouse sidewalk vigil. They staged shrewdly-designed media events, such as the "Crawl for Freedom," in which Lynette Fromme and a few other Family members advanced on their hands and knees through the many tortuous miles of Sunset Blvd., from the beach to the downtown courtroom. Fromme describes the incident at the time of the "Crawl" in a letter:

[We're] sitting on the sidewalk, unwrapping our bruised, scabbing bloody knees and cleaning our grubby hands with alcohol just as the sun is getting hot and the prosecutor in his three-piece tweed suit meets us on his way to work. Always dapper and snappy he greets us as if meeting us for a luncheon.

"Hi girls," he says, (and without flinching), "what're you doing?" Brenda [McCann] looked up and told him we were trying to wake a few people up.

"You'll never do it that way," he said, shaking his head. "You'd have to put a bomb at their feet." And with that he was off, said he'd be late—to the prosecution of our friends for mass murder, and though his may sound like the wisest words, being as we thought nine dead bodies would be enough, I recall vividly the bitter irony through the smoggy sunlight and our weariness and I'm surprised we've lasted this long in the pursuit of peaceful change except for our unwillingness to run amok. It was suicide we wanted by the burial of dead systems of thought.

When it became apparent that Manson's release was not forthcoming, Red and Blue began a militant campaign to further the cause of Manson's ATWA—Air, Trees, Water and Animals—the reseeded and regreening of an increasingly poisoned earth. Thus began the Family's Court of Retribution, sworn to destroy those who were destroying the earth.

Red and Blue began sending threatening notes to executives at Dow, Atlantic Oil, Westinghouse, Remington and Standard Oil, promising bloodshed if they did not cease and desist tipping the scales against "the ecological balance." The two became soldiers on the front line of Manson's "holy revolution against pollution."

Good was imprisoned for sending death threats to businessmen, and is now paroled and living in Burlington, Vermont.

On September 5, 1975, "Squeaky" Fromme walked back into history, pointing a .45 caliber automatic pistol at the President of the United States, Gerald Ford. As Manson threatened in a 1974 press release typed by Lynette: "If Nixon's reality wearing a Ford face continues to run this country against the law without any real truth, trust and faith—if Manson is not allowed to explain what you are too sheltered to face, your homes will be bloodier than the Tate-LaBianca houses and My Lai put together." The .45 automatic never went off.

A dozen years later, on December 23, 1987, Fromme made her way from the Alderson prison, becoming front page news once again. Her two-day jailbreak put the Secret Service and LAPD on alert, in case Fromme made good on earlier promises to "finish what I had started." The inside account of events leading up to her desperate breakout are detailed on a following page.

The East German playwright Heiner Müller quoted Fromme at the apocalyptic climax of his famous work, *HAMLETMACHINE*. The Ophelia character in this despairing reworking of Shakespeare utters Fromme's bloodcurdling phrase: "When she walks through your bedrooms carrying butcher knives you'll know the truth." Said Müller, "I found it interesting that the Manson Family was the pragmatic, unideological, puritan, christian variant of European terrorism in the U.S. Only a puritan-oriented society can produce such extremes. I believe the sentence [Fromme's] contains a truth ..."

SANDRA GOOD'S STATEMENT TO THE ASSOCIATED PRESS, SEPTEMBER 12, 1975

The International Peoples' Court of Retribution is a wave of assassins. It is made up of several thousand people throughout the world who love the earth, the children and their own lives. They have been silently watching executives and chairmen of boards—and their wives—of companies and industries that in any way harm the air, water, Earth, and wildlife. They can be assassinated on the golf courses.

They move of their own accord—necessity dictates policy.

Exxon, ITT, Standard Oil, Union Oil, lumber company executives, Gulf Oil, must get out of the country or you'll be killed.... We want to live, you maggots, you monsters. Get out of the country or you'll be killed.

A LETTER FROM SANDRA GOOD

Hitler tried to straighten the mess out and millions were moved by him because he struck a chord in the truth. No one can book his act again ... They all died knowing their cause was right ... The mass of people ... subconsciously want to die. To me, the differences (skin color) are enough reason for not mixing. In fact, the main reason. If all the emphasis is on intelligence differences, then I can see why so many in the movement are blind to the fading of color, vibrancy, and life from the earth. If I was a moron and met a brilliant black I would rather produce a white moron than a mulatto offspring with average intelligence.... In a right society, morons



Sandra Good during the "sidewalk vigil" outside the Los Angeles courthouse building in 1969, and in 1985.



wouldn't be reproducing—He (C.M.) has been the scapegoat for everything. We each have carried our loads for all these years.... With little help or support. It's the variety and stark differences in life that make it interesting and beautiful. Red flowers and green grass against a blue sky. Would you cross a horse and a zebra and



Above, and opposite, Blue and Red, Red and Blue.

cause the zebra to lose its stripes? ... Mixing with whites would only destroy their race.... I would leave the Africans to be themselves to run free and wild like the wildlife. If I was a man and needed their land or parts of it for my survival and my kid's survival, I'd conquer and kill what got in my way, but I would not breed with anything that did not look like me.... To rob the conquered people of their own blood is wrong. Whitey is so advanced he breeds himself right out of existence.... If dumb white assholes go around telling blacks that they are shit (which is tempting to say to an American nigger type, the type I have to deal with day in and day out) that just makes them run after whites all the more.... Prove they are equal for revenge. Now they are messed up in a phony Jews' culture.... Deep down I've got faith. Hess is a lucky man—better off than Speer ... there are two people who know my mind—Red and C.M. We know not to get close to people in person ... Don't expect one single person to stay loyal to you or understand you.

A LETTER FROM "SQUEAKY"

He has been requesting a tape recorder since he was first incarcerated in 1969. That is the only way that *any of us* can get a clear picture of MANSON and what he has to say. His sight and awareness is and has always been far ahead of mass consciousness, and for this he, like many KNOWN historical geniuses, is forced to suffer for what others do not understand. He broke NO LAW! Imagine how it feels to be living under all the people who are free to walk, swim, and fly the space, but do not know how to keep it free, clean and in balance. Let me put that another way. Say that you have been sitting for thirty years thinking through a problem—not necessarily straining, but concentrating diligently on *not* what you want or hope for, but what IS.

Say that you have come to understand the problem in depth and have, in effect, become it, and know how to solve the problem. Now you watch the parades and processions of hopeful and despairing people walking outside your tomb. They are all looking for the answer to the problem you know so well. They are all celebrating the search, or mourning the problem, analysing or disguising it. You wave but they don't look down to see you, even as they proceed by to their own funerals. When you have exhausted yourself yelling, and felt the deaths of millions for not having heard, and watched those who think they are too good to look at you, push their own



children in the graves before them, and watched the children grow angrier, the land more destroyed, the air and water more poisoned, the men, women, politicians and gurus vying for positions of power over something rather than the God-given grace to love and care for what supports life—and much much more sight than I could ever write on paper—then you see what Charles Manson sees, alone. Everyone in this family put our life's faith there.

The balance of the Christian mind is different than that of the Hindu.

You say that you were impressed that I am articulate. Every one in this family is articulate, and exceptionally bright. Reports to the contrary are part of a people's need to look down on something and someone, be it a criminal, a different class or race of people, or a simple child. It is also a result of the standard of sophistication measured by one's ambition and finesse for acquiring money. The murders themselves were mean and purposeful. They were respondent. They needed *not* be sensationalized. But rather than listening to the defendants themselves, lies, distortion, perversion and other of the public's own cravings were substituted for the truth. At that time they were forced to accept attorneys as if they were forced to wear disguises. They were forced to remain silent while a parade of charaders marched around the courtroom talking about things they little understood—The Bible, sex orgies, Christ and the Devil, LSD, E.S.P., the “Manson Family” and the murders themselves. The Supreme Court later handed down a decision interpreting the U.S. Constitution as giving defendants the undeniable right to represent themselves in court as long as they conduct themselves within a reasonable accordance of court procedure.

When I say that they were “forced,” I mean that they were required, and under that requirement in a situation determining the balance of their lives and the lives of many others, there was a tremendous amount of pressure. I do not appreciate crying injustices and dramatizing much of what the soft American public consider to be hardships. At the same time, I can empathize.

While sympathy toward a problem can often make weakness, empathy can call up strength. The public here could not even face their own children, let alone empathize with them. They did not even ask to understand the young people in the so-called “Manson

Family” who they were sending to the gas chamber. *Rather, they blamed one man who was not even raised in the society which fostered those killings.*

I walked out of my trial; Sandra Good and Susan Murphy walked out of their trial; we did not put on our defenses because until all the family gets a chance to explain, none of us will. As a family, we can see a new money system where the money can work like a god for the people rather than people working like dogs for the money and not receiving the balance of healthful, experience-full life that the money exchange is supposed to buy.

Until then, this country runs itself to the ground from what it refuses to face; just as you, yourself, can see no solution to WORLD problems and can see no one who does see. When Nixon points a gun at Ford, someone may see that Manson’s mind is miles over the U.N. and Rome, and that the United States Government has been sold nine times already.

I could take more time with this letter to be academic but that is not my concern. From what I have seen, most journalists would sell their own Lord’s or child’s heartbeat rather than come down to the love and soul in themselves, rather than getting on your knees to another of your own mankind, rather than conceding that you don’t really know the connection between life and Death and why people are intent in moving toward self-destruction in their air, water, land, food and thoughts. It is by no means only journalists and media people who demonstrate this, and I am not condemning you. Everyone has done that for themselves.



the money mom holds
your leash & she reigns
mom earth is under her
trampling discontent
look at the Big Bitch
selling selling selling
pieces of air, land, water
& her children's asses

And you people look down
at me.

When you are gasping for air
will see who is hysterical.

I'm not fighting a cause
I'm fighting for my own life,
trapped by my own knowing
(The soul is its own reward).
But you sit back and
enjoy your T.V. life a little
longer.

Don't let your personality
fool you into being offended.
Personalities & words are just
clothes. I really don't play
that birthday game. L. Fromme ^{Red}



L. Fromme

L. Fromme

MANSON**GIRL****ESCAPES**

**Squeaky Fromme tried
to kill President Ford**

STORY ON PAGE 8

THE 1987 ESCAPE: BACKGROUNDER

On Christmas Eve, 1987, the top line news story of Lynette Fromme's daring escape from Alderson prison in West Virginia contrasted sharply with the media's dreary recitation of holiday cheer. The Manson scare was neatly revived after nearly a twelve-year slumber. News clips retold the nearly-forgotten stories of Ford's attempted assassination and "Squeaky's" hairless vigils in front of the Los Angeles Supreme Court building.

According to one Manson sympathizer, "Usually Red [Fromme] responds to all my letters within a couple weeks or so, and she called me collect every so often as well, and we'd talk for hours sometimes. But she seemed to be getting more and more despondent, giving up hope; she was on the verge of tears at times. She kept talking about going to see Charlie, on the phone, and in her letters. Suddenly, in about May [1987], she stopped answering my letters and stopped phoning me. In her last conversation, she asked me to go down into the hole with her and Charlie. I told her I wasn't ready to.

"I thought she had just decided to give up on me when I found out she had given up on everyone. No one was hearing from Red. Around this time I got a letter from Charlie accusing me of scamming on his pussy. That might have had something to do with it, I don't know."

In early November, 1987, Manson wrote to a representative, Jimmi Rocket, announcing that he was dying of cancer of the testicles, and that he had begun a hunger strike. His letter smacked of being a last will and testament, with such lines as: "Give my guitar to the Beach Boys." Rocket claims to have confirmed Manson's condition with the medical staff at San Quentin. Manson sent along a letter to Rocket to forward to Fromme which evinced much displeasure over her recent behavior. In that letter to Fromme, Manson told of his hunger strike, but, as we shall see, not of his alleged cancerous condition.

Distressed, Fromme wrote to Rocket (in a letter postmarked December 2, 1987):

He's not eating. He wants out of lockup and prison and has been fasting. The first twenty days he had:

4 cookies

3 soup

Slice of cheese

Piece of cake

3 glasses milk

Fast to Freedom and he smiles. He went 48 days once and was thinking with pleasure that he didn't need to eat again. He goes off into dreams and the body becomes useless or extra and the mind takes off. He said he was worried about me. Oh I'm just fine. He's dying and I'm 3,000 miles away in winter with remorse for ever losing him to the court to start with....

I wasn't going to write you because I'm in the throes of my own melodramatic death of deaths and at this point I am uneasy. Trees need to be planted in a land where people drive over them. People need to be planted.... People are too many ... I only live and feel alive when I think of him.

On December 23, on the evening of her escape, Fromme placed a collect call to the residence of Jimmi and Opal Rocket, who live in the small town of Ava, Missouri. She talked for forty minutes. "Mainly personal stuff," relates Rocket, "nothing that would indicate her escape except her despair over Charlie's condition. I thought she knew about Charlie's cancer, but she didn't. It seems I broke the news to her. And she was shocked." Lynette Fromme hurriedly hung up, recalls Rocket, at 8 pm Alderson time. An hour and a half later, at bed check, Squeaky turned up missing.

At that point no one knew where she was, even those closest to her, but Fromme had given up on the idea of keeping friends. Earlier that year Fromme wrote an associate that if she got out of prison she would "finish the job that she started." That was never to happen in 1987. Lynne Fromme was discovered two miles from the front gate of Alderson prison on Christmas day.

A PROPOSED INTRODUCTION TO AN UNPUBLISHED BOOK BY LYNETTE FROMME, 1977

As long as the man is tucked away in asylum/prison/grave, you can say anything you want about him. Anything. You can lie in more movies and bogus books for money. You can pretend to play like him. You can orgy with your awkward paws and dance your frantic feet off, joke about his suffering, draw your very life from his blood. But you have not the soul to face him.

He's a genius you don't recognize, in a ragged coat, with no tails for you to ride—or in secret, his majesty could blind you. The first time I saw him dance, I ran out of the room. He's in motions and sounds, not words, and he's hidden because he gave everything he was asked for.

People said that I was Manson's main woman, people who didn't know that Manson treated all the women around him as one. His main woman is the truth. She comes before anyone or anything and he's with her always in life or death. He married her in a dark hole. He knew alone. Three grades of school. Thirty years in a cage. Pulled out of solitary confinement dead—or a reflection and the balance of whatever group he's in.

Born into this imbalanced world of women's law in 1967, carrying Truth over the threshold, he met thousands of young in the streets. I was one of them. He stood our words up in Truth. He *never* broke our wills. We put up our lives, and the symbol of one finger as alternative to anarchy.

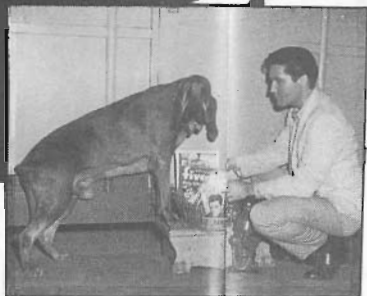
He knew what anarchy would do to the Earth. She has been treated like he has, by people too proud to look and too scared to see. He was thinking Earth-balance before I was born, and in the 50s he set the thought for International People's Court of Retribution so that everyone will know what they've done to air, land, water and the soul of the earth.

Everyone has wanted to make him small. Yet a monster. Stupid. With hypnotic powers. A fascist. And a Commie. And prejudiced nigger-lover. A macho punk. Both Christ and the Devil. Or, on the opposite side of *everything*.

We told the world Manson is a reflection, yet even President Nixon, a lawyer, publicly declared Manson "guilty, directly or indirectly" before the trial was over, and set his own downfall. Believe it or not, Rome stumbled over the truth in one bastard.



THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE





"I love love-ins. They're fascinating. They're fun. I think the hippies are great; they just want to be left alone and they want everything to be nice and peaceful.

"I don't like to be alone ... when I am alone my imagination gets all creepy."—Sharon Tate



Friends Tell of Frokowsky Testing Drug

BY DIAL TORGENSON

Times Staff Writer

Voityck Frokowsky was in the midst of an experiment with mescaline when he and four other persons were slain early Aug. 9 at the home of Sharon Tate, it was learned Thursday.

Friends said he planned to take the hallucinogenic drug for eight or 10 days. One said Jay Sebring, who died with Frokowsky may also have been taking mescaline or a similar drug.

"I saw them Thursday, Aug. 7," said Thomas Michael Harrigan, who has been questioned extensively by the police. "I went to Sharon's place. Frokowsky seemed wobbly and uncoordinated.

"Sebring was sitting in a chair, his head tilted to one side, as though he were watching a movie only he could see.

"Sharon was in the bedroom. I could see her through an open door, combing her hair. She was wearing a housecoat. I thought at first she was Abigail Folger. Then she came out and I met her.

Didn't Give Him Address

"She wasn't high. She didn't use drugs. She was perfectly straight. She seemed like a warm, sweet person. She seemed oblivious to what was going on around her, as though there was nothing out of the ordinary.

"I wanted to invite Frokowsky to a party at my place Saturday, but I didn't give him the address. He was too far gone on the trip. He'd never have been able to understand the directions."

Harrigan thought Frokowsky was in the fifth day of an eight-day mescaline experiment when he last saw him Aug. 7. Another friend, who saw him Aug. 8, believes it was a 10-day trip.

Mescaline synthetically duplicates the effects of the LSD-like mushrooms used by some American and Mexican Indians in trance-like religious rites.

One longtime friend of the Polish emigre believes Frokowsky's use of mescaline had changed his personality in recent weeks.

"His personality changed. Even his face, his features changed," the friend said. "I had a feeling something terrible was going to happen."

So, apparently, had Voityck Frokowsky.

"He told me a few months ago. 'I'm going to die young, and violently,'" Harrigan said.

He was 37 when he was beaten, stabbed and shot to death.

Friends Tell His Habits

The police investigation of the murder of Frokowsky, Miss Tate, Miss Folger, Sebring and Steven Parent has to a large extent centered around the handsome, impetuous, charming Pole.

Friends told how his life rushed swiftly to its sudden end.

A defector from Poland, he mingled with the Parisian underworld then came here and, some said, dabbled in the illicit narcotics trade. He drank chilled Vodka by the water tumbler, drove too fast, smoked marijuana and took mescaline.

AMENDMENT OF MEDICAL AND HEALTH SECTION DATA—DEATH

695828

7027 34674

IDENTIFICATION OF THE RECORD	1. FIRST NAME THOMAS	2. MIDDLE NAME JAY	3. LAST NAME SEBRING aka KUPPER
	4. PLACE OF OCCURRENCE—CITY OR COUNTY Los Angeles	5. DATE OF EVENT Aug. 9, 1969	6. DATE ORIGINAL FILED 8-13-69
ORIGINALLY REPORTED INFORMATION	INFORMATION AS REPORTED ON THE ORIGINALLY REGISTERED CERTIFICATE		
	28 PART I. DEATH WAS CAUSED BY: DEFERRED		
	29 PART II. OTHER SIGNIFICANT CONDITIONS— No		
	33 SPECIFY ACCOUNT NUMBER OR NUMBER: No		
INFORMATION AS IT SHOULD BE STATED ON THE ORIGINALLY REGISTERED CERTIFICATE	INFORMATION AS IT SHOULD BE STATED ON THE ORIGINALLY REGISTERED CERTIFICATE		
	28 PART I. DEATH WAS CAUSED BY: EXSANGUINATION		
	29 PART II. OTHER SIGNIFICANT CONDITIONS— No		
	33 SPECIFY ACCOUNT NUMBER OR NUMBER: Homicide		
DECLARATION OF CERTIFYING PHYSICIAN OR CORONER	34 SIGNATURE OF PHYSICIAN OR CORONER P. Schwartzberg		36 DATE SIGNED 8/20/69
REGISTRAR'S OFFICE	35 OFFICE STATE OR LOCAL REGISTERING Schubert RD		37 DATE ACCEPTED AUG 21 1969

SADISM, DRUG USE CLAIMED

Attorney Wants to See Police Report on Tate Case Victims

Police investigating the Sharon Tate murders have learned that one of the victims had a history of engaging in acts of sadism with young women and that two others were known narcotics users, a defense attorney in the case said Wednesday.

Paul J. Fitzgerald made the claims in a declaration filed with Superior Judge Charles H. Older.

Fitzgerald asked that he be permitted to read all purported data relating to:

—Sebring's alleged acts of sadism with women in his Hollywood Hills home and "in particular his conduct in regard to bizarre sexual activity" and use of "force and torture in connection with ropes and hoods."

—The alleged narcotics activities of Frykowski and Miss Folger. (Fitzgerald said tests made after their deaths revealed the presence of drugs in their blood.)

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE

After the Tate/LaBianca murders, Hollywood was in a state of "freak-out." Everyone in Lotus Land feared for their lives, and prepared themselves for Armageddon. From Bel-Air to Holmby Hills to Malibu Colony to Beverly Hills, the "stars" had begun to surround themselves with armed guards in overlooks, electrified fences, and high stone walls. Their mansions appeared more like penitentiaries than luxurious drug and sex havens.

After Charles Manson and his Family were put on trial for the murders, more fear was passed around, for Manson was well-connected to many in the film and recording industries, and privvy to plenty of dark secrets. It took until the mid-'70s when Manson responded to a request from *Bill Dakota's Hollywood Star* (a tawdry gossip tabloid concentrating on actors' penis sizes and closet liaisons) to provide a few specifics. After Manson's startling letter on the Beautiful People appeared, Dakota reportedly received a call from Frank Sinatra threatening to break his arms for contacting daughter Nancy to pump her for further information on Manson's sex orgies. Manson's infamous letter appears in this section.

Rumors of a Manson Family celebrity "hit list" made the rounds, and a document of this hit list procured by journalist William Farr was suppressed by Judge Older at the trial of Susan Atkins.

MANSON'S LETTER TO THE *HOLLYWOOD STAR*

I didn't say Elvis was bi or not. Looooook it. If I sleep with all the girls you sleep with & we go to bed with 3 or 4 girls at a time & I check you out & the way and things you do & you check out my strokes & pick up some of my motions don't mean I'm bi or you're bi. If I'm in the same dream but I got a good heart, I can hold that heart in bed. Elvis couldn't fuck over me but I could over any little fat girl in his dream bed because I earned them when I lived at Tom Mix's old house on Sunset out by the beach. We had a pool full of naked beauties and strobe lights in the living room & sex in 5 bedrooms & all the closets had secret doors that go from bedroom to bedroom plus the guest house, big beds, pool shacks, and mattresses in the living room, a tree house, sex all over the grounds, in the rose gardens, under the trees, everywhere. NEIL DIAMOND used to come over. MIKE LOVE, of the Beach Boys, DORIS DAY's son, ANGELA LANSBURY's daughter Dee Dee, NANCY, SINATRA's daughter, used to be at the beach pad. DENNIS (WILSON of the Beach Boys) & I lived with 15 or 20 of the best. We kicked JANE FONDA out of that dream because her Jewish boyfriend wanted to

bring a black guy to play ping-pong with her & I said I don't play mixing blood for phony Christians that work for their money selling children. She had a big dog and a crummy camera & I said no, I do what I do for love, not money. They had a key to Red Skelton's beach pad. I had been there before ... so I went and fixed the window so I could look in, and they found my peek place. I just wanted to see what they did with the dog & the guy they picked up over at UCLA.

I don't think she was playing STOP THE WAR. She was (I think) making some kind of videotapes like PETER SELLERS & YUL BRYNNER (bald-headed guy) were making. Dennis Wilson gave me a \$5,000 videotape, TV thing for tapes that fit only to an elite bunch (porno ring) that was world-wide.

I heard Polanski got money from dog and children movies to make his movies with. I was offered record contracts, movie parts, etc. When I got out, I went to Universal Studios—saw producer named Stromberg, a phony guy. He wanted me to cut a record with a South African black. Hugh Masekela & big black trumpet & drummer for a movie. He told me Jews control & I'd never get any music over, unless I did it his way.

He was making a movie (he said) about the 2nd coming of J.C. & he was to be a black & the police was to off him and the system would get the blame & they would control the movie minds & take power. I said no. They did it anyway. Jackson was killed in San Quentin & Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin got big power controls. I was a dumb-ass.

I went to Universal where I parked in CARY GRANT's parking space & this homosexual came & told me to move my car. I knew Grant was in England so I told him & I've had a little experience with homosexuals. So I took him back to Cary Grant's office. That had an apartment (bar) & such. I don't want to say all the things that happened at Universal lot because I liked that gay guy & don't want him to lose his job.

That ass PETER FALK & the guy that played James West in WILD WILD WEST propositioned me. I don't fuck with closet queens. There is much more but I can't spell. Like one night a guy's wife took me to Elvis' pad ... with big iron gates & she was begging to suck on my ice cream. Elvis' wife came home that night and

when Dennis Wilson came around he had so many broads Elvis got afraid, cause that little girl had his heart. I could have eaten it there in front of them but was playing a front & I was having all the sex in the back. I could have fucked him. He had a car I wanted but Terry Melcher gave one of my older running buddies a new XKZ Jaguar for me because he didn't want no one to know about me & his mom & when D. Wilson gave me the Ferrari, my other buddy wrecked it, & we left it & went off to shoot a game of pool & someone ripped it off. And Dennis Wilson is a wonderful person—no bullshit—he got mad at me. He had a phony French bitch running after him only because she was a star fucker & was fucking JIMI HENDRIX. When she asked me to fuck her, I rammed it up her ass & wiped it in her face & threw her out of the pad because all she wanted was money, money. Producer Stromberg destroyed my music. When I seen the conspiracy to do in Jackson, I ran and put a “T” up over that bed of fools and clowns. I do more in a weekend than most do all their lives. I'm not into sex porno or selling distorted sex. All sex I do is human, clean and natural. No make-up. No ego fuck but the God fuck. Everyone I fucked wanted to pray to God.

SUSAN ATKINS' HIT-LIST

Miss Atkins purportedly told a cellmate that she and her co-defendants had planned to murder a series of show business personalities, each in a particularly vicious and bizarre manner.

Included in the list of intended victims were Elizabeth Taylor, whose eyes were to be removed and mailed to an ex-husband, Richard Burton—who was to be castrated; Frank Sinatra, who was to be skinned alive while hanging from a meathook; and Tom Jones, whose throat was to be cut while he was engaged in an act of sexual intercourse with Miss Atkins—at knife point, if necessary.





Copyright MCMXLII, Walt Disney Productions

Disneyland's Haunted Mansion ride opened the same day Sharon Tate, et al, were slaughtered. Walt Disney was the former owner of the LaBianca residence.

THE MERCHANDIZING OF MANSON



THE MERCHANDIZING OF MANSON

How much money has been made from exploitation of the Manson mythos?—how many newspapers, magazines, and books purchased, television specials made (selling how many bottles of shampoo or sticks of underarm deodorant?), movies released, T-shirts, records, cassettes and posters sold? Conservatively, the amount approaches a billion dollars.

The Manson mythos has been a capitalist spark plug, a much-admired additional digit in the Gross National Product. Herein you will find an annotated guide to the major products of the Manson industry. Taken together they seem to reflect less of the truth about Manson and his followers than the vicarious and insatiable conduct of media mavens and their willing victims.

CHARLES MANSON AND "FAMILY" CAPTURED!

HELTER SKELTER

The powerful conclusion of the gruesome murder trial. Based on the prosecuting attorney's true account. **CONCLUSION** THURSDAY AT 8

56
WLVI



A gallery of glowering Charlies. Opposite page, Steve Railsback in the TV movie version of Gentry and Bugliosi's book. Top left, Alan Ormsby tries for "the look of '69" in a poster for the cult favorite, *Children Shouldn't Play With Dead Things*. Top right, R. Crumb's depiction of acid fascism in "Jumping Jack Flash" from *San Francisco Comic Book*. Above center, Aram Katcher does Rasputin one better in *Massacre in Los Angeles*.

RUSTY, ALTHOUGH YOU THOUGHTLESSLY SNUFFED THE LIVES OF 400 GOOK WOMEN AND CHILDREN, THE U.S. ARMY WANTS TO APOLOGIZE FOR MAKING YOU A SCAPEGOAT AND WISHES TO AWARD YOU THIS SILVER STAR FOR BRAVERY ABOVE AND BEYOND AND BEYOND AND BELOW! GOOD SHOOTIN' KID!

AW SHUCKS!

CHARLIE, FOR THE UNSPEAKABLE MURDERS OF AMERICA'S MOVIE STARS, AND FOR THE HEINOUS CORRUPTION OF OUR DAUGHTERS, IT IS MY PROUD DUTY TO PULL THIS SWITCH AND SEND YOU TO YOUR MAKER! MAY YOU ROAST IN HELL FOREVER!

FATHER, FORGIVE THEM..

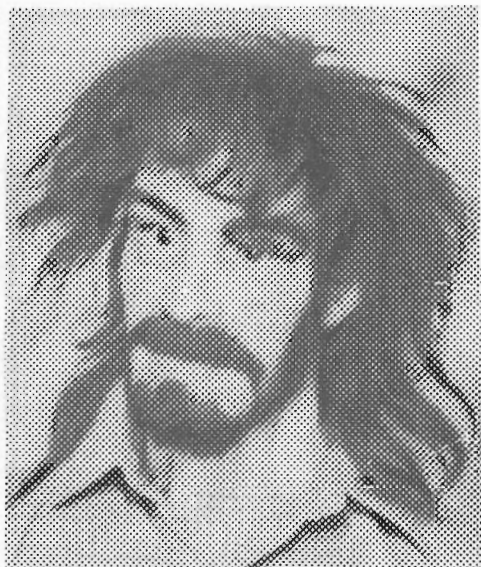
SECRET HAND SIGNALS.



The image droned on and on with his insane message of mayhem and murderous carnage...



Manson's status as counter-cultural icon is exhibited in these frames from the high art form of hippiedom, the underground comic. Opposite, a frame from "Legion of Charlies," in which the Tate/LaBianca murders were seen as a parallel to the My Lai massacre. Top and bottom left, Mike Matthews' "Curse of Manson's Chocolate Mine." Top and bottom right, more "Jumping Jack Flash" by R. Crumb.



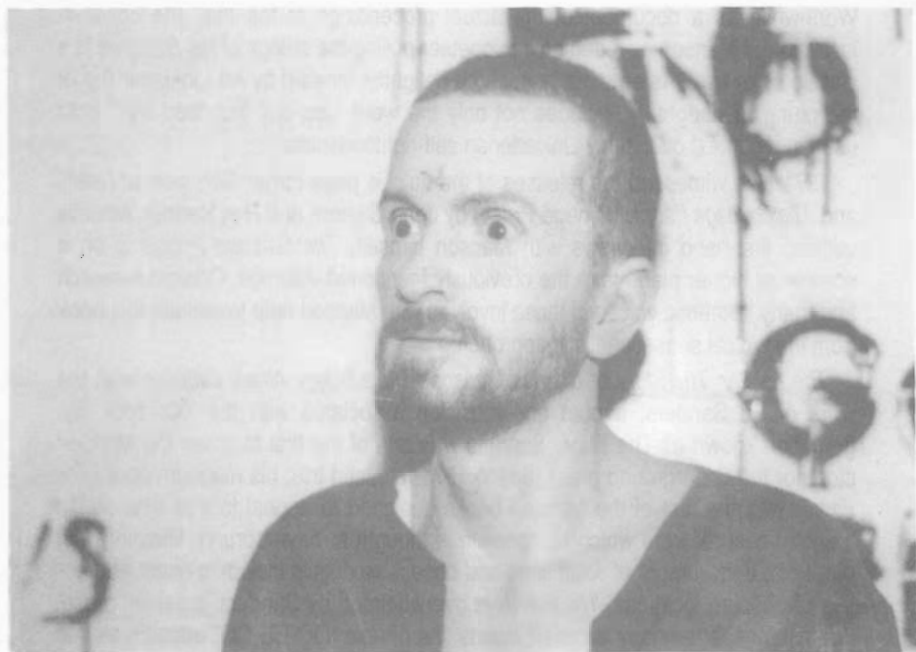
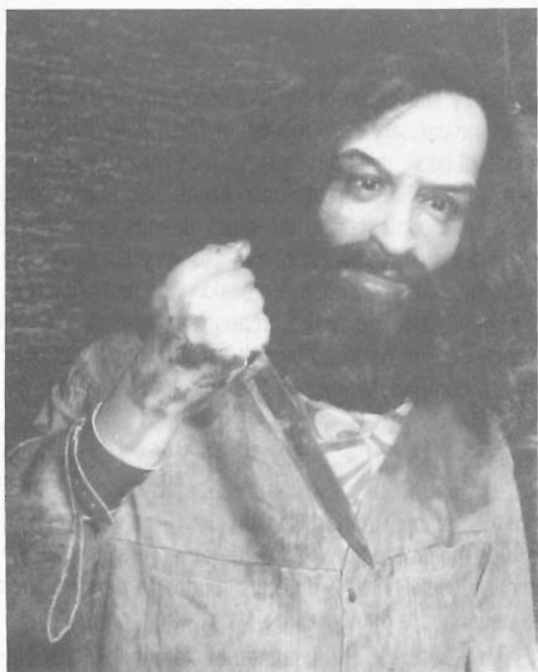
An Entire Country Gone Helter Skelter

**WRITTEN IN EXILE, UNDER TIGHT SECURITY, HERE IS
HENRY KYEMBA'S INSIDE STORY OF IDI AMIN:**

★ THE RANDOM KILLINGS OF OVER 100,000 PEOPLE

**This is a document of horror.
This is Uganda today—
A STATE OF BLOOD**

Following the unprecedented publicity from the Tate/LaBianca trial, and the runaway success of the prosecuting attorney's book, "Helter Skelter" fast became a favored name for nightclubs, clothing stores, and other purveyors to the "hip." Publishers trumpeted the phrase on any book which promised orgies of cannibalistic gore, such as Henry Kyemba's account of Idi Amin, pictured above. Wax museums lured tourists to Manson exhibits with no regard to historical or anatomical accuracy. The waxwork from Israel's Shalom Wax Museum (opposite top) has Manson holding a bloody kitchen knife, looking much like the Old Testament Abraham in the midst of sacrifice. Other wax figures pictured are from Niagra Falls (above) and Madame Tussaud's, London (opposite bottom).



BOOKS

The peculiar literary sub-genre of the Manson "expose" began in appropriately shady fashion with the January 1970 release of *The Killing of Sharon Tate*. A classic example of the instant book, this paperback is hack-work of the first order. Its cover announces that it is the confession of Susan Atkins "told in the words of the pretty 21-year-old who calmly confessed to the most hideous crime of the decade." In fact, it is the half-baked collaboration of two *Los Angeles Times* journalists, Jerry Cohen and Dial Torgerson. The bogus confession was first printed as an exclusive to the *Times*, then sold to several European papers as the genuine article. Promoter Lawrence Schiller presided over the scam, which was published by New American Library, a company owned by the *Los Angeles Times*. Who says crime doesn't pay?

A second paperback, *5 to Die*, printed by Holloway House (publisher of pimp writers Iceberg Slim and Donald Goines), appeared shortly thereafter promising "the true story of the satanic Charles Manson cult." This volume, by Jerry Le Blanc and Ivor Davis, was the first to truly evoke the "devil" image now so much a part of the Manson mythos. Now hard to find, the mundane perspective of *5 to Die* is redeemed by excellent, rare photographs.

Witness to Evil by George Bishop, printed in cloth in 1971 by Nash publishing, takes a slightly different angle. It is an exhaustive account of the Tate/La Bianca murder trial, with courtroom illustrations by ABC News artist Bill Lignante. Worthwhile as a document of the actual proceedings of the trial, the cover illustration of Manson as a demonic puppeteer pulling the strings of his disciples is a classic of its kind. As an extra bonus, the delightful forward by Art Linkletter (he of the plunging daughter), includes not only the word "cop-out" but "bad trip," both used in a context of suitably Linkletterian self-righteousness.

1971 also witnessed the releases of the quickie page-turner *Chronicle of Death*, and *The Garbage People* (Omega Press) by John Gilmore and Ron Kenner. Actually utilizing first-hand interviews with Manson himself, *The Garbage People* is on a somewhat higher plane than the previously mentioned volumes. Original research and many authentic voices of those involved with Manson help to elevate this book from the typical sensationalistic approach.

The Family: The Story of Charles Manson's Dune Buggy Attack Battalion was the work of Ed Sanders, a poet and musician associated with the '60s rock aggregation known as The Fugs. Sanders was one of the first to cover the Manson story for the underground press, and in 1971 released this, his magnum opus. *The Family* was the first of the Manson books designed to appeal to that ever-so-hip "counter-culture" from which Mansonism is thought to have sprung. Dripping with paranoia, dark rumors of snuff films and obsessive details including exact addresses of obscure locations, *The Family* is overwhelmed by Sanders' precious prose. For instance, after many "sinister" events, the phrase "OO-EE-OO" appears as if to

remind us that we should be horrified. Though invaluable to the Mansonologist for its fetishistic information, a little Sanders goes a long way. A Process lawsuit against publisher E.P. Dutton has made the first edition of *The Family* difficult to find.

None of these books can be said to have had the impact engendered by *Helter Skelter*, written by prosecutor Vincent Bugliosi with the help of Curt Gentry. Published in 1974 by W.W. Norton and Company, *Helter Skelter* is the source of most of the reading public's knowledge pertaining to Manson mania. In this self-glorifying morality play, Bugliosi casts himself as an uncanny Sherlock Holmes-type pitted against Charlie's maleficent powers, the incompetence of the LAPD, and a host of other evils.

Bugliosi's piecing together of the Helter Skelter motive is one of fiction's great triumphs. Little more than a padded-out hymn to the wonders of Bugliosi and the fairness of the American legal system, it is regrettable that this is considered the standard work in the genre.

More worthy of consideration is *Our Savage God* by R.C. Zaehner. Printed in an American edition in 1974, *Our Savage God* is a philosophical study of the source of Manson's philosophy. Tracing the idea of murder as sacred to the Upanishads, Zaehner writes: "Charles Manson taught his 'children' to kill without having to endure the qualms of conscience that lesser mortals feel. This is precisely the message which the incarnate God, Krishna, passes on to his beloved disciple, Arjuna...." Zaehner also makes the point that "If the victims had been a lot of lousy beggars with not a nickel in their pockets, and only their lives to lose, would the Christian 'conscience' of our clockwork scribes and Pharisees have woken up with such a shock of panic fear? Of course it wouldn't, for the so-called random killings were not random at all but directed at them, the rich, self-satisfied, successful, efficient 'men of the world' who have not even the courage to pursue their own convictions to their logical conclusion."

In 1974, the Schenkman Publishing Company produced *The Manson Murders: A Philosophical Inquiry*, edited by David E. Cooper. Dry, pedantic, and guilty of all the worst sins of academics everywhere, this collection of essays "in contemporary ethics" is eminently worthy of dismissal.

There are two other books dealing with the Manson trial itself. *The Manson Trial: Reflections of a Pseudo Juror*, is a tedious, anecdotal memoir by the Christian wife of a juror, and the 1973 *Trial by Your Peers* by juror William Zamora was later reprinted under the gaudier epithet of *Blood Family* (Zebra, 1976). Zamora reports on the trial from his point of view, adding little new information despite the cover blurb promising "all the perversion and passion of ... the weirdest cult murders since pagan times."

Two of Manson's erstwhile associates, Charles "Tex" Watson and Susan "Sadie" Atkins claim, of course, to have been born again as bible-believing Christians.

Watson in his *Will You Die For Me?* (Revell, 1978) as told to Chaplain Ray Hoekstra, maintains that he was possessed by the devil when he participated in those celebrated slayings. Obviously written for the parole board, its only interest is in the first-hand description of the murders. Chaplain Ray's *God's Prison Gang*, a testament to his conversion of criminals, includes an equally ludicrous chapter on Watson.

Miss Atkins' more flamboyant memoirs, *Child of Satan, Child of God* (Logos International, 1977) throbs with pseudo-pious remorse for her life of sin, a ghost-written potboiler that ends with a prayer to Jesus. Heartwarming.

In 1979, "Little" Paul Watkins, a lesser luminary than Atkins or Watkins, produced the best of the various "eyewitness" accounts of life in the Family. *My Life with Charles Manson* (Bantam, paperback) co-scribed by G. Soledad, is one of the most vivid accounts of the subject at hand. Although marred by the usual self-serving plaintiveness of most reformed criminal memoirs, this book is useful for details and authenticity of mood.

The Manson Women by Clara Livesy, M.D. (1980, Richard Marek publishers) is an execrable product which has Dr. Livesy interviewing and analysing some of the major female dramatis personæ in the Family.

In January, 1987, the long-awaited *Manson In His Own Words* was published by Grove Press. As told to Nuel Emmons, who first met Manson in Terminal Island in the '50s, the book is a major disappointment. This anemic and smoothed-over oral history lacks the passion, drama, or humor contained even within its subject's most desultory letter or interview. Someone must have decided that Manson's mode of expression was too non-linear, too "crazy" for the average reader. Manson has denounced the book repeatedly as "bullshit," saying, "that book sure blew up in my face."

Manson has been dealt with in a number of "True Crime" anthologies, notably *The Murderer's Who's Who* (J. Gavte and R. Odell, Pan books, 1983), *Bloodletters and Bad Men* by J. Nash, *Infamous Murders* (Vertigo Press), *Serial Mass Murders* (Michael Carter, Pepperbox Books, 1985), *The World's Most Infamous Murders* (R. Boar and N. Blumdell, Octopus Press, 1983). *A Criminal History of Mankind* (Putnam, 1985) and *Order of the Assassins* (1975), both by Colin Wilson, contain essays on Manson. A widely varying level of accuracy is to be found in all the above, with emphasis in most of these centering on the Tate/LaBianca killings.

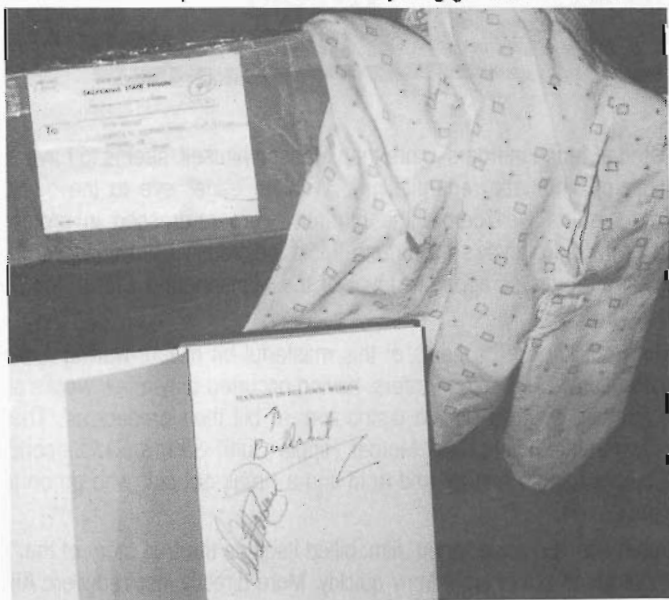
The New Library of the Supernatural, printed by Aldus Books, 1976, included Manson as well as The Process in their *Strange Cults* volume, while similar lines of inquiry are pursued in *The Second Coming* by Arthur Lyons (1970), a "hip" study of resurgent satanism, which compares Manson and The Process.

Falling into the "counter-culture" category are such books as *Love Needs Care*, a history of San Francisco's Haight-Asbury Free Clinic, by David E. Smith (John Luce pubs., 1971), which touches on Manson's clap-ridden visits to that august institution during the late '60s.

Mindfuckers by David Felton (Straight Arrow Books, 1972) proclaims itself as "a source book on the rise of Acid Fascism," and includes a chapter on Manson, among others on Mel Lyman and Victor Baranco. A hard-to-locate British paperback along the lines of *5 to Die is Satan's Slaves*, written in the purplest prose imaginable. *Hippies, Drugs and Promiscuity* by Suzanne Labin (Arlington House, 1972) also deals with the Family phenomenon.

That most "Californian" of writers, Joan Didion, includes a migrained meditation on Charlie M. in her *The White Album* while, in a more fictional region, Jerzy Kosinski's *Blind Date* recreates the murder of his friend Voytek Frykowski. (Kosinski was invited to the Tate house on the night of the murders.) The early '70s saw many pulp novels concerning the exploits of drug-crazed murder cults, but perhaps the most noteworthy evocation of Manson in fiction was created by J.G. Ballard in *Hello America* (Triad/Granada, 1983). In this tale of a failed future, a devotee of Manson has become president of a post-nuclear United States in Las Vegas. Juvenile delinquent specialist Wenzell Brown conjured up a sci-fi novel titled *Possess and Conquer* (Warner Books, 1975) which puts forth the hypothesis that Manson is a space alien come to eradicate humanity. The late Truman Capote included a rather tense interview with Robert "Cupid" Beausoleil in his *Music for Chameleons*.

Flying high from the largely ghostwritten success of *Helter Skelter*, Vincent Bugliosi tried his hand authoring Mansonian fiction in the novel *Shadow of Cain*. For a greater voice of authenticity, refer to the 1976 book, *Charles Manson: Love Letters to a Secret Disciple* (Moonmad Press), by S. Wizinski, which features the police-confiscated correspondence between a young girl and her hero.



A concise review of *Manson In His Own Words*, sent by Manson along with a pair of soiled underpants to Nick Bougas.

MOVIES

THE UNBELIEVABLE MANIFESTO OF THE ASSASSIN CULT!
WORSHIP HIM! KILL FOR HIM! DIE FOR HIM!
MAKE LOVE FOR HIM!

PG

CALIFORNIA'S
CRIME OF
THE CENTURY
WILL NOW SHOCK
THE WORLD ON FILM!

The COMMUNE IN COLOR

LOVE AND MURDER IN

EXCLUSIVE
ENGAGEMENT
BEGINS
WEDNESDAY
MARCH 18

A FILM DOCUMENT THAT BLOW-TORCHES
THE WHOLE WORLD... DEPICTING THE
SHOCKING CULT OF DESERT ANIMALISM
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The Tate/LaBianca murders, more than Manson himself, seems to have inspired the majority of cinematic regurgitations. With an eager eye to the quick buck, several films made well before the murders were re-dressed in promotion to capitalize on Mrs. Polanski's misfortune. Most ludicrously, *Angel, Angel, Down We Go's* original title was scrapped in favor of the Manson-lurid *Cult of the Damned*, released in 1969.

Following quickly on the heels of this masterful bit of four-walling exploitation was *Satan's Sadists*. The Tate murders, having occurred only a few weeks after the picture's release, spurred on the distributors to bill their product as "The REAL story of California Sadistic Tate Murder Hippie Cult!" *Satan's Sadists* concerns a group of bikers named Anchor and Acid and a "freak-out girl" who go on a killing spree in the desert.

The Commune, a quickie "adult" film, billed itself as the true story of the "assassin cult," but faded out of sight fairly quickly. More directly inspired were AIP's *The*

**LOVE
CULT?**

Drugs, thugs and
freaked-out starlets,
ritual murder and
cannibalism, dedicated
to the proposition
that all men
are created
evil.



**CULT
OF THE
DAMNED**

STARRING
JENNIFER JONES
JORDAN CHRISTOPHER
AND RODDY McDOWALL as 'SAVATORE'

FORMERLY "ANGEL, ANGEL, DOWN WE GO"

WRITTEN BY ROBERT THOM

PRODUCED BY JEROME F. KATZMAN

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS SAM KATZMAN

CO-STARRING
HOLLY NEAR · LOU RAWLS **CHARLES AIDMAN**
DAVEY DAVISON

COLOR
BY MOVIELAB

R

RESTRICTED
Under 17 Requires Accompanying
Parent or Adult Guardian



AN AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

WRITTEN BY ROBERT THOM

PRODUCED BY JEROME F. KATZMAN

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS SAM KATZMAN

DIRECTED BY ROBERT THOM

EDITED BY BARRY MANN

AND CYNTHIA WEIL





Robert Quarry in 1972's *The Deathmaster*.

Deathmaster starring Robert Quarry, who had become a cult favorite as the vampire Count Yorga. Here, he appears as a mystagogical vampire named Korda who preaches his evil cosmogony to eager "hippie" disciples.

Troy Donahue, the former child star, was surprisingly effective in a Manson-like guru role in 1970's *Sweet Savior*. The 1971 *I Drink Your Blood* featured a bloodthirsty hippie commune called "The Sons and Daughters of Satan" led by one Horace Bones. A gore-hound's dream-come-true, *I Drink Your Blood* is drenched in tenth-rate psychedelic scenes and a great deal of Deluxe Color hemoglobin. 1971's *The Manson Massacre*, again, has little to do with its title, being a rather boring soft-core tribute to many hippie girls' mammaries.

The genre of Manson horror film lasted until the 1980s, spawning *Igor and the Lunatics*, concerning the reunion of a "Family"-inspired commune, and the release from prison of its paroled, but still blood-crazed leader. *The Day God Died* and *Nomads* have also flirted with Mansonoid imagery.

Some critics have seen in Roman Polanski's brutal version of *Macbeth* a meditation of his wife's murder, but the director himself has denied this.

The only film to date actually based on even slight historical evidence is the 1976 "docu-drama" *Helter Skelter*, telling the tale from prosecutor Bugliosi's point of view. Steve Railsback's curiously sympathetic portrayal of Manson makes the film worth watching, but the *Dragnet* style often reduces it to tedium.

Aes-Nihil Productions recreates the apocryphal *Manson Home*, so darkly hinted at in Sanders' *The Family*. Filmed almost entirely at authentic locations, this com-

edic interpretation was described by John Waters as "a primitive, obsessive, fetishistic tribute to mayhem, murder and madness." Waters, incidentally, is an avid collector of Mansonia himself.

The only true documentary released relevant to Manson is Lawrence Merrick and Robert Hendrickson's *Manson*, which features interviews with Lynette Fromme, Sandra Good and Brenda McCann, and a brief clip of a Manson exhortation in the Los Angeles County Jail. The omniscient Vince Bugliosi grandstands here as well, offering his ever-so-pithy commentary. Still unreleased is the 1970 documentary *The Other Side of Madness* by Wade Williams, which is noteworthy for its inclusion of an actual Manson appearance, singing his composition "Mechanical Man."

Actual Family members have appeared in only a few films. Notably, Kenneth Anger's *Invocation of My Demon Brother*, with a special appearance by Bobby Beausoleil as the Devil, certainly evokes an appropriately Thelemic mood. Beausoleil also composed the stirring score for Anger's *Lucifer Rising*, of which the original 1967 print is rumored to be buried in Death Valley. Catherine "Gypsy" Share also appears with Bobby "Lucifer" "Cupid" Beausoleil in the 1968 cowboy-themed porno film, *Ramrod*. Here, Beausoleil appears as an Indian warrior.

Producer of movie on Manson is slain

LOS ANGELES — Producer-director Laurence Merrick, maker of the film "Manson," a documentary on the Charles Manson cult, was shot to death Wednesday at his film school in Hollywood by an unidentified assailant.

Merrick, 50, died at Hollywood Presbyterian Medical Center about an hour after he was shot in the back, police said.

The gunman escaped.

Persons at the school said a man believed to be the assailant had been waiting for Merrick, and asking for him. He was seen running from the scene moments after the shooting, officers said.

"HE WAS a young man, dressed very funny. He wore a yellow hat," said Al Klein, a teacher of cinematography at the school.

Merrick, who came to the United

States from Israel in 1960, produced "Manson" during and after the 1970-71 trial of Manson and several of his followers. It was based on interviews with cult members and described their lifestyle.

Actress Sharon Tate, one of the victims killed by Manson and his cult members, was a student of Merrick's drama school. A spokesman at Merrick's office said that knowing Miss Tate is what gave him the idea for the documentary on Manson, which was nominated for an Academy award.

INVESTIGATOR Pat Mercer said detectives had no immediate word on whether the killing was related in any way to the grisly cult which Manson headed.

Merrick, survived by his widow Joan and a son, 4, is no relation to New York stage Producer David Merrick.

Of esoteric connection to all this is the fact that Sharon Tate's first feature film appearance in *13 or Eye of the Devil* has her playing a witch, while her final screen appearance in *13 Chairs* ends with the image of a laughing Manson doppelganger superimposed over Tate's "murdered" body.



A scene from the 1986 "comedy," *Armed and Dangerous*.



"Come on, hit me, Charlie," provokes Tom Snyder, while a hostile Manson paces under the hot glare of NBC's tungsten lamps.

TELEVISION

Manson: I'm not wise to many things but I am wise to one thing, y'know.

Tom Snyder: What's that?

Manson: I'm not gonna tell you!

Manson's televised interviews include Tom Snyder's *Tomorrow Show* broadcast of 1981, which pits a hostile and apparently thiorazine-dosed Manson at Vacaville Medical Facility dealing with Snyder's fatuous imitation of Shin Beth interrogation procedure. This ludicrous confrontation was more high-comedy than journalism. Manson's 1986 parole hearing inspired *Nightwatch's* Charlie Rose to interview Manson at San Quentin. This Emmy-winning interview was heavily edited for content, as most Manson interviews are. We include here some of those censored excerpts. In January, 1987, NBC's *Today Show* spoke to Manson, whose quote: "Believe me, if I started murdering people, there would be none of you left" made national headlines. A Los Angeles newsperson, Bill Stout, who seemed in the throes of *delirium tremens*, interviewed Manson in April, 1987, and this was broadcast complete with pseudo-psychedelic video effects and clips from *Helter Skelter* inserted as documentary stock footage. Taylor Henry of Cable News Network interviewed Manson for a proposed special report slated for the 1989 20th Anniversary of the Tate/LaBianca murders.

Friday

EVENING

AUGUST 8, 1969

- 4 NEWS—Tom Brokaw (C)**
5 ALFRED HITCHCOCK—Drama
 Mrs. Bixby, who's seeking a break in her humdrum marriage to Dr. Bixby, makes an overnight visit to see her "aunt." Mrs. Bixby: Audrey Meadows. Dr. Bixby: Les Tremayne.
- 7 NEWS—Bonds/Nahan (C)**
9 MOVIE—Comedy
 "Rattle of a Simple Man." (English; 1964) A shy 39-year-old bachelor bets that he can make a date with the blonde sitting alone at a bar. Diane Cilento, Harry H. Corbett, Michael Medwin. (1 hr., 50 min.)
- 11 ALLEN LUDDEN—Variety (C)**
 Guests: Jane Kean ("The Jackie Gleason Show"), actor Steve Forrest, singer Hal Frazier and the Backporch Majority. (90 min.)
- 13 MOVIE—Musical (C)**
 "Hello, Frisco, Hello." (1943) A Gay Nineties singer is in love with a young man who has his eye on a Nob Hill beauty. Includes the Academy Award-winning song, "You'll Never Know." Alice Faye, John Payne, Jack Oakie, Lynn Bari, June Haver. (90 min.)
- 11:30 14 NOTICIERO—Alex Nervo (C)**
2 MOVIE—Drama (C)
 Time approximate. "Bomb at 10:10." (Yugoslav; 1967) The war-torn Balkans of 1942 provide the setting for this tale of courageous partisans, Nazis, revenge and sabotage. George Montgomery, Rada Popovic. (1 hr., 45 min.)
- 3 7 JOEY BISHOP (C)**
 Tentatively scheduled guest: comic Guy Marks. (90 min.)
- 4 JOHNNY CARSON (C)**
 Tentatively scheduled: substitute host Bob Newhart. (90 min.)
- 5 MOVIE—Drama (C)**
 "Typhoon." (1940) In the South Seas, a shipwrecked girl encounters an island castaway. Dorothy Lamour, Robert Preston. (90 min.)
- 12:00 2 MOVIE—Drama (C)**
 Time approximate. "Bomb at 10:10." (Yugoslav; 1967) The war-torn Balkans of 1942 provide the setting for this tale of partisans, Nazis and revenge. George Montgomery, Rada Popovic. (1 hr., 45 min.)
- 12:30 11 MOVIE—Drama**
 "The Vampire's Ghost." (1945) A vampire terrorizes an African trading village. John Abbott, Peggy Stewart, Charles Gordon. (60 min.)
- 13 MOVIE—Drama**
 "Code of Silence." (1960) A journalist is marked for death by the underworld when he exposes syndicate members in his newspaper. Ed Nelson, Terry Becker. (90 min.)
- 12:50 9 MOVIE—Adventure**
 "Manfish." (1956) The captain of a fishing boat teams up with a sinister professor in hopes of finding a lost pirate treasure. John Bromfield, Lon Chaney, Victor Jory, Barbara Nichols, Tessa Prendergast, Eric Coverly, Vincent Chang, Theodore Purcell.
- 1:00 3 NEWS—Dick McAleer (C)**
4 MOVIE—Mystery (C)
 "The Price of Silence." (English; 1959) Released from prison, Roger Fenton tries to begin a new life. Gordon Jackson, June Thorburn, Maya Koumanl. (1 hr., 40 min.)
- 5 COUNTRY MUSIC (C)**
7 NEWS (C)
- 1:15 2 MOVIE—Melodrama**
 Time approximate. "Larceny." (1948) An Eastern racketeer sends his confederate to a California town. John Payne, Shelley Winters, Dan Duryea. (1 hr., 15 min.)
- 1:30 11 MOVIE—Adventure**
 "Batmen of Africa." (1936) Animal trainer Clyde Beatty heads for the Hidden City of Joba.
- 2:00 5 COMMUNITY BULLETIN BOARD—Discussion (C)**
- 2:40 4 NEWS (C)**
- 3:00 11 MOVIE—Drama**
 Time approximate. "Over the Moon." (English; 1939) A man with no money refuses to marry his fiancée who has just inherited a fortune. Rex Harrison, Merle Oberon, Ursula Jeans.
- 4:15 11 MOVIE—Adventure**
 Time approximate. "Slave Queen of Babylon." (Italian; 1963) A prisoner—who is the secret lover of the Queen of Assyria—believes he has been betrayed. John Ericson, Yvonne Furneaux, Robert Douglas.

Stations reserve the right to make last-minute changes.

A-84 TV GUIDE

TV Guide listing for the night of the murders.

CENSORED PORTIONS FROM NIGHTWATCH

Rose: Tell me how you feel about racism. The reason I ask you that is because the charge was at that time that you were projecting a holy war, and it was black militants who were going to take over the country, and you were going to hide out in the desert and you were going to ride in and take command.

Manson: That is the district attorney's fantasy.

Rose: Never happened?

Manson: That's his fears. That's a reflection of his fears.

Rose: No racism in Charlie Manson's soul?

Manson: Sure. Hell yes, all the way down the line. Hell, yes. Hell yes, but it wasn't what the D.A. said.



It's showtime! Manson is unchained for his appearance on *The Today Show*, January, 1987.

Rose: In what way was it different?

Manson: Order. There's an order in the universe, man. I don't make it. It's there with or without me. It's there.

oooo

Rose: Some people will say that those murders, the Tate/La-Bianca murders defrocked the flower movement. Do you believe this?

Manson: I believe this. That there was a cause moving in the street. There was Jane Fonda up there preaching one thing, there was Jerry Rubin preaching another, there was Timothy Leary up there preaching something, and all those children from 1960 to 1967 don't lose your attention on me now, from all the way to 1967 had their minds set by your Jews' media, by your—

Rose: Why do you make that sort of racial, that ethnic slur, Jews' media?

Manson: It wasn't meant to be that. It was just meant to be the fact of what it is, man. I don't have any bad going one way or another, you know.

Rose: But you know you did it.

Manson: I'm their savior as much as I'm yours, you know.

Rose: Were you fascinated by Mussolini and Hitler?

Manson: No. I never thought about Hitler or Mussolini that much until the district attorney had a Jewish guy in behind him helping him with this, and he kept pushing it over on me. That's why I got a Jewish lawyer, to try to show that I was not—that cost me my life there—to show that I wasn't pushing that madness. Then I got to looking at it. Beyond the hate of it, I got to seeing the Jews do run everything.





Manson's portrait of the Devil, sketched at his trial.

- Each night

as you

sleep

and destroy

the world -

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