

# 1969

„This could be heaven or this could be hell.“, that was what I thought when I saw her for the first time. Her red hair dancing in the wind. Her slim figure in front of the old bus, painted black. Come with us, she said. You'll love it. It's him, it's Jesus Christ. Come on, you ought to meet him. He's the one we owe everything we are.

I was lost. And desperate. I guess that was why I followed her. But also I was curious about the family she had and she loved. I guess I was a lot of other things as well, at that time, but everything in my life should change now.

At first, I only visited them when they were in the area again, but then I started to come along wherever they went with the bus. I listened to what Jesus Christ told us and I began to lead my life after his rules.

I didn't worry anymore. No one could find me here, at this lovely place full of lovely faces. With these people who became my new family.

I know I took a lot of bad stuff and did a lot of bad things, but I swear it all felt right back then. Like it was necessary to set these cars on fire and as we needed money we knew how to take it. Simple way of life. No responsibilities, no commitments, no limits, no boundaries between the earth and the sky.

And he promised us that we'd live forever. That one day, we would make ourselves a world that didn't repel us or deny us or expel us or lock us away or make us feel like we were not right. Because we were. And they'd see it soon enough.

All the other girls I met in those days, they seemed so much like me. And we all loved him. He was our hero, our savior, our messiah. And we would have done anything for him. After some time we left the bus and started to live in the houses where he played his music. And when they wouldn't take him, we knew how revenge tasted. Maybe the music was what kept me at his side. I remember what one of the other guys once told me. I can still hear his deep voice in my head, as he said „Some dance to remember, some dance to forget.“

And then there came the decisive, the promising year. And as nothing happened, he decided for us to show them how a Helter Skelter should look like. And so we did. Angels would come and guide us, he said. This is what we need to do now. And so we left the ranch behind and we did what he told us to do. We didn't even think about what we were doing. We were all just prisoners, of our own device.

Until the blood was running. It was everywhere. Soaked up in our clothes, on the blades of our steely knives, smeared across the walls, dripping from our hands, forming words across the door. PIG it said. The blood was speaking in our tongue.

I can see myself back then. Stumbling over what was lying across the floor. I didn't look down. Not anymore. I followed the passage down the hallway to reach the promising door that would lead me back to the place I was before.

Last thing I remember, there were his heavy hands on my shoulders. I knew them too well. „Relax“ he said. „We are programmed to receive. You can check out any time you like, but you can never leave.“

## Short summary of the Manson Family:

The Manson Family was a group of racist hippies, mostly runaways, founded and lead by Charles Manson alias „**Jesus Christ**“, a criminal musician who saw himself as Jesus and Satan in one person.

He and his „family members“ (a noticable number of whom were young women with red hair) believed in an apocalypse happening in the year 1969 called „**Helter Skelter**“, when the black americans would fight the white people and defeat them.

They believed that, as a consequence of this, Manson would become ruler of the world. In fall of 1967 they lived in an old schoolbus wich they painted black.

Afterwards they stayed in different places, for example in the house of the musician Dennis Wilson (member of the Beach Boys) or at a film ranch, were they finally were arrested.

On the 9th and 10th of August 1969 members of the Manson Family committed seven murders in Los Angeles that should trigger the „Helter Skelter“.

The victims were rich white people but they also killed Gary Hinman, a music teacher who had housed some of the family members.

After the Tate- and LaBianca-murders they wrote words like „*PIG*“ or „*death to pigs*“ on the walls and the door.