

Is the President of the U.S. a large man? *Patriotic Witchcraft Continued*

by Craig Karpel

It wasn't until Richard M. Nixon took office as President that E. Howard Hunt, Jr., wrote his first

Satanic spy novel (see "Patriotic Witchcraft," Voice, December 6). I asked Victor Talley, Hunt's editor

at Weybright and Talley, which published "The Sorcerers," "Diabolus," and "The Coven."

which describe how the CIA engages in Black Magic to protect our national security, how these books came to be written.

"We felt that Hunt's novels were getting stale," said Talley, "that something was needed to freshen them up. The Satanic angle appealed to us. This was around the time that the British novelist Dennis Wheatley's books were first being reprinted here, and there was a feeling in the trade that they had the potential of becoming male side of the Gothic novel. Hunt's were the first and only Satanic spy novels. There's no question in my mind that they reflect the fantasy life of the middle-class square pretty accurately. But the form didn't take hold commercially. Those three books sold perhaps 3000 or 4000 each in hardcover."

The male side of the Gothic novel. . . . As Talley spoke I saw the White House at dusk rising out of a gloomy park, a single window lit against a sky the color of a bruise. In the upper left-hand corner of this darkling image, the legend, "FAWCETT Crest M36-75 cents," in the lower right quadrant, walking away, nevermore to return, Pat Nixon, her features twisted with terror, her Republican cloth coat whipped in the woeful wind.

While we're on the subject of Nixon and Black Magic, the following passage from Ed Sanders's "The Family" seems pertinent:

It is regarding activities in the Santa Cruz Mountains south of San Francisco beginning in the late fall 1968, that ghostly reports of occult sacrifices have been received. . . .

Police began reporting finding exsanguinated animals and decapitated animals. . . . One human has recounted witnessing ritual executions in a grove on Route 17. . . . The ceremonies involved use of a portable crematorium to dispose of the bodies, a wooden altar adorned with dragons, and a wooden morgue table. There were as many as 40 people in attendance at these sacrifices. The instrument of sacrifice was a set of six knives welded into a football shaped holder. The heart was eaten.

The group was called the Four Pi movement, and was dedicated to the "worship of evil." Later, the group moved ceremonies to the Santa Ana Mountains south of Los Angeles where they continued their barbaric abhorrencies. The leader of this humansacrifice group, a large man, held the cult title Grand Chingon. It was not Manson.

However, at least five times in this writer's presence Manson has been called the Grand Chingon or the Head Chingon by members of his family

Who is this awful "large man" of the California coastland? Will the real Grand Chingon please slither up?

Perhaps there is a clue to his iden-

tity in Hunt's Scenario in "The Coven" of Satanists using videotapes of sexual acts to blackmail participants, whose only resonance in the non-fictional world is with the fact that one of the Mansons' specialties was videotaping Satanic orgies as a way of compromising, blackmailing, and controlling participants. After the Tate murders one of the resultant artifacts was recovered from a house in Annandale, Virginia, a suburb of Washington, D. C.

Perhaps there is a clue to his identity in the remarkable fact that Manson's federal parole officer in 1967 suddenly quit to run a Haight-Ashbury Medical Clinic drug treatment program which was funded by Mrs. Inez Folger, mother of Abigail, the coffee heiress who was murdered along with Sharon Tate.

Perhaps there is a clue to his identity in the strange fact that Mrs. Folger obtained for the clinic, which was run by the former federal officer's brother, substantial grants from the Bothin Foundation and the Merrill Trust, which were used to conduct an extensive study of the Mansons in 1968.

Perhaps there is a clue to his identity in the peculiar fact that Mr. and Mrs. Peter Folger held a fundraising party for the Haight-Ashbury Clinic in 1968 which was attended by their doomed daughter, by Sharon Tate's father, Lieutenant Colonel Paul Tate, an officer in Army Intelligence, as well as one or more of the Mansons, possibly in-

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cluding Charlie, fueling the sneaking suspicion that in 1968 there was interest in the techniques of, shall we say, psychedelic behavior modification developed by Charles Manson.

Perhaps there is a clue to his identity in the puzzling fact that on the night Robert Kennedy was killed he dined with Roman Polanski and Sharon Tate.

There is certainly a clue to his fearful identity in the spectacle of Richard Nixon, a large man, going so far as to announce that Charles Manson was guilty during his trial, a length to which he never went

even against such anathemas as the Chicago Seven, the Berrigans, or Daniel Ellsberg.

Speaking of Ellsberg, the purveyor of the Pentagon (as in pentagram, pentacle) Papers perceived the pressure the administration was putting on him in a peculiar way. In Rolling Stone's interview with him, he says, "They wanted to show that for one rash act of daring, I was paying the penalty, being destroyed by focused hostility."

Now if I had to come up with a 20th century working definition of the blackest of Black Magic it would be the debilitation of a human being

at long range by focused hostility. Mumbo jumbo is merely the esoteric level of Black Magic. The modality of mumbo jumbo may change from age to age but the end is always the same: the focusing of hostility into a death ray.

In the same interview Ellsberg says there are 20 levels of classification above Top Secret. From this remarkable fact alone it is possible to deduce that Black Magic is a necessary concomitant of overclassification. Watch me now:

At each higher level of secrecy

more American lives must hang in the balance.

At the highest level of secrecy all American lives must hang in the balance.

The penalties of death by hanging, gassing, electrocution, and shooting are often inadequate to prevent the taking of even a single human life.

For violation of the higher levels of secrecy, surely penalties more extreme than hanging, gassing, electrocution, and shooting must be executed.

Torture and mutilation are not adequate penalties for revealing secret information because those who are cleared for the higher levels of secrecy are supposed to be capable of bearing up under torture and mutilation without revealing secret information. If the experience of pain and disfigurement is not to be enough to draw information out of someone, the mere

prospect of pain and disfigurement cannot be enough to keep it in.

The only threat adequate to deter the release of information at the higher levels is the torture, mutilation, and death of loved ones. But how is this threat of harm against innocent individuals to be kept plausible?

Only by requiring possessors of higher clearances to periodically witness the torture, mutilation, and death of innocent individuals can the threat be kept plausible.

The fact of the existence of such sessions is kept secret by requiring all in attendance to participate in the torture, mutilation, and murder of the victim, and thus equally culpable.

Because these sessions are private, solemn, participatory, and didactic they are, *ipso facto*, rites of

initiation into a secret society. Because they involve torture, mutilation, and death they are ceremonies of Black Magic.

If you think this line of reasoning is a lot of eye-wash I don't blame you, but consider that every day thousands are thumbscrewed in police stations and we don't hear about it. Prisoners are flayed and hostages disemboweled in Southeast Asia and we don't hear about it. I am saying that when things like this are done dark powers are summoned, that when they are done in an unconsciously ritual manner dark powers draw

near, that if they are done in a consciously ritual manner dark powers manifest themselves.

The reason Richard Nixon was prepared to go to such lengths to get

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Ellsberg is that Ellsberg has been initiated to the penultimate levels, that he knows more about techniques of focusing hostility than Nixon would like the public to know he knows. Ellsberg has publicized the information, *but not the vile methods used to protect it*. If these methods, which are enough to gag a gaggle of maggots, were to become widely known, the question would arise whether a President of the United States can be burnt at the stake, or whether he must be impeached first.

I was called out of this story of diabolism in politics to throw on a coat and drive with burning eyes to the home of my parent's friends Joan and Mickey Metzger, who had just learned that Sarah their beautiful daughter had been killed driving home from college on the Ohio Turnpike. I drove and cursed this miasmatic timestorm, this brutal duration through which we are to be tested by orbital fate, our hearts seared in the ever-returning comet's tail, our loved ones mauled beyond recognition, our hated ones pleading no contest.

We arrived at the crying house, its lights jaundiced through a dark gauze. "You know the funny thing was," Joan said in a voice that was a sunshower of smiling and

weeping, "she was 20 years old and still a virgin. Yes! She was waiting for someone she loved. Isn't that something? Imagine!"

"Her death is a parcel of the energy crisis," I said. "It is a sacrifice. In return for this virgin the sun will heat us tomorrow."

I walked into the dinette of mourning. Jerry Neuwirth was in there and I sat and told him that in fatal automobile accidents sometimes the victim survives, translated to a matrix of possibilities different from but interfaced with the one we inhabit, and I told him that I was writing about Howard Hunt, formerly of the CIA.

"I had an aunt named Sylvia, formerly of the CIA," said Jerry. "She got witchhunted out of the Agency during the '50s. Wrote a book about it called 'The Care of Devils.'"

A cold spark sputtered helically down my spine.

"The title came from a pamphlet by Tom Paine called 'The American Crisis,'" he said. He leaned toward me. "Neither have I so much of the infidel in me as to suppose that He has relinquished the government of the world, and given us up to the care of devils...."

"Jerry," I said, wondering what diseased will would mangle a child to provide me with a resonant quote. "neither have I."

You may yet get away with 10 years of killing John F. Kennedy, but, large man, you will pay for Sarah Metzger who waited.