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Roman Polanski Never Received Directing
Credit for the Manson Murders



A FILM STUDIO and a director were needed for the Apollo 11 moon landing. Langley found them in **Walt Disney** and **Stanley Kubrick** and three *actors* named **Michael Collins**, **Neil Armstrong**, and **Buzz Aldrin**. It was 1969. **Nixon** had only recently become president. That same year, **Mickey Mantle** announced his retirement from professional baseball. **Angela Lansbury** was the talk of the town on Broadway. And in Montreal, **John Lennon** and **Yoko Ono** waited on a maid to clean their room so that they could stage their bed-in. Intel actually gave us *three* notable releases slotted for that very summer. The aforementioned was science-fiction. Another was a musical. The *other* horror. In a past paper, we have already dealt with the Woodstock musical. So today, let's talk about horror. You've likely seen the movie.

The plot goes as *follows*.

A disenchanted Laurel Canyon musician is rejected by every record label executive on the Sunset Strip, despite becoming a cult leader among its music and Hollywood royalty, and then murders a Satanic actor at the home of a Satanic movie director in order to enact a race war, the catch being that he is a real Satanist. There is certainly more to it than that, but already you're likely latching onto the idea. The title is the Manson Murders. Or perhaps we shall call it *Helter Skelter*. Really, call it whatever

you wish, but we're *finally* doing it. After several months of dropping hints and laying the groundwork, this is the day when we'll be taking a closer look at the final performance of *actress* **Sharon Tate**, before she went by another name. *Also*, over the course of this paper and the *next*, we will finally ask ourselves: Why hasn't **Roman Polanski** received credit for the Manson murders?

You will likely tell me Polanski had an alibi and that he was in London at the time, "researching a project."

Then consider the *following*.



The June 29, 1970 edition of *National Bulletin* made mention of a Manson murder *after-party* in which a close friend spotted **both** Sharon Tate and Roman Polanski together in Brazil. Which friend—you ask. If I ever track down a physical copy, then I'll let you know. Again, you will roll your eyes and tell me that *Bulletin* is as untrustworthy as *National Enquirer*, if not worse. The funny thing is, media mogul **Generoso Paul Pope Jr.**, the architect of *Enquirer*, worked for the CIA's **psychological warfare unit**. That tells you everything that you need to know. Its why *Enquirer*

laid it on thick after **Elvis Presley** died, claiming that he yet lived, because Intel was letting us in on their magic bunny hat trick while simultaneously making anyone look stupid for believing the truth. We call that gaslighting but *also* controlled opposition. *Bulletin* is likewise Intel run, like **Playboy** Magazine. Here is something they *both* have in common. They're bent on making men fat, lazy, sexually depraved, but mostly limp and impotent. In an upcoming chapter, we shall take a closer look at the Sharon Tate disappearing-reappearing trick.

Earlier, I offered a prelude to the Manson family murders, and it involved **The Beach Boys**. *Mm-hmm*, even The Beach Boys were in on it. We covered the fact that **Dennis Wilson** was laying the groundwork in

the American consciousness, and then I made particular mention of **Terry Melcher**, who resided in the 10050 Cielo Drive house before Roman Polanski and Sharon Tate moved in. More groundwork was covered with in my last book, *The Hidden Hand of Camelot*, where we saw the Haight-Ashbury and **Vito Paulekas** connection, the short of which is *this*. Intel created the hippies. They composed the soundtrack of their lives (*All the leaves are brown...*). And they *also* provided the intersecting street signs. In *this* paper, we will not cover individual members of the Manson family, the night of the murders, nor the resulting media-saturated trials hosted by **Vincent Bugliosi**. Today, we will only cover the victims leading up to a sweltering hot August night in the 10050 Cielo Drive household. They're **actors**. For the actual *event*, you shall have to wait another chapter.

With that, let's *begin*.

But *first*, a word from my commercial sponsor, *Head & Shoulders*, because some people who don't worry about dandruff ought to. Pam for instance was a good-looking girl, until you look closely. It never occurred to her that behind her back people were thinking, 'Dandruff? *Head & Shoulders*, because some people think their thoughts out loud, "Mommy, that lady has dandruff!"

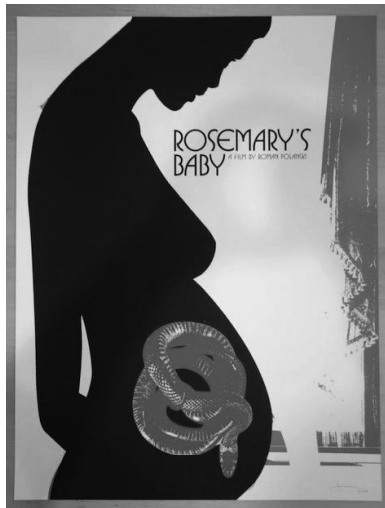
ROMAN POLANSKI was a provider of horror movies. But he didn't merely direct horror. He conceived the horror in his head and then materialized the demons on a typewriter. Sometimes he even *acted* the parts. His first movie was a Polish film released in 1962, called *Knife in the Water*. Its story revolves around a man and a woman nearly hitting a hitchhiker while driving across



the country. They invite him out on a fishing boat afterwards. The hitchhiker tricks the man into leaving the boat and then has sex with his

wife. She confesses to their deed moments before the closing credits. Polanski was later offered to make the movie again in English, and in color, starring **Henry Fonda** this time, but he refused, saying he did not want to remake a movie that was already good. Polanski's next movie came in 1965. *Repulsion* was a psychological horror film made in England. The following year, *Cul-de-sac* was filmed in the Netherlands, and is described as a bleak nihilistic film.

In 1967, Polanski filmed his first color movie, *The Fearless Vampire Killers*, a parody of vampire films, though it is known as *Dance of the Vampires* in most countries outside of the US. It was filmed in Italy with a plot that centers upon a buffoonish professor and his clumsy assistant who are traveling through Transylvania in search of vampires. Polanski notably played the professor's assistant, and became a vampire before the closing credits. Take note of the fact that Polanski is making movies in Italy during **Operation Gladio**. You will *soon* see for yourself how the two were in bed together. It is this film in which the director met *actress* Sharon Tate. There you go, Operation Gladio. Already confused? Give it a few minutes. Soon you won't be. In the movie, she played the role of the local innkeeper's daughter. They were soon married in London on January 20, 1968, where-in Polanski can be seen dressed up like Austin Powers. *Groovy*.



Polanski's biggest movie to date arrived that very year—in 1968. Because of its importance to the present narrative, the following chapter will be solely devoted to *Rosemary's Baby*. If the Intel community needed to find someone to direct a Satanic slasher flick, passed off as the real thing on television, then they'd found their candidate. It was Polanski's last movie before Sharon Tate and four others were murdered by the Manson family on August 9, 1969.



His very first movie *after* the Manson murders is something called *Macbeth*. Polanski said he wanted to capture the authenticity of Shakespeare by stepping up the violence. *Also*, Shakespeare apparently liked his leading ladies to take their tops off. How authentic of Polanski. **Hugh Hefner** and **Playboy** Productions funded the 1971 X-rated feature, in which Hefner was personally credited as executive producer. We constantly hear how Polanski had to choose his next project very carefully after the Manson murders, but seeing as how Hefner is an MK-Ultra Puppet Master and Playboy Magazine an Intel project, and that the film itself was screened in Playboy Theater, already he's done a very poor job of it. Polanski simply hopped from one Intel project to another.

Speaking of MK-Ultra, Polanski's next movie, '*What?*' begins with an intended humorous scene in which an American hippie hitchhiking trough Europe is raped in the back of a car by three men. It is an act of dissociation which is intended to mimic Alice's tumble down the rabbit hole, because she soon arrives at a coastal villa inhabited by sexually obsessed Wonderland creatures, and much like his adaption of Shakespeare productions, spends the rest of the movie without any clothes on. *Very* Victorian, I'm sure. Polanski himself plays the character thought to resemble the Cheshire Cat.



As we have already established, Polanski met Sharon Tate while directing the horror film *The Fearless Vampire Killers* in 1967, wherein she played the role of the local innkeeper's daughter, but *also* a vampire. By this time, the *actress* had already appeared in episodes of *The Beverly Hillbillies*, *Mister*

Ed, *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*, and starred in another horror film called *Eye of the Devil*—a movie mostly about devil worship and sacrificial murders, but that's probably irrelevant. Tate played a witch, both in the movie and in real life.

Tate then went on, after playing a vampire in *Fearless Vampire Killers*, to having a part in her husband's movie, *Rosemary's Baby*, but *also* playing a slut in *The Valley of the Dolls*, and the plot goes something as *follows*. Tate divorces a man who doesn't love her, aborts their baby, and then moves to Europe in order to become a soft-core porn actress, where she finally kills herself. *Um*, is this her own bio? In case you were wondering, the *dolls* in the title are a reference to Tate's dependence upon amphetamines and barbiturates. Other ~~actors~~ victims in the Manson murders share the same theme.

The movie would spawn a sequel, *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. That one was released in 1970, only one year after her murder, and was written this time by future film critic, **Roger Ebert**. The director of *Beyond*, **Russ Meyer**, went from shooting propaganda films for the Army during The War to shooting centerfolds for Playboy Magazine in the fifties, and soon thereafter, porn films. In other words, he never *left Intel*.

The point I'm trying to make here is that Tate's fate was likely already decided before her marriage to Polanski. And that is because Sharon Tate was an Army brat. But even more-so, her father worked in Intel. The *official* narrative even pushes this facet of the plot, never expecting us to fight off the headache of cognitive dissonance without their