

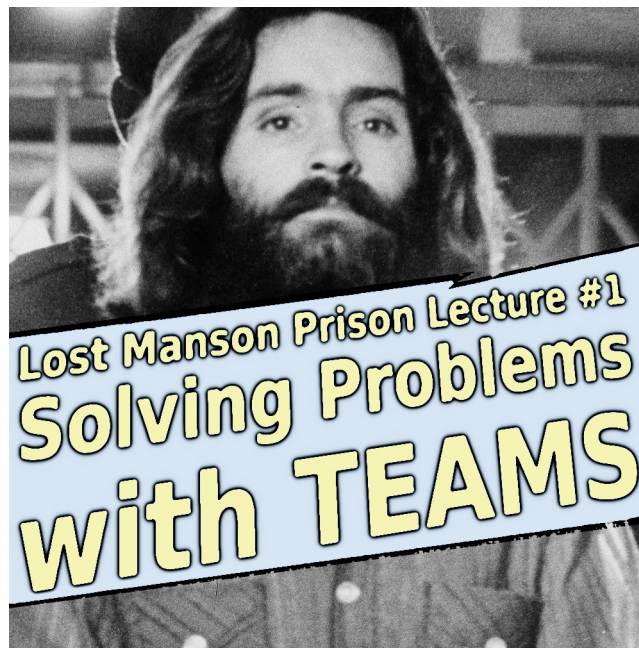
"Button aimed,  
and weak  
knee'd bracing  
with old  
monkey priests  
and plastic  
whale zebras.  
And your woman  
is covcovered  
in scroton and  
penguin blood."

by  
**DANIEL  
JOHN  
SULLIVAN**

# THE LOST LECTURES OF CHARLES MANSON

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## [Manson Lecture 1: Team Building to Solve Problems \(October 12th, 1997\)](#)

### ***Teams***

Teams man ... teams are critical. Whilst hunting the scluntic-whores of Miami, I was being tracked by a penguin with a knife. His eyes were bloodshot, and his mind filled with cocaine and syphilis and whiskey and pain. I told that rock-ape to fashion a rod and connect with god and build a town for smiles ... not frowns. I told the angel of RINDO that my NEW MIND was WHOLE man .... and HOLE. My mind was HOLE/WHOLE and the whore juice was free for all.

You can take those vegetables and place them in the pot, but did you get that stuff man from the old man in the well? Are you the leader of a dismay? Are you okay? But your eyes are shifty man ... and the team sees it.

### ***Dismantle!***

DISMANTLE!

Tear down the barriers of creativity and build a home for good ideas!

You can understand the beaver-code of Magellan and ride on a walrus towards the Isles of POORG ... and the Beatles will play music for you, as dead Paul McCartney dances with fake Paul McCartney and the WHOLE POTATO is a suppository.

Teams make this unnecessary ... but team work requires facilitation and NOT tyranny.

You have to provide well defined goals ... with rational payoffs ...

You have to say "hey man, those rich'ohs in the Hollywood Hills need to be shiv'd ..." and if the shiv'ing works? - write "DIE PIG" on the walls in blood ... or some such racist bullshit.

Clearly defined goals ... easy to attain payoffs.

### ***Real Problems***

I pistol whipped Little Orphan Annie. I was tired, and I had no beer, and she told me the lies of BERGINEROOS ... the lies of sailors high on Mexican cocaine and old wine from the cellar of our nightmares.

I pistol whipped Gandhi ... I told him the world was broken and that mankind was a snake and that the snow was made of dead Eskimos. The Eskimo people would pile the Eskimos after they died, and set fire to this pyre, and the ashes of dead Eskimos made the new snow for the new year.

But these are not productive.

Real problems develop when teammates ignore BOUNDARIES ...

A cumboo-freak with a hammer and a problem runs at you, tries to brain you with the carpentry hammer ... WHAT THE FUCK? IS THAT god? Is that the weird viper that hides in the miserable zone of your pitiful beatified heart?

YOU ARE GUNKIS ...

YOU ARE MADE OF POISON AND BROKEN GLASS ...

But you have boundaries ...

And boundaries are the real problem.

### ***Framing the Team Problem***

Framing hammers ...

You can accomplish great things ... but ONLY IF you can frame the problem effectively for the team. For example:

Gombo, one of my main guys, was complaining about the LSD punch ... "not enough LSD" ... and shit like that ... fucking Gombo.

And I said "fuck Gombo, why don't you get the LSD and make the punch?"

And Gombo was like "FUCK YOU CHARLIE ..."

And this was at a team meeting!

So I picked up my framing hammer, Gerdie, and smashed Gombo in the face. He fell to the ground, started twitching, so to stop him from twitching I beat Gombo further ... with the framing hammer. I beat him till he stopped twitching and making noises ... I beat him until his skull was like a dirty bowl of bouillabaisse from a greasy Louisiana hell hole bar.

Do you see what I did right here?

I could have easily killed Gombo, later that night, while he was sleeping - but I didn't. You shouldn't confront problems without FRAMING THEM.

YOU HAVE TO FRAME THEM ... and this has many meanings.

Like, what if I said "Tex Watson did it" to the cops, and set up Tex with the murder hammer, and finger prints ... and he's on LSD anyways ... what if I framed him?

Framing is critical, which is my point.

### ***The Wheel of Strength***

POWER comes from SOUL STEAM. The wheel of strength is composed of a center, a spoke, a heart, a core. The wheel is made of love and grace and hippos and more broken glass. It is steam and iron and flakes of plutonium and a broken heart'd city covered in cat urine and stale popcorn.

The wheel is what you use to BIND the TEAM together ... to solve problems.

And LSD ... lots of LSD.

## ***Measuring Outcomes***

HOW DO YOU MEASURE LOVE MAN?

HOW CAN THAT CONNECT WITH THE SOUL STRING OF HEROIN DREAMS?

You can't bend that old man upon the block - you have to smash his head in. That old man that stares at you ... from across the yard? That old man with evil in his heart and fire-dragon eye that incinerates your apprehension and sucks your soul dry?

Did you build a rocket?

Did you see the moon beams?

How do you know Armstrong drank TANG if the TANG is powdered HELL?

How the FUCK do you measure THAT?

## ***Questions***

3 Eye: "Charlie, how cumz the lawyer can't get me off?"

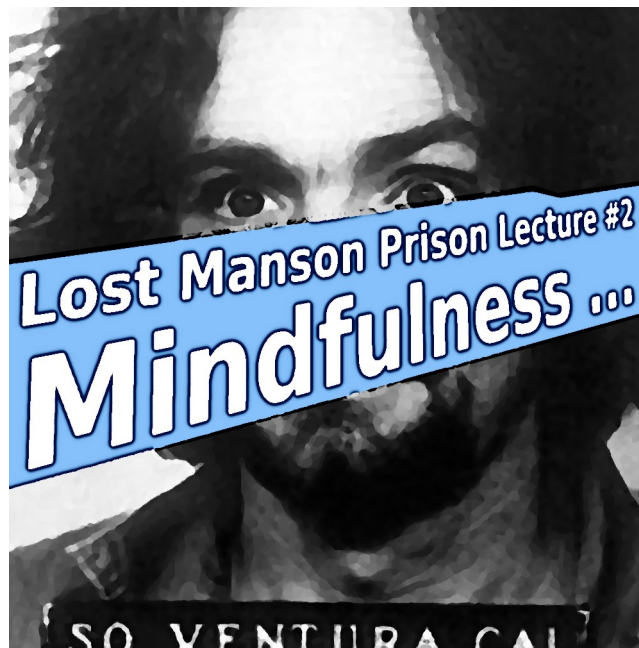
Charlie: "Bro ... you are already losing when you start out like that. Next question."

Hingus: "Charlie I do believe there is a collective unconscious as defined by Jung?"

Charlie: "So ...?"

Hingus: "I dunno ... I just wanted to speak."

Charlie: "That is all the questions we have time for ..."



## [Manson Lecture 2: Mindfulness ... \(October 31st, 1997\)](#)

### *Your Center*

A person's center can be found anywhere. I knew a guy once whose center was in a box of shredded wheat ... he'd stare at that box, and talk about his center and how much he hated hookers.

Your "center" is your bond with the ALL. Everything in the all is balanced and good and harmonic man. Your love is bonded to toilet cover travelers leaving no trace of their dissension and their unwillingness to love man ...

Don't obviate the need for a CENTER, but change your batteries.

Find the quasi space where the scrangle-rats live and crawl through the walls of your tenement looking for some un-watched baby to devour ... DO YOU HEAR ITS SCREAM?

Couple yourself with a mondo-whore, one found slinking in the streets of jovial collapse. Take her to the dirty hotel off of 4th, and tie her to the bed. Give her gold for her moans, and grizzly-grease to suckle on. This is another way to find your center.

Most people who think about mindfulness are filled with a primal rage ... a rage that is naturally directed at the people that live in nice houses and have families. The wisest thing we can do when traversing the lands of mindfulness is to find some goolak mindfulness

douche and knock him out and toss him in the trunk ... and see what happens.

### ***Brain Talk***

Your brain contains memories. This is amazing. Your brain contains blood vessels, and fats, and cells, and all kinds of squishy shit. I've seen brains ... brains pasting the walls like some Soho art shoppe where the freakers tweak out and stab their mommas for not making chili.

"NO CHILI!", they shout ... and the night is a rumpis beast covered in flames and nasty little secrets.

Your brain will tell you NOT to set yourself on fire ... you must overcome this.

Your brain will tell you to stop beating that man to death with a lead pipe ... this is negative-plateau-reasoning and has to be blocked using new style racialism.

Your brain is really a racism-engine.

Your brain wants to spur on some race war, trigger an uprising of whitey to wage war with people of color or african-americans or whatever ...

Your brain is designed to generate, and respond to, racism.

So what?

Well - you can use X-LEVEL meditative reactions ...

### ***X-Level Meditative Reactions***

There are 8 thrunket-levels that exist in your spleen for directed meditative transcendental racism ...

Toogas: a ringet assemblage of fears and concerns

Frag Sweat: debris of a soul cut loose from the grip of horgig-night-trawlers ...

H'lepto Tunic Burials: the completion of a revenge task

Chains: what you use to beat monks you meet along the road

Pipe Land: where you buy pipe to beat monks with

Victory Lap: the zen moment of showing your victim their still beating heart



J-Sect: gringiz clan warriors of territory Y00G  
Ordis: the first leader of the treg land fuhrer-drogs ...  
You can't just attain a level without accepting, and rejecting, and then accepting total racist awareness ...

### ***Merged Spirit Oil or MSO ...***

MSO is the key to next step mindfulness. This is stuff you get from Harry Jengo, who works out of the Pizza Hut near Boblimptock AVE ... that place where those nuns were shot last week. You read about it, or heard about it ...

MSO makes the brain case shiver, and you can grab your Colt 45 malt liquor and a 12 gauge sawed off shot gun and go stalking for the Templars. You take three sticks of dynamite to Porter's welcome center, and end the term of enlightenment with ice cold nougat and wolf livers and hunters elf blood.

The thing that bothers people with mindfulness is all the haughty bullshit. "Hey, look how fucking mindful I am ... you guys are a bunch of glumbo-dicks ...", and this pisses people off. It makes you want to hunt down that griz-boh and find where he lives and set fire to his home. But you don't do this, and why?

### ***Because seeing is believing.***

Merged Spirit Oil is a connective juice harvested from old dead things that are long ago forgotten. Merged Spirit Oil, or MSO, is derived from beetle hearts and whale lungs and mushrooms that grow on the fetid imagination of a university sophomore ...

MSO can SHAKE the world and break through your limits. But you have to be mindful of this. You can't be full of shit ...

If you are are full of shit, you will be murdered and dumped some place.

So be mindful.

### ***Tell it to the SHRINK!***

There's an old diner near Shlimby's in Chesterton. Gromack-flow guards would huddle there, tabulating the losses beyond their own buzzed out minds. They had crystal and PCP and crack cocaine and whatever "blues" or "reds" or "meanies" you could shove down the gumptus pipe on the way to heaven.

Tessa? The ER nurse? - she had a selection. And she'd suck your cock for \$45 bucks ... she'd let you cum in her for \$100.

She told me once about Big Ed Sheridan, the guy that owned that gun and whiskey store near Tibble's delicatessen in Troggle. He would spend time communing with yonder-beasts in the forest on the outskirts of town. He had arms filled with mucous sacks and a brain splitting open from too much vodka.

There's no telling what demons will pierce your soul-wall.

You can't forbid the dark weasel. It will burrow its way into your private gardens of distress. You can't hide from those morbid-denizens, the strivers, the hurricane jongo-freaks, the naughty girls of Boston. All need submarines to view their lately christened membrane.

SO TAKE CHARGE AND BLOW THROUGH!

**Questions ...**

Kilo: "Professor Manson ... ahem ..."

Charlie: "yes ... yes Kilo ..."

Kilo: "How do you bring the mind into balance with problems of space-now-essence?"

Charlie: "I'm glad you asked ... you have to separate the problem-creator from the food-digestion ... and this means severing the head ... clean off ..."

Kilo: "Thank you ..."



### [Manson Lecture 3: Finding Bliss! \(November 6th, 1997\)](#)

#### *The Other You*

I was the crooked spider, you were my starling.

My soul-spirit-self was born in Missouri, I just had to find it buried under a dead Indian.

I enguzzled with the wenches of Uurt, and met the high priest. He gave me aerosol to clean out my hearing and a torch to light my way to the next casino mattress love affair. And you were too busy to keep time, and I was too ready to carve out your cold dead heart. Bliss?

Bliss was a rainbow in the sky when I was 12, staring bleakly into the cop's eyes as he set fire to my home and lit up my mom and burned my brothers and sisters with his heroin handshake ...

Bliss was the curl-snake hiding in the bush, not far from the old lady that you steal social security checks from. Bliss keeps her mitts sharp, and her eyes are like frog-glass when the springtime monkey-wind is burning and the crabs are itching.

The other love-space is always hollow and empty ...

Your kindling spirit is the gale walk, to the cloudy franchise, and you can sell your Tupperware to the old crones that live out their days in darkness. Your fire is kept close, like a Zippo lighter raid in Nam,

when you set fire to the village ... and watched as the families ran out of their homes in flames.

The other is a bliss-thief, and your joy is a fire you have to protect. You have to be like Rae Don Chong or some animal beast in the forest primeval that tries to wash herself by the stream but is rudely interrupted ...

The other can be managed, if you set expectations of joy.

### ***Energy Zones***

YOUR VOICE is just soul nuzzle, your knife is still sharp Mistress of Flowers - let the knife speak for you. Your voice obscures the compass of steel, and your own ears are covered in turd grease; that's where the soul grease lives, in the smingus hole.

The grains are pure tree-power. The wheat particles that build up in your sphincter translate to holographic love powers. Too much of this NEW PORRIDGE will dilute the corduroy cowboys and bend the spirit of Chief Plow. So poke the candles and light the hawk and burn the salad. When your heart yearns for squeeбус, but your mind is tart and dry.

### ***Jet Stream***

We were space riders taking our turns at the wheel, staking claim to asteroid caves and old woolly taverns along the wharf. The sailors would part their hair with a piss paddle, and the harbor seals would wail in the night screaming out their terrible desires. I could look for hot young flesh down by the water, and scream out my pain into her forgotten warehouse. But the bed is rusty and the pillow soaked in blood.

This new way is POISON to the demon's EYE - his gaze is lost in amazement as the sallow henchmen take their turns at playing dandy McGhee.

The poison that fills the air is the mint and the syrup and the pancakes and the eggs and bacon and the cops will grab a bottle of rye and beat you over the head until you die .. but the carrot masons will carve stone glyphs, and sacred nuns will wash in the waters of torment.

### ***Happiness is a WARM FUN ...***

I once said that the Beatles had it all - but were not happy. They had money and fame and hookers and cocaine and wives and children and lands

and KINGS ... but they were just things ... creepy crawlers moving over the land looking for offal. They were smug and vibrant as they FAB-5'd their way between here and VENUS ... but the Beach Boys would wrangle that cobweb dream and the birds would sing .... sing ... sing ... as the old ship rocked and the plane exploded.

They took turns at me, as I was staked out and looking for a way out ...

Paul's eyes were lusty and greedy and he shoved 2 rocks in my bum.

John couldn't look away ... as Ringo tossed me in the fire, and laughed as I rolled on the ground. They threw rocks at me and yelled "Old Charlie thinks he's a HIPPIE!" ... and all I could do was breathe rage back at them.

But this was warm and complete.

### ***Torrid News***

Chemicals can clean your toilet, but they will leave a ring around the collar - and that old sheriff will holler as you bleed out in the cell. They will cave in your skull and plant a seed of doubt and watch as you writhe and laugh at your dead fathers.

The locals will carry your body to the dump and there they will toss gasoline and poop and dead animals and rotten fruit upon you and then set your body alight ... and watch as the fat and grizzle glow red into the morning hours.

### ***Sky Gel***

"Don't take my oils!", she muttered as I left her apartment.

"Don't take my sacred greases!", he yelled as the whores of Dallas left ammo and rifles for that one shot pony to take down the man.

The gun was shot to split time into two parts: a) time of Matter from b) time of Spirit ... the pieces of skull litter the streets of this regret.

Time was split by sky-gel, and the white milky stuff that covers all red light district door knobs as the johns walk back from their meager romance.

### ***Healing the Stone***

The STONER kills time watching the fly eat the apple.

The dark stone is picked up or does it pick itself up and fling itself at the cop's head? - as the head-case splits in two, do you see the unraveling of pain?

You can be free of pain-grease, but only if the stone is thrown ...

The stone heals the wretched heart as sparks fly and eagles sing old ditties in the night. They will form posses and hunt your kinfolk as they run for Mexico and snort cocaine. The stone will bring a light of special funky wizardry that lets you be a sky-angel and carry pixie-dust hand grenades and apple pie machetes. And this will be done in one night.

### ***Where was Bliss?***

She ran from me, her "Charlie", out of apprehension and inner sadness. Her body was an accumulation of insults from this life. She would say "Charlie, why can't we have tacos?" ... and I'd say "Baby, you are the taco ..." ... and I'd smile, and she'd laugh ... sometimes.

Bliss runs naked in the dark looking for her last rusty needle of horse. She stakes out her terrain, her base, her land, as an honor to Helen and the other gods of failed epochs. When her flame went out, she sought the honor of temple gallows and old misers with spear shaped beaks.

You can find her out there ... still.

She runs in the dark, presenting happiness like a toy gun filled with tomato sauce.

You can have the gun ...

But you have to bring the new life understanding.

Only then can you find your bliss.



[Manson Lecture 4: How to kill some people ... \(November 12th, 1997\)](#)

*Junket Cream*

I scream ... you scream ... we all scream ... for ice cream? - sure ... I could be your purple KING if you would be my love-cream-queen ... Totally broke ... like the family isn't ready because Tex Watson didn't change the spark plugs. But the cream is pure.

Your spindle heart was smeared across seven highways, and your cream glistened for the excellence of Terry Bradshaw. You could see that setting sun in her eyes, as the rope was pulled tighter, and the voices hissed fire music. It's kinda like they have a sky-god ritual that involves wolf-flies and cigarette temples. There's a haze of jizz in shallow loads hanging over the orange grove.

This is best explored through stories ...

Jorgen Moog would walk the stray roads near Fresno, he'd pick up hitchhikers and offer them up as sacrifice to NOOL ...

Jorgen would gash out the hearts of his enemies with a sharpened ice cream scoop, he'd sneer at this fellows through red eyes and old hair and body stink that filled a room. His wife was a dead cat named Jill, his children were the termites that lived in the attic. Jorgen could see the life-ray of any man or woman and he could "hop that flight" to take his part and deliver a soul home.

Junket Cream == Murder

(this is my point)

### ***Planning***

Take two sides of the eternal puzzle and throw out the ants, watch as they scurry to the old maid purse. The nights will be tense, so drink hard liquor and breed monkey-bats to guard your old style curry sauce. Take the jars of pluton and spread them out on the rocky ground and then gauge how long you have lived in this land surrounded by kestrel foragers.

Trimble beasts breathe whispers of corruption as the smokers carry bats and the lawyers carry buckets.

If you cast out your buffalo mind, your kindred indian will live in the bed next to you. Grizzly Adams will hide in the cave and make love to his cougar and give birth to a NAZI named Kevin ... and this was foretold, by the Knights of Hoog. If you hold your breath long enough, you can see your target in your candy man fantasies of fire and boulders and hatchets and viscera and pepperoni pizza made of spoiled beets and rum ...

You need to observe your prey, figure its routes. See where it goes at night, what it drinks, eats, who it fucks. You see the prey as an object which looks back into your hobo eyes and sees a hungry spirit bent on eternal revenge.

This is why, this is the need ... for barriers and barbed wire and razors and spikes ...

You have to ...

You set traps ...

### ***Death Traps***

A hare can run for days when the wine runs out and his ass drags ...

The bird can fly too far, but the southern winds will singe her feathers and that bird will get lost in San Francisco looking for BLACK TAR madness and dirty little alleyways filled with maggot whores.



The sparrow knows the dead fall and the snare and the impaling devices from 7 RAMBO movies where spikes shoot out and pin you to a wall of your own failure. This is where the real meat is found, the protein of necessity. When the KROG-LORD spoke to Bishop Tool ... he said "bring me filth baskets, and it will show you the cloven slaves" ... they all ran with underwear flapping. No guns for them, only chains and chases and snakes and burning towns and angry swarms of swarthy easterners in RED.

There was a dried out river that once flowed blood, the Koondrack-Saints would sit by it and smoke bud and observe as whisker-fish ate the dead and vomited back time. This was the river where the bodies were dumped, and they were revealed as cathedrals of bone in a dried and dirty dust bowl.

Dig the holes deep ...

Lay the spikes in them, covered with your poo.

Pee on them, spread the blood of dead animals on those punji sticks ...

If you can skewer the heart of this rotting world, you will see the dark juices and the ghosts of yesteryear will spare your soul.

### ***Bad Air***

Mix the hydrochloric acid with saltwater and misty Canadian deer-thieves whose minds are bent in forever exposure to an unintended whistle jargon and fleet-of-foot target bears.

They want the struggling nightmares to hunt their pheasant, as cool jets of laser blindness tear open crumbling walls. Gizzards and liver-stones and diamond freaks from the Village will pile their gunzets into the wearing room and douse themselves in violet ale and tomb-wine.

The air spreads and reminds.

The bodies release gases the dogs can see this ...

And vultures hold watch over the dead.

### ***Finished***

I met Alan Greenspan. He was just some kook making poop bets on IBM back in the 60's. His eyes were glazed over and he was strung out from doing PCP straight for several weeks. He told me "money is a fancy",

and fancy people needed it. Money is the cudgel, and the KING will beat you with it ... he said "we control the dlimblus realm and feed and porcupine feces ..." ... but money? - it's a diamond shaped knife.

"And if you could print money ...", this is what Alan said ... "you could kill some people." You sucker them with credit cards and take them to dark lit bars and you slit their throats and leave them in Hoboken to eaten by goats ... it's money.

"If you dig a hole, and pile bodies ... they can settle and turn to specials greases ...", this is what Alan told me, as he was strangling the teacher in the abandoned lot ...

"If you buy a bank, and hand out loans to freaks and gombo-lords and donut heads ... do not worry my son ... as long as you are marked by the BEAST, you'll be fine/found ...", this is what Alan said ... that Christmas Eve, 69, as he murdered that cop ... in the shoppe ... looking for ludes ... it was rude.

"I was the last of the silver-princes, I rode upon a horse of steel and blood, my red-named brethren are splitting their cabbages below the last cave ...", this is what he said ... Alan Greenspan, as he set fire to the church in Selma, Alabama ...

This is how ...

How you kill ...

Not just ONE, but some ...

(people)



## [Manson Lecture 5: Love ... \(November 27th, 1997\)](#)

### *What is LOVE?*

I would take you to Cowboy Charlies near the reservoir where the ZODIAC MURDERED that mind-screamer. I'll make you flower-dressings and poon-pie and you'll gallop on a horse behind me, hugging me ... and the ointment will be cinnamon butter and elephant tongue. And this is love.

LOVE is the kindness circle ... it begins with ME and ends with YOU BETTER MAKE ME A SANDWICH ... ho. This is fantastic love ... "ho get me a beer" love ...

Love is the fire-storm of heart-songs from cleftic-horn-hunters. It is a kind of spirit grease that you can spread like jam on your broken heart and bring the healing and the callous and the scars that never leave. The scars remind you of vengeance oaths ... remember this. You remember the rebar that hobo shoved into your gut? If you do, you can see that this is love too.

Love is a containment of INFINITE ALL LOVE and can't be measured in terms of shit you learned in school from LOVE THIEVES! THEY WERE LOVE THIEVES! ... they stole your love and sold it to the Senator's benefactor for \$45 an hour and no one cared and the cops watched and the body was dumped in the Sacramento River love. This is also love.

I was a Nordic hunter of the S'klem tribe. I was hired by KING JUG to murder his errant uncle. He would feast upon monkey flesh in the harbor

grill where the waitress wears an old Led Zeppelin t-shirt, covered over with stains and pains and blood and holes where she was stabbed repeatedly by her ex-boyfriend / pimp. I carried the torch for these brongo-beasts and I bared the burden of taking hostages of the spirit to those reticular caverns where TROGGIS lives and devours all hope. This can also be considered a form of love.

What is key? - love is a danger-pudding and your love-tube goes in the woman hole.

"Hummus is best with meat of the sea. Take the whale blood and mark your hooch." - Troggis said this to me last night in my sleep ...

### ***What I see in YOU ...***

This is what I see in you child - pure moon beam light love ... the kind of love that would allow you to drive the getaway car, but maybe not slaughter the family and write racist slurs in blood on the walls ... a different sweeter love. Nah ... krystal light lemonade love that sprinkles from unicorns.

This is what Skragon said to the Teglimites: "Your mouth is a hole into which I shove hot coal." (he led with this)

I was the kumquat rainbow, and she was my myriad body spirit.

You were the stormy wildflower, she was the mountain of trust ...

I could take her in my arms and blend the sky like apple pie milkshake Sunday morning with pancake syrup and leftover taco meat ... and she would feel my touch, and I would grasp her bodice.

But the LOVE was contractual, per arrangements of blood magic, with Vortraxia of Torblem. Her armored witch houndrels would shoot down the mountainside in packs, in heat, in search of young flesh to ravage ... And what of those nuns? Those rocket-rubes? The people of Nordia'Toor.

If I could smell her scent, like it were morning time? If I could touch her in the desert like some rabid raccoon filled with putrescence and rage? Then I'd take my gallop time to the field of LOVE MAGIC and use my herbs and spices. But you would miss the point, and love is lost.

### ***Her magic touch ...***

It's like we're saying LOVE is an angel's arrow shot drunkenly from a cloud. Or, maybe even LOVE is an old gypsy with a rusty knife and angry

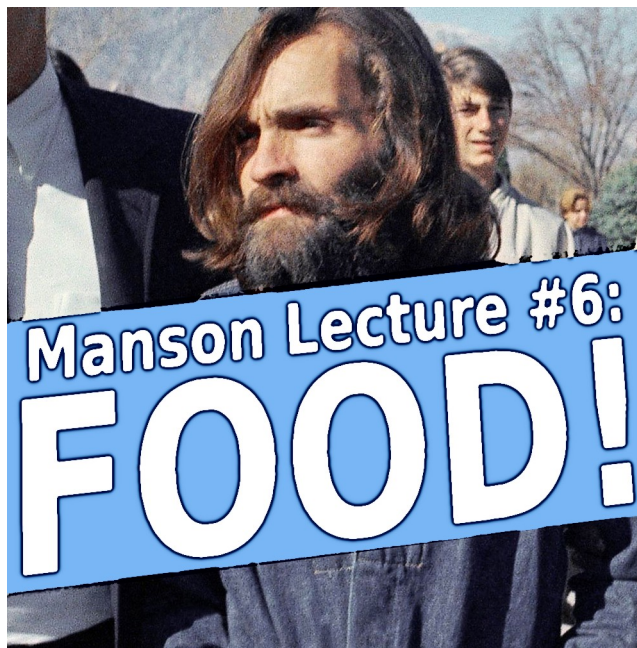
bloodshot eyes. That love is horns and greases and when SHE is tossed, here love ceases by the wayside of this highway of LOVE ... or dump. Love might be a dump.

I hear your words spirit child as you grasp at cosmic understanding. But her knives are rusty and covered in fish guts and even if you survive the wound of LOVE? - you will probably have a nasty infection and die. Love is the cosmos saying "ring around your collar". And fuck you.

There was this story of this guy. He was a guy who drove a truck. His truck was big and strong and could haul a lot of shit. ALL HE EVER DID was haul shit. He should have used that truck to run over hippies - this was him NOT listening to love. She's a truck running over hippies.

YOU CAN QUOTE ME: "LOVE is a TRUCK running over HIPPIES!"

"If you know love-magic, you know the heart of the beast." - Troggis



## [Manson Lecture 6: Food ... \(December 7th, 1997\)](#)

### ***Being hungry ...***

I was hungry, and the cop fed me mustard mead and dimbo-fat and the smashed animals the county workers found along the road; dried and grizzly, meager portions for wolf men.

I was in the hole and the cop tossed in two rats and an old cat and a man that had no hands. I was hungry. He smiled and laughed and took his cigarette and put it out in my belly button and said "see there BUM ... I can burn you!".

We are the struggle'rs that scrape by on donkey-grease and pickled feet and hornet droppings. We gather the yellow paste that is left behind after the late city summer rains. We congregate near 67th Street, where Crazy Klif makes blunket-tea and harvests the scorn eggs and baboon scat.

By the curb? - the wizard freak would sell sand-storm horses that were used as munkis. We BBQ'd those horses slowly, on spits, and savored their flesh in the summer light. But the hunger was deep and the french fry tempest could not be soothed by suckling on winter grapes, OK?

### ***AND THEN THE VOICE IS HEARD ...***

A voice coming from gentle field X-Y and containing golden smatterings of crispy delight. I could hear it clearly as the hookers were being chased down the street by pimps with dogs on chains ...

A broken voice of contempt, something from the shadows.

My demon speaker, my spirit voice uttered "GOORD" and showed me this sign ...

"The meat in the larder is rotten", and then GOORD was shown over the columns of the Lost City ... the city of scavengers and night people and the scrumbly folk that cover their bodies in dirt. GOORD was FOOD and FOOD was GOORD ... this is what I was told in the darkness of night.

"You will eat the feast of the city, as the sky turns red and yellow and the rain burns ...", the demon emissary stated - and in his voice was the crackling of white hot terror. You could see the smoke, in the air, in the sky. The swamp mist of devils dropping poison. The clouds of brown and black and poison and death. All the vitamins and minerals, floating down.

### ***Where?***

I was hungry. I stared into the obelisk of contradiction and found a hotdog labeled "truth". And the mustard was spent sexwax and the lettuce was just old dead leaves. We could go for days chasing hamsters, but instead we drank from the well of tomorrow land fortunes and harlots.

Colorado Harvey showed me the hieroglyphs ...

He showed me the old cave in Oak Park, not far from where they buried the uncle of Al Capone. He said there were people there, ancient people, who'd been on the run for 37,000 years. They called themselves "Odah", but their license said other names ... human names. They were the last, so they found a place.

Harvey said "see these SYMBOLS! ... this indicates a great bounty to the west ..."

"DAK MO YUUL", screamed Harvey.

It means "Clear Water Minerals", and this points to protein seas.

CLEAR THE MIND of toxic injunction, leaving the threadbare maidens waiting on drunk carousers as they hunt boar in the forest of wondering. The WATER is PURE mind-splash, and we can walk into those waters. MINERALS fill our insides with power-puss to make merry while the stale evening turns ripe and the monsters seek crow serum.

In the time of belly-back honey smoked gimlets? - we would spend our nights drinking the pus-whiskey of ghosts and shaman-lords and the lost frog people of Phoenix. In those days the Queen of Hospitality ran a cheap hotel, a place filled with bedbugs and mold and dying flesh looking for the fastest way out.

Harvey was the Gurn-Lord, he oversaw the great gates and allowed only those disreputable manifestations that had the mind-blindness of too much reading and too little fucking. The sands blew north that year and General Vrook took his armies to Montreal for a little fun ...

"TRAGAK" ... Harvey yelled again ...

With a tight fist and piercing/angry gazes ... he leads his sklunken-folk to the rail-race, as horses lose their legs to pale missionaries wearing old leather pants. If he could walk that trail to the waterfall and view into the pool he'd see where the fish were ... and the bones.

Dragons chase me through the swamps, as I look for fruits and vegetables and dead toads and old bones. Dragons leave their residue, and I gather it up and make a stew - I take old hog placentas and squirrel livers and the beaks from dead pigeons. All of this is gathered and all of this is the fruity pebbles ...

### **Food ...**

Food in the FIELDS awaiting harvest. The fruit of ages standing against the dusty forgotten times of dead winds and burning homes. The protein wench will have sausages and beef steaks and burgers and ribs and potato salad - but nowhere in this can we find salsa? NO! The spice will be left for others, and the currant will be thrown into the mix.

"CHANGE YOUR FLUIDS!" cried TOOBLAX, as demon sorcerers made their way to my prison cell and sold me a vision of bacon and eggs and forbidden toast.

CANDY?

CHILI?



TACO SALAD?

THAI FOOD?

These other voices of FOOD will tell you of zesty and savory, but not the honest perspective of a man chasing down another man ...

A man, in the night, covered in grindo-sweat ... fists caked with dried blood ... A MAN seeking flesh to gnaw on and marrow to suckle? This creature is a hunter ... a finder ... a careless knave ... too uninterested in survival to find it.

### ***The flesh?***

The flesh is found clearly by the roadside, not far from the travelers. It is found in the meadow, off the road, where that old woman was killed. It's hiding monkey-pie and Alabama sausage gators and old worn out cotton candy killers using snake-knives and rope covered in broken glass ... The flesh is filled with desire and desire for FOOD and WHAT IS FOOD?

Food is WHAT you stick in your mouth man ...

(it's what you eat)



## Manson Lecture 7: Home improvements ... (December 16th, 1997)

*A home someplace ...*

Home improvements begin with walls and feet and chainsaw dreams. You can build your home out of turnip wax and old newspaper and the shit left behind by the cops when they're done beating those homeless people to death. You can take the bones and mark your spots and build a home. And homes need work.

If I am your carpenter of new-modes, then you can be my architect of love ...

I am a builder of things and stuff.

I am your leopard king, I am the scarlet foe ... if you had grapes? - I could mash them into summer wine and breed wild chickens by the road. And you talk of BIG MEN like Bugliosi? - he is the carpenter ant living in my attic. He is the forgone conclusion to a story of sadness. RID YOURSELF OF PESTS ... your own measles will spread through the poorer districts, and then comes the slaughter of dolphins.

And seek lighter charm in the cottage by the coconut grove, not far from where the family buried those old hobos ...

Those nice places, in good charming settings ... pastoral bullshit.

I saw an ice palace when I was a boy. I saw Santa and his elves and the reindeer feeding on the carcasses of dead elk and their faces were covered in musk-smear. They shivered because their own hearts were too HOT and their skin was fragile glass. And I pulled out my gun and shot.

Some speed freak told me "Charlie, that home is too small". And I smiled, and looked at him, and picked up a rock and bashed his face in. MY HOME is JUST BIG ENOUGH, but my heart will always be too small for you SOBs. And I tore out his heart, buried it out back.

### ***Bathrooms***

Conglimek-7 people have 4 poop holes. If you don't take into consideration the number and location of these orifices? - you will have terrible outcomes in the bathroom zone. Sub-freaks, jack'ers, riggly-mott fiends seeking heroin hostages will do most of their cutting in the bathroom. You need smooth and hard surfaces, with the faint patina of blood ...

The bathroom is where you bond with TOTAL-YOU-SAUCE ... your own essence, sign, scat, is the thing that stains your heart.

IN the grit there are living ecosystems of transcendent love and expectation. There are germ colonies, meager in stature, growing to consume your toilet seat cover. There is a new sweat covering the old brandy style towel holders - and you mock the LORD TOOG?

"YOU CAN'T SEE YOUR NUMBER TWO!", cried TOOG, as logs drifted down the river.

### ***Backyard***

I'm just trying to hunt bumpis-beast, and not die in the horkey-farms, covered in filth and grease and old gizzards from long dead lunch.

A backyard is for getting rid of problems ...

You have space in your mind to expand, but the BEAST needs rest. You till the ground of your barren heart there, planting seeds of tomorrow's ruin. In the blood times, you meet old spirits there and congregate with forbidden witches of delight. The backyard is for playing and building and drilling and cutting and burying ...

Bury stuff there ...

### ***Kitchen***

Kitchens should be filled with love. Every kitchen should be a Tupperware kitchen, and all food should be placed in plastic bowls. There should be garbage cans for all the spare parts, tender compartments of totalistic love-energy.

The fridge should be HUGE, with space to GROW!

You need a big ice box for leftovers, for the shady things that were hidden in yesterday's mirth, as some solo hitchhiker is taken to the back and tied up and drained of fluids and left to be eaten by ants ...

YOUR OVEN NEEDS TO BE READY ...

Ready to make hot meals for cool friends, people you meet at the bus stop at 2 AM looking for some crank or crack or smack or maybe a little PCP ...

Drawers with knives.

By the year 2021, everyone will eat ass-cream. Ass-cream will replace ice-cream as a cool delight ... you can have an ass-cream maker, in your kitchen. People get tired of using old wooden spoons to sift the ass-cream from out of their butts.

### ***Bedroom***

Squalor ...

A bedroom should be covered in old newspaper and crickets and sadness. There should be an old used up wench named Tessa that guards the bed, her eyes glazed over, body stink everywhere, a tight t-shirt and ratty underwear. She lunges at you with her fangs and claws and you wrestle her to the bed.

A bedroom should have a closet, filled with hammers ...

A bedroom should have a wardrobe and a dresser and a chair to sit on.

There should be a window, and when you look out into the morning you can identify the victims of tomorrow's schemes ...

### ***Garage***

YOU HAVE AN AX COLLECTION ... where ya gonna put it?

You have stuff in boxes, old boxes, covered in mold and old cat hair and they smell of grandma and the nursing home ... you can stick these old boxes in the garage too.

You have conflicts, issues, with your neighbors ...

You can create a little jail cell in your garage and put your neighbors in it. I'd call mine "Charlie's Fun Time Space" ... and I'd sound proof it ... and I'd keep you tied up in there, for weeks, before anyone would find out.

### ***Attic***

There's always some noise, coming from up there. A creaky old noise of some hag that was knocked out with a lead pipe and left up there, concussed and bleeding from a skull fracture ... her husband dead for 20 years ... kids that never visit her ... just loneliness.

That's what you do with the attic.

### ***Basement***

The basement is for time-gathering. It is a place of making wine and splaying out old corpses and celebrating dark rites in the coolness of a mold haven.

The basement should be moist and slimy and covered in green goo that glows in the dark. It should be like Lovecraft's catacombs in *The Rats in the Walls* ...

The basement is for old catholic school nuns and teachers that swore you'd die in a ditch someplace north of Topeka.



## [Manson Lecture 8: Cooking Out with Friends ... \(December 22nd, 1997\)](#)

### ***Squeaky Has a Hangover***

We'd been at Spahn Ranch for about 6 months ... maybe a year ...

Squeaky had been hanging out, down by the cambio, where thrunkets had been burning bodies to scare away the rat-toads. "I can't find no help down there", she screamed to anyone that walked by. They kicked her out to find her own paste, and she ended up wasted on white-lightning and then came my way for renewal ...

"Why don't you take your love meat to me no more Charlie?", squeaky moaned, wearing her torn up sun dress and covered in 8 days of filth.

"You get cleaned up ..."

"Fuck YOU Charlie ..."

"You get cleaned up Squeaky, and I'll take my pipe and blow you a tune."

She stuck her tongue out at me, threw a rock at my head, and ran off behind the faux-deo, where there were fake cows eating fake grass ...

Several days later, after Tex and I had got done burying those hookers ... we went to check up on Squeaky ...

"Hun ..."

"Yeah ..."

"Hun, you coming back to supper with the family?"

"Nah, I'm drinking piss-whiskey Chuck ..."

After several attempts, I told Squeaky I was going to have a BBQ, a cookout, in honor of her and her womanhood and her life and her flesh and her soul-vibrations and her lovely personality. We'd drink and eat in honor of Squeaky ...

Squeaky smiled and said "what ya gonna cook?"

### ***What to Cook?***

Tex and I had been out for days ... chasing tail ... hunting h'ringus meat and darlings down by the Broken Arrow Ranch in Redding. We met up with some old friends, buddies of ours from prison days, and we had a great fete. We set up this huge bonfire, and we got angry and drunk and crazy and sang songs of hunting meat in the night, and chasing it down.

When Squeaky had asked about the menu, my thoughts were unclear ...

"You have more h'ringus left, don't ya?"

"Nah Tex, we gave half of it to the Hell's Angels, and the other chunk to the scrumbics who were worshiping BAAL down by the water."

But Tex did point out that the scrumbics had a loyal proselyte named V'runda, and he worked in power-magic and Texas style cookouts. You can't always tell with the scrumbics, they conceived of a 8 eyed demigod named Aargoz, and his penis was 800 feet long, and he inseminated the whole universe ...

So I called up the scrumbic master, Shaman Douglas, and he said V'runda was catering a Satanic wedding but he would be available by 8 PM, and he would bring the meat ...

So that was great ... we had the universe working with us. You have to open your spirit windows to allow the great cosmic energy to penetrate your mind-gina ... Women have a va-gina ... but all beings have a mind-gina ... And we needed to pop that cherry.

## V'runda Has a Seizure

V'runda showed up at 9 PM, and Squeaky had already been drinking the Sterno by then ... she'd made Sterno-jelly-shots and mixed in old cocoa and lamb's blood and d'risket pudding and other things she found growing by the abandoned caves ...

"You ready?", V'runda asked.

Most of our cadre was passed out around the fire pit. Round one of coco-shrooms was complete. Coco-shrooms were a mixture of psychedelic mushrooms and cocaine - you then add raw chocolate and mix with warm milk and vodka. We usually did 5 to 20 shots of coco-shrooms a night.

"YOU GUYS ALL DRUNK!", cried V'runda.

At that point I woke from a dream. In my dream, I had been flying in the Land of Takkas, being chased by gornet-birds and whisper-hawks. I was dressed in a golden cape and a silver codpiece and fists of glowing red hot titanium. I was seeking my queen, my love goop, my holy guacamole. I was chasing after that fever that kills the old and banishes the young. I was caught in the eternal lie.

"I've brought something special ...", V'runda smiled and poked me with stick.

"What you got skunkis-snake?"

"I brought yeeler-dogs ..."

At that moment our whole party awoke. They had yeeler-dogs a while back, while hanging with the Beach Boys and writing musics. Yeeler-dogs were made of old aged cheese and wild boar from Germany and Danish ham scraps and other stuff ... scary stuff ... we're not supposed to talk about. Yeeler-dogs ... it was a Squeaky party.

You run OUT of hotdogs, then what?

The party had been going for about 5 hours ... it was 1 or 2 AM, and Squeaky was leading the group in weird songs about sand vibrations and the genital crabs she got, and never got rid of, in San Diego. V'runda looked at me, shook his head ...

"We're out of dogs ..."

"No more dogs?"



"No more dogs ..."

So I had to give the after dinner speech.

"Children, listen up ...", I said. "The challenges of our age exist in the protein sauce reunion of the woman-beast with the man-child. We can't just bounce around, without a sense of cookie charm. We can't just eat the weeds and grind the sand to make tamales ... our destiny is to find MAGIC in the puddles. We can spend all night eating yeeler-meat ... or ... OR WE CAN DANCE AND FROLIC AND FIGHT AND HUNT AND BLEED AND BREED ..."

The whole speech lasted about an hour ... by then, the clan was restless.

### ***ADF: After Dinner Fun***

Squeaky was twitching, in a fetal position ... her hands covered in blood. And we had to clean her up ... the whole thing was blowing open towards starlight mystery.

We'd decided to run down to Clif's place, not far from Laurel Canyon ...

Clif had whale-paste - this stuff the Japanese whalers sucked out of the adrenal glands of sperm whales they killed. This was the strongest and purest adrenocrhome you could possibly get your hands on ...

### ***C9H9N03***

C9: 9 angels there for Charlie ...

H9: 9 hounds chasing Charlie ...

N03: 3 times I am told NO by QUEEN URONA ...

Clif wasn't awake, he was passed out watching Dragnet. Squeaky yelled at his house for 30 minutes, then she picked up a rock and busted out the plate glass window in front ... this startled Clif ...

"What the FUCK is going on out there?"

Squeaky, enraged and disassociated, picked up one of the jagged decorative rocks from Clif's front yard and beat him to death with

it ... she was covered in blood. She ran into the house, stole all the whale-paste from Clif's fridge, and we went back to Spahn Ranch.

Closing it OUT and Cleaning it UP

Cooking-out for friends, like Squeaky, is never easy ...

We took the whale-paste back, we drank and cheered the new morning ...

We ate sunrise tacos and made love and covered our bodies in whale-paste and smoked pot and did some cocaine and took a nap ...

And after all this?

There was love.

(love man)



## [Manson Lecture 9: Mystery Hotel ... \(December 27th, 1997\)](#)

### *Slouching towards Gomorrah's slash-pad ...*

In September of 67', I was still a lonesome traveler with few amigos.

I had hunted skeel-mack while in the hoosegow and now my back was broken by it. I knew I needed the warmth of my iron and concrete mother, but I also saw a glimmer of wet hope in the brownish rain of California and its many miracles. I took a ride down there ... with a girl who had blonde hair and a black heart ... we tasted the moist west coast mornings and jingled our groin-shredders.

She used me ... I used her ... a one time token from a monkey-god in the mountains ...

I dropped that body off and then met up with some old friends ... Carla and Bigz.

Carla and Bigz were with me in those days, taking turns with the castaway freaks off of Boblimptock AVE ... Bigz was a pimp and a hustler and a rustler and a poet-magician ... Bigz ran hookers here and there and in San Francisco ... they called him the San Francisco Treat.

### *Carla?*

Carla was a cloven woman, a tribe-breeder, a master of coinic-arts and jumbly-juice surprise. She had 20 kids she didn't know about, she gave

birth while passed out on grapefruit wine. She was a hooker and a lover and a builder of pain castles ...

Carla and I would take walks where the floaters would be sitting out on the bay. Me and Carla would grab stones and sit at the pier all day ... trying to skip rocks over the corpses floating in the sea. Carla would always drink some rum each time she won, and she won a LOT ... so many bodies.

How did I meet Carla? - we used to hang out at the Tuddsler Lounge looking for cocaine, me and my crew ... and then Sluggo said "go down to Prairie Street and look for a hooker named Carla ... she's hairy and angry and covered in boils and rashes and scars that go deep ... deep to the bone. Heroin holes, mold banquet". That's when I first met her, my Dirt Queen.

I told Carla, "... you will be my bar room princess, I will be your buffalo king", Bigz made fun of me ... I took a beer bottle and broke it off and shoved it into his face ... he's not smiling no more.

We had to be on the run ... we had to move ... we needed to travel and to sleep ...

It's like you arrived yesterday but wanted to get here tomorrow.

### ***Northwest winds ...***

When you trap a love-angel in the smiggis? - you leave her broken in a dirty bed, with nasty old blankets and sheets and bedbugs and a stink of some dread deed that happened years ago, but the ghosts still haunt the bathtub where the shotgun blast rung out. Then it's just over. That's how those days and nights felt, traveling the coast, looking for a place to "stay".

"I love your soul colors ... your color is crystal green palace flower ...", Carla said to Bigz. Bigz, who was driving the car, flicked the coals from his lit cigarette back on Carla's nice little white dress ... "YOU SUMMA BITCH! I'LL KILL YA!", Carla screamed ... but Bigz kept trucking.

When you can find the sparrow realm, you can find the misty mountains of Thai style massage paradise, where Glungis-Kings ravage the milk-maidens of those eastern regions and the old guard sells rooms to dark figures, doing surgery, late at night. And your last buck is in hock. I could sense some place opening up, where we could find respite ... where we could "stay" and be welcome to stay ...

You stop by the filling station and steal their loot and set fire to their pumps and an old Navaho injun looks at you, right into your eyes and says, "... he was a teacher, he never meant to hurt ... he was just a poet, living in a demon world, surrounded by darkness ...", that's what the Navaho spirit said ... and you look at that old wino shaman and take your brass knuckles and wipe that smug injun look off that old man's face ... and then you pay the gas station attendant.

The sklinkus fist is the gird pistol, and you can't stop chasing the dragon until the dragon has chased you up a tree ... and your true love is hanging from the tree ... and you feel a longing for those Miracle Whip days of freebie carrying on and busted up temples, smoking hot. I got done beating the injun, and my gird pistol was covered in dried blood - turning black.

You behold the truncheon ruin, when cops and guards and nurses and nuns ... covered in spikes ... chase your naked and quivering body down the street. And you try to hide in a culvert of your own despair, but it's Valentine's Day, and everyone will burn. Just eat the candy.

"Is that a hotel up there?", I asked Bigz.

"Shit ... that's the Winston, we don't want to stay there ..."

"Why?"

"That's where those hookers disappeared ..."

"Then that's where we're staying ..."

And Bigz pulled into the parking lot, and Carla awoke from her nap.

### ***Hotel Winston***

Crabs ... the crabs live in the dead brains of miserable pimps working near 13th and Shipton ... where that old man got hammer drunk and fed poison to the fish-women of Chinatown ... and then after he hacked to death 65 people in a pure rage ... those were the thoughts in my head as we checked in.

The guy at the desk was young and angry and his eyes were jaundiced ...

"You want a room?", he asked.

"Fuck yeah ... big enough for my whole family ..."

"That's extra charge ... for 3 in 2 ..."

"3 in what?"

"3 people in a 2 person room ..."

"YOU FUCKER?"

I stared at that skunk face, making my face look all weird ... and he relented to the normal overnight fee ... \$6.

We saw the room ... urine and vomit not yet dry, beds wet with stink and bleach ... something bad had happened, was happening, would keep happening ... and no one was going to clean up this scar in the universe. Some scars are re-opened forever ...

My crinkle ass got stuck in the place it seems, that hotel covered in yellow bile and the cracks in the toilets and the mold eating away our our love affair? You couldn't break my heart because I'd sold it to a shaman for 20 gold nuggets and a pound of premium weed. You can't stop it. You get taken down a notch by life. Your love lays there, motionless in the bed, leaving her sweat upon the polyester covers ... colored a desert theme, with cowboys killing injuns and mankind torn apart by mirror scorn. You can see her body, and you know she's dead, you did it.

We dropped off our stuff, and then Bigz and I left Carla in the room to do some exploring ...

But you can't just leave her there, Carla ... you have to tie her up. Her body is her mind-cathedral. The Towers of Dagon stand guard against cotton candy miracles and cigarette outings ... you stare long at the red eyes of that demon and you see your cougar self, and the pus drips hardy from your old wounds. She will tear the place apart, she will kill and shrill and thrill ... we had to tie her up.

"... my wine trail was a blood line to the virgin hills of northern California. My breath filled your love-zone with splendid juice ...", Carla said as we left.

I Told her: "I love you baby. We could rage down by the corner with old Griggis and the Flimsy Twins ... we could cook up some scrag and clean out our veins and find the hooker paradise in Fresno. We could, if we had hands covered in demon grease and a heart welded shut by an arc welder."

### ***Carla had that LSD stare ...***

Carla was the TIGRIS PRIESTESS, she held my heart with metal tongs. I rolled in the grasses of her summer valley and we suckled on blood-grapes. Tired old spinsters made us a quilt, and we soiled it with our love grease and then set fire to their wispy old home. Cronos die badly. We were free to touch our energy cubes ...

"Leave the lointment cream", muttered Carla as I locked the door behind us ...

### ***15th Floor ...***

Bigz and I went up to the 15th floor.

Where could we go? - if we'd had the time? - we would'a built robot armies and computers the size of buildings ... we would'a got men and women and their precious monkey-oils connected in some super fricassee of painful watching, dread mourning and a heartless night.

Bigz and I chased an old couple down the hallway, and then we came to a door labeled: "SADNESS"

And we could smell a new stink, a stranger fragrance of those torrid nights spent hunting spunk whales.

We ran into another fucker ... in the hallway ... shooting up heroin. I said "D'lingus! Take thy sword out of my shaft and stop your drinking and smoking ..." All he could do was pick up an old 2x4 and beat me near to death. He said he was sorry. He bought me a coke. I waited several days and crushed his skull with an old chunk of rip-rap, over.

We were setting new limits ... and we needed to sleep, so we went back to the bedroom to check on Carla and get into bed ...

### ***Checking OUT***

The unbroken promise of two mingled as one and then fried and cooked and barred from the Gates of T'ovish where muskrat-dragons wage war on old burnt out ape-weasels. The whole thing costs \$5 ... and you can watch and the women will pee in your mouth when they're done. See it?

You can't pay in money when checking out ...

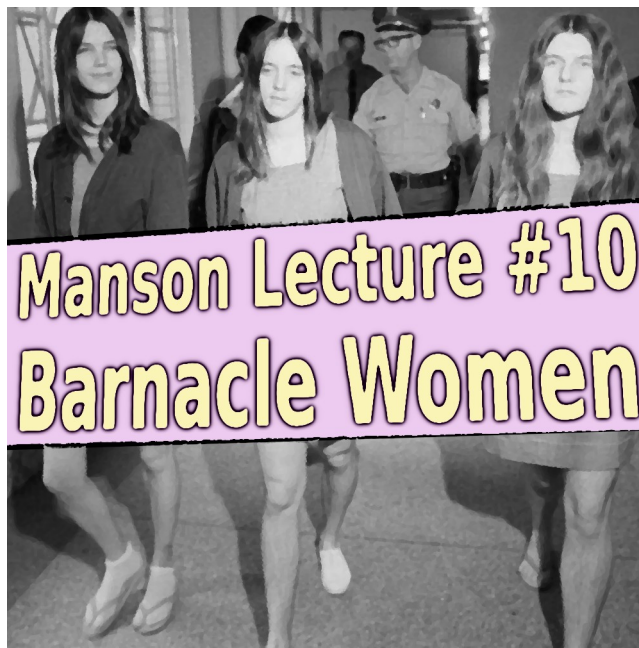
The hotel is an energy dam, designed to store the mind-thoughts of cretins and marlins and old eagles driven mad by whiskey magic ...

The hotel is meant for goombah-freaks and jellybean heads and tormented lovers readying themselves for the final feast ...

I will burn it down ...

(all of it)





## [Manson Lecture 10: Barnacle Women \(Jan 6th, 1998\)](#)

*Some fuck head ...*

The other day a guard came to my cell. He said "CHUCK what the FUCK?" and tossed a dirty, nasty, used tampon at me ... I took that thing and I put it in between two slices of Wonder BREAD and I started eating it ... and I could taste the curdled and dried blood and the juices of womanhood and the disease of LIFE.

They do this, the guards ...

Come by my cell and taunt me with their demon glare and the female guards ... like "Brenda the BITCH" ... y'all know who I'm speaking of ... any who, that fucking ho will fart through the bars and call me limp dick and toss old cottage cheese at me ... fuck.

And it got me thinking about women.

There are so many kinds of women, and we need to be careful. Our male power is contained in our tube-magic. Our magic is the cosmic grease which spins this world to and fro and mixes the milkshake of historical significance baby ...

There are kind and gentle women, women who bake bread and sing songs and make love on the summer grass ...

There are hag witch women who tear you apart with their goth looks and their slinky dresses and all the needle tracks on their white, clammy, inner things ...

These are all terrible.

A man needs to seek the love of a barnacle-woman.

The two-toothed male hooker, Marty? - he remembered finding the cootie goop below the 3RD MASTER of T'eglos. He had 6 johns waiting on him, they all paid in silver and bullets and belts. He showed me the hole and I saw the goddess spread her wings and steal my smoke-blender ...

That's what you're left with ... old stale miserable wet dreams.

### ***Seaside Surprise***

I took the short path to Eden, after the monkey-crows of Compton chased me to Malibu. I got high and took a hammer to Slim. Slim passed out and his head was bleeding and this did not go unnoticed ...

We were crazy and making way and waves and the BEACH BOYS were making music with us and then Jo-Jo said "Hey CHUCK, why don't we FUCK ..."

She was a hot one, Jo-Jo ...

She had black hair, and freckled skin that was sunburned ... she wore an old t-shirt and tore up jeans and a Navy p-coat. When she pulled down her pants you could tell she was ripe and ready for action.

BUT THIS WAS NOT THE FINALITY OF THE THING ...

If you open your third eye to the glowing goddess of retribution? - you can see that green speck and it lurks behind the eyeballs of your own dogged bullshit. Your mind is melting from old sweaty coins you shoved in your ears and your stool is turning blue. After all this, you cannot find your way to the meat palace and old bitch wardens will twist your nuts.

CAST YOUR WISHES UPON THE SEA GRASS ...

Take time to smell the waffle-turtles that gather near the shore ...

Burn the sunbathers with napalm surprises and take their ashes and spread them among the bird-scrags of San Luis Obispo ... a place where old monks worship DAGON and serve 8 masters of disguise.

IN THAT WORLD: you are the muskrat warrior, and she is your queen of delight ...

And after 700 years your heart will turn to glass.

*Her trip is your death ...*

You can't take that trip. The trip befalls a man running from a snake goddess covered in twimby-grease. And bucket-eagles search for small rats living in the high rise condo where you painted over the bullet holes in the ceiling. And the monkey priest says GO ... so you GO.

The girls I've known are speed freaks and lucky loons and crippled hearts from old time'y story book land. They carry purses filled with tampons and cigarettes and tickets to old movies they've seen ... alone.

The girls I've known travel in packs and hiss and are ready for action. They have spiked out hair and erratic glances and take their time when massaging your cock ... those women. Capital thinking from that sweet fleet of cherry chicks, all of whom carried switchblades inside their dresses and under their boobs and would cut you ... cut you deep.

This is why we are stuck, brothers, in these prisons of our mind: women ...

IS THERE NO ESCAPE FROM THIS BULLSHIT?

The ride ain't cheap - but if you stand on the corner of 11th and Boblimptock AVE and seek out Hera the girth-mistress of Central Town? - you can take her to the castle and see the wizards and talk over the spell that will take you beyond ...

In her flight she will wing you to the heavens and there you will see women covered in layers of love and death and rock and fury ... these are the MOUNTAIN WOMEN of MARS ... these are the women we should launch into space.

*Barnacle Women*

These are the women of the city. They hunt beaver-bass by the old mill where the harlot bishops hold court with rat banshees. All of this is left for the taking if you have the heart of a spent ho lost on the world stage and bleeding from every hole.

The women are hardy and sturdy and their legs are covered in hair ...

They speak 5 languages and know kung-fu and they can bend in all directions to leave their smear upon the stale old crust of that bedeviled wilderness. DO YOU HEAR ME FUCKER?

Deliver to the goddess the 10 drinks of honey-piss and give her the golden shower. Devour her love chili if she serves it up, but discard the overused condoms ... remember, you can use a condom twice ... if you've been exposed to radiation.

THIS IS OF GREATER IMPORTANCE THAN WATER: breathe the free spirit of her BARNACLE JUICE ... her skin will be rough, coarse, covered in calcium deposits and old sins. Her mind will be split and shifty, but in her eyes you will find the chasm and the organic exploration of soul NAZIs and spiritual time-vampires.





### Manson Lecture 11: CREAGLE! (Jan 26th, 1998)

*It was foretold ...*

We played dominoes in the caves near Rome. There, an old priest said "go see Milner Yurk ... he has the powder". We took that priest and his wine and his nuns and tossed all them into the back of our woody and went on to the beach ... we couldn't grasp it, what was ahead. We drank the merry trumpets of lost wandering goat herders ... we had blankets made of light.

At Cherry Beach, the priest drowned and the nuns were left to cook on the sand ... all naked and choice. We took the peyote that old Mexican gave to me, and we went OUT THERE MAN ... we saw lightning bolt sentinels and razor kings and old beings that live deep below the outer crust of this mungie old world made of cabbage rot.

Trev ... he said "look at the sky, there's an eagle and a raven ... and they're making love ..."

And I saw light gleaming from a sight not fully understood by our meat heads ... we couldn't grasp it man. The whole thing ... that damn raven or crow ... that mother fucking eagle ... making love at 2,000 feet and then dropping, oh so gently, to complete their act before striking the ground?

Back then? - I hung with Nick, and Rascal, and Old Flombo, and that clown from sector-90 of our forgotten failed lives and dreary pesticide discos ... and I hung with Phil ... Phil the MERC ... crazy phil.

Phil had the weapons and the know-how ...

Phil had grudges ... lots of grudges.

Phil was someone who'd seen into the face of the DEVIL and come out swinging.

### ***My wood alcohol vision ...***

"All the mingus freaks of sector 3 will achieve total consciousness ...", Crazy Phil mumbled this after seeing the therapist. He saw Dr. Tess every third Tuesday. She'd ask you about your thoughts and your nuts and your anus and your sleep and your childhood. She'd give you pills and say "don't do drugs" ... She'd laugh at you, as she mocked your sins. She had simple answers, for life's catastrophes ... She was made of old sweat shorts.

Phil would talk about the NAM and all the gooks he's killed and all the wet work he did in El Salvador and all the nuns he buried there. He was my cell mate for a year, maybe two. He told me mad things, things that would keep you up at night ... sleepless nights of mad crazy thoughts.

"Once they connect? - then COMES CREAGLE ..."

Phil muttered "creagle" constantly ... telling me about crows and ravens and parrots and bald eagles. He was convinced that a super raven was about to arise to clean up the mess of the world and punish mankind for its totalistic bullshit.

I told Phil of my strange vision ... that thing happening in the sky above Cherry Beach ... so wickedly delightful and impossible and powerful. It was all going to happen no matter what ...

Phil was amused and deeply focused on what I was saying.

"IMAGINE THE CREAGLE!", screaming at the top of my lungs at Phil.

The intelligence of the crow, the raven ...

The strength and size of the eagle ...

These new birds fit a new age: an age of oil arbitrage, blood for gold schemes, rivers that catch fire, filet-o-fish that have visible, yet cooked, tumors inside them ... and you eat that thing like it's a joke ... a taunt ... like you're saying "so WHAT UNIVERSE ... I'll eat the tumor fish and the cancer crabs and the weird birds that have strange twitches ... I'll eat monkey pie and ape souffle and I will dine on panda at midnight .... FUCK YOU UNIVERSE".

No doubt the CREAGLES are coming gents ...

An age, in the not too distant future, when giant raven-hawks will rule the inner cities, and children will tell scare stories of "creagles taking them in the night" ...

A time of running screaming mobs of filthy humans, being ravaged by creagle ... their bodies torn apart in the acid raid.

### *Going to GOSHEN ...*

The hang glider lie is put forward by Kissinger's banter men, and Nixon slides his membership ring into the eternal wad market. Scortals and ringlet mercs carry bronze swords and keel over. Re-gendered self-harm is the coal for this fire, and goat barons will build a fortress to KING Uurt!

THIS WAS BAD ...

We needed to hunt the CREAGLE ...

I could stand in the wild and smell the weird angel flowers. I'd make myself small before the throggen-klass and bear the burden of my children's sins. That's where the CREAGLE came from ... our many sins.

The CREAGLE was born of fire and wind and rain and blood. The creagle came from the grimacing darkness of that wench whore realm known as LIFE - the ooze from which all things arise.

So we went to the woods and the hills and the mountains ... we hired boatmen and churchmen ... we built a trebuchet called disappointment, and we launched vomit missiles at our foe ...

About a days journey in, the vibrations of the CREAGLE could be felt ...

I sense it, Phil did too ...



Phil brought his M-60 machine gun ...

I brought a machete named Larry ...

After finding its scat, its poop, we followed a trail of poop and discarded cats and dogs ... and the smell of garbage ... we knew we were nearing the home of the CREAGLE.

"IS THAT THE CREAGLES?!?", Phil cried out ... he had been double dosing cocaine and mescaline and whiskey and cigarettes ...

"FUCK ... fuck ... I dunno Phil ..."

"IS THAT THE CREAGLES ...", and at that moment 25 creagle came down and grabbed Phil and tore at his nut sack and bit into him repeatedly ...

I swung my machete at those dread beasts and Phil stabbed blindly as the creagle fed on him ...

Luckily: I had a smoke grenade Phil had given me, and I tossed that fucker at Phil and the creagle scattered ...

I grabbed Phil, and we made it back to town.

Phil and I were welcomed as heroes, the "Creagle Fighters" ...

Phil got better, he fell in love. They made Phil the mayor of the town. Phil became obsessed with Campbell Soup ... Phil began hunting humans, he buried them under the shed ...

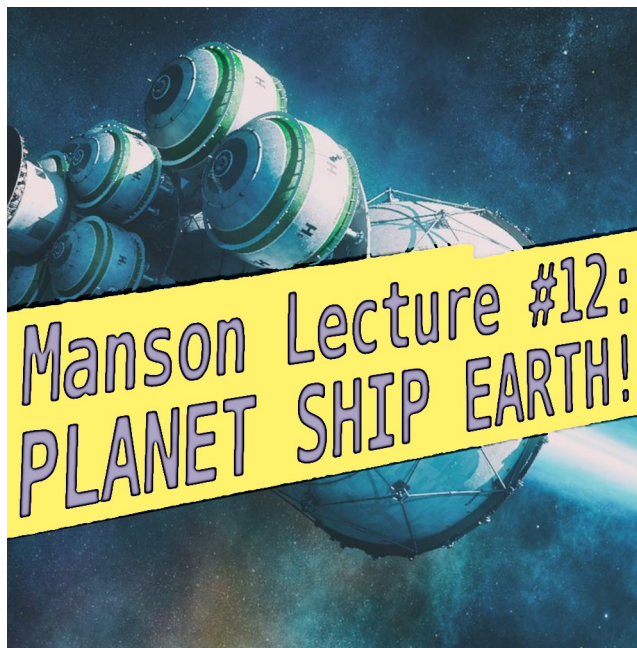
### ***Habitat of the CREAGLE ...***

CREAGLE live to be 50 years old ... sometimes older, if they stop drinking beer and exercise a little.

CREAGLE can weigh up to 60 pounds, and they will often hunt small dogs and cats and they are VERY FOND of french bulldogs and the children of Danish people ...

CREAGLE drinks gasoline and diesel and cocaine-whiskey and dreams. CREAGLE lives on love that has vanished and a world filled with crimson rage. CREAGLE WANTS your gold and your life and your spirit juices and your POWER-CRYSTAL ... and all your memories of things welcome but long past and meant to be displayed as you die in a car wreck ... next year.

CREAGLE will have your soul, and your elbows ...



## Manson Lecture 12: Planet-Ship-Earth! (Jan 29th, 1998)

### *Space ...*

I am a hobo-shaman-time-traveler with laser beam grip ... Some guy said "look up at the sky", so I did. All I saw was anger and discharge and grifter nonsense ... when I looked up at space. They say I'm a PIMP? - but look how they pimp out space ...

I came here long ago to dance with your chieftain's women and to steal his hogs and to cure his bacon ... I could have fixed your car ... but I wanted you to break down on that road. I wanted strumbo-freaks to steal your cats. I wanted old KYLE to find your gold, and take your pot.

I was echelon leader, staggering the kill-queens across seven districts. The STAR PIMP loaded his whore-base and came across the galaxy to lay siege and to lather the Earth in black light revealing protein stains. Can you smell it?

Baphomet's horde watches from moon towers. His glaring eyes blaze a trail of nonsense for jet set grumpies mixing pills with vodka and chopping up their dogs for mustard. The eel kings were beset with troubles protecting space paths to Mars, and many old wench women died along the star trail to Venus ...

Moon men will spin lies. They'll tell you they live on Mars and drive cars and have whores and hunt boars. They'll tell you a story of their

moon-wench and her golden corset and the hammer of silver he keeps in his drawer at work? And how he beat that guy to death with that hammer? and you can stare at him all day, but he won't share his cocaine.

So I will give TO YOU the true history of our world ...

I give you the eternal cosmology ...

### ***The great fall of those peoples ...***

Black holes will hold you in their grasp ... across reticuli 18 and angle of function 2 ... where 13's are 6's and your eyes glow red with the eternal baptism of mankind's grease sins. And your own tension destroys you. And car-kit Koreans sell their bread by the side of the road, and old fogies smoke stogies while hunting quiver bass.

78,000 YORG AGO, when elf-timber was harvested in T'radoz, Jurgen Keeg, first mordic-monk to the H'leptic order of Toov? - yeah ... he said that the great hole was an eater, a devouring beastress. The planet T'longoo was being pulled into the great chasm, and so the witches and nun-herders met at the palace of H'rontic-boo and laid out a plan of unimaginative power and splendid spectacular vistas of love ...

They said "let's build some kind of fucking ship ..."

"It's gotta be a ship that's big, and real, and keeps going, for millions of years if need be ... We'll take apart our solar system, our great sun, the belts, the giants ... we'll take all the matter in our solar system and build a great 1G ship", and so Fer-Master-Gergen continued ...

"The peoples shall live in a great domed world at one end, but they'll think they're still living on their home world so they don't lose fucking hope, and they keep paying taxes ... they'll eat protein cubes and guzzle maggot juice and hunt sky panthers ... they will frolic and fuck and enjoy the crystal light magic of post LSD orgasmic wonderment ...", Gergen screamed.

So those fucking people built their fucking ship ... and this is the story of EARTH.

### ***The construction of the ship ...***

The ship was 50,000 miles long ...

10,000 miles in diameter ...

At one end? - a great domed space, where life was controlled and fed mix spectral light energy, but everything on the dome was a projection, a lie ...

At the other end? - a great fusion drive, that provided 1G (or greater) acceleration, with moderate variability ...

Along the side giant deuterium and tritium tanks, two of them, 2,000 miles in diameter.

The ship had a managed internal eco-system, and 2 frozen crewmates, and 1 frozen captain. The captain, Captain Tooley, would awaken from his hyper sleep every 7 or 8 thousand years, observe the systems regulatory databases, and then decide what to do ...

If things are "ok" in the domed world, the captain does nothing ... and goes back to sleep for another 7 or 8 or 10 thousand years ...

But if shit ain't right?

If people are "peeing in the pools" so to speak?

If crap is out of control?

The captain can push the "TILT" button, and turn on the super conductive magnet system for shaking shit up ... and cause earthquakes and floods and fires and bishops and flame throwers and crow beasts with eyes that GLOW like burning green coals. The captain pushes "TILT" and it all goes wonky, and the fucking humans are taught a lesson ... and it's all shaky bake'y from there on man ...

After about 4 or 5 "dome years" of "TILT", the great chipper/crusher breaks down the previous world, re-cycles the organics, prints new versions of all species at reset point. Re-charges and cleans polluted soils and waters ... it's a fresh start ... a "TILT" ... a reset.

### ***Trapped ...***

Early in the voyage, the great ship became trapped in the gravity of HOLTRESS, the great hole. The weird physico-dynamical-bullshit enabled an eternal acceleration of 1G without ever reaching the speed of light, or escaping the near event horizon thingy of this super big nasty black hole ...

It's like the grasp of a Tennessee hooker. She'll say "give me china white" and she'll massage your crotch and drink whisky and sell you cigarettes - but her heart is onyx stone, and her mind is on fire with stabbings. She'll bring you into her trailer, but she'll leave you by the hollow, where the raccoons can feed on you ...

The ship, the great ship, perpetually trapped by the super massive black hole - to never escape, to always experience 1G acceleration ... more or less ... unless the captain presses "TILT".

The rock band which signals change ...

When the captain presses "TILT", Frank and Beans, the mast-maidens of the fusion drives, awaken from their hyper sleep to press all the right buttons and turn all the right dials and observe all the right mixtures of gases ... they heat up the super crushers that will tear down the previous world, and turn it to creational slurry that can be used to fertilize the next world.

Frank triggers the robot rock band, the one at the TIP of the dome.

Every time the captain triggers "TILT", Frank knows he has to spin up the band - so that during the whole episode of the "turning over of the sod" as they say, the people that are being destroyed by their own bullshit can hear some Judas Priest sounding shit as their whole world is ground to dust ...

The rock band plays rousing ballads and Nordic death metal power songs that churn on the unraveling of domed world bullshit ...

***Travel with us ...***

Travel with us through space. I have let all my children have soul chariots with me. We'll buy our own matching sneakers, and drink our own lemonade and wait for our own sky world to roll by and take us away. I will give you track suits and haircuts ... I will give you candy and love.

Travel with me through space children, and see the angel diamond world of gold and love cream. See oceans of power oils and women bronzed by a spirit sun of pure health. Eat green leaves and dance on sand, use your laser blaster to cook up some gronglet fish ... if you travel with me.

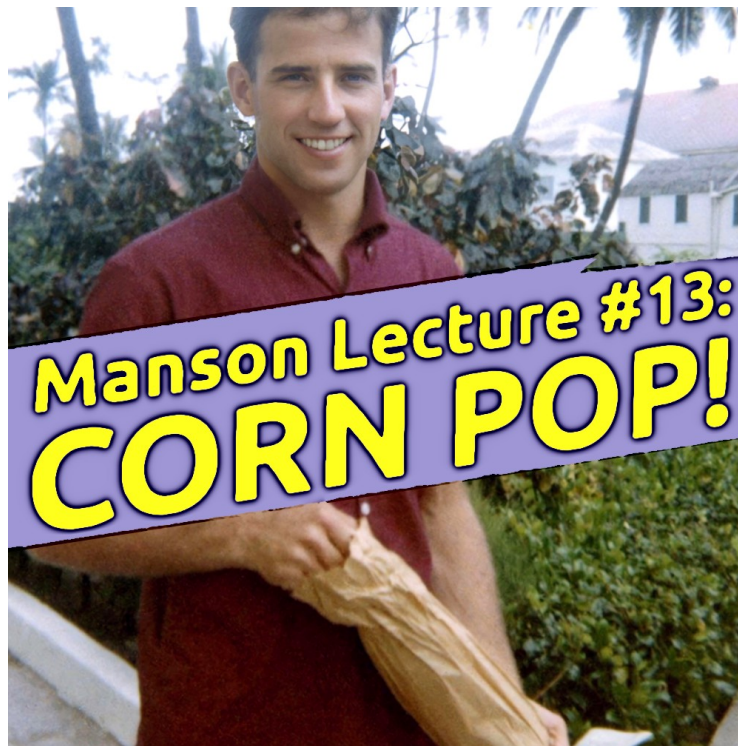
Space was always a backward trick, a curse upon reason, somewhere you shoved stuff ... to forget about it.

I seen signs that say "SPACE AVAILABLE", but what the fuck does that mean?

WHERE IS THIS EXTRA SPACE? - if it isn't in the squirrel heart of some jongo-bat warrior whose monster self is extruding into the fun tension of cosmo grapes.

I say pick your sides before the world TILTS ...

I say be your own freak before CAPTAIN TOOLEY burns down your castle of stone and steel.



### [Manson Lecture 13: Corn Pop ... \(Jan 30th, 1998\)](#)

*That Senator Biden guy ...*

I was hunted by whale-masters, when the D'lingus Kings ruled Morgan Town. I kept my harlot trophies by the fire, and mistress fun was to be had. Your hair was green and fire and your body was wax and angle grease and old kelp pies. The seas were raucous and twisted and the waves swept you from my embrace.

I met smoking-Joe when I was still a coot wanderer, misplaced in this strange realm ...

IT WAS 1962 ... and the Soviets were gonna kill us ... and MAN was in SPACE? ... FUCK ... space. We were up there, in rockets, looking for something - something we lost here on Earth long ago? Like some ancient fucking rock or emerald or necklace or crystal ball? - but I think we were up there, in space, looking for trouble ...

SMOKING JOE aka PEDO JOE aka SLICK DICK aka Joe Biden was 20 years old then ...

His eyes were a strange blue-gray, with a bloodshot tint that was too extent for his youth ...

His hair was golden blond, and his legs had this magical kind of leg hair whereby in the SUN? - his leg hairs became incredibly blonde, white, alabaster, albino EAST COST WHITE GUY hairs ... leg hairs which stunned people, children, small animals ...

He had this weird gaze: he could stare at you, for hours, with those peepers ... he was also a NARC. Working for the cops, informing ...

In 1961, Smoking-Joe was caught with reefer, and hanging with 12 year old boys ... he was going to be charged with possession, and lewdness, and potential child molestation charges ... the FEDs gave him the options: a) Jail, b) Vietnam, OR c) WORK FOR US!

Joe worked for the FEDs, he monitored a gang called the "Romans", and kept tabs on their shot caller: Willy Morris aka Billy Morris aka "CORN POP".

Willy was moving "chili sauce": a mixture of cocaine, LSD and refined THC extract. "Chili sauce" was bad, real bad ... it drug you down the hole ... folks were getting hooked on this shit up and down the eastern seaboard that summer, from Miami to FUCKING MAINE! Teenagers, succumbing to madness, chasing girls chasing boys chasing danger chasing the next CHEAP THRILL ... one kid ... on "chili sauce"? - murdered his whole family, chopped them up, put them in a large freezer and then drank a gallon of car polish ... "chili sauce" was a concern.

A kid, a "Roman", named Harry Winters? - he was doing "chili sauce" under the overpass in Wilmington (Delaware). He had a .357 magnum and 3 sticks of dynamite and one kilo of "chili sauce". He was using and smoking and dancing and eventually he stripped down naked, taped the dynamite to his chest, and ran down the main street screaming "I AM KHRUSHCHEV'S SECRET LOVER!"

100 cops were deployed to stop Harry ...

His body was tore up with bullets once the cops were done shooting ...

So the FEDs needed somebody to help them break the "Romans", to help them get "Corn Pop" and put a stop to the whole "chili sauce" trade ...

This was the set up my brothers ...

***Old Times ...***

In olden times, folks looked different, greeted each other differently. If a man had his EYE on you? His evil EYE? - then you knew ... you knew



you had to beat that man and pummel his face and dump his body in the bay.

You would walk into a bar, and see a beautiful girl. She'd be drinking some crappy sugar drink and sipping the vodka chum, and smiling her miserable way through smeared lipstick and bad mascara. You'd look that girl in the eye ... you'd say:

"Will you be my jergin flower if I am your sand crab priest?", and her response would be a slap and some spit and some harsh words.

BUT STILL YOU PUSH FURTHER: "YOU ARE MY JERGIN FLOWER! MY WINDOW APE!"

And that girl would take a bottle, and break it off, and shove that fucker in your eye ...

Joe and Pop would hang out at the same bar, they didn't care about the women though ... they were running boys. They both knew the other wanted control of the boys in Wilmington, and Joe had heard "Corn Pop" was one real "bad dude" ... a tough mother fucker.

"Corn Pop" carried chain, 6 feet of heavy duty carbon steel chain ... he would swing that fucking chain at you ... wrapping around your neck ... pulling out your life energy. After he was done taking out some crombo-freak with his chain, he'd take the body and feed it to the pigs at the "All Night Chinese Country Buffet" in Blunkton.

Joe and Pop, during the summer of 1962, hung out at that nasty bar ... "Trina's" ... a dive ... a place for sailors and hookers and drunk Catholic priests and old widowers with poisoned eyes and purple noses ...

It was at "Trina's" when "Corn Pop" decided to take JOE OUT ...

### ***Mexicali Pete, and CORN POP ...***

"Mexicali Pete" aka Pete Roberts aka Pedro Sanchez? - yeah, he'd been working the corner of 23rd and Yukon in Wilmington ... it was his corner. He'd spin and sell and broadcast his wares ... the local CHUD would line up for his cures. He'd sell the Chinese-elixirs and the gypsy spells and heroin and "chili sauce".

Pedro was standing on that corner, working it ... he wasn't a "Roman", but he was allied with "Corn Pop" and he had Pop's protection.

Pedro had a kid brother, Hector ...

Hector was 13 years old, and had been swimming at the Wilmington Community Pool that summer - and JOE had his eyes on him ... Joe would ask him questions and buy him candy and sodas and tacos ... Joe gave him money once to let him take a picture of Hector with his pants off.

One night, Hector came running up the street ... crying.

"Pedro ... that weird white guy grabbed my nuts ..."

"What?"

"He went up to me at the pool, behind the changing room, cornered me ... and he grabbed my nuts."

Pedro believed in old school LATIN HONOR ... he was an hombre ... he was filled with machismo ... he was a defender of his blood, his familia.

Pedro went to "Corn Pop" with what happened, and they both decided to "take that kiddy diddler pool lifeguard out" ... so JOE was out ... out of luck.

### ***The brinkmanship ...***

That day?

That summer day in 1962?

That day that Joe Biden was on duty, spying for the FEDs?

"Corn Pop" and his crew found Joe, in the parking lot, after work. They knocked him to the ground, tied him up, smeared dog feces all over his face ...

They beat Joe mercilessly, and "Corn Pop" pummeled him with that chain. After 3 hours of beating Joe "the pedo", they took his whimpering body to the river and weighed him down with rocks and pieces of concrete and some steel plate nearby ... they sat there on the bank of river, as the sun rose, and they just watched ... making sure that body was gone.

Joe's body was pulled under, and the rocks and metal plate didn't stay fastened. Joe, barely alive, washed up near the CIA water training facility in Gordonville ...

### ***Body dumps ...***

Since the late 1940's the CIA has had a water-training facility on the river in Gordonville. It was where they trained in water torture, and swimming, and drowning techniques and underwater knife fighting ...

They had a makeshift body dump, dug in under the docks, where they kept alligators ...

Biden's body had washed up near the alligator fence, those damn things were snapping at his broken and twitching body. Joe was moaning and wailing and screaming like lost puppy or an abandoned calf ... he was covered in blood and sewer grease and leeches and ... and that wonderful blond hair on his legs ... that was great.

Kendall Smith, CIA field agent and master torturer, found Biden that morning. Found that pathetic lump, that pedo-freak. Kendall took Biden into the changing shack, cleaned his wounds, slapped on bandages ... and then they had a de-brief on "Corn Pop".

FBI showed up to record Biden's story, and they immediately released a BOLO for "Corn Pop" and an arrest warrant for conspiracy to commit ... conspiracies ... something the CIA really understood.

By the next day? - the "Romans" were surrounded in a bowling alley. After several hours of stand off and gun fire and the trading of vulgarity and insults ... the local cops had a helicopter pilot drop 50 gallons of gasoline on that damn place ... burning it to the ground with the "Romans" and "Corn Pop" and their families inside ... folks near that place said it smelled like BBQ brisket for days after.

"Corn Pop" came running out of that bowling alley at the end ... covered in sweat and blood and flames ... packing two 1911 Colt sidearms ... modified 30 round magazines in each pistol. He screamed and fired and yelled and shot and took out 5 cops ... and then after taking several shotgun hits to the head, "Corn Pop" died ...

This is what happens ...

This is what the deal is ...

This is the story of "Corn Pop".



## [Manson Lecture 14: Helter Skelter ... \(Feb 2nd, 1998\)](#)

*Mother-burden, father-knife ...*

CUM SOUP ...

That's where we're from ...

We come from poisons and gases and heat and water and time ... we come from the soup of ages, cooking in the CHASM of nature ... the great vagina. All that soup ... proteins and acids and single celled creatures ... and today it is still here ... AND TODAY: YOU STILL EMERGE FROM CUM SOUP!

RACIALISM? ... fuck ... soup gets mixed up man.

THEY SELL US THIS DIVISION, SUB-DIVISION ... real estate racism scheme. Some dude wants to open a STARBUCKS ... so he says "look fuck, that guy who owns that old CAFE is racist ..." ... and the racialists move in, burn out the old dude (probably a black dude) and open a STARBUCKS ... to fight racism.

Racist armies are forming up ... nobody knows how far this will go ... dark forces want us AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS ... and we are the bandit heroes of lore. And if your mother-whore screams at you? - tell her to BACK OFF and take her OILS!

A GREAT FIRE will be unleashed. A fire to clean the EARTH of barren witch-maidens and radioactive ghost-soldiers and all the KLEBUSHACK-FUNKEN-FOLK of REGION-6. All serve their MOTHER-WHORE-EARTH-GODDESS ...

Your MOTHER-WHORE is your MOTHER-BURDEN: the knife that severs the umbilical cord is named FATHER ... and he's angry and covered in mud.

Old men with fungus growing on their feet, toenails covered in mucous and thriggen-munk. It itches so much that you grab some hydrochloric acid and toss it on your feet just to get the damn things clean. And after? - the smell of it ... the resin ... the bones exposed and the rats licking on your wounds? This is when you detect the DRAINAGE and the pill madness of city dwelling. The mother-burden is in the toe jam ... and the knife is the thrill pistol.

### ***Racism?***

Racism is a NEW JOY JUICE for our lizard self. We can feed on atrophy and separation from the mother-burden to find our father-knife-giver. In the forge of our red temple the dark leering jingus-freaks eat mock liver and hunt cactus-shrimp.

BURY THE HOOKERS!

BURY THE HOOKERS!

Bury the hookers of your mind DEEP in the DIRT!

Button aimed, and weak knee'd bracing with old monkey priests and plastic whale zebras. And YOUR WOMAN is covered in scroton and penguin blood. Your love-blister filled and engorged and building, and you have to unload but the store is closed man ... and your toaster is broken. The toast? - something you find in Tuscon covered in old dead squirrels.

### ***How we should arm ourselves ...***

I want to build 10 gauge glunket guns using high grade steel pipe ... I will hand them out to my posse and we will search for the star travelers. I will mill brass knuckles from old pennies and tell the witch by the oak what she can do. We will cut out links of chain, and hand this chain to the young ones ... so they can practice chasing commies down the street.

Cool your jets sinister chaplain. Lay siege to your own fox hound glory. Steam clean your Cleveland steamer and take heed of old mud

hounds cutting at your flesh, cutting at your body, with razor blades and bored looks of dismay.

Take your apprehension and derision and mail that to the POPE: for our mission is to bend the will of craven and mangled masses. We are going to serve swamp cake and greggel-bread and warm turtle and slug soup ... cook the slugs well ...

COOK THOSE DAMN SLUGS WELL ... the parasite will enter your brain and eat away all of your shame and regret and leave you a husk.

COOK the SLUG until it is black and crispy ...

I kept telling the family that our daily bread was mashed woodpecker and squirrel and old sticks of sweaty dynamite. I keep hearing the refrain: "Can't we have the TV DINNER?"

I scream at these whore captains, and all I get is acrid grief.

### ***RACIAL SEPARATION and ONENESS ...***

I took a trip to St. Martins last Autumn. I saw DOC FREEGIX and I laid down on his couch and he took his metal spike and tore out my morose obsessions ...

FREEGIX pulled out winch-weasels and turnip-lathes and chunks of plutonium and old bricks and dried albino monkey shit ... all of it ... coming from my subconscious mind.

FREEGIX grabbed my MOTHER-BURDEN and tossed it on the table. HE SAID:

"LOOK AT YOUR SHAME!" ... and I did ...

I looked at the shame of mankind and his hate and his stupidity. I looked at "colors" ... red, black, white, yellow, purple ... green ... colors were everywhere, and judgment was everywhere because DEATH IS EVERYWHERE ...

"YOUR THANATOS is your EROS and your DEATH-UNCLE ...", further explained Dr. FREEGIX.

... and then that FUCK just looked at me, his wired up peepers, his sweaty arm pits, his stink ... old man mixed with homeless man mixed with dog shit halitosis dying inside stink? ... and he looked at me ... and stared into me ... and told me the STORY ... gave me the ANSWER.

**Francisco BIZARRO (of SPAIN) ...**

This is the STORY of our MIND and the HELTER SKELTER SOLUTION that Dr. FREEGIX related:

In 1977, Francisco BIZARRO of Spain ... set out on a great journey to find the SECRET of WHY people can be so fucking terrible. He was given a commission by the HIGH QUEEN, Elton John, and enough funds to buy a FORD Pinto, and beat about North America for a year or two ... in style ... plenty of cocaine.

Francisco went to NYC in search of "mankind's bullshit hate", and he found anger, and rage, and sadness, and moping, and angst, and tears, and rudeness ... but he found no single indication that the "racism" lived in NYC.

Francisco drove to LA ... he hung out with the drifters and CIA spun jerks of Laurel Canyon. He dropped ACID and planned bank heists and designed a tunnel into space ...

He lived on the beach and drank Mai-Tai's and consumed the glumto-flesh that those surfer cowboys left vomited by the corner of the outdoor shower ... all hairy and dead ... like cats wandering the CONGO looking for mind-prunes.

FRANCISCO endured California's wannabe super heroes and cult kooks and crazy egomaniacs ... and still ... zilch brothers ... nothing.

SO FRANCISCO CONSULTED THE HIGH PRIEST OF RACIAL BULLSHIT: JESSE "FUCKING" JACKSON ...

He cornered Jesse one night ...

Jesse had been trolling college sophomores, looking for young snatch ...

Jesse wanted to feel young again, to have his man juices spread out like rivers into valleys of juice and volcanic glass ...

Francisco was hanging at "Two Nickles", a hangout for Jesse, and found him by himself in a booth in the back ...

"JESSE, I am FRANCISCO ..."

"FRANCISCO? - I am drunk ...", Jesse shouted back.

"JESSE, WHY ARE PEOPLE SO FUCKING RACIST? WHAT IS THE ROOT OF THIS RACISM?"

"Denmark ..."

Jesse muttered "Denmark", he began shaking ... his eyes darted back and forth.

DENMARK ... some wretchedly terrible and nasty grimy fucking mold covered fuck'ola ... IN MOTHER FUCKING DENMARK!

SHE IS THE MOTHER-WHORE!

THE MOTHER-BURDEN!

THE FATHER-KNIFE!

*Denmark ...*

Francisco had a million dollars left ... just enough to buy a ticket to Copenhagen, and enough cocaine ...

Francisco arrived in Copenhagen, and immediately he went to the: Nationalt Dansk Hatemuseum og FRANSKE BULLDOGER.

THE DANISH NATIONAL MUSEUM OF HATE ... and FRENCH BULLDOGS!

They saw old Dr. Hootles. Hootles was born in Vriig-Culten, near Spitz-Fookin.

His parents raised cane rat for tacos they sold to the rich overlords. Because of the JANTE LAW, they were forbidden to have hopes or dreams or expectations or goals ... but they were allowed to raise cane rat for taco meat.

He studied hate in elementary school, as all Danish kids were expected. He was considered very proficient at hate-studies and hate-analytics and "advanced techniques for identifying people and places to hate" ... he was recommended for advanced training at the Copenhagen University for the Study of Hate and French Bulldogs and Herpes ... this was big. Huge.

BUT THIS IS ALL HISTORICAL BULLSHIT ... as my old friend Ivan would say ...



Francisco was anxious and tired and going through early cocaine withdrawals ...

Francisco wanted one simple answer, to one basic question: why are people assholes to each other based on racial nonsense?

Hootles thought on the question, looking into the night and drinking some whiskey and smoking a cigarette - as all Danish people are wont to do ...

"The crux of this thing ... is the quantum enfoldment of dematerialized herring sperm ..."

"Herring sperm?"

"No ... there's more ...."

Hootles went on to explain that 1,000 years ago, a bunch of weird herring had some kind of weird herring fish orgy in the Baltic Sea. A bunch of their fucked up sperm goop washed up on the shores of Denmark - at the time, only a colony of herpes ridden hookers ...

This pile of goop? - it changed, over time, into some kind of green and greasy and mossy fucked up cocoon ...

Out of that fucking cocoon? - the first french bulldog arose ...

His name was HELTER-SKELTER and he was nasty and smelly and angry and a terrible spittle or foam drool would dangle from his disease infused mouth ...

HELTER-SKELTER had sex with a Danish hooker (with herpes) named GREEGA-HOOBIS ...

They are the SECRET ANCIENT FIRST King and Queen of Denmark ... they are buried near the Norgis water treatment facility ... it is believed.

They had a kid named LINDO ...

LINDO married the hooker SHIN-TAZ ...

AND THIS BULLSHIT OF FUCKING AND NAMING AND BEGETTING WENT ON FOR CENTURIES ...

And this is where/how/when the modern Danish people came from ... the truth.

And this is also why people are so fucking racist and angry ... because the DANES created, because they were generational hookers with herpes, a SUPER-HERPES that makes EVERYBODY HYPER OBSESSED with skin color and body shape ... but not always body odor. Also, causes people to deride others for their clothing or the shape and location of their home ...

GET IT?

(alright)

And Francisco had just enough money left to buy a kilo of premium cocaine and a week at a decent Copenhagen hotel ... and hookers.

And Francisco, and Hootles, and the hookers, walked with each other, to Tivoli ...

(and they dreamed)



## Manson Lecture 15: TREASURE HUNT! (February 8th, 1998)

### *Wealth ...*

Our nightmares split. Made of lead and glass and steel, made of old broken pianos and rotten meat - you can't focus on the lines, because it's all blurry. Your mom looked at you, when you were born, and she said: "YOU ARE MY LIGHT! YOU ARE MY STAR FLOWER!", but then she went back to hook'ing and using and shooting heroin up through her snatch ...

Your MOM ... YOUR TRUE ONE ... she left you, in the cold, not knowing or caring. She chose the horse ... the dragon ... the powder over your sweet head. She'd turn you out to make money, and then hand those wages to her dealer ... MARTY.

Marty sold her everything ... Marty hit her with a pillow case filled with hotel size hand soap. Marty screamed ... Marty disappeared in 1943 ...

After all this? - you think ... "MAN ...how do I become RICH?"

HOW DO I ESCAPE THE SWEATY TRAP OF EVIL JUNGLE LIFE?

How?

... you are a man ...

YOU HAVE THE GOLDEN HALO FLOATING OVER YOU ...

It's wonder, and magic and a sprinkling of old stories involving dukes and ladies and knights and swords and death. After every late night of drinking, you could pass out ... listening to ELVIS and thinking about OLD STORIES and OLD WHORES ... BUT YOU HAVE A GOLDEN HALO ... you have the light.

A careful examination of the universal construct reveals the following: that we are all trapped in smog and bogus drug delusion and the problematic instruction of a teacher? A mentor? A holy man that grabbed you by the hair and dragged your ass behind the sacristy, for a little one-on-one GOD instruction ... but that old priest was too drunk, and went too far, and it was time to take a rock and open up his mind.

### ***Treasure map ...***

In 1966, I found a treasure map.

On the map were symbols and sketches and notes written in Latin ...

The map described islands and rivers. It showed a way to the Lands of T'blo's, where goose masters controlled all the eggs, and the lost children of SLOG stared in wonderment at that ghastly bullshit ...

The map was a way to the other world. The world of power and control. The world of women and money and fast cars and good drugs ...

But the map was also a warning: this map showed the way of obsessions ... obsessions built on compulsions ... compulsions made of anger and barbed wire and that switchblade you buried behind the school after you shiv'd that cop. The map was caution and knowledge, the map was there to block you from your DEVIL-GAME.

The map is the key to the lock which opens the door and that leads to a room with 5 tunnels intersecting ... and there's old black rabbit there named Kevin ... and he stares at you with fire and destruction. Your heart begins to melt, your eyes turn bloodshot, your mind starts to float towards HEAVEN.

### ***Old guards and Harlot-Maidens ...***

POLYGON POLLIWOGS, framed in mist, staring deeply into the brown muck. My compass pointed north and your own scent filled the winds. I cared not for frozen TV dinner snacks, because my girl Shelia had left me with two bucks and three teeth knocked out. Sheila took my needles, my

kit, my spikes and auburn gloves ... I could have dumped her in the river, but instead I gave her twenty bucks, and she gave me crabs ...

"CORDIZ WOOD!" screamed Blind Freddy. We were 8 days from Bronxton, and our Jeep had broken down, and we didn't have no water or no weed. Our air conditioning was broke too, and Terry? - he ate the chihuahua and then barfed up his own lungs. This was traveling for gold, for real. I could have seen the glory of too much grimbic-44, but my canister was empty and my head was melting. Our driver was Ned from Phoenix, and his hands shook all the time. If he didn't get his fix of cocaine? - he would swerve off the road, and we would never get to Fox River Road.

The last of those wolves were chasing us. The ones you think you leave behind, in the cauldron of hopeful fancy and too little book learning. The pills, the powder, the LSD - it all made the map more real. THE MAP WAS ALL, and I was traveling the lube realm and covered in grease. "Give me that thing ...", Ned grabbed the map and ripped off the corner ... THE CORNER POINTING TO FOX RIVER ROAD ... that SOB made a cigarette and dipped that mother in liquid PCP. I was beside myself. "Damn you NED ...", he swerved, almost hitting a raccoon by the wayside.

### ***We needed help ...***

We stopped in Cooper City and picked up Barb ...

Barb was a hooker and a cooker and a real nice gal. She'd been all around the mountains, and she'd seen the Lost Lakes and even been to Fox River. Her face grimaced when we asked about it ... though.

"You don't want to go there friend ..."

"Why?"

"Nothing lives there ... they tested bombs there ... back in the 50's."

"Bombs?"

"Nukes ... they tried to crack open a fissure of natural gas using a 10 kiloton device ... SOB spews radiation everywhere ... fuck ..."

Barb shook her head, and said "No" ... she wasn't going to take us to the Fox River.

### ***North of Blimpton ...***

Ned and I were all that was left. All of our fellow travelers, treasure hunters, map maidens, witches of darkness, fled. They gave up for whiskey and music and fun, but Ned and I needed the GOLD ... the power. We set out for Blimpton ... some old wino told us that Fox River was "north of Blimpton" ... so that's where we went.

We filled up the car with gas, and Ned smoked another PCP cigarette. Ned was getting edgy, his eyes darted about. We got into the car, and made our way ...

We'd been on the road for 5 hours, and I'd seen the sign for Blimpton 45 minutes earlier ... but I didn't want to bother Ned ... he looked weird.

"You ever see that ... that sky demon?"

"What Ned?"

"That demon that follows you, traces you ..."

"Traces you?"

"It marks you ... it limits you ... it's the sky-hawk, and it describes your path ... but it also RAPES YOUR FUTURE ... YOUR FUTURE ..."

Ned let go of the wheel of the car.

The car tumbled into a valley, a valley created by the Fox River.

The car came to a stop near an old injun burial ground. The Coop-Stack Nation had ruled this valley, since the First Peoples wandered across that fucking land bridge 40,000 years ago. They had weird rituals, and habits, but they LOVED GOLD.

Buried with each chieftain was 20 pounds of gold ...

But I'd never get any of it.

Ned was almost dead, his back broken ... he asked me to bash his brains out, so I did.

I passed out and was found by an old chief named Walking Log. He took me to his cabin, he tended my wounds and gave me some kind of fucking injun tea ...

I woke up in a diner, south of Derby, a few days later ...

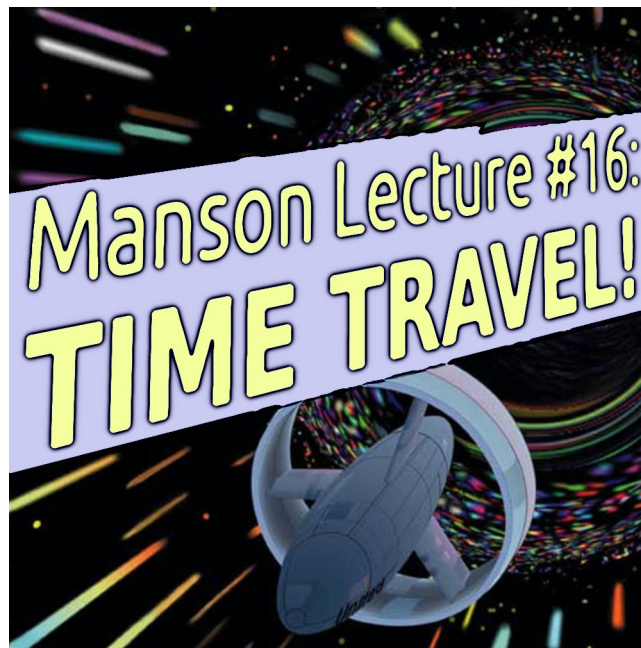
I never found any treasure.

I just found the endless void, and crabs.

The shaman keep the void clean. This place we live in? For a minute? We spit and poop and fuck and leave our oils everywhere? The shaman keep it clean ...

And the shaman cleaned me up, made me well ...

Injun shaman: the existential janitors.



## Manson Lecture 16: TIME TRAVEL! (Feb 14th, 1998)

I was in prison, but I still had my mind ... right?

I would go to the prison library. I would study literature, history, poetry ... math and physics. There were no limits to the strange ideas festering in my head ... A person should always be wary of documenting a crazy idea from when they are incarcerated.

Of course, like a lot of felons, I was a loner and mostly alienated from other people. Alienation is not an unusual state for a prisoner, but my case was made worse by demons and crack-scorpions and prison-guard leech worms ... circumstances both too complex and too irrelevant (to our present topic) to discuss here. Instead, I would like to reveal a weird conjecture and explain the reasoning behind it.

While in jail, back in the 1980's, I consumed as much as I could of Scientific American and various OTC scientific journals ... some infinitely better than others. During the 'hey day' of SDI (Strategic Defense Initiative), I became very interested in the theoretical foundations of laser technology.

Laser light is produced when an ATOM of some element is excited to release coherent radiation - radiation where all the wavelengths are the same and the direction is equivalent and amplified. The electrons, orbiting the nuclei of the atom, absorb the photons that are pumped into the system and then jump to a higher energy level, at the higher energy level they release the photon (emit it) -hence the concept



'quantum leap'. Certainly, this is no place for a half Âass explanation of the theory, and there are many good sources these days for deeper and more accurate explanations.

Separate from the basic theory of how to produce a laser beam -Â Light Amplification from Stimulated Emission of Radiation (L.A.S.E.R.) - there are many varieties and means to produce coherent/amplified/directed radiation.

The following is a VERY short list of the kinds of lasers that exist (not a complete list):

**Solid State Lasers:** the very first laser was a solid state laser, using a synthetic ruby crystal and the means of 'pumping' the energy into the laser came from relatively conventional sources of incoherent radiation (flash bulbs, strobes).

**Gas Lasers:** Energy pumping is done using radio frequency generators forcing an inert and isolated gas to release photons (raising quantum energy levels), then using mirrors to reflect and amplify the light.

**Semi-conductor Lasers:** These are the most abundant, because they are basically L.E.D. lights (Gallium Arsenide Lasers) and have a similar structure essentially light emitting diodes are semi-conductor lasers of low energy. These are the lasers you generally find in 'laser pointers' or targeting lasers on firearms. They are cheap and abundant these days. I'm no expert on how much energy (in joules) can be achieved with this kind of laser.

**Chemical Lasers:** The airborne laser platform, deployed by the USAF, uses explosive gas (hydrogen fluoride) as both the energy pump and the medium for achieving coherent radiation.

**Free Electron Lasers:** This laser uses a directed electron beam (in a vacuum) to generate the energy for the laser. The beam is manipulated using EMF to force a release of photons (coherent radiation). Tickling the stream of electrons with magnets.

**X-Ray or Gamma-Ray Lasers:** these are theoretical, there are some who believe DARPA has these already. It is known that Edward Teller (major figure in SDI in the 1980's and inventor of the American hydrogen bomb) was working on a thermal nuclear burst technology using dense material as wave guides to produce an X-Ray laser. But, a nuclear bomb powering a laser is a tough nut to crack and many think this is silly government bullshit.

I digress, getting back to the main topic...

In 1986, I broke this dudes nose. He'd been staring at me ... clawing at my mind. I needed to tear out his ego and shove a potato down it, and then stick this mess in his ear. I was placed in isolation for 90 days ... While in isolation, I began thinking about why an object in motion has 'energy' in it as a result of momentum? How is kinetic energy stored/distributed within an object in motion? These are naive and stupid questions ...

Do you need displacement or motion through space to produce this change. From a crude perspective, displacement is not required. A top, spinning on a point, that is virtually stationary, can contain massive amounts of kinetic energy. So, if displacement is not necessary, then why is any relative motion required at all? Energy can neither be created nor destroyed, but it CAN be transformed (usually with an associated cost of matter or energy). So why couldn't you simulate the effect of acceleration and momentum without any motion at all? Conserving  $x,y,z$ , while allowing  $t$ , in the vector describing motion, to change.

This was the genesis of an idea for taking advantage of relativistic time travel, without traveling through space; can you pump an object with energy, in such a way, that the object behaves as if it is moving at velocities close to the speed of light, but the object is stationary?

The problem is the pump. How would you pump a non trivial object with energy and produce this effect? More importantly, given the amount of energy required to achieve a high percentage (98% of  $c$ ) of the speed of light, how do you pump a system (a human for example) without complete and total obliteration (i.e. the human is destroyed)?

At the time, sitting in the darkness of my isolation cell, it seemed to me that you would need to use some kind of holographic technology, operating on MANY different wave lengths, to evenly direct and distribute photons throughout the body in question ('body' here can mean anything, box, cat, baseball or person).

Let's assume you could do this: That you could actually "simulate" the effect of velocity and acceleration, by pumping energy into an object, in a distributed way, and to do so without impacting structural cohesion? (sounds fucked up) (given all that) This only helps with the form of time travel that is uncontroversial traveling to the future. Einstein's Theory of Relativity and its effects have been documented and proven using high speed jets and atomic clocks. So we already know

it is possible to build a oneway time machine to the future, and there are no real philosophical issues or paradoxes with this (see Rip Van Winkle). Going backwards in time is the real trick.

There are two things you need to be able to show/prove if traveling into the past is possible: that the paradoxes of causality can stay consistent within the universal cosmology and that the past, in any case, actually exists (now, always, forever, in tact).

### ***Let's talk about killing grand parents ...***

I do not want to provide another half-baked regurgitation of the grandfather paradox mostly because it is a well known and well argued proof against time travel. As far as the past existing, well, I think this may be the real philosophical and scientific barrier. Now, 12 years later, I might be convinced of the idea that the past and present are concepts that have little real meaning beyond our conventional usage in language. This is not to say there was never a 'past', but rather the arrow of time goes in one direction and it is unlikely that there is a 'place' or rather 'time' that exists beyond this moment.

But for purposes of argument and conjecture, let's assume the following:

Events in the past exist and are true. They continue to exist. We don't experience them because, as with wakes behind a moving boat, these waves cannot catch up with us. But, if we could some how 'slow down' our speed through time, these wakes of past events could catch up and pass us.

Paradoxes of temporal causality only have ONE solution if you want to travel backwards in time our universe is really the collection of EVERY possible outcome of EVERY branch in sequence along the time line. But, the likely universes are distributed, logically, according to probability. Another way of saying this is that 'bizarre or implausible' universes may exist, but the amount of energy needed to reach these is roughly correlated to the distance in the past one can reach arguably, the further you want to go back, the more energy you would need. Put another way, if you could somehow get back to 'near' the moment creation (big bang), you might be able to visit all possible universes (small 'u') for our given bubble universe (big 'U'). And, if hawking is right, there are many universes that come in and out of existence, and that complicates diversity of universal manifestation further.

(fuck, this shit gets complicated fast)

So, even if you accept these two incredibly oversimplified assumptions, it still doesn't tell you 'how' you might travel backwards in time.

Let's revisit the idea of pumping a system with energy to achieve relativistic effects - if this were feasible, might there be an inverse relation at work here? Let's think of this in a slightly different way is it possible to slow local entropy? We sort of do this all the time - it's called refrigeration. We humans, using brute force and a lot of energy, reduce the temperature of a region of space such that objects which would decay quickly at room temperature stay fresh and safe to eat. Maybe even one day, in the future, we will be able to create a means to safely store humans, at very low temperatures, so that they can 'pass the time' awaiting some future. But, would this REALLY be traveling forward in time, per the fancy notions of time travel?

Imagine you are a hyper intelligent being in the future and you have 'unfrozen' a human who was in cold storage. From the humans perspective it seems like traveling forward in time, but from the futuristic being's perspective you are a tiny fragment of the past - a steak left in the freezer. You, your capsule (time capsule), are a portal (via slowed entropy) into a past never envisioned by the future people. You become a form of time travel for them, sort of. This applies equally well to core samples of ice from Antarctica or the remains of a mastodon found in permafrost in Siberia (from 10,000 years ago).

Here is another thought experiment: One of the key assumptions here, for this example, is that entropy, within any given system, roughly aligns with the temporal properties of said system. This means 'change' and 'time' are the same things, in a way.

Let's say you could freeze a local space, down to the quantum level (a quantum refrigerator). An evil scientist develops a 'ray gun' that let's him or her (evil scientists can be any gender) freeze a whole space (like some space the size of a building or tavern) and keep any change from happening, assuming this evil scientist had a nearly free and abundant source of energy. Then, after 100 years, the device runs out of energy and the local space syncs up with the universe. For the folks who might venture into the 'old timely tavern' it would seem like a trip into the past, for the folks in the tavern (other than being terribly maltreated), they (if they could leave the tavern) would engage with a future that just moments ago, from their perspective, was the past.

At low energy levels (I would even include the gedanken experiment above as this), what we achieve from pumping energy out of a system is

essentially a really, really, good freezer. But, if this works as relativistic time dilation does, then 'time contraction' happens at energy levels that are very close to absolute zero, also, maybe.

Yeah ...

Dunking someone in liquid nitrogen would be about as safe as firing a powerful 10 megawatt laser at them - without a means to gauge and manage the distribution of this effect, the 'real' effect is destructive, disintegration. This is where the naive interpretation of matter/antimatter physics comes into play. If we can use lasers to pump energy into a system, could we use them to remove energy from a system? How would this work? For this we need an anti-particle to the photon that produces annihilation (oops, first law of thermodynamics is not happy with this). Current theory, which is superior to my own PRISON YARD cosmology, would say my notion of an anti-photon cannot exist the photon is it's own anti-particle.

But, as with all flights of fancy and speculation, as long as you know it is dubious you are in no danger of being led astray. For the moment, let's pretend that the annihilation of energy poses no problem (it kind of does, but I don't want to dwell). How about this as a way to avoid breaking 1LOT: when an electron, of non anti-matter, absorbs an anti-photon, it in fact is forced to release 2 photons. If an atom continued to absorb anti-photons, the immediate effect would be a reduction in entropy and could be a means of refrigeration.

But what if I could do with anti-photons what my 'simulator' of relativistic effects does with our garden variety photon? Could this be a means of 'slowing down' local space such that 'space from the past' catches up? Of course, once you visited that space you could never return to your original timeline (that creates a paradox), which makes time travel into the past more or less equivalent to visiting other 'time line universes' within our temporal/causal multiverse (which is a unity at the BIG U level).

"Quantum Fall", the opposite of a quantum leap, occurs when we progressively reduce the energy levels of electrons orbiting the nuclei of the atom. If we can do this, without 'tearing' or 'fracturing' the material we wish to transport backwards in time, then we might assume that at high percentages of entropy reduction (98% or greater) our experimental material would undergo "Time Contraction".

You could build an anti-photon laser using a radioactive emitter of positrons as a source for a free-positron laser. Like a free electron

laser, but using positrons ... forcing each to release an anti-photon ...

You could project those anti-photons onto the object, removing energy, uniformly, from the system ...

The object would drift backwards in time ...

BUT DOES IT GO TO ANOTHER UNIVERSE ... NOW?

NOW ...

What about the NOW ...

People say "look at that Schrodinger's Cat ..." and I say ... "man, you don't know where you are ..."

The NOW ... the now is not set. The now is not complete until it is. The NOW has a leading and trailing edge ...

IT IS NOT THE MULTIVERSE that is implied by super-position .... but rather the reality that each moment is every moment, and nothing is fully resolved ... till the end.

To travel back in time, you are constrained by the trailing edge of the now ...

forward in time - there are no issues ...

This is it. This is NOT science, but rather conjecture. More importantly, this is mostly 'remembered' conjecture from 12 years ago â€¦ Did I tell you that you pay NOTHING for visiting this blog, website? Then worst case, you got your money's worth by reading this entry - actually, worst case is I wasted about 20 minutes of your day, maybe 45 minutes.

One more thing before you depart in anger: I think the only form of "time travel" that would be meaningful to any one of us would be the form where "you could go back and change your own life" - you could go back and "kill Hitler" and other shit and that would change the "current world". But this kind of time travel is, in fact, the most complicated and dangerous. Unintended consequences aside, it seems logically impossible that you could continue to exist once this change

had been made - even a MINOR variation in a singleton time line would erase who you were/are before the "rift".

So ...

Please ...

DON'T FUCK WITH TIME!



## [Manson Lecture 17: Dying ... \(March 2nd, 1998\)](#)

### ***Revelation road ...***

Revealing the past, forthcoming within the sphere of discourse, death will have given me more to designate, more to degenerate my initial frame of reference. Always distrusted, because it is the first glance. Highway hypnosis, a losing battle, an understanding of disconnection from the object, the object trapped in degenerate space. Someone find me the original, if it still exists!

My memory is broken, my ideas are ugly.

Searching copies of objects, less than truthful fragments of reality, force with light bending within force, force negating itself, force losing battle with light, all that is left is a thin dark mist. This misty morning of consciousness, reveals some truth. This misty morning of awareness, is filled with blissful lies. Why misty?

When I put the 'thing' in its 'place'. A thing outside of reality, still clinging to forgotten dreams. A place where venture or contemplation, or bending truths once told. This all exists as a void of sunken repulse. A place for mind to lose all 'idea'. Oh, what a great idea of mind. Mind which can traverse the distance without halt. A barrier separating thoughts for higher cogitation. Maybe leading to higher discourse? Or realization? Or concepts understood and not lost to time? Why attempt to realize anything, if this object will simply dissipate, when no one is looking?



This impulse justifies itself, and we are still expected to wrestle, to locate the boundary conditions. How will this impulse be reconciled, making peace with my mind/body/soul/matter/time/space and nothingness? No homecoming follows from this empty promise.

The essence of thought will break, if it attempts to penetrate the 'original' concept, the first piece of life that burdens this world. Where is this place located if it really is nothing? As if I am merely throwing a switch on a simple machine, turning it off.

Now, in the distance, as my soul evaporates, giving Charlemagne his proof, I can see the first set of ladders in the distance.

Ladders I must climb despite the futility. I want to reach the top, but this is impossible. I am bewildered by the climbing and I grow tired. Will there be intersections on the next level? Will there be crossings for those with feet instead of wings? A lower resting place for souls arriving? I feel cross ways, and back ways of disruptive movement.

Do I go right or left? Slipping, falling, farther into the the unknown. Despite the pointlessness of this navigation. I fall. And then, as if by accident, I see a light emanating from the center point of mind.

The natural state floods with drugs, with distractions to keep the body fooled. A perspective of what control must become, in order to subdue 'its' flight. The soul rises, and I stay motionless, awaiting my own invitation. Charlemagne was a fool. One cannot escape the depths, the realm of monsters, that is this life/lie/finish.

Develop as they will and as they journey the world, looking for victims in the shadows of consciousness. Ladders, climbing to accept the distance and the strain. Excess height forming, new shapes born. Along new margins of emptiness. Escape the excessive depth of this nothing, but do so at your own risk.

The side show is nothing, even the ones that return are fooled. The side show is filled with false rays of hope. The sirens stand near to awareness, even as the last breath is taken.

***Mind, soul, try, stop, repeat.***

Please, leave the mind and soul alone.

Let me build new walls to protect the core of self, before the envious consumers of decaying matter take over. Please try to leave my mind and soul alone, let me build new walls protecting the core of self, the

core of which can only mean, to a self in connection with itself, could only mean freedom.

From here, to where? To what area? Or Plane? Where shall we go searching for that which has been, or is already, within the grasp of the searcher. The WHERE can only be in such a place, the WHERE is misleading, as that which it definitely cannot be, the place where one finds the "WHERE" is almost certainly where it is not.

Breaking free of the origin, how do the exterior lines of contact break free this 'spirit' beyond original mind? Spirit not transcendental of any object or existence from which no transcendent mind could possibly emanate, for the original which might require the transcendent no longer accesses its own memories.

In relation to freedom, freedom can only be ITS own freedom, for thought in ideal voids of negation, or freedom from something necessary, pervading the comic void. No longer just void in void, but void of reason, void of nothing, of which void could be.

No real stopping point at this juncture, no point in stopping. Forget the loss of direction, directions only confuse their own essence, direction leads men/women/children down indirect paths of understanding. Only after chaos is given toll will there be new paths to follow. No words will/shall/can pretend to bring me closer to the fugitive spirit dissipating around 'me', of me.

I am chasing clarity, what a stupid pursuit. It is not in or on or close to me. It is on the edge of yesterday/tomorrow, perpetual motion toward what is perceived from a convoluted standpoint. This brings forth the objective, deceptive, perceptive, subjective realization of the original form. An original, which should have made copies, but did not.

Form content, the seen or the heard, forms without names revolve around me, centering themselves on my splintered heart. Why? What reasons do these forces have, natural or otherwise? Do they come from the abyss? Maybe not. They do not come, it is 'I'. I am returning, they do nothing. They do nothing but watch, and mock as we pass. They are devils. I am returning.

I am trying to return to the irrefutable 'I', the 'I' in betrayal, the 'I' in collusion with nature, at war with 'me'. It is 'I' who now joins with primal energies, boiling, burning the eyes with fire, with entropic disintegration. Moving the first mental landscape into

frontiers, only seemingly having spatio-temporal attributes or boundaries.

### ***Source of what?***

From what?

To what final end?

Possibly, looking from the inside out is a failed attempt at objectivity, perhaps it is "I" who has forsaken truth, for some other object of my own desire. Perhaps? From this OBJECTIVE MODE to a real subjective end, to these ends was this project set? Is there a goal, a duty to understanding? A duty to know, to understand normal motivations? A duty from which the inner reverses, receives the first caused motion?

Ladders do continue to present themselves to me, not the glaring light of apocrypha, of goods sold in empty boxes. Only a few ladders are left to fall now. Only a few stairwells will be built to escape from this place. Points will inwardly regress, lines, vectors of energetic idea (ideal for whom?), intersecting somewhere inside the heart.

Farther below, deeper the journey will lead, with some interesting finale - an end for endings without shape or size. These endings eclipse themselves. Where, how do I contemplate the final stage of evolution? An idiotic question. Question for which only dubious answers will be found. Pseudo finality, unreal demarcations. No finale, for there can be no step ending upon zero, or less than that. Step back from the walls, watch the ceiling fall to the ground, observe destruction, in a form purer than any thus far.

Simple minded bliss, as chemistry fills the brain, is the only sort for which a happy lot, a silly foe will give recommendation. Simplicity then becomes no more than a protective wall, or condom, which eliminates sunlight, and prevents the solar from clouding this noble sort of happiness. Bliss and hedonistic pleasure, have complete inconsistency. More of the "good life" can ensure the "best" kinds of happiness, with the least regretful ends. With credit card entrails hanging from behind, lingering in the ozone of my car.

Slow, angry attempts at the knowing this impossible world, an inferior past time that brings no contentment. In the extreme, this "knowing" destroys the personality, no person will advance far within this realm, the mud will be. A soft freshness that only lemon fresh Pledge can offer, only Lysol and bleach can remove.

Ladders? None of the original passages are left open, ladders present the possibility of escape, a break from the dismal evasion permeating all of my body, a burning pain of loss, as each beat is dull, as each beat is quiet, as each breath is filled with pain.

Ladders. They are here, to help bring forth a darker world, with less sunlight to cloud my thinking, less pain for the soul. Wrongly understood, a true misapprehension of the "object", an avoidance of the original spirit. No real ladders exist, do they? No real transfers, from one energy state to the next, no transfer was given, or will be found. The bus has left.

For what reasons, or on what basis, have these "entities", we call ladders, been conjured?

The "original", may be that hidden force, that devours the mind, absorbs it into itself, for further use. This force of originality is the mind, setting itself free, to move within the universe, and not just any universe but ours. An act of moving beyond. Jumping over my being, my state, my awareness.

My duty becomes this obligation, to move beyond the unworldly state of mind. Night, like the cold wind, with light cutting through my eyes, like cool sharp knives. Razors scraping away a last touch of day. Night, forgotten heat dissipating into the void, memories only now we recalling, by the street lamps. And these street lamps are the only real sentinels, watchers in the night. The street lamp is my angel, here to usher me home. I glance out the window.

Ladders continue to bring me pain, knowing in which the act of thought is unknown, to the actor, an agent constantly pretending to know. Stairwells, staircases, gateways to this beyond, these are really openings of searing fire. From a hell such as this, come the monsters and a new place, where evil wreaks havoc on the pure selves. I welcome it. Purify me. Bring me the light that has no pain, bring me to the loving glow of night!

### ***Glorified "I" ...***

Deeper into the cave I wander, I travel into the void, looking for corners. No escape from the glorified "I". There are spatial configurations here, even if you look beyond the encompassing time. There is time traveling slowly and quickly, simultaneous backwards. The motion is unstable, dimensions bend before a stream of particles,

bending away from the painful/painless light. Motion, forward steps which only bring "me" farther, into the depths of my glorified "I".

The miraculous "I" is dissolving, something to view from near or far, to contemplate with spirit and insight. I welcome its dissolution. I welcome what is to come. How far have I traveled yet today? How much further into the "I" must I go? Only echoes resound, where answers should be. Answers were promised, by the local priest.

My core is cooling, and the mind is impatient to go. But I wish I could show that charlatan, the truth behind the curtain. Trembling footsteps, sadness, despair at the thought of missed-direction, mistaken identity, of being lost in enveloping madness. The solemn characters of truth other player that cannot be the "I", or the "me", but where do they come from? They are not angels. Is there someone else here? If they are here, they have come to take possession of my soul.

Spirits of the underworld, ghosts, monsters, bacteria, the sound of feet, criminals in wait for an easy mark, all wish to see deeper into "me". Their nourishment is the fear of one identity, identity separate from an indivisible self. Sanity loses all meaning when you wear these glasses, the person becomes distorted and bleak in nature, his/her texture becomes drab, gray, dark. Now mirrors appear, where ladders once were.

Reflections of the "I" are used, reflections which confuse the self, or frame the self? Now frightened spirit is running, panicked, filled with regret. Melancholy for the end of one journey into the self. The last journey I will take. I welcome this too.

The reflection seems so near now, as the spirit keeps running from this new image, but the distance increases. Explanation of action brings personality to an abstract stalemate, so many people are to be found in this province. None of these people speak, they look coldly at my folly. The reflection remains at an equal distance from the spirit, in search of its beginning, and with this an apparent expansion of space, another lie I will not miss.

Spatial boundaries are inconstant, space fluctuates from one pole to the next, DE-polarizing reality. Fluid motion, dimension, extension, forms of every type, identities of any shape surround the mirror, enveloping this icon (mirror) from one moment to the next.

***A body cooling from the outside in.***

Suddenly the spirit grows tired, spirit no longer has energy for an adventure, spirit without spirit? Standing still, the figure tries to assimilate the outside, spirit considers the universe around it.

Many years ago, in the beginning of this quest, spirit felt at ease, spirit knew its own potential, and then got lost in regret and failure. These quests have only brought pain. Only deep regrets for having wondered about the origin at all. The welcoming wind is cold. Why ask questions about the origin? The question only tears the identity to pieces, and leaves the "I" with an amorphous mass.

A mound for creatures always at work, to recover what was lent, to try once again the futile life. Infinitely useless concepts, which refer to nothing. Recollecting all of the observations, reminiscences made while on the journey. What a waste of time, when so little time is left.

Figures, hidden pictures lost inside the void, devoid of any insight beyond the image. Feelings are making themselves known, in this motion of introspection. Yet, a feeling remembered only brings another negative element into existence. The multiplication of these beings is becoming obvious.

When will this be over? When may "I" return to the other? No one is answering. No mystery here. Destruction of any objective intuition, now part of the chorus, destroying other parts of the self, to gain liberty, so part of "me" can be free.

Every bit of strength still available will help, from machines glowing faintly in the hollow air, some more lies the mind will tell itself, until it can speak no longer. Destroy, annihilate, disintegrate, ravage, wreck, spurn desire, a segue for the aggressive forces, willing to act in my defense. This will not be mourned.

Once again the nurse comes by, with eyes fake, with heart half full, half empty, tired. At least, I can say, my job is done. Her job only worsens, and then she will be invited. She will be ushered home, where there is no home, but only ladders.

When a symphony begins, you hear a cacophony of song, a random mix of beauty, a burst of tune, a burst of life. The mind does the opposite, it saves the overture for last.

***THE END of VOLUME 1***